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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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Describing his journey
from Khartoum to London

A Roosevelt Letter of Twenty-five Thousand Words

WHEN Colonel Roosevelt visited Sir George Otto Trevelyan in 1910, after his delightful trip through Europe, where he was entertained by all the Rulers, he told in a vivid way many anecdotes and incidents. Sir George was so impressed with this narrative that he urged Colonel Roosevelt to put it in writing before it was too late. After his return Colonel Roosevelt dictated this remarkable letter, telling vividly, picturesquely, and humorously his journey from Khartoum to London, when he was received with honors such as no other American had before experienced.

This letter will be published in the February and March numbers of Scribner's Magazine.

It is unique as literature and as a human document.

HENRY VAN DYKE'S "Guide-Posts and Camp-Fires" will attract all Scribner readers each month of the year 1920.

The Guide-Posts are the look ahead; the Camp-Fires are the places of companionship and reflection over what is worth while—contrasting future problems with past experiences.

JOHN FOX'S last novel, "*Erskine Dale—Pioneer*," develops in this number its deep romantic and patriotic vein. It differs from his other works in its setting of Colonial and Revolutionary days. The people of this novel were the ancestors of the people in the Kentucky mountain stories. It is a novel of action as well as a novel of sentiment, in John Fox's best vein.

MAJOR E. ALEXANDER POWELL continues his journey through the troubled new states, devoting special attention to Montenegro, Albania, and Macedonia. He has had a long interview with the ex-King of Montenegro in Paris and sets forth his position which, the King says, has been misunderstood. The journey across Albania is one of the most romantic ever taken by Major Powell.

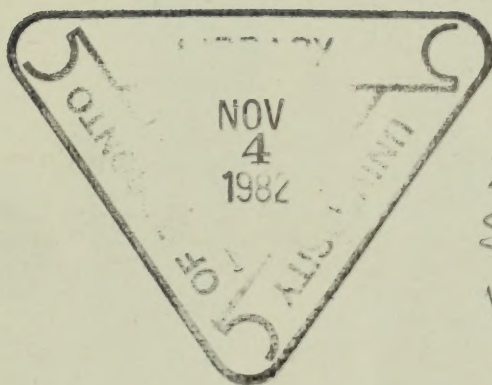
SIR SIDNEY COLVIN continues his "*Personal Recollections*" with intimate anecdotes of Charles Robert Newton, Edward John Trelawny, Victor Hugo, and Gambetta.

"SHANTUNG, SACRED SOIL," by Nathaniel Peffer—fully illustrated with drawings by C. LeRoy Baldrige, the famous artist of *The Stars and Stripes*, who made the trip recently with the author—is the first intimate view of Shantung since it became an International Question.

Other Features

SHORT STORIES—ESSAYS—
POEMS—POINT OF VIEW—FIELD
OF ART, and THE FINANCIAL SIT-
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Scribner's *for* February



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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"THE MESSENGER IS THE SON OF 'A KING."

—"Erskine Dale," page 17.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVII

JANUARY, 1920

NO. 1

ROOSEVELT AND LABOR IN FAVOR OF UNIONS BUT AGAINST VIOLENCE

FIFTH PAPER IN "THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS
TIME—SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS"

BY JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP



NO portion of Theodore Roosevelt's public record is clearer or more absolutely unvarying than his position in regard to labor. He was always in favor of labor-unions and always against violence in support of strikes. There was never anything equivocal or doubtful in his utterances on this subject, either in his speeches, or in his messages to Congress, or in his letters. When in the fall of 1902 he brought about the settlement of the anthracite coal strike in Pennsylvania, he accomplished his object without manifesting the slightest symptom of sympathy with or tolerance for the violence which marked the later stages of the strike, but, on the contrary, as I shall show presently, he was fully prepared, should the occasion arise, to use the United States army to suppress all violence and disorder.

It will be remembered that the coal strike began in the spring of 1902 and continued through the summer and into the fall. Its progress was marked with many acts of violence on the part of the strikers against the non-union laborers whom the operators of the mines were seeking to employ. It was estimated that during the rioting twenty persons had been killed and about forty injured. The approach of winter with the appalling prospect of a coal famine had alarmed the whole country, and from the mayors of the large cities and from governors of several

States appeals were made to the President to interfere in the interest of the public welfare and safety. He took the ground from the first that the rights and wrongs of the two parties to the strike had nothing to do with the question before him, which was to break the coal famine. He appealed to the mine operators and to the leader of the strikers, the late John Mitchell, to put aside all other questions save that of the public interest, but when he got them together in a conference at Washington, on October 1, he was unable to obtain the consent of the operators to his appointment of a commission of investigation or arbitration. Writing to Robert Bacon a few days later, October 5, 1902, he said:

"The situation is bad, especially because it is possible it may grow infinitely worse. If when the severe weather comes on there is a coal famine I dread to think of the suffering, in parts of our great cities especially, and I fear there will be fuel riots of as bad a type as any bread riots we have ever seen. *Of course once the rioting has begun, once there is a resort to mob violence, the only thing to do is to maintain order.* It is a dreadful thing to be brought face to face with the necessity of taking measures, however unavoidable, which will mean the death of men who have been maddened by want and suffering."

The radical nature of some of the appeals that reached him is shown in a letter to Senator Lodge on October 7, 1902:

"I am feeling my way step by step trying to get a solution of the coal matter. Most of my correspondents wish me to try something violent or impossible. A minor but very influential part desire that I send troops at once without a shadow of warrant into the coal districts, or that I bring suit against the labor organization. The others demand that I bring suit against the operators, or that under the law of eminent domain, or for the purpose of protecting the public health, I seize their property, or appoint a receiver, or do something else that is wholly impossible. My great concern is, of course, to break the famine; but I must not be drawn into any violent step which would bring reaction and disaster afterward."

In a statement of his position which he wrote to me on October 13, 1902, he left no doubt as to his attitude toward violence: "Most emphatically I shall not compromise with lawlessness. I have been told, on excellent authority, that the disorder has been very great and of very evil kind. On equally good authority, I am told the exact contrary. I shall speedily find out for myself. I stand against socialism; against anarchic disorder."

When his first efforts to induce the mine operators and the representative of the strikers to agree to the formation of a commission failed, he formed a plan of action which has never been made public and which was known at the time only to two members of his Cabinet and a few persons who were to take part in its execution. I give it here with his permission and authority.

He decided, in case the operators persisted in their refusal to accept a commission, to resort to drastic measures, to assume powers which the Constitution did not specifically give him, and appoint an investigating or arbitrating commission without regard to whether or not the operators asked for it or agreed to abide by its decisions. He asked ex-President Cleveland, in case he were to appoint such a commission, if he would accept a place upon it, and on October 12, 1902, Mr. Cleveland replied that he would.

This commission was only part of the President's plan. The investigation which it was to conduct would take time. In order that mining operations might be resumed as speedily as possible, the Presi-

dent consulted with Senator Quay, who was all-powerful in Pennsylvania politics, and was assured by him that whenever the President desired him to do so he would have the governor of the State notify the President that he could not keep order in the coal regions and needed federal interference. The President then informed Major-General John M. Schofield that in case of federal interference he wished to send him to the coal regions with the regular army troops with instructions to act as receiver of the mines, take full charge, put down all violence, and disregard any orders from the operators. He asked the general if, in case the operators went to court and had a writ served on him, would he do as was done under Lincoln, simply send the writ on to the President. After a little thought the general replied that he would. Roosevelt said: "All right, I will send you."

No one except Senator Quay, General Schofield, and two members of Roosevelt's Cabinet had knowledge of this part of the President's plan. He had arranged with Senator Quay, who was in Pennsylvania, to telegraph to him when the moment arrived at which he (Roosevelt) wished the governor to notify him of his need of federal interference; the message was to be: "The time for the request has come." The President had all preparations made for starting the troops within half an hour.

The plan was not executed because at the last moment the operators changed front and consented to the appointment of a commission. Whether or not they got wind of the President's purpose has never been revealed, but some powerful influence was responsible for their sudden reversal. An entertaining account of the way in which the personnel of the commission was determined is furnished in a letter that Roosevelt, whose sense of humor had been immensely tickled by it, wrote to Senator Lodge on October 17, 1902:

"The crisis came at the last moment. Between the hours of 10 P. M. and 1 A. M., I had X. and Y. on here, on behalf of Morgan but really representing the operators. Neither Morgan nor anyone else had been able to do much with those wooden-headed gentry, and Y. and X. were literally almost crazy. Y. in particular had become so excited that I was

quite concerned over his condition. The operators had limited me down by a full proviso, to five different types of men, including 'an eminent sociologist.' This was a ridiculous proviso because I could have appointed bad men in every case and yet be kept to its letter; and they ought to have given me a free hand. The miners, on the other hand, wanted me to appoint at least two extra members myself, or in some fashion to get Bishop Spalding (whom I myself wanted), and the labor union man on the commission. I regarded their contention as perfectly reasonable, and so informed Y. and X. and the operators. The operators refused point blank to have another man added, and Y. and X. came on nearly wild to say that they had full power to treat on behalf of the operators, but that no extra man should be added. Finally it developed that what they meant was that no extra man should be added if he was a representative of organized labor; and argue as I could, nothing would make them change; although they grew more and more hysterical, and not merely admitted, but insisted; that the failure to agree meant probable violence and possible social war.

"It took me about two hours before I at last grasped the fact that the mighty brains of these captains of industry had formulated the theory that they would rather have anarchy than tweedledum, but if I would use the word tweedledee they would hail it as meaning peace. In other words, that they had not the slightest objection to my appointing a labor man as an 'eminent sociologist,' and adding Bishop Spalding on my own account, but they preferred to see the Red Commune come rather than to have me make Bishop Spalding or anyone else 'the eminent sociologist' and add the labor man. I instantly told them that I had not the slightest objection whatever to doing an absurd thing when it was necessary to meet the objection of an absurd mind on some vital point, and that I would cheerfully appoint my labor man as the 'eminent sociologist.' It was almost impossible for me to appreciate the instant and tremendous relief this gave them. They saw nothing offensive in my language and nothing ridiculous in the proposition, and Pierpont Morgan and

Baer, when called up by telephone, eagerly ratified the absurdity; and accordingly, at this utterly unimportant price, we bid fair to come out of as dangerous a situation as I ever dealt with."

Writing to Finley Peter Dunne ("Mr. Dooley") a few days after agreement was reached, October 20, 1902, the President revealed his thorough enjoyment of the final scene:

"I have not had the heart to write to you until this coal strike was out of the way. Now I feel like throwing up my hands and going to the circus; but as that is not possible I think I shall try a turkey shoot or bear hunt or something of the kind instead. Nothing that you have ever written can begin to approach in screaming comedy the inside of the last few conferences before I appointed the strike commission, and especially the complicated manoeuvres by which, weaving in and out among the tender susceptibilities of the operators and the miners, I finally succeeded in reconciling both to the appointment of the president of the labor union as an 'eminent sociologist.'"

In all of his conversations with laboring men and in letters and addresses to them, he constantly warned them against the use of violence and disorder in seeking to better their condition. Speaking on Labor Day, at the New York State Fair, in Syracuse, on September 7, 1903, he said:

"There is no worse enemy of the wage-worker than the man who condones mob violence in any shape or who preaches class hatred; and surely the slightest acquaintance with our industrial history should teach even the most short-sighted that the times of most suffering for our people as a whole, the times when business is stagnant, and capital suffers from shrinkage and gets no return from its investments, are exactly the times of hardship, and want, and grim disaster among the poor. If all the existing instrumentalities of wealth could be abolished, the first and severest suffering would come among those of us who are least well off at present. The wage-worker is well off only when the rest of the country is well off; and he can best contribute to this general well-being by showing sanity and a firm purpose to do justice to others."

Organized labor had no better friend

than he was. He maintained friendly relations with union leaders and had them at dinner in the White House to meet such distinguished guests as John Morley and other foreign visitors, yet he never hesitated to oppose them when he believed them to be in the wrong. Their threats of hostility in case of opposition to their wishes had no terrors for him. A notable instance of this occurred in 1903.

On May 18 of that year William A. Miller, Assistant Foreman of the Government Printing Office, was removed from his position by the Public Printer, the reason given for removal being that Miller had been expelled from a labor-union. Miller filed a complaint with the Civil Service Commission, alleging that his removal was in violation of the civil service law. The commission investigated the case and decided that his removal was a violation of the law and requested his reassignment to his position. President Roosevelt ordered the Public Printer to reinstate Miller, saying in his letter to him: "There is no objection to the employees of the Government Printing Office constituting themselves into a union if they so desire; but no rules or resolutions of that union can be permitted to override the laws of the United States which it is my sworn duty to enforce."

The Washington Central Labor Bureau took up the case on the side of the union and, with the approval of the American Federation of Labor, sent circulars to more than 500 central labor-unions throughout the United States, claiming a membership of two and a half millions of working men, in which was embodied the following:

"Whereas, the President of the United States has seen fit to reinstate W. A. Miller, who is an expelled member of a trades organization, notwithstanding the overwhelming evidence of his moral turpitude, and has also committed himself to the policy of the open shop, as shown by his letters,

"Resolved that the order of the President cannot be regarded in any but an unfriendly light."

The President, in pursuance of a request by Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, granted an interview, on September 29, 1902, to the members of the executive council of that

body, during which the Miller case was brought up for consideration. The President made a statement in which he said:

"I thank you and your committee for your courtesy, and I appreciate the opportunity to meet with you. It will always be a pleasure to see you or any representatives of your organizations or of your Federation as a whole.

"As regards the Miller case, I have little to add to what I have already said. In dealing with it I ask you to remember that I am dealing purely with the relation of the Government to its employees. I must govern my action by the laws of the land, which I am sworn to administer, and which differentiate any case in which the Government of the United States is a party from all other cases whatsoever. These laws are enacted for the benefit of the whole people, and can not and must not be construed as permitting discrimination against some of the people. I am President of all the people of the United States, without regard to creed, color, birthplace, occupation or social condition. My aim is to do equal and exact justice as among them all. In the employment and dismissal of men in the Government service I can no more recognize the fact that a man does or does not belong to a union as being for or against him than I can recognize the fact that he is a Protestant or a Catholic, a Jew or a Gentile, as being for or against him.

"In the communications sent me by various labor organizations protesting against the retention of Miller in the Government Printing Office, the grounds alleged are twofold: 1, that he is a non-union man; 2, that he is not personally fit. The question of his personal fitness is one to be settled in the routine of administrative detail, and can not be allowed to conflict with or to complicate the larger question of governmental discrimination for or against him or any other man because he is or he is not a member of a union. This is the only question now before me for decision; and as to this my decision is final."

Writing to his friend L. Clarke Davis, of Philadelphia, on September 21, 1903, a few days before the interview with the labor-union representatives, he said:

"It is a sheer waste of time for these people, through such resolutions as those

of the unions you quote, to threaten me with defeat for the Presidency next year. Nothing would hire me even to accept the Presidency if I had to take it on terms which would mean a forfeiting of self-respect. Just as I should refuse to accept it at the cost of abandoning the Northern Securities suit, or of repealing the trust regulatory legislation of last year, or of undoing what I did in the anthracite coal strike, so I should refuse to take it at the cost of undoing what I did in this matter of Miller and the Labor Union. The labor unions and the trust magnates may perhaps unite against me. If so, I shall do my level best to make the fight an open one and beat them—and I think I run a good chance of winning; and if I fail, I shall not regret the policy I have pursued.”

In all his messages to Congress, whenever he discussed the problems of labor, he defined his position with clearness and precision. In the annual message of November 10, 1903, he said:

“Organized capital and organized labor alike should remember that in the long run the interest of each must be brought into harmony with the interest of the general public; and the conduct of each must conform to the fundamental rules of obedience to the law, of individual freedom, and of justice and fair dealing toward all.”

In his annual message of November 6, 1904, he was especially emphatic in denouncing rioting and mob rule:

“There are in this country some labor unions which have habitually, and other labor unions which have often, been among the most effective agents in working for good citizenship and for uplifting the condition of those whose welfare should be closest to our hearts. But when any labor union seeks improper ends, or seeks to achieve proper ends by improper means, all good citizens and more especially all honorable public servants must oppose the wrongdoing as resolutely as they would oppose the wrongdoing of any great corporation. Of course any violence, brutality, or corruption should not for one moment be tolerated. Wage-workers have an entire right to organize and by all peaceful and honorable means to endeavor to persuade their fellows to join with them in organizations. They have a legal right, which, according to

circumstances, may or may not be a moral right, to refuse to work in company with men who decline to join their organizations. They have under no circumstances the right to commit violence upon those, whether capitalists or wage-workers, who refuse to support their organizations, or who side with those with whom they are at odds; for mob rule is intolerable in any form.”

Against professional labor agitators he had this strong condemnation in his annual message of December 3, 1906:

“In dealing with both labor and capital, with the questions affecting both corporations and trades unions, there is one matter more important to remember than aught else, and that is the infinite harm done by preachers of mere discontent. These are the men who seek to excite a violent class hatred against all men of wealth. They seek to turn wise and proper movements for the better control of corporations and for doing away with the abuses connected with wealth into a campaign of hysterical excitement and falsehood in which the aim is to inflame to madness the brutal passions of mankind.”

That he was quite ready to practise what he preached he demonstrated in the spring of 1905. In April of that year he left Washington to attend a reunion of his Rough Rider Regiment at San Antonio, Texas. On his way back he reached Chicago on May 10, at the moment when a general strike of labor-unions was in progress. A committee of the strikers called upon him to present their case and secure his sympathy. What happened was described by the President later in two letters that he wrote after reaching Washington. The first was to Mr. Root, on May 13, 1905:

“Perhaps the thing that pleased me most was in Chicago when the labor men called upon me. A good many people had been anxious that I should dodge Chicago, which of course I would not have been willing to do under any circumstances. As it turned out the labor people called on me themselves and made a statement most foolish and offensive, so that they justified me completely in saying good-temperedly but with unmistakable emphasis just what my attitude was and would be in regard to mobs and disorder generally.”

The second was to Senator Lodge, who was at the time in London, on May 15, 1905:

"When I came to Chicago I found a very ugly strike, on account of which some of my nervous friends wished me to try to avoid the city. Of course I hadn't the slightest intention of doing so. I get very much puzzled at times on questions of finance and the tariff, but when it comes to such a perfectly simple matter as keeping order, then you strike my long suit. The strikers were foolish enough to come to me on their own initiative and make me an address in which they quoted that fine flower of Massachusetts statesmanship, the lamented Benjamin F. Butler, who had told rioters at one time, as it appeared, that they need have no fear of the United States army, as they had torches and arms. This gave me a good opening, and while perfectly polite, I used language so simple that they could not misunderstand it; and repeated the same with amplifications at the dinner that night. So if the rioting in Chicago gets beyond the control of the State and the City, they now know well that the Regulars will come."

What the President said to the spokesman of the strikers, Mr. Shea, who had presented a letter stating their case, was this:

"I regret that you should in the letter have spoken at all of the use of the Federal army, as you have there spoken. No request has been made to me for action by the Federal Government, but at the same time, Mr. Shea, as you have in this communication brought up that matter, I want to say one thing with all the emphasis in my power. In upholding the law and order, in doing what he is able to do to suppress mob violence in any shape or way, the Mayor of Chicago, Mayor Dunne, has my hearty support. I am glad to be able to say this to you, gentlemen, before I say it to another body.

"Now, let me repeat that I know nothing of the facts of the situation. I know nothing of the right or wrong of the points at issue. What I have to say is based partly upon what I regard as the unfortunate phrasing of a letter presented to the President of the United States.

"I have not been called upon to interfere in any way, but you must not misunderstand my attitude. In every effort

of Mayor Dunne to prevent violence by mobs or individuals, to see that the laws are obeyed, and that order is preserved he has the hearty support of the President of the United States, and, in my judgment, he should have that of every good citizen of the United States.

"I am a believer in unions. I am an honorary member of one union. But the union must obey the law just as the corporation must obey the law; just as every man, rich or poor, must obey the law. As yet, no action has been called for by me and most certainly if action is called for I shall try to do justice under the law to every man, so far as I have power. But the first essential is the preservation of law and order, the suppression of violence by mobs or individuals."

At a dinner which the Iroquois Club, a Democratic organization, gave him on the evening of the same day, the President repeated substantially what he had said to the strikers' committee, and turning directly to Mayor Dunne, who was seated near him, said:

"Mr. Mayor, as President of the United States, and therefore as representative of the people of this country I give you, as a matter of course, my hearty support in upholding the law, in keeping order, in putting down violence, whether by a mob or by an individual. There need not be the slightest apprehension in the heart of the most timid that ever the mob spirit will triumph in this country. Those immediately responsible for dealing with the trouble must, as I know you feel, exhaust every effort in so dealing with it before a call is made upon any outside body. But if ever the need arises, back of the city stands the State, and back of the State stands the Nation."

In acknowledging the President's letter, Mr. Root wrote on May 16, 1905:

"I was particularly pleased by the way in which you treated the labor situation in Chicago. I doubt if most people realize what a very important and critical situation was created by the presentation of the labor address. Most men in your position would have taken the paper for further examination and have dismissed the committee with the promise to give it consideration; and there would have been the devil to pay afterwards. Your character was, however, exactly adapted

for the best possible treatment of the emergency, and I think that your instant reading of the paper and instant response was one of the very best things you have ever done."

Secretary Hay, who was at Bad Nauheim, Germany, for his health, wrote under date of May 21, 1905:

"I need not tell you with what pride and pleasure we all read your speech at Chicago. It has the true ring of conscience and authority combined—the voice of a man 'who would not flatter Neptune for his trident.' It is a comfort to see the most popular man in America telling the truth to our masters, the people. It requires no courage to attack wealth and power, but to remind the masses that they too are subject to the law, is something few public men dare to do."

On the question of the issue of injunctions by the courts to stop disorder and destruction of property in strikes, Roosevelt was equally firm. The power of injunction had been exercised effectively under President Cleveland in the Pullman Car strike in Chicago in 1894, and since that time the labor-unions had been seeking to have it removed from the courts. An especially strong movement had been started by them in 1905 for the passage of a law by Congress depriving the courts of the power. In his annual message of that year the President had expressed his opposition to such action and had suggested that the procedure in injunction cases might be regulated by requiring the judge to give due notice to the adverse parties before granting the writ, such due notice to depend upon the facts in the case. A bill somewhat along those lines was introduced but failed of enactment. It was reintroduced in 1906, and the labor-unions opposed it, demanding the complete removal of the power to grant injunctions. The members of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor sought an interview with the President on March 21, 1906, and stated their views on the subject. In his reply the President told them that if they thought that the impending bill did not go far enough, they would have no earthly difficulty in killing it, for the capitalists were against it. "Personally," he said, "I think the proposed law a most ad-

mirable one, and I very sincerely wish it could be put through. As for the right of injunction, it is absolutely necessary to have this power lodged in the courts; though of course any abuse of the power is strongly to be reprobated. During the four and a half years that I have been President I do not remember an instance where the Government has invoked the right of injunction against a combination of laborers. We have invoked it certainly a score of times against combinations of capital; I think possibly oftener. But understand me, gentlemen, if ever I thought it necessary, if I thought a combination of laborers were doing wrong, I would apply an injunction against them just as quick as against so many capitalists."

Roosevelt returned to the subject in his message of January 13, 1908, saying:

"Even though it were possible, I should consider it most unwise to abolish the use of the process of injunction. It is necessary in order that the courts may maintain their own dignity, and in order that they may in effective manner check disorder and violence. The judge who uses it cautiously and conservatively, but who, when the need arises, uses it fearlessly, confers the greatest service upon our people, and his preeminent usefulness as a public servant should be heartily recognized."

Perhaps the most notable instance of Roosevelt's fearlessness in opposing labor-union leaders when they were defending and advocating acts of lawlessness and disorder occurred in 1907. In a letter that he had written in 1906, and which was published for the first time in the spring of 1907, he had spoken of labor leaders like Debs, or Moyer, or Haywood as "undesirable citizens." Moyer and Haywood were at the time under indictment for complicity in the murder of the Governor of Idaho and were subsequently acquitted. Certain labor leaders protested against the expression that Roosevelt had used in regard to them. To a letter from one of these he replied on April 22, 1907:

"I have received your letter of the 19th instant, in which you enclose the draft of the formal letter which is to follow. I have been notified that several delegations, bearing similar requests, are

on the way hither. In the letter you, on behalf of the Cook County Moyer-Haywood conference, protest against certain language I used in a recent letter which you assert to be designed to influence the course of justice in the case of the trial for murder of Messrs. Moyer and Haywood. I entirely agree with you that it is improper to endeavor to influence the course of justice, whether by threats or in any similar manner. For this reason I have regretted most deeply the action of such organizations as your own in undertaking to accomplish this very result in the very case of which you speak. For instance, your letter is headed 'Cook County Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone Conference,' with the headlines: '*Death*—can not—will not—and shall not claim our brothers!' This shows that you and your associates are not demanding a fair trial, or working for a fair trial, but are announcing in advance that the verdict shall only be one way and that you will not tolerate any other verdict. Such action is flagrant in its impropriety, and I join heartily in condemning it.

"But it is a simple absurdity to suppose that because any man is on trial for a given offence he is therefore to be freed from all criticism upon his general conduct and manner of life. I neither expressed nor indicated any opinion as to whether Messrs. Moyer and Haywood were guilty of the murder of Governor Steunenberg. If they are guilty they certainly ought to be punished. If they are not guilty they certainly ought not to be punished. But no possible outcome either of the trial or the suits can affect my judgment as to the undesirability of the type of citizenship of those whom I mentioned. Messrs. Moyer, Haywood, and Debs stand as representatives of those men who have done as much to discredit the labor movement as the worst speculative financiers or most unscrupulous employers of labor and debauchers of legislatures have done to discredit honest capitalists and fair-dealing business men. They stand as the representatives of those men who by their public utterances and manifestoes, by the utterances of the papers they control or inspire, and by the words and deeds of those associated with or subordinated to them, habitually

appear as guilty of incitement to or apology for bloodshed and violence. If this does not constitute undesirable citizenship, then there can never be any undesirable citizens. The men whom I denounce represent the men who have abandoned that legitimate movement for the uplifting of labor, with which I have the most hearty sympathy; they have adopted practices which cut them off from those who lead this legitimate movement. In every way I shall support the law-abiding and upright representatives of labor; and in no way can I better support them than by drawing the sharpest possible line between them on the one hand, and, on the other hand, those preachers of violence who are themselves the worst foes of the honest laboring man.

"Let me repeat my deep regret that any body of men should so far forget their duty to the country as to endeavor by the formation of societies and in other ways to influence the course of justice in this matter. I have received many such letters as yours. Accompanying them were newspaper clippings announcing demonstrations, parades, and mass-meetings designed to show that the representatives of labor, without regard to the facts, demand the acquittal of Messrs. Haywood and Moyer. Such meetings can, of course, be designed only to coerce court or jury in rendering a verdict, and they therefore deserve all the condemnation which you in your letters say should be awarded to those who endeavor improperly to influence the course of justice.

"You say you ask for a 'square deal' for Messrs. Moyer and Haywood. So do I. When I say 'square deal,' I mean a square deal to every one; it is equally a violation of the policy of the square deal for a capitalist to protest against denunciation of a capitalist who is guilty of wrongdoing and for a labor leader to protest against the denunciation of a labor leader who has been guilty of wrongdoing. I stand for equal justice to both; and so far as in my power lies I shall uphold justice, whether the man accused of guilt has behind him the wealthiest corporations, the greatest aggregations of riches in the country, or whether he has behind him the most influential labor organizations in the country."

ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

I



TREAKS of red ran upward, and in answer the great gray eye of the wilderness lifted its mist-fringed lid. From the green depths came the fluting of a lone wood-thrush. Through them an owl flew on velvety wings for his home in the heart of a primeval poplar. A cougar leaped from the low limb of an oak, missed, and a shuddering deer streaked through a forest aisle, bounded into a little clearing, stopped rigid, sniffed a deadlier enemy, and whirled into the wilderness again. Still deeper in the depths a boy with a bow and arrow and naked, except for scalp-lock and breech-clout, sprang from sleep and again took flight along a buffalo trail. Again, not far behind him, three grunting savages were taking up the print of his moccasined feet.

An hour before a red flare rose within the staked enclosure that was reared in the centre of the little clearing, and above it smoke was soon rising. Before the first glimmer of day the gates yawned a little and three dim shapes appeared and moved leisurely for the woods—each man with a long flint-lock rifle in the hollow of his arm, a hunting-knife in his belt, and a coonskin cap on his head. At either end of the stockade a watch-tower of oak became visible and in each a sleepy sentinel yawned and sniffed the welcome smell of frying venison below him. In the pound at one end of the fort, and close to the eastern side, a horse whinnied, and a few minutes later when a boy slipped through the gates with feed in his arms there was more whinnying and the stamping of impatient feet.

"Gol darn ye!" the boy yelled, "can't ye wait till a feller gits *his* breakfast?"

A voice deep, lazy, and resonant came from the watch-tower above:

"Well, I'm purty hungry myself."

"See any Injuns, Dave?"

"Not more'n a thousand or two, I reckon." The boy laughed.

"Well, I reckon you won't see any while I'm around—they're afeerd o' *me*."

"I don't blame 'em, Bud. I reckon that blunderbuss o' yours would come might' nigh goin' through a pat o' butter at twenty yards." The sentinel rose towering to the full of his stature, stretched his mighty arms with a yawn, and lightly leaped, rifle in hand, into the enclosure. A girl climbing the rude ladder to the tower stopped midway.

"Mornin', Dave!"

"Mornin', Polly!"

"I was comin' to wake you up," she smiled.

"I just waked up," he yawned, humoring the jest.

"You don't seem to have much use for this ladder."

"Not unless I'm goin' up; and I wouldn't then if I could jump as high as I can fall." He went toward her to help her down.

"I wouldn't climb very high," she said, and scorning his hand with a tantalizing little grimace she leaped as lightly as had he to the ground. Two older women who sat about a kettle of steaming clothes watched her.

"Look at Polly Conrad, won't ye? I declare that gal——"

"Lyddy!" cried Polly, "bring Dave's breakfast!"

At the door of each log cabin, as solidly built as a little fort, a hunter was cleaning a long rifle. At the western angle two men were strengthening the pickets of the palisade. About the fire two mothers were suckling babes at naked breasts. A boy was stringing a bow, and another was hurling a small tomahawk at an oaken post, while a third who was carrying wood for the open fire cried hotly:

"Come on here, you two, an' he'p me with this wood!" And grumbling they came, for that fort harbored no idler, irrespective of age or sex.

At the fire a tall girl rose, pushed a mass of sunburned hair from her heated forehead, and a flush not from the fire fused with her smile.

"I reckon Dave can walk this far—he don't look very puny."

A voice vibrant with sarcasm rose from one of the women about the steaming kettle.

"Honor!" she cried, "Honor Sanders!"

In a doorway near, a third girl was framed—deep-eyed, deep-breasted.

"Honor!" cried the old woman, "stop wastin' yo' time with that weavin' in thar an' come out here an' he'p these two gals to git Dave his breakfast." Dave Yandell laughed loudly.

"Come on, Honor," he called, but the girl turned and the whir of a loom started again like the humming of bees. Lydia Noe handed the hunter a pan of deer-meat and corn bread, and Polly poured him a cup of steaming liquid made from sassafras leaves. Unheeding for a moment the food in his lap, Dave looked up into Polly's black eyes, shifted to Lydia, swerved to the door whence came the whir of the loom.

"You are looking very handsome this morning, Polly," he said gravely, "and Lydia is lovelier even than usual, and Honor is a woodland dream." He shook his head. "No," he said, "I really couldn't."

"Couldn't what?" asked Polly, though she knew some nonsense was coming.

"Be happy even with two, if t'other were far away."

"I reckon you'll have to try some day—with all of us far away," said the gentle Lydia.

"No doubt, no doubt." He fell upon his breakfast.

"Purple, crimson, and gold—daughters of the sun—such are not for the poor hunter—alack, alack!"

"Poor boy!" said Lydia, and Polly looked at her with quickening wonder. Rallying Dave with soft-voiced mockery was a new phase in Lydia. Dave gave his hunting-knife a pathetic flourish.

"And when the Virginia gallants come, where will poor Dave be?"

Polly's answer cut with sarcasm, but not at Dave.

"Dave will be busy cuttin' wood an' killin' food for 'em—an' keepin' 'em from gettin' scalped by Indians."

"I wonder," said Lydia, "if they'll have long hair like Dave?" Dave shook his long locks with mock pride.

"Yes, but it won't be their own an' it'll be *powdered*."

"Lord, I'd like to see the first Indian who takes one of their scalps." Polly laughed, but there was a shudder in Lydia's smile. Dave rose.

"I'm goin' to sleep till dinner—don't let anybody wake me," he said, and at once both the girls were serious and kind.

"We won't, Dave."

Cow-bells began to clang at the edge of the forest.

"There they are," cried Polly. "Come on, Lyddy."

The two girls picked up piggins and squeezed through the opening between the heavy gates. The young hunter entered a door and within threw himself across a rude bed, face down.

"Honor!" cried one of the old women, "you go an' git a bucket o' water." The whir stopped instantly, the girl stepped with a sort of slow majesty from the cabin, and, entering the next, paused on the threshold as her eyes caught the powerful figure stretched on the bed and already in heavy sleep. As she stepped softly for the bucket she could not forbear another shy swift glance; she felt the flush in her face and to conceal it she turned her head angrily when she came out. A few minutes later she was at the spring and laddling water into her pail with a gourd. Near by the other two girls were milking—each with her forehead against the soft flank of a dun-colored cow whose hoofs were stained with the juice of wild strawberries. Honor dipped lazily. When her bucket was full she fell a-dreaming, and when the girls were through with their task they turned to find her with deep, unseeing eyes on the dark wilderness.

"Boo!" cried Polly, startling her, and then teasingly:

"Are you in love with Dave, too, Honor?"

The girl reddened.

"No," she whipped out, "an' I ain't goin' to be." And then she reddened again angrily as Polly's hearty laugh told her she had given herself away. For a moment the three stood like wood-nymphs about the spring, vigorous, clear-eyed, richly dowered with health and color and body and limb—typical mothers-to-be of a wilderness race. And as Honor turned abruptly for the fort, a shot came from the woods followed by a war-whoop that stopped the blood shuddering in their veins.

"Oh, my God!" each cried, and catching at their wet skirts they fled in terror through the long grass. They heard the quick commotion in the fort, heard sharp commands, cries of warning, frantic calls for them to hurry, saw strained faces at the gates, saw Dave bound through and rush toward them. And from the forest there was nothing but its silence until that was again broken—this time by a loud laugh—the laugh of a white man. Then at the edge of the wilderness appeared—the fool. Behind him followed the other two who had gone out that morning, one with a deer swung about his shoulders, and all could hear the oaths of both as they cursed the fool in front who had given shot and war-whoop to frighten women and make them run. Dave stood still, but his lips, too, were busy with curses, and from the fort came curses—an avalanche of them. The sickly smile passed from the face of the fellow, shame took its place, and when he fronted the terrible eyes of old Jerome Sanders at the gate, that face grew white with fear.

"Thar ain't an Injun in a hundred miles," he stammered, and then he shrank down as though he were almost going to his knees, when suddenly old Jerome slipped his long rifle from his shoulder and fired past the fellow's head with a simultaneous roar of command:

"Git in—ever'boday—git in—quick!"

From a watch-tower, too, a rifle had cracked. A naked savage had bounded into a spot of sunlight that quivered on the buffalo trail a hundred yards deep in the forest and leaped lithely aside into the bushes—both rifles had missed. Deeper from the woods came two war-

whoops—real ones—and in the silence that followed the gates were swiftly closed and barred, and a keen-eyed rifleman was at every port-hole in the fort. From the tower old Jerome saw reeds begin to shake in a cane-brake to the left of the spring.

"Look thar!" he called, and three rifles, with his own, covered the spot. A small brown arm was thrust above the shaking reeds, with the palm of the hand toward the fort—the peace sign of the Indian—and a moment later a naked boy sprang from the cane-brake and ran toward the blockhouse, with a bow and arrow in his left hand and his right stretched above his head, its pleading palm still outward.

"Don't shoot!—don't nobody shoot!" shouted the old man. No shot came from the fort, but from the woods came yells of rage, and as the boy streaked through the clearing an arrow whistled past his head.

"Let him in!" shouted Jerome, and as Dave opened the gates another arrow hurtled between the boy's upraised arm and his body and stuck quivering in one of its upright bars. The boy slid through and stood panting, shrinking, wild-eyed. The arrow had grazed his skin, and when Dave lifted his arm and looked at the oozing drops of blood he gave a startled oath, for he saw a flash of white under the loosened breech-clout below. The boy understood. Quickly he pushed the clout aside on his thigh that all might see, nodded gravely, and proudly tapped his breast.

"Paleface!" he half grunted, "white man!"

The wilds were quiet. The boy pointed to them and held up three fingers to indicate that there were only three red men there, and shook his head to say there would be no attack from them. Old Jerome studied the little stranger closely, wondering what new trick those red devils were trying now to play. Mother Sanders and Mother Noe, the boys of the fort, the gigantic brothers to Lydia, Adam and Noel, the three girls had gathered about him, as he stood with the innocence of Eden before the fall.

"The fust thing to do," said Mother

Sanders, "is to git some clothes for the little heathen." Whereat Lydia flushed and Dave made an impatient gesture for silence.

"What's your name?" The boy shook his head and looked eagerly around.

"Français—French?" he asked, and in turn the big woodsman shook his head—nobody there spoke French. However, Dave knew a little Shawnee, a good deal of the sign-language, and the boy seemed to understand a good many words in English; so that the big woodsman pieced out his story with considerable accuracy, and turned to tell it to Jerome. The Indians had crossed the Big River, were as many as the leaves, and meant to attack the whites. For the first time they had allowed the boy to go on a war-party. Some one had treated him badly—he pointed out the bruises of cuffs and kicks on his body. The Indians called him White Arrow, and he knew he was white from the girdle of untanned skin under his breech-clout and because the Indian boys taunted him. Asked why he had come to the fort, he pointed again to his bruises, put both hands against his breast, and stretched them wide as though he would seek shelter in the arms of his own race and take them to his heart; and for the first time a smile came to his face that showed him plainly as a curious product of his race and the savage forces that for years had been moulding him. That smile could have never come to the face of an Indian. No Indian would ever have so lost himself in his own emotions. No white man would have used his gestures and the symbols of nature to which he appealed. Only an Indian could have shown such a cruel, vindictive, merciless fire in his eyes when he told of his wrongs, and when he saw tears in Lydia's eyes, the first burning in his life came to his own, and brushing across them with fierce shame he turned Indian stoic again and stood with his arms folded over his bow and arrows at his breast, looking neither to right nor left, as though he were waiting for judgment at their hands and cared little what his fate might be, as perfect from head to foot as a statue of the ancient little god, who, in him, had forsaken the couches of love for the tents of war.

II

ALL turned now to the duties of the day—Honor to her loom, Polly to her distaff, and Lydia to her spinning-wheel, for the clothes of the women were homespun, home-woven, home-made. Old Jerome and Dave and the older men gathered in one corner of the stockade for a council of war. The boy had made it plain that the attacking party was at least two days behind the three Indians from whom he had escaped, so that there was no danger that day, and they could wait until night to send messengers to warn the settlers outside to seek safety within the fort. Meanwhile, Jerome would despatch five men with Dave to scout for the three Indians who might be near by in the woods, and the boy, who saw them slip out the rear gate of the fort, at once knew their purpose, shook his head, and waved his hand to say that his late friends were gone back to hurry on the big war-party to the attack, now that the whites themselves knew their danger. Old Jerome nodded that he understood, and nodded to others his appreciation of the sense and keenness of the lad, but he let the men go just the same. From cabin door to cabin door the boy went in turn—peeking in, but showing no wonder, no surprise, and little interest until Lydia again smiled at him. At her door he paused longest, and even went within and bent his ear to the bee-like hum of the wheel. At the port-holes in the logs he pointed and grunted his understanding and appreciation, as he did when he climbed into a blockhouse and saw how one story overlapped the other and how through an opening in the upper floor the defenders in the tower might pour a destructive fire on attackers breaking in below. When he came down three boys, brothers to the three girls, Bud Sanders, Jack Conrad, and Harry Noe, were again busy with their games. They had been shy with him as he with them, and now he stood to one side while they, pretending to be unconscious of his presence, watched with sidelong glances the effect on him of their prowess. All three threw the tomahawk and shot arrows with great skill, but they did not dent the impassive face of the little stranger.

"Maybe he thinks he can do better," said Bud; "let's let him try it."

And he held forth the tomahawk and motioned toward the post. The lad took it gravely, gravely reached for the tomahawk of each of the other two, and with slow dignity walked several yards farther away from the mark. Then he wheeled with such ferocity in his face that the boys shrank aside, clutching with some fear to one another's arms, and before they could quite recover, they were gulping down wonder as the three weapons whistled through the air and were quivering close, side by side, in the post.

"Gee!" they said. Again the lad's face turned impassive as he picked up his bow and three arrows and slowly walked toward the wall of the stockade so that he was the full width of the fort away. And then three arrows hurtled past them in incredibly swift succession and thudded into the post, each just above a tomahawk. This time the three onlookers were quite speechless, though their mouths were open wide. Then they ran toward him and had him show just how he held tomahawk and bow and arrow, and all three did much better with the new points he gave them. Wondering then whether they might not teach him something, Jack did a standing broad jump and Bud a running broad jump and Harry a hop, skip, and a jump. The young stranger shook his head but he tried and fell short in each event and was greatly mortified. Again he shook his head when Bud and Jack took backholds and had a wrestling match, but he tried with Jack and was thumped hard to the earth. He sprang to his feet looking angry, but all were laughing, and he laughed too.

"Me big fool," he said; and they showed him how to feint and trip, and once he came near throwing Bud. At rifle-shooting, too, he was no match for the young pioneers, but at last he led them with gestures and unintelligible grunts to the far end of the stockade and indicated a foot-race. The boy ran like one of his own arrows, but he beat Bud only a few feet, and Bud cried:

"I reckon if *I* didn't have no clothes on, he couldn't 'a' done it"; and on the word Mother Sanders appeared and cried to Bud to bring the "Injun" to her cabin.

She had been unearthing clothes for the "little heathen," and Bud helped to put them on. In a few minutes the lad reappeared in fringed hunting shirt and trousers, wriggling in them most uncomfortably, for they made him itch, but at the same time wearing them proudly. Mother Sanders approached with a hunting-knife.

"I'm goin' to cut off that topknot so his hair can ketch up," she said, but the boy scowled fearfully, turned, fled, and scaling the stockade as nimbly as a squirrel, halted on top with one leg over the other side.

"He thinks you air goin' to take his scalp," shouted Bud. The three boys jumped up and down in their glee, and even Mother Sanders put her hands on her broad hips and laughed with such loud heartiness that many came to the cabin doors to see what the matter was. It was no use for the boys to point to their own heads and finger their own shocks of hair, for the lad shook his head, and outraged by their laughter kept his place in sullen dignity a long while before he could be persuaded to come down.

On the mighty wilderness the sun sank slowly and old Jerome sat in the western tower to watch alone. The silence out there was oppressive and significant, for it meant that the boy's theory was right; the three Indians had gone back for their fellows, and when darkness came the old man sent runners to the outlying cabins to warn the inmates to take refuge within the fort. There was no settler that was not accustomed to a soft tapping on the wooden windows that startled him wide-awake. Then there was the noiseless awakening of the household, noiseless dressing of the children—the mere whisper of "Indians" was enough to keep them quiet—and the noiseless slipping through the wilderness for the oak-picketed stockade. And the gathering-in was none too soon. The hooting of owls started before dawn. A flaming arrow hissed from the woods, thudded into the roof of one of the cabins, sputtered feebly on a dew-drenched ridge-pole, and went out. Savage war-whoops rent the air, and the battle was on. All day the fight went on. There were feints of attack in front and rushes from the rear, and there

were rushes from all sides. The women loaded rifles and cooked and cared for the wounded. Thrice an Indian reached the wall of the stockade and set a cabin on fire, but no one of the three got back to the woods alive. The stranger boy sat stoically in the centre of the enclosure watching everything, and making no effort to take part, except twice when he saw a gigantic Indian brandishing his rifle at the edge of the woods, encouraging his companions behind, and each time he grunted and begged for a gun. And Dave made out that the Indian was the one who had treated the boy cruelly and that the lad was after a personal revenge. Late in the afternoon the ammunition began to run low and the muddy discoloration of the river showed that the red men had begun to tunnel under the walls of the fort. And yet a last sally was made just before sunset. A body pushed against Dave in the tower and Dave saw the stranger boy at his side with his bow and arrow. A few minutes later he heard a yell from the lad which rang high over the din, and he saw the feathered tip of an arrow shaking in the breast of the big Indian who staggered and fell behind a bush. Just at that moment there were yells from the woods behind—the yells of white men that were answered by joyful yells within the fort:

"The Virginians! The Virginians!" And as the rescuers dashed into sight on horse and afoot, Dave saw the lad leap the wall of the stockade and disappear behind the fleeing Indians.

"Gone back to 'em," he grunted to himself. The gates were thrown open. Old Jerome and his men rushed out, and besieged and rescuers poured all their fire after the running Indians, some of whom turned bravely to empty their rifles once more.

"Git in! Git in, quick!" yelled old Joel. He knew another volley would come as soon as the Indians reached the cover of thick woods, and come the volley did. Three men fell—one the leader of the Virginians, whose head flopped forward as he entered the gate and was caught in old Joel's arms. Not another sound came from the woods, but again Dave from the tower saw the cane-brush rustle at the edge of a thicket, saw a hand

thrust upward with the palm of peace toward the fort, and again the stranger boy emerged—this time with a bloody scalp dangling in his left hand. Dave sprang down and met him at the gate. The boy shook his bow and arrow proudly, pointed to a crisscross scar on the scalp, and Dave made out from his explanation that once before the lad had tried to kill his tormentor and that the scar was the sign. In the centre of the enclosure the wounded Virginian lay, and when old Jerome stripped the shirt from his breast he shook his head gravely. The wounded man opened his eyes just in time to see and he smiled.

"I know it," he said faintly, and then his eyes caught the boy with the scalp, were fixed steadily and began to widen.

"Who is that boy?" he asked sharply.

"Never mind now," said old Joel soothingly, "you must keep still!" The boy's eyes had begun to shift under the scrutiny and he started away.

"Come back here!" commanded the wounded man, and still searching the lad he said sharply again:

"Who is that boy?" Nor would he have his wound dressed or even take the cup of water handed to him until old Joel briefly told the story, when he lay back on the ground and closed his eyes.

Darkness fell. In each tower a watcher kept his eyes strained toward the black, silent woods. The dying man was laid on a rude bed within one cabin, and old Joel lay on the floor of it close to the door. The stranger lad refused to sleep indoors and huddled himself in a blanket on the ground in one corner of the stockade. Men, women, and children fell to a deep and weary sleep. In the centre the fire burned and there was no sound on the air but the crackle of its blazing. An hour later the boy in the corner threw aside his blanket, and when, a moment later, Lydia Noe, feverish and thirsty, rose from her bed to get a drink of water outside her door, she stopped short on the threshold. The lad, stark naked but for his breech-clout and swinging his bloody scalp over his head, was stamping around the fire—dancing the scalp-dance of the savage to a low, fierce, guttural song. The boy saw her, saw her face in the blaze, stricken white with fright and horror, saw

her too paralyzed to move and he stopped, staring at her a moment with savage rage, and went on again. Old Joel's body filled the next doorway. He called out with a harsh oath, and again the boy stopped. With another oath and a threatening gesture Joel motioned to the corner of the stockade, and with a flare of defiance in his black eyes the lad stalked slowly and proudly away. From behind him the voice of the wounded man called, and old Joel turned. There was a ghastly smile on the Virginian's pallid face.

"I saw it," he said painfully. "That's—that's my son!"

III

FROM the sun-dial on the edge of the high bank, straight above the brim of the majestic yellow James, a noble path of thick grass as broad as a modern highway ran hundreds of yards between hedges of roses straight to the open door of the great manor-house with its wide verandas and mighty pillars set deep back from the river in a grove of ancient oaks. Behind the house spread a little kingdom, divided into fields of grass, wheat, tobacco, and corn, and dotted with whitewashed cabins filled with slaves. Already the house had been built a hundred years of brick brought from England in the builder's own ships, it was said, and the second son of the reigning generation, one Colonel Dale, sat in the veranda alone. He was a royalist officer, this second son, but his elder brother had the spirit of daring and adventure that should have been his, and he had been sitting there four years before when that elder brother came home from his first pioneering trip into the wilds, to tell that his wife was dead and their only son was a captive among the Indians. Two years later still, word came that the father, too, had met death from the savages, and the little kingdom passed into Colonel Dale's hands.

Indentured servants, as well as blacks from Africa, had labored on that path in front of him; and up it had once stalked a deputation of the great Powhatan's red tribes. Up that path had come the last of the early colonial dames, in huge ruffs, high-heeled shoes, and short skirts, with her husband, who was the "head of a hun-

dred," with gold on his clothes, and at once military commander, civil magistrate, judge, and executive of the community; had come officers in gold lace, who had been rowed up in barges from Jamestown; members of the worshipful House of Burgesses; bluff planters in silk coats, the governor and members of the council; distinguished visitors from England, colonial gentlemen and ladies. At the manor they had got beef, bacon, brown loaves, Indian corn-cakes, strong ales, and strong waters (but no tea or coffee), and "drunk" pipes of tobacco from lily-pots—jars of white earth—lighted with splinters of juniper, or coals of fire plucked from the fireplace with a pair of silver tongs. And all was English still—books, clothes, plates, knives, and forks; the church, the Church of England; the Governor, the representative of the King; his Council, the English House of Lords; the Burgesses, the English Parliament—socially aristocratic, politically republican. For ancient usage held that all "freemen" should have a voice in the elections, have equal right to say who the lawmakers and what the law. The way was open as now. Any man could get two thousand acres by service to the colony, could build, plough, reap, save, buy servants, and roll in his own coach to sit as burgess. There was but one seat of learning—at Williamsburg. What culture they had they brought from England or got from parents or minister. And always they had seemed to prefer sword and stump to the pen. They hated towns. At every wharf a long shaky trestle ran from a warehouse out into the river to load ships with tobacco for England and to get in return all conveniences and luxuries, and that was enough. In towns men jostled and individual freedom was lost, so, Ho! for the great sweeps of land and the sway of a territorial lord! Englishmen they were of Shakespeare's time but living in Virginia, and that is all they were—save that the flower of liberty was growing faster in the new-world soil.

The plantation went back to a patent from the King in 1617, and by the grant the first stout captain was to "enjoy his landes in as large and ample manner to all intentes and purposes as any Lord of any

manours in England doth hold his ground." This gentleman was the only man after the "Starving Time" to protest against the abandonment of Jamestown in 1610. When, two years later, he sent two henchmen as burgesses to the first general assembly, that august body would not allow them to sit unless the captain would relinquish certain high privileges in his grant.

"I hold my patent for service done," the captain answered grandiloquently, "which noe newe or late comers can meritt or challenge," and only with the greatest difficulty was he finally persuaded to surrender his high authority. In that day the house was built of wood, protected by a palisade, prescribed by law, and the windows had stout shutters. Everything within it had come from England. The books were ponderous folios, stout duodecimos encased in embossed leather, and among them was a folio containing Master William Shakespeare's dramas, collected by his fellow actors Heminge and Condell. Later by many years a frame house supplanted this primitive, fort-like homestead, and early in the eighteenth century, after several generations had been educated in England, an heir built the noble manor as it still stands—an accomplished gentleman with lace collar, slashed doublet, and sable silvered hair, a combination of scholar, courtier, and soldier. And such had been the master of the little kingdom ever since.

In the earliest days the highest and reddest cedars in the world rose above the underbrush. The wild vines were so full of grape bunches that the very surf overflowed with them. Deer, turkeys, and snow-white cranes were in incredible abundance. The shores were fringed with verdure. The Indians were a "kind, loving people." Englishmen called it the "Good Land," and found it "most plentiful, sweet, wholesome, and fruitful of all others." The east was the ocean; Florida was the south; the north was Nova Francia, and the west unknown. Only the shores touched the interior, which was an untravelled realm of fairer fruits and flowers than in England; green shores, majestic forests, and blue mountains filled with gold and jewels. Bright birds

flitted, dusky maids danced and beckoned, rivers ran over golden sand, and toward the South Sea was the Fount of Youth, whose waters made the aged young again. Bermuda Islands were an enchanted den full of furies and devils which all men did shun as hell and perdition. And the feet of all who had made history had trod that broad path to the owner's heart and home.

Down it now came a little girl—the flower of all those dead and gone—and her coming was just as though one of the flowers about her had stepped from its gay company on one or the other side of the path to make through them a dainty, triumphal march as the fairest of them all. At the dial she paused and her impatient blue eyes turned to a bend of the yellow river for the first glimpse of a gay barge that soon must come. At the wharf the song of negroes rose as they unloaded the boat just from Richmond. She would go and see if there was not a package for her mother and perhaps a present for herself, so with another look to the river bend she turned, but she moved no farther. Instead, she gave a little gasp, in which there was no fear, though what she saw was surely startling enough to have made her wheel in flight. Instead, she gazed steadily into a pair of grave black eyes that were fixed on her from under a green branch that overhung the footpath, and steadily she searched the figure standing there, from the coon-skin cap down the fringed hunting-shirt and fringed breeches to the moccasined feet. And still the strange figure stood arms folded, motionless and silent. Neither the attitude nor the silence was quite pleasing, and the girl's supple slenderness stiffened, her arms went rigidly to her sides, and a haughty little snap sent her undimpled chin upward.

"What do you want?"

And still he looked, searching her in turn from head to foot, for he was no more strange to her than she was to him.

"Who are you and what do you want?"

It was a new way for a woman to speak to a man; he in turn was not pleased, and a gleam in his eyes showed it.

"I am the son of a King."

She started to laugh, but grew puzzled,

for she had the blood of Pocahontas herself.

"You are an Indian?"

He shook his head, scorning to explain, dropped his rifle to the hollow of his arm, and, reaching for his belt where she saw the buckhorn handle of a hunting-knife, came toward her, but she did not flinch. Drawing a letter from the belt, he handed it to her. It was so worn and soiled that she took it daintily and saw on it her father's name. The boy waved his hand toward the house far up the path.

"He live here?"

"You wish to see him?"

The boy grunted assent, and with a shock of resentment the little lady started up the path with her head very high indeed. The boy slipped noiselessly after her, his face unmoved, but his eyes were darting right and left to the flowers, trees, and bushes, to every flitting, strange bird, the gray streak of a scampering squirrel, and what he could not see, his ears took in—the clanking chains of work-horses, the whir of a quail, the screech of a peacock, the songs of negroes from far-off fields.

On the porch sat a gentleman in powdered wig and knee-breeches, who, lifting his eyes from a copy of *The Spectator* to give an order to a negro servant, saw the two coming, and the first look of bewilderment on his fine face gave way to a tolerant smile. A stray cat or dog, a crippled chicken, a neighbor's child, or a picka-

ninny—all these his little daughter had brought in at one time or another for a home, and now she had a strange ward, indeed. He asked no question, for a purpose very decided and definite was plainly bringing the little lady on, and he would not have to question. Swiftly she ran up the steps, her mouth primly set, and handed him a letter.

"The messenger is the son of a King."

"A what?"

"The son of a King," she repeated gravely.

"Ah," said the gentleman, humoring her, "ask his highness to be seated."

His highness was looking from one to the other gravely and keenly. He did not quite understand, but he knew gentle fun was being poked at him, and he dropped sullenly on the edge of the porch and stared in front of him. The little girl saw that his moccasins were much worn and that in one was a hole with the edge blood-stained. And then she began to watch her father's face, which showed that the contents of the letter were astounding him. He rose quickly when he had finished and put out his hand to the stranger.

"I am glad to see you, my boy," he said with great kindness. "Barbara, this is a little kinsman of ours from Kentucky. He was the adopted son of an Indian chief, but by blood he is your own cousin. His name is Erskine Dale."

(To be continued.)





Lieutenant-Colonel
Gabriele d'Annunzio.

THE NEW FRONTIERS OF FREEDOM

I.—THE BORDERLAND OF SLAV AND LATIN

By E. Alexander Powell

Author of "The Last Frontier," "Italy at War," "The Army
Behind the Army," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



A Slav of the Dalmatian
hinterland—the head
man of Slap.

IT was the same along the entire line of the Armistice from the Brenner down to Istria. Whenever the officials with whom we talked heard that we were going to Fiume they shook their heads pessimistically. "It's a good place to stay away from just now," said one. "They won't let you enter the city," another warned us. Or, "You mustn't think of taking the *signora* with you." But the representative of an American oil company whom I met in the American consulate in Trieste regarded the excursion from a different view-point altogether.

"Be sure to stop at the Europa," he urged me. "It's right on the water-front, and there isn't a better place in the city to see what's happening. I was there last week when the mob attacked the French Annamite troops. Believe me, friend, that was one hellish business . . . they literally cut those poor little Chinks into pieces. I saw the whole thing from my window. I'm going back to Fiume tomorrow, and if you like I'll tell the manager of the Europa to save you a front room."

His tone was that of a New Yorker telling a friend from up-State that he would reserve him a room in a Fifth Avenue hotel from which to view a parade.

As things turned out, however, we did not have occasion to avail ourselves of this offer, for we found that rooms had been reserved for us at a hotel in Abbazia, just across the bay from Fiume.

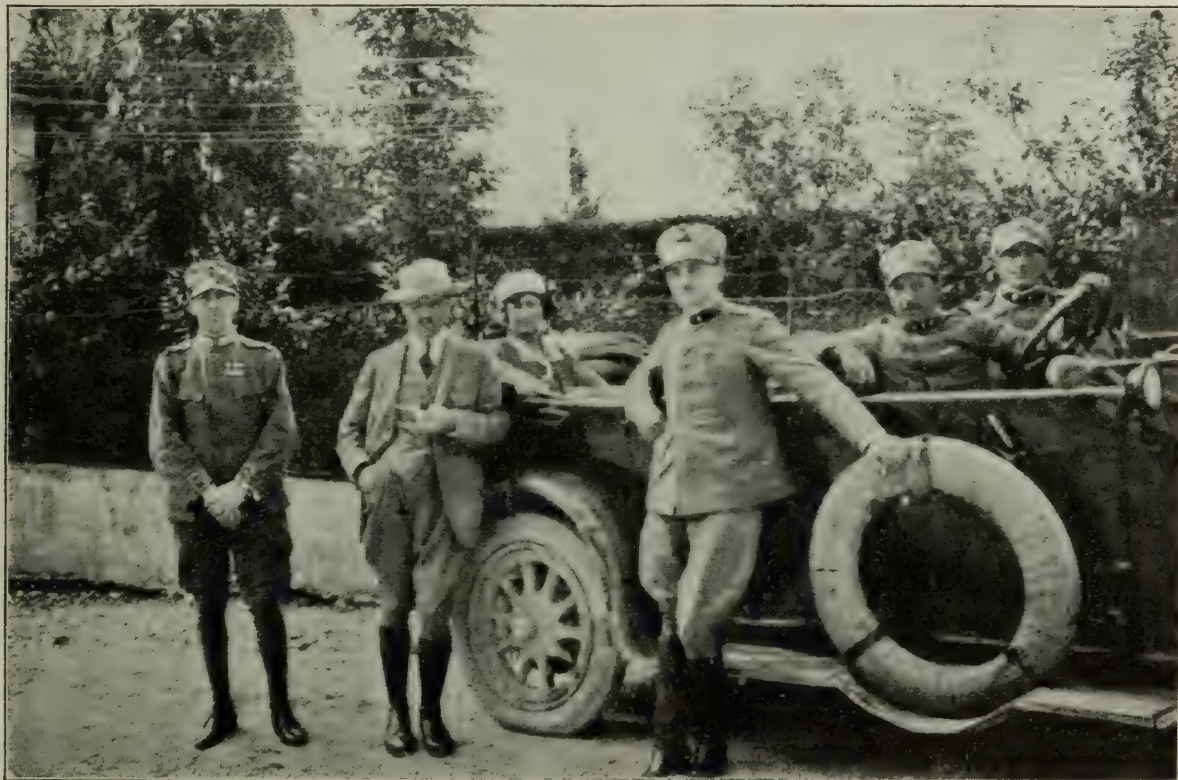
This arrangement was due to the Italian military governor, General Grazioli, who was perfectly aware that the inhabitants of Fiume were not hanging out any "Welcome to our City" signs for foreigners, particularly for foreigners who were country people of President Wilson.

We had our first view of the Unredeemed City (though it was really not my first view, as I had been there before the war) from a curve in the road where it suddenly emerges from the woods of evergreen laurel above Volosca to drop in steep white zigzags to the sea. It is superbly situated, this ancient city over whose possession Slav and Latin are growling at each other like dogs over a disputed bone. With its snowy buildings spread on the slopes of a shallow amphitheatre between the sapphire waters of the Adriatic and the barren flanks of the Istrian Karst, it suggested a lovely siren, all glistening and white, who had emerged from the sea to lie upon the bare brown breast of a mountain giant.

To correctly visualize Fiume you must imagine a town no larger than Atlantic City crowded upon a narrow shelf between a towering mountain wall and the sea; a town with broad and moderately clean streets, shaded, save in the centre of the city, by double rows of stately trees and paved with large square flagstones which make abominably rough riding; a town with several fine thoroughfares bordered by well-constructed four-story

buildings of brick and stone; with numerous surprisingly well-stocked shops; with miles and miles of concrete moles and wharfs, equipped with harbor machinery of the most modern description, and adjacent to them rows of warehouses as commodious as the Bush Terminals in Brooklyn, and rising here and there above the trees and the housetops, like

coffee-houses, before which lounge, from midmorning until midnight, a considerable proportion of the Italian population, sipping *café nero*, or tall drinks concocted from sweet, bright-colored syrups, scanning the papers and discussing, with much noise and gesticulation, the political situation and the doings of the peace commissioners in Paris. Save only Barcelona,



At the gates of Fiume.

Major Powell (second from left), Mrs. Powell, Captain Tron of the Italian *Comando Supremo*, and the car in which they travelled 3,000 miles.

fingers pointing to heaven, the graceful campaniles of fine old churches, one of which, the cathedral, was already old when the Great Navigator turned the prows of his caravels westward from Cadiz in quest of this land we live in.

As we sped down the Corsia Deák we passed a large hotel which, as was quite evident, had recently been renamed, for the words "Albergo d'Annunzio" were fresh and staring. But underneath was the former name, which had been so imperfectly obliterated that it could still easily be deciphered. It was "Hotel Wilson."

The public life of the city centres in the Piazza Adamich, a broad square on which front numerous hotels, restaurants, and

Fiume has the most excitable and irritable population of any city that I know. When we were there street disturbances were as frequent as dog-fights used to be in Constantinople before the Turks recognized that the best gloves are made from dogskins. A few days before our arrival a mob had attacked and killed in most barbarous fashion a number of Annamite soldiers who were guarding a French warehouse on the quay. Several prominent Fumani with whom I talked attempted to justify the massacre on the ground that a French sailor had torn a ribbon bearing the motto "*Italia o Morte!*" from the breast of a woman of the town. They did not seem to regret the affair or to realize that it is just such

occurrences which lead the Peace Conference to question the wisdom of subjecting the city's Slav minority to that sort of rule. As a result of the tense atmosphere which prevailed in the city, the nerves of the population were so on edge that when my car back-fired with a series of violent explosions, the loungers in front of a near-by café jumped as though a bomb had been thrown among them. The patron saint of Fiume is, appropriately enough, St. Vitus.

In discussing the question of Fiume the mistake is almost invariably made of considering it as a single city, whereas it really consists of two distinct communities, Fiume and Sussak, bitterly antagonistic and differing in race, religion, language, politics, customs, and thought. A small river, the Rieka, no wider than the Erie Canal, divides the city into two parts, one Latin, the other Slav, very much as the Rio Grande separates the American city of El Paso from the Mexican town of Ciudad Juarez. On the left or west bank of the river is Fiume, with approximately 40,000 inhabitants, of whom very nearly three-fourths are Italian. Here are the wharfs, the harbor works, the rail-head, the municipal buildings, the hotels, and the business districts. But cross the Rieka by the single wooden bridge which connects Fiume with Sussak and you find yourself in a wholly different atmosphere. In a hundred paces you pass from a city which is three-quarters Italian to a town which is overwhelmingly Slav. There are about 4,500 people in Sussak, of whom only one-eighth are Italian. But let it be perfectly clear that Sussak is not Fiume. In proclaiming its annexation to Italy on the ground of self-determination, the National Council of Fiume did not include Sussak, which is a Croatian village in historically Croatian territory. As for the territory immediately adjacent to Fiume on the north and east, it is as Slav as though it were in the heart of Serbia. To put it briefly, Fiume is an Italian island entirely surrounded by Slavs.

Though the Italian element of the population vociferously asserts its adherence to the slogan "*Italia o Morte!*" I am convinced that many of the more substantial and far-seeing citizens, if they dared freely

to express their opinions, would be found to favor the restoration of the city's ancient autonomy under the ægis of the League of Nations. The Italians of Fiume are at bottom, beneath their excitable and mercurial temperaments, a shrewd business people who have the commercial future of their city at heart. And they are intelligent enough to realize that, unless there be established some stable form of government which will propitiate the Slav minority as well as the Italian majority, the Slav nations of the hinterland will almost certainly divert their trade, on which Fiume's commercial importance entirely depends, to some non-Italian port, in which event the city would inevitably retrograde to the obscure fishing village which it was less than half a century ago.

In order that you may have before you a clear and comprehensive picture of this most perplexing and dangerous situation, which is so fraught with peril for the future peace of the world, suppose that I sketch for you, in the fewest word-strokes possible, the arguments of the rival claimants for fair Fiume's hand. Italy's claims may be classified under three heads: sentimental, commercial, and political. Her sentimental claims are based on the ground that the city's population, character, and history are overwhelmingly Italian. I have already stated that the Italians constitute about three-fourths of the total population of Fiume, the latest figures, as quoted in the United States Senate, giving 29,569 inhabitants to the Italians and 14,798 to the Slavs. There is no denying that the city has a distinctively Italian atmosphere, for its architecture is Italian, that Venetian trade-mark, the Lion of St. Mark, being in evidence on several of the older buildings; the mode of outdoor life is such as one meets in Italy; most of its stores and banks are owned by Italians, and Italian is the prevailing tongue. The claim that the city's history is Italian is, however, hardly borne out by history itself, for in the sixteen centuries which have elapsed since the fall of the Roman Empire, Fiume has been under Italian rule—that of the republic of Venice—for just four days.

The commercial reason underlying

Italy's insistence on obtaining control of Fiume is found in the fact that Italians are convinced that should Fiume pass into either neutral or Yugoslav hands, it would mean the commercial ruin of Trieste, where enormous sums of Italian money have been invested. They assert, and with sound reasoning, that the Slavs of the hinterland, and probably the Germans and Magyars as well, would ship through Fiume, were it under Slav or international control, instead of through Trieste, which is Italian. One does not need to be an economist to realize that if Fiume could secure the trade of Yugoslavia and the other states carved from the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the commercial supremacy of Trieste, which depends upon this same hinterland, would quickly disappear. On the other hand, those Italians whose vision has not been distorted by their passions clearly foresee that, should the final disposition of Fiume prove unacceptable to the Yugoslavs, they will almost certainly divert the trade of the interior to some Slav port, leaving Fiume to drowse in idleness beside her moss-grown wharfs and crumbling warehouses, dreaming dreams of her one-time prosperity.

Italy's third reason for insisting on the cession of Fiume is political, and, because it is based on a deep-seated and haunting fear, it is, perhaps, the most compelling reason of all. Italy does not trust the Yugoslavs. She cannot forget that the Austrian and Hungarian fractions of the new Yugoslav people—in other words, the Slovenes and Croats—were the most faithful subjects of the Dual Monarchy, fighting for the Hapsburgs with a ferocity and determination hardly surpassed in the war. Unlike the Poles and Czechoslovaks, who threw in their lot with the Allies, the Slovenes and Croats fought, and fought desperately, for the triumph of the Central Empires. Had these two peoples turned against their masters early in the war, the great struggle would have ended months, perhaps years, earlier than it did. Yet, within a few days after the signing of the Armistice, they became Yugoslavs, and announced that they have always been at heart friendly to the Allies. But, so the Italians argue, their conversion has been too sudden: they have

changed their flag but not their hearts; their real allegiance is not to Belgrade but to Berlin. The Italian attitude toward these peoples who have so abruptly switched from enemies to allies is that of the American soldier for the Filipino:

“He may be a brother of William H. Taft,
But he ain't no brother of mine.”

The Italians are convinced that the three peoples who have been so hastily welded into Yugoslavia will, as the result of internal jealousies and dissensions, eventually disintegrate, and that, when the break-up comes, those portions of the new state which formerly belonged to Austria-Hungary will ally themselves with the great Teutonic or, perhaps, Russo-Teutonic, confederation which, most students of European affairs believe, will arise from the ruins of the Central Empires. When that day comes the new power will look with hungry eyes toward the rich markets which fringe the Middle Sea, and what more convenient gateway through which to pour its merchandise—and, perhaps, its fighting men—than Fiume in friendly hands? In order to bar forever this, the sole gateway to the warm water still open to the Hun, the Italians should, they maintain, be made its guardians.

“But,” you argue, “suppose Yugoslavia does *not* break up? How can 14,000,000 Slavs seriously menace Italy's 40,000,000?”

Ah! Now you touch the very heart of the whole matter; now you have put your finger on the secret fear which has animated Italy throughout the controversy over Fiume and Dalmatia. For I do not believe that it is a reincarnated Germany which Italy dreads. It is something far more ominous, more terrifying than that, which alarms her. For, looking across the Adriatic, she sees the monstrous vision of a united and aggressive Slavdom, untold millions strong, of which the Yugoslavs are but the skirmish-line, ready to dispute not merely Italy's schemes for the commercial mastery of the Balkans but her overlordship of that sea which she regards as an Italian lake.

Yugoslavia's claims to Fiume are more briefly stated. Firstly, she lays title to it on the ground that geographically

Fiume belongs to Croatia, and that Croatia is now a part of Yugoslavia, or, to give the new country its correct name, the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. This claim is, I think, well founded, and this despite the fact that Italy has attempted to prove, by means of innumerable pamphlets and maps, that Fiume, being within the great semicircular wall formed by the Alps, is physically Italian. The Yugoslavs demand

than a third of the total population. By far the strongest title which the Slavs have to the city, and the one which commands for them the greatest sympathy, is their assertion that Fiume is the natural and, indeed, almost the only practicable commercial outlet for Yugoslavia, and that the struggling young state needs it desperately. In reply to this, the Italians point out that there are numerous harbors along the Dalmatian coast which



The inhabitants of Fiume cheering d'Annunzio and his raiders.

"Save only Barcelona, Fiume has the most excitable population of any place that I know."
The patron saint of the city is, appropriately enough, St. Vitus.

Fiume, secondly, because, they assert, if Fiume and Sussak are considered as a single city, that city has more Slavs than Italians, while the population of the hinterland is almost solidly Croatian. With the first half of this claim I cannot agree. As I have already pointed out, Sussak is not, and never has been, a part of Fiume, and its annexation is not demanded by the Italians. Conceding, however, for the sake of argument, that Fiume and Sussak are parts of the same city, the most reliable figures which I have been able to obtain show that, even were the Slav majority in Sussak added to the Slav minority in Fiume, the Slavs would still be able to muster barely more

would answer the needs of Yugoslavia as well, or almost as well, as Fiume. Now, I am speaking from first-hand knowledge when I assert that this is not so, for I have seen with my own eyes every harbor, or potential harbor, on the eastern coast of the Adriatic from Istria to Greece. As a matter of fact, the entire coast of Dalmatia would not make up to the Yugoslavs for the loss of Fiume. The map gives no idea of the city's importance as the southernmost point at which a standard-gauge railway reaches the Adriatic, for the railway leading to Ragusa, to which the Italians so repeatedly refer as providing an outlet for Yugoslavia, is not only narrow-gauge but is in part a rack-and-

pinion mountain line. The situation is best summed up by the commander of the American war-ship on which I dined at Spalato.

"It is not a question of finding a good harbor for the Yugoslavs," he said. "This coast is rich in splendid harbors. It is a question, rather, of finding a practicable route for a standard-gauge railway over or through the mile-high range of the Dinaric Alps, which parallel the entire coast, shutting the coast towns off from the hinterland. Until such a railway is built, the peoples of the interior have no means of getting their products down to the coast save through Fiume. Italy already has the great port of Trieste. Were she also to be awarded Fiume she would have a strangle-hold on the trade of Yugoslavia which would probably mean that country's commercial ruin."

I have now given you, as fairly as I know how, the principal arguments of the rival claimants. The Italians of Fiume, as I have already shown, outnumber the Slavs almost three to one, and it is they who are demanding so violently that the city should be annexed to Italy on the ground of self-determination. But I do not believe that; because there is an undoubted Italian majority in Fiume, the city should be awarded to Italy. If Italy were asking only what was beyond all shadow of question Italian, I should sympathize with her unreservedly. But to place 10,000 Slavs under Italian rule would be as unjust and as provocative of future trouble as to place 30,000 Italians under the rule of Belgrade. Nor is the cession of the city itself the end of Italy's claims, for, in order to place it beyond the range of the enemy's guns (by the "enemy" she means her late allies, the Serbs), in order to maintain control of the railways entering the city, and in order to bring the city actually within her territorial borders, she desires to extend her rule over other thousands of people who are not Italian, who do not speak the Italian tongue, and who do not wish Italian rule. Italy has no stancher friend than I, but neither my profound admiration for what she achieved during the war nor my deep sympathy for the staggering losses she suffered can blind me to the unwisdom, let us call it, of certain of her demands.

I am convinced that, when the passions aroused by the controversy have had time to cool, the Italians will themselves question the wisdom of accumulating for themselves future troubles by creating new lost provinces and a new Irredenta by annexing against their will thousands of people of an alien race. Viewing the question from the standpoints of abstract justice, of sound politics, and of common sense, I do not believe that Fiume should be given either to the Italians or to the Yugoslavs, but that the interests of both, as well as the prosperity of the Fumani themselves, should be safeguarded by making it a free city under international control.

I am not alone in believing that, had it not been for the opposition of President Wilson, the Adriatic question would have been settled ere this (December, 1919), either by making Fiume and the territory immediately adjacent into a free state under the League of Nations, or by Italy abandoning her claims to the Dalmatian coast and islands in exchange for Fiume, where the Yugoslavs would be given special privileges while Italy was building for them a commercial outlet of their own at Buccari, a small port, five miles to the south, which could be developed into an excellent harbor. Neither the Yugoslavs nor the Italians would accept such a settlement with any enthusiasm; of course, nor would it meet the demands of abstract justice, but my point is that I believe both sides would accept it in order to end the present perilous situation. In opposing such a compromise the American Government is assuming a terrible responsibility, particularly as we have not the remotest intention, in case of war, of giving Yugoslavia either military or financial support. The truth of the matter is that we are meddling in a matter which does not concern us, and that our meddling, instead of hastening peace, is retarding it.

No account of the extraordinary drama—farce would be a better name were its possibilities not so tragic—which is being staged at Fiume would be complete without some mention of the romantic figure who is playing the part of hero or villain, according to whether your sympathies are with the Italians or the Yugoslavs.

There is nothing romantic, mind you, in Gabriele d'Annunzio's personal appearance. On the contrary, he is one of the most unimpressive-looking men I have ever seen. He is short of stature—not over five feet five, I should guess—and even his beautifully cut clothes, which fit so faultlessly about the waist and hips as to suggest the use of stays, but partially conceal the corpulency of middle age. His head looks like a new-laid egg which has been highly varnished; his pointed beard is clipped in a fashion which reminded me of the bronze satyrs in the Naples museum; a monocle, worn without a cord, conceals his dead eye, which he lost in battle. His walk is a combination of a mince and a swagger; his movements are those of an actor who knows that the spotlight is upon him.

Though d'Annunzio takes high rank among the modern poets, many of his admirers holding him to be the greatest one alive, he is a far greater orator. His diction is perfect, his wealth of imagery exhaustless; I have seen him sway a vast audience as a wheat-field is swayed by the wind. His life he values not at all; the four rows of ribbons which on the breast of his uniform make a splotch of color were not won by his verses. Though well past the half-century mark, he has participated in a score of aerial combats, occupying the observer's seat in his fighting Sva and operating the machine-gun. But perhaps the most brilliant of his military exploits was a bloodless one, when he flew over Vienna and bombed that city with proclamations, written by himself, pointing out to the Viennese the futility of further resistance. His popularity among all classes is amazing; his word is law to the great organization known as the *Combatenti*, analogous to the American Legion, composed of the 5,000,000 men who fought in the Italian armies. He is a jingo of the jingoes, his plans for Italian expansion reaching far beyond the annexation of Fiume or even all of Dalmatia, for he has said again and again that he dreams of that day when Italy will have extended her rule over all that territory which once was held by Rome.

He is a very picturesque and interesting figure, is Gabriele d'Annunzio—very much in earnest, wholly sincere, but

fanatical, egotistical, intolerant of the rights or opinions of others, a visionary, and perhaps a little mad. I imagine that he would rather have his name linked with that of that other soldier-poet, who "flamed away at Missolonghi" nearly a century ago, than with any other character in history save Garibaldi. D'Annunzio, like Byron, was an exile from his native land. Both had a habit of never paying their bills; both had offended against the social codes of their times; both flamed against what they believed to be injustice and tyranny; both had a passionate love for liberty; both possessed a highly developed sense of the dramatic and delighted in playing romantic rôles. I have heard it said that d'Annunzio's raid on Fiume would make his name immortal, but I doubt it. Barely a score of years have passed since the raid on Johannesburg, which was a far more daring and hazardous exploit than d'Annunzio's Fiume performance, yet to-day how many people remember Doctor Jameson? It can be said for this middle-aged poet that he has successfully defied the government of Italy; that he flouted the royal duke who was sent to parley with him; that he seduced the Italian army and navy into committing open mutiny—"a breach of that military discipline," in the words of the Prime Minister, "which is the foundation of the safety of the state"—and that he has done more to shake foreign confidence in the stability of the Italian character and the dependability of the Italian soldier than the Austro-Germans did when they brought about the disaster at Caporetto. I have heard it said that the Nitti government had advance knowledge of the raid on Fiume and that the reason it took no vigorous measures against the filibusters was because it secretly approved of their action. This I do not believe. With President Wilson, the Jugoslavs, d'Annunzio, and the Italian army and navy arrayed against him, I am convinced that Mr. Nitti did everything that could be done without precipitating either a war or a revolution. Much credit is also due to the Jugoslavs for their forbearance and restraint under great provocation. They must have been sorely tempted to give the poet the spanking he so badly needs.

At Fiume we found awaiting us the destroyer *Sirio*, which, thanks to the courtesy of the Italian Government, was as much ours, during the fortnight we were aboard her, as the *Mayflower* is Mr. Wilson's.

"I am under orders to place myself entirely at your disposal," explained her youthful and very stiffly starched skipper, Commander Poggi. "I am to go where you desire and to stop as long as you please. Those are my instructions."

Thus it came about that, shortly after noon on a scorching summer day, we cast off our moorings and, leaving quarrel-torn Fiume abaft, turned the nose of the *Sirio* sou' by sou' west, down the coast of Dalmatia. The sun-kissed waters of the Bay of Quarnero looked for all the world like a vast azure carpet strewn with a million sparkling diamonds; on our starboard quarter stretched the

green-clad slopes of Istria, with the white villas of Abbazia peeping coyly out from amid the groves of pine and laurel; to the eastward the bleak brown peaks of the Dinaric Alps rose, savage, mysterious, forbidding, against the cloudless summer sky. Perhaps no stretch of coast in all the world has had so varied and romantic a history or so many masters as this Dalmatian seaboard. Since the days of the tattooed barbarians who called themselves Illyrian, it has been ruled in turn by

Phœnicians, Celts, Macedonians, Greeks, Romans, Goths, Byzantines, Croats, Serbs, Bulgars, Huns, Avars, Saracens, Normans, Magyars, Genoese, Venetians, Tartars, Bosnians, Turks, French, Russians, Montenegrins, British, Austrians, Italians—and now by Americans, for from Cape Planca southward to Ragusa,

a distance of something over a hundred miles, the United States is the governing power and an American admiral holds undisputed sway.

Leaning over the rail as we fled southward I lost myself in dreams of far-off days. In my mind I could see, sweeping past in imaginary review, those other vessels which, all down the ages, had skirted these same shores: the purple sails of Phœnicia, Greek galleys bearing colonists from Cnidus, Roman triremes with the slaves sweating at the oars, high-prowed, low-waisted Norman caravels with the arms of their marauding masters

painted on their bellowing canvas, stately Venetian carracks with carved and gilded sterns, swift-sailing Uskok pirate craft, their decks crowded with swarthy men in skirts and turbans, Genoese galleons, laden with the products of the hot lands, French and English frigates with brass cannon peering from their rows of ports, the grim, gray monsters of the Hapsburg navy. And then I suddenly awoke, for, coming up from the southward at full speed, their slanting funnels vomiting



Spalato—The vestibule of Diocletian's palace, which now forms the entrance to the cathedral.

Spalato owes its name to the great palace (*palatium*) of Diocletian, within the precincts of which a great part of the old town is built.

great clouds of smoke, were four long, low, lean, incredibly swift craft, ostrich-plumes of snowy foam curling from their bows, which sped past us like wolfhounds running with their noses to the ground. As they passed I could see quite plainly, flaunting from each taffrail, a flag of stripes and stars.

The sun was sinking behind Italy when, threading our way amid the maze of islands and islets which border the Dalmatian shore, we saw beyond our bows, silhouetted against the rose-coral of the evening sky, the slender campaniles and the crenellated ramparts of Zara. It was so still and calm and beautiful that I felt as though I were looking at a scene upon a stage and that the curtain would descend at any moment and destroy the illusion.

Though the population of Dalmatia is overwhelmingly Slav, quite two-thirds of the 14,000 inhabitants of Zara, its capital, are Italian. Yet, were it not for the occasional Morlachs in their picturesque costumes seen in the markets or on the wharfs, one would not suspect the presence of any Slav element in the town, for the dim and tortuous streets and the spacious squares bear Italian names—Via del Duomo, Riva Vecchia, Piazza della Colonna; crouching above the city gates is the snarling Lion of St. Mark, and everywhere one hears the liquid accents of the Latin. Zara, like Fiume, is an Italian colony set down on a Slavonian shore, and, like its sister-city to the north, it bears the indelible and unmistakable imprint of Italian civilization.

The long, narrow strip of territory sandwiched between the Adriatic and the Dinaric Alps which comprised the Austrian province of Dalmatia, though upward of 200 miles in length, has an area scarcely greater than that of Connecticut and a population smaller than that of Cleveland. Scarcely more than a tenth of its whole surface is under the plough, the rest, where it is not altogether sterile, consisting of mountain pasture. With the exception of scattered groves on the landward slopes, the country is virtually treeless, the forests for which Dalmatia was once famous having been cut down by the Venetian ship-builders or wantonly burned by the Uskok pirates, while every

attempt at replanting has been frustrated by the shallowness of the soil, the frequent droughts, and the multitudes of goats which browse on the young trees. The dreary expanse of the Bukovica, lying between Zara and the Bosnian frontier, is, without exception, the most inhospitable region that I have ever seen. For mile after mile, far as the eye can see, the earth is overlaid by a thick stratum of jagged limestone, so rough that no horse could traverse it, so sharp and flinty that a quarter of an hour's walking across it would cut to pieces the stoutest pair of boots. Under the rays of the summer sun these rocks become as hot as the top of a stove; so hot, indeed, that eggs can be cooked upon them, while metal objects exposed for only a few minutes to the sun will burn the hand. Scattered here and there over this terrible plateau are tiny farmsteads, their houses and the walls shutting in the little patches under cultivation being built from the stones obtained in clearing the soil, a task requiring incredible patience. No wonder that the folk who dwell in them are characterized by expressions as stony and hopeless as the soil from which they wring a wretched existence.

Just as Italy insisted on pushing her new borders up to the Brenner so that she might have a strategic frontier on the north, so she lays claim to the larger of the Dalmatian islands—Lissa, Lésina, Curzola, and certain others—in order to protect her Adriatic shores. A glance at the map will make her reasons amply plain. There stretches Italy's eastern coastline, 600 miles of it, from Venice to Otranto, with half a dozen busy cities and a score of fishing towns, as bare and unprotected as a bald man's hatless head. Not only is there not a single naval base on Italy's Adriatic coast south of Venice, but there is no harbor or inlet that can be transformed into one. Yet across the Adriatic, barely four hours' steam by destroyer away, is a wilderness of islands and deep harbors where an enemy's fleet could lie safely hidden, from which it could emerge to attack Italian commerce or to bombard Italy's unprotected coast towns, and where it could take refuge when the pursuit became too hot. All down the ages the dwellers along Italy's

eastern seaboard have been terrorized by naval raids from across the Adriatic. And Italy has determined that they shall be terrorized no more. How history repeats itself! Just as Rome, twenty-two centuries ago, could not permit the neighboring island of Sicily to fall into the hands of Carthage, so Italy cannot permit these coastwise islands, which form her only protection against attacks from the east, to pass under the control of the Yugoslavs.

"But," I said to the Italians with whom I discussed the matter, "why do you need any such protection now that the world is to have a League of Nations? Isn't that a sufficient guarantee that the Yugoslavs will never attack you?"

"The League of Nations is in theory a splendid thing," was their answer. "We subscribe to it in principle most heartily. But because there is a policeman on duty in your street, do you leave wide open your front door?"

To be quite candid, I do not think that it is against Jugoslavia, or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, against an unaided Jugoslavia, that Italy is taking precautions. I have already said, I believe, that thinking Italians look with grave forebodings to the day when a great Slav confederation shall rise across the Adriatic, but that day, as they know full well, is still far distant. Italy's desperate insistence on retaining possession of the more important Dalmatian islands is dictated by a far more immediate danger than that. She is convinced that her next war will be fought, not with the weak young state of Jugo-

slavia, but with Jugoslavia *allied with France*. Every Italian with whom I discussed the question—and I might add, without boasting, many highly placed and well-informed Italians have honored me with their confidence—firmly believes that France is jealous of Italy's rapidly increasing power in the Mediterranean, and that she is secretly intriguing with the Yugoslavs and the Greeks to prevent Italy obtaining commercial supremacy in the Balkans. I do not say that this

is my opinion, mind you, but I do say that it is the opinion held by most Italians. I found that the resentment against the French for what the Italians term France's "betrayal" of Italy at the Peace Conference was almost universal; everywhere in Italy I found a deep-seated distrust of France's commercial ambitions and political designs. Though the Italians admit that the Yugoslavs will not be able to build a navy for many years to come, they fear, or profess to fear, that the day is not immeasurably far



Morlach peasants assembled for a dance at Knin, on the Dalmatia-Bosnia border.

In their snowy blouses and brilliantly embroidered aprons, the women look for all the world like huge, quaint dolls.

distant when a French battle fleet, co-operating with the armies of Jugoslavia, will threaten Italy's Adriatic seaboard. And they are determined that, should such a day ever come, French ships shall not be afforded the protection, as were the Austrian, of the Dalmatian islands. Italy, with her great modern battle fleet and her 5,000,000 fighting men, regards Jugoslavia with something akin to contempt, but France, turned imperialistic and arrogant by her victory over the Hun, Italy distrusts and fears, believing that, while protesting her friendship, she is secretly

fomenting opposition to legitimate Italian aspirations in the Balkans and in the Middle Sea. You will sneer at this, perhaps, as a phantasm of the imagination, but I assure you, with all the earnestness and emphasis at my command, that this distrust of one great Latin nation for another, whether it is justified or not, forms a deadly menace to the future peace of the world.

Because I did not wish to confine my observations to the coast towns, which are, after all, essentially Italian, I motored across Dalmatia at its widest part, from Zara, through Benkovac, Kistonje, and Knin, to the little hamlet of Kievo, on the Yugoslav frontier. Though the Slav population of the Dalmatian hinterland is, according to the assertions of Belgrade, bitterly hostile to Italian rule, I did not detect a single symptom of animosity toward the Italian officers who were my companions on the part of the peasants whom we passed. They displayed, on the contrary, the utmost courtesy and good feeling, the women, looking like huge and gaudily dressed dolls in their snowy blouses and embroidered aprons, courtesying, while the tall, fine-looking men gravely touched the little round caps which are the national head-gear of Dalmatia.

Kievo is the last town in Dalmatia, being only a few score yards from the Bosnian frontier. Its little garrison was in command of a young Italian captain, a tall, slender fellow with the blond beard of a Viking and the dreamy eyes of a poet. He had been stationed at this lonely outpost for seven months, he told me, and he welcomed us as a man wrecked on a desert island would welcome a rescue party. In order to escape from the heat and filth and insects of the village, he had built in a near-by grove a sort of arbor, with a roof of interlaced branches to keep off the sun. Its furnishings consisted of a home-made table, an army cot, two or three decrepit chairs, and a phonograph. I did not need to inquire where he had obtained the phonograph, for on its cover was stencilled the familiar red triangle of the Y. M. C. A.—the "*Yimka*," as the Italians call it—which operates more than 300 *casas* for the use of the Italian army.

While our host was preparing a dubious-looking drink from sweet, bright-colored syrups and lukewarm water, I amused myself by glancing over the little stack of records on the table. They were, of course, nearly all Italian, but I came upon three that I knew well: "*Loch Lomond*," "*Old Folks at Home*," and "*So Long, Letty*." It was like meeting a party of old friends in a strange land. I tried the latter record, and though it was not very clear, for the captain's supply of needles had run out and he had been reduced to using ordinary pins, it was startling to hear Charlotte Greenwood's familiar voice carolling "*So long, so long, Letty*," there on the borders of Bosnia, with a picket of curious Yugoslavs, rifles across their knees, seated on the rocky hillside, barely a stone's throw away. Still, come to think about it, the war produced many contrasts quite as strange, as, for example, when the New York Irish, the old 69th, crossed the Rhine with the regimental band playing "*The Sidewalks of New York*."

We touched at Sebenico, which is forty knots down the coast from Zara, in order to accept an invitation to lunch with Lieutenant-General Montenari, who commands all the Italian troops in Dalmatia. Now before we started down the Adriatic we had been warned that, because of President Wilson's attitude on the Fiume question, the feeling against Americans ran very high, and that from the Italians we must be prepared for coldness, if not for actual insults. Well, this luncheon at Sebenico was an example of the insults we received and the coldness with which we were treated. Because our destroyer was late, half a hundred busy officers delayed their midday meal for two hours in order not to sit down without us. The table was decorated with American flags, and other American flags had been hand-painted on the menus. And, as a final affront, a destroyer had been sent across the Adriatic Sea to obtain lobsters because the general had heard that my wife was particularly fond of them. After that experience don't talk to me about Southern hospitality. Though the Italians bitterly resent President Wilson's interference in an affair which they consider peculiarly their own, their resentment does not ex-

tend to the President's countrymen. Their attitude is aptly illustrated by an incident which took place at the mess of a famous regiment of Bersaglieri, when the picture of President Wilson, which had hung on the wall of the mess-hall, opposite that of the King, was taken down—and an American flag hung in its place.

The building of outstanding interest in Sebenico is the cathedral, which was begun when America had yet to be discovered. Its chief glory is its exterior, with its superb carved doors, its countless leering, grinning gargoyles—said to represent the evil spirits expelled from the church—and a broad frieze, running entirely around the edifice, composed of sculptured likenesses of the architects, artists, sculptors, masons, and master-builders who participated in its construction. Put collars, neckties, and derby hats on some of them and you would have striking likenesses of certain labor leaders of to-day. The next time a building of note is erected in this country the countenances of the bricklayers, hod-carriers, and walking delegates might be immortalized in some such fashion. I offer the suggestion to the labor-unions for what it is worth. Throughout all the years of Austrian domination the citizens of Sebenico remained loyal to their Italian traditions, as is proved by the medallions ornamenting the façade of the cathedral, each of which bears the image of a saint. One of these sculptured saints, it was pointed out to me, has the unmistakable features of Victor Emanuel I, another those of Garibaldi. Thus did the Italian workmen of their day cunningly express their defiance of Austria's tyranny by ornamenting one of her most splendid cathedrals with the heads of Italian heroes. Imagine carving the heads of Elihu Root and Charles E. Hughes on the façade of Tammany Hall!

Next to the cathedral, the most interesting building in Sebenico is the insect-powder factory. It is a large factory and does a thriving business, the need for its product being Balkan-wide. If, for upward of five months, you had fought nightly engagements with the *cimex lectularius*, you would understand how vital is an ample supply of powder. Believe me or not, as you please, but in many

parts of Dalmatia and Albania we were compelled to defend our beds against nocturnal raiding-parties by raising veritable ramparts of insect-powder, very much as in Flanders we threw up earthworks against the assaults of the Hun, while in Monastir the only known way of obtaining sleep is to set the legs of one's bed in basins filled with petroleum.

Four hours steaming south from Sebenico brought us to Spalato, the largest city of Dalmatia and one of the most picturesquely situated towns in the Levant. It owes its name to the great palace (*palatium*) of Diocletian, within the precincts of which a great part of the old town is built and around which have sprung up its more modern suburbs. Cosily ensconced between the stately marble columns which formed the palace's façade are fruit, tobacco, barber, shoe, and tailor shops, whose proprietors drive a roaring trade with the sailors from the international armada assembled in the harbor. A great hall, which had probably originally been one of the vestibules of the palace, was occupied by the Knights of Columbus, the place being in charge of a khaki-clad priest, Father Mullane, of Johnstown, Pa., who twice daily dispensed true American hospitality, in the form of hot doughnuts and mugs of steaming coffee, to the bluejackets from the American ships. As there was no coal to be had in the town, he made the doughnuts with the aid of a plumber's blowpipe. In the course of our conversation Father Mullane mentioned that he was living with the Serbian bishop—at least I think he was a bishop—of Spalato.

"I suppose he speaks English or French," I remarked.

"He does not," was the answer.

"Then you must have picked up some Serb or Italian," I hazarded.

"Niver a wurrd of thim vulgar tongues do I know," said he.

"Then how do you and the bishop get along?"

"Shure," said Father Mullane, in the rich brogue which is, I imagine, something of an affectation, "an' what is the use of bein' educated for the church if we were not able to converse with ease an' fluency in iligant an' refined Latin?"

From the massive walls of the palace,

I looked down upon a panorama of power such as Diocletian had never pictured in his wildest dreams, for, moored in a long and impressive row, their stern-lines made fast to the *Molo*, was a line of war-ships flying the flags of England, France, Italy, and the United States. On the right of the line, as befitted the fact that its commander was the senior naval officer and in charge of all this portion of the coast, was Admiral Andrews's flag-ship, the

kêpis, while others looked strangely familiar in khaki uniforms furnished them by the United States. It being warm weather, most of the men wore their coats unbuttoned, thereby displaying a considerable expanse of hairy chest or violent colored underwear and producing a somewhat negligée effect. Because of the presence in the town of the Yugoslav soldiery, the crews of the Italian war-ships were not permitted to go ashore with the



Curzola, the Canale di Sabbioncello, and in the distance the mountains of the Herzegovina.

It is so picturesque that you feel as though it were not real, but a setting on a stage, and that the curtain would go up presently and destroy the illusion.

Olympia, but little changed, at least to the casual glance, since that day, more than twoscore years ago, when she blazed her way into Manila Bay and won for us a colonial empire. On her bridge, outlined in brass tacks, I was shown Admiral Dewey's footprints, just as he stood at the beginning of the battle when he gave the order "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley."

Of the 18,000 inhabitants of Spalato, less than a tenth are Italian, the general character of the town and the sympathies of its inhabitants being strongly pro-Slav. In fact, its streets were filled with Yugoslav soldiers, many of them still wearing the uniforms of the Austrian regiments in which they had served but with Serbian

sailors of the other nations, as Admiral Andrews feared that their presence might provoke unpleasant incidents. Hence their "shore leave" had, for nearly six months, been confined to the narrow concrete *Molo*, where they were permitted to stroll in the evenings and where the Italian girls of the town came to see them. For a Yugoslav girl to have been seen in company with an Italian sailor would have meant her social ostracism, if nothing worse.

Though Italy will unquestionably insist on the cession of certain of the Dalmatian islands, in order, as I have already pointed out, to assure herself a defensible eastern frontier, and though she will ask for Zara and possibly for Sebenico on the

ground of their preponderantly Italian character, I believe that she is prepared to abandon her original claims to Dalmatia, which is, when all is said and done, almost purely Slavonian, Yugoslavia thus obtaining nearly 550 miles of coast. Now I will be quite frank and say that when I went to Dalmatia I was strongly opposed to the extension of Italian rule over that region. And I still believe that it would be a political mistake. But, after seeing the country from end to end and talking with the Italian officials who have been temporarily charged with its administration, I have become convinced that they have the best interests of the people genuinely at heart and that the Dalmatians might do worse, so far as justice and progress are concerned, than to intrust their future to the guidance of such men.

It had been our original intention to steam straight south from Spalato to the Bocche di Cattaro and Montenegro, but, being foot-loose and free and having plenty of coal in the *Sirio's* bunkers, we decided to make a détour in order to visit the Curzolane Islands. In case you cannot recall its precise situation, I might remind you that the Curzolane Archipelago, consisting of several good-sized islands—Brazza, Lésina, Lissa, Méleda, and Curzola—and a great number of smaller ones, lies off the Dalmatian coast, almost opposite Ragusa. From Spalato we laid our course due south, past Solta, famed for its honey produced from rosemary and the cistus-rose; skirted the wooded shores of Brazza, the largest island of the group, rounded Capo Pellegrino, and entered the lovely harbor of Lésina. We did not anchor but, slowing to half-speed, made the circuit of the little port, running close enough to the shore to obtain pictures of the famous Loggia built by Sanmacheli, the Fondazo, the ancient Venetian arsenal, and the crumbling Spanish fort, perched high on a crag above the town. Then south by west again, past Lissa, the westernmost island of the group, where an Italian fleet under Persano was defeated and destroyed by an Austrian squadron under Tegetthof in 1866. A marble lion in the local cemetery commemorated the victory and marked the resting-places of the Austrian dead,

but when the Italians took possession of the island after the Armistice they changed the inscription on the monument so that it now commemorates their final victory over Austria. It was not, I think, a very sportsmanlike proceeding.

Leaving Lissa to starboard, we steamed through the Canale di Sabbioncello, with exquisite panoramas unrolling on either hand, and dropped anchor off the quay of Curzola, where the governor of the islands, Admiral Piazza, awaited us with his staff. In spite of the bleakness of the surrounding mountains, Curzola is one of the most exquisitely beautiful little towns that I have ever seen. The next time you are in the Adriatic you should not fail to go there. Time and the hand of man—for the people are a color-loving race—have given many tints, soft and bright, to its roofs, towers, and ramparts. It is a town of dim, narrow, winding streets, of steep flights of worn stone steps, of moss-covered archways, and of some of the most splendid specimens of the domestic architecture of the Middle Ages that exist outside of the Street of the Crusaders in Rhodes. The sole modern touches are the costumes of the islanders, and they are sufficiently picturesque not to spoil the picture. How the place has escaped the motion-picture people I fail to understand. (As a matter of fact, it hasn't, for I took with me an operator and a camera—the first the islanders had ever seen.) Besides the Cathedral of San Marco, with its splendid doors, its exquisitely carved choir-stalls, black with age and use, its choir balustrade and pulpit of translucent alabaster, and its dim old altar-piece by Tintoretto, the town boasts the Loggia or council chambers, the palace of the Venetian governors, the noble mansion of the Arnieri, and, brooding over all, a towering campanile, five centuries old. The Lion of St. Mark, which appears on several of the public buildings, holds beneath its paw a closed instead of an open book—symbolizing, so I was told, the islanders' dissatisfaction with certain laws of the Venetians.

But the phase of my visit which I enjoyed the most was when Admiral Piazza took us across the bay, on a Detroit-built submarine-chaser, to a Franciscan monastery dating from the fifteenth cen-

ture. We were met by the abbot at the water-stairs, and, after being shown the beautiful Venetian Gothic cloisters, with alabaster columns whose carving was almost lacelike in its delicate tracery, we were led along a wooded path beside the sea, over a carpet of pine-needles, to a cloistered rose-garden, in which stood, amid a bower of blossoms, a blue-and-white statue of the Virgin. The fragrance of the flowers in the little enclosure was like the incense in a church, above our heads the great pines formed a canopy of green, and the music was furnished by the birds and the murmuring sea. Here we seemed a world away from the waiting armies and the great gray battleships, from the quarrels of Latin and Slav. It

was the first real peace that I had known after five years of war, and I should have liked to remain there longer. But Montenegro, Albania, Macedonia, all the unhappy, war-torn lands of the Near East lay before me, and I turned reluctantly away. But my thoughts keep harking back to the little town beside the turquoise bay, to the restfulness of its old, old buildings, to the perfume of its flowers, and the whispering voice of its turquoise sea. So some day, when the world is really at peace and there are no more wars to write about, I think that I shall go back to where

"Far, far from here,
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
Among the green Illyrian hills."

[The second of Mr. Powell's articles, "The Cemetery of Four Empires," will appear in the February number.]



The land entrance to Zara, the capital of Dalmatia.

Over the Porta de Terraferma, erected by Sanmicheli in 1543, is Venice's familiar trade-mark—the Lion of St. Mark.



"Mr. Micawber with more shirt collar than usual.—Page 34.

THE ROMAN BATH

By John T. Wheelwright

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

RALPH TUCKERMAN had landed that day in Liverpool after a stormy winter voyage, his first across the Atlantic. The ship had slowly come up the Mersey in a fog, and the special boat train had dashed through the same dense atmosphere to the home of fogs and soot, London, and in the whole journey to his hotel the young American had seen nothing

of the mother country but telegraph-poles scudding through opacity on the railway journey, and in London the loom of buildings and lights dimly red through the fog.

Although he had no acquaintances among the millions of dwellers in the city, he did not feel lonely in the comfortable coffee room of his hotel, where a cannell-coal fire flickered. The air of the room was surcharged with pungent fumes of the

coal smoke which had blackened the walls and ceilings, and had converted the once brilliant red of a Turkey carpet into a dingy brown, but the young American would not have had the air less laden with the characteristic odor of London, or the carpet and walls less dingy if he had had a magician's wand.

The concept of a hotel in his native city of Chicago was a steel structure of many stories, brilliantly lighted and decorated, supplied with a lightning elevator service running through the polished marble halls which swooned in a tropical atmosphere of steam heat emanating from silvered radiators. So it was no wonder that the young man felt more at home in this inn in old London than he had ever felt in an American caravansary.

The shabby waiter who had served him at dinner appeared to him to be a true representation of the serving-man who had eaten most of David Copperfield's chops, and drained the little boy's half pint of port when he went up to school. It may be that Tuckerman's age protected him from any such invasion of his viands, but in justice to the serving-man it seems probable that he would have cut off his right hand rather than been disrespectful to a guest at dinner.

After the cloth was removed, Tuckerman ordered a half-pint decanter of port out of regard for the memory of Dickens, and, sipping it, looked about with admiration at the room with its dark old panels. Comfortable as he felt, after his dinner, he could not help regretting that he had not had with him his old friends Mr. and Mrs. Micawber and Traddles to share his enjoyment—the guests whom Copperfield entertained when “Mr. Micawber with more shirt collar than usual and a new ribbon to his eyeglass, Mrs. Micawber with a cap in a whitey-brown paper parcel, Traddles carrying the parcel and supporting Mrs. Micawber on his arm” arrived at David's lodgings and were so delightfully entertained. He wished that he could see “Micawber's face shining through a thin cloud of delicate fumes of punch,” so that at the end of the evening Mr. and Mrs. Micawber would feel that they could not “have enjoyed a feast more if they had sold a bed to pay for it.”

These cheery spirits seemed to come back to him from the charming paradise where they live to delight the world for all time, and it seemed to him that he could distinctly hear Mr. Micawber saying: “We twa have rin about the brae, And pu'd the gowans fine,” observing as he quoted: “I am not exactly aware what gowans may be, but I have no doubt that Copperfield and myself would frequently have taken a pull at them if it had been possible.”

His modest modicum of port would have seemed a poor substitute to the congenial Micawber for the punch.

Finally he went up to bed, delighted to be given a bedroom candle in a brass candlestick, and to find on his arrival there that the plumber had never entered its sacred precincts, for a hat tub on a rubber cloth awaited the can of hot water, which would be lugged up to him in the morning; the four-post bedstead with its heavy damask hangings, the cushioned grandfather's chair by the open fireplace, the huge mahogany wardrobe and the heavy furniture—all were of the period of 1830. Back to such a room Mr. Pickwick had tried to find his way on the memorable night when he so disturbed the old lady whose chamber he had unwittingly invaded.

So impressed was the young American with his transference to the past that his stem-winding watch seemed an anachronism when he came to attend to it for the night.

He settled down into the big armchair by the fire, having taken from his valise three books which he had selected for his travelling companions: “Baedeker's London Guide,” “The Pickwick Papers,” and “David Copperfield.” The latter was in a cheap American edition which he had bought with his schoolboy's savings; a tattered volume which he knew almost by heart; which, when he took it up, opened at that part of David's “Personal History and Experience” where his aunt tells him of her financial losses, and where he dreamed his dreams of poverty in all sorts of shapes, and, as he read, this paragraph flew out at his eye:

“There was an old Roman bath in those days at the bottom of one of the streets out of the Strand—it may be

there still—in which I have had many a cold plunge. Dressing myself as quickly as I could, and leaving Peggotty to look after my Aunt, I tumbled head foremost into it, and then went for a walk to Hampstead. I had a hope that this brisk treatment might freshen my wits a little.”

Ralph's sleep in the old bed was un-

and out, faded away, and Ralph found himself drinking hot brandy and water with Mr. Pickwick, in a room of a very homely description, apparently under the special patronage of Mr. Weller and other stage coachmen, for there sat the former smoking with great vehemence. The vision flashed out into darkness.



“We twa have rin about the brae, And pu’d the gowans fine.”—Page 34.

quiet. He was transported back into the England of the old coaching days, and found himself seated on the box-seat of the Ipswich coach, next a stout, red-faced, elderly coachman, his throat and chest muffled by capacious shawls, who said to him:

“If ever you are attacked with the gout, sir, just you marry a widder as has got a good loud voice with a decent notion of using it, and you will never have the gout agin!” Then suddenly the film of the smart coach, with passengers inside

Then came deep, early morning sleep from which a sharp knock at his door aroused him, and a valet entered with a hot-water can and a cup of tea, saying: “Beg pardon, sir, eight o’clock, sir, thank you, sir.”

Ralph's first inclination was to say “*Thank you*,” but he restrained himself from this in time to save upsetting the foundations of British social life, and instead he asked:

“What kind of a morning is it?”

“Oh, sir, thank you, sir, if I should say

that it is a nasty morning, sir, I should be telling the truth indeed, foggy and raining, sir, thank you, sir."

All the time he was quietly taking up Ralph's clothes, which were scattered in convulsions around the room.

"Shall I not unpack your box, sir?" asked the valet.

Ralph stopped from sipping his tea to nod assent, and the man proceeded with the unpacking with a hand which practice had made perfect.

"This is my first morning in London," observed Ralph. The valet pretended not to hear him, being unwilling to engage in any line of conversation which by any chance could take him out of the station in life to which he had been called.

"What is your name?" finally asked the American.

"Postlethwaite, sir, but I answer to the name of 'Enery."

"Well, 'Enery, did you ever hear of a Roman bath in a little street off the Strand?"

"A Roman bath, sir, in a little street off the Strand, sir? No sir, thank you, sir, my word, sir, the Italians never take baths, sir."

"They used to take them, 'Enery, and my guide-book says that there is one of theirs to this day in Strand Lane."

The valet was silent as he continued his unpacking and arranging of Tucker-man's clothes, and the latter felt a little uncomfortable as this proceeding went on, for he was conscious of the inadequacy of his outfit, not only in the eyes of an English servant, but in his own, for he had purposely travelled "light," intending to replenish his wardrobe in London; but the well-trained servant treated the worn-out suits and frayed shirts with the utmost outward respect as he folded them up and put them away in the clothes-press.

An hour later, on the top of a 'bus, Ralph sat watching the complicated movement of traffic in the London streets, directed by the helmeted policemen. It was before the days of the motor-car, an endless stream of omnibuses, drays, hansom, and four-wheelers, even at that early hour in the morning was pouring through the great artery of the heart of the world. This first ride on a London

'bus and the sights of the street traffic were inspiring, but familiar to the mind's eye of the young American. The Thames, alive with barges and steamers, the smoke-stained buildings, the processions of clerks, the crossing and sweepers, the smart policemen, the cab-drivers, the draymen, he knew from Leech's drawings, and he was on his way, marvellous to relate, to the oldest work of man in the city, in which the water flowed as it had been flowing ever since London was Londinium.

He got off the 'bus at Strand Lane and found a little way down the street the building he was looking for. It was a commonplace brick structure, the exterior giving no hint of its contents. A notice was posted on the black entrance door, stating the hours at which the bath was open to visitors. Ralph found out that he had fifteen minutes to wait before he could plunge head foremost into the pool. He walked somewhat impatiently up and down the street, finding the waiting unpleasant, for although it was not raining hard, the mist was cold and disagreeable. After a few turns, he came up to the door again and there found a young gentleman, dressed in a long surtout, reading the notice; the stranger turned about as Ralph approached; his face was smooth-shaven, his eyes large and melancholy, his whimsical, sensitive mouth was upcurved at the corners, his waving chestnut hair was longer than was then the fashion, the soft felt hat was pulled down over his forehead as if to ward off the fog. He swung to and fro with his right hand a Malacca joint with a chiselled gold head.

He bowed politely to Ralph, remarking: "So you, too, are waiting for a plunge into the waters of the Holywell?"

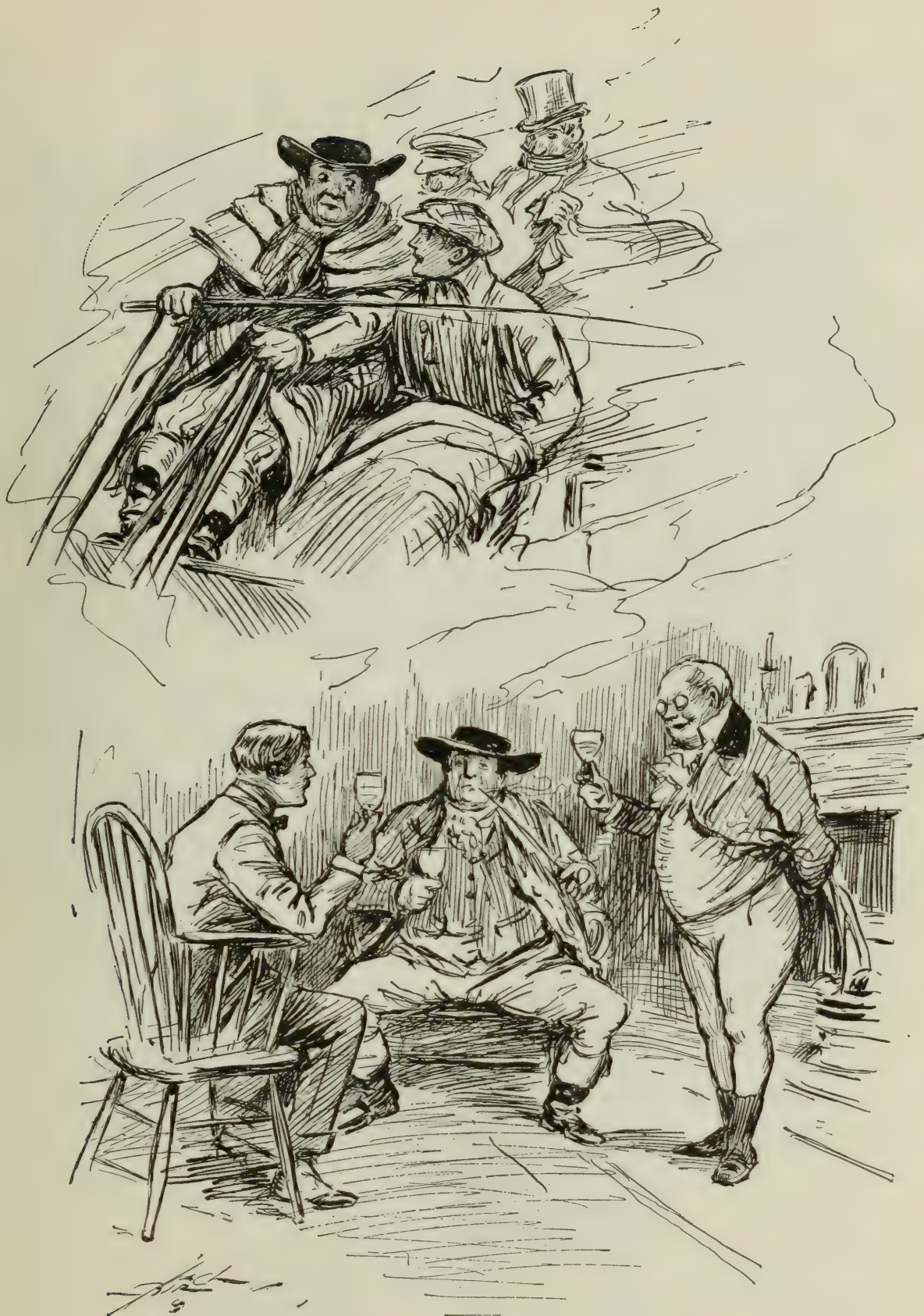
"You are right, sir; I guess that we shall find the Roman bath cold this morning."

"You are an American, are you not?"

"I am, and therefore, sir, I am a seeker after the curious and ancient things of this city; it is my first morning in London."

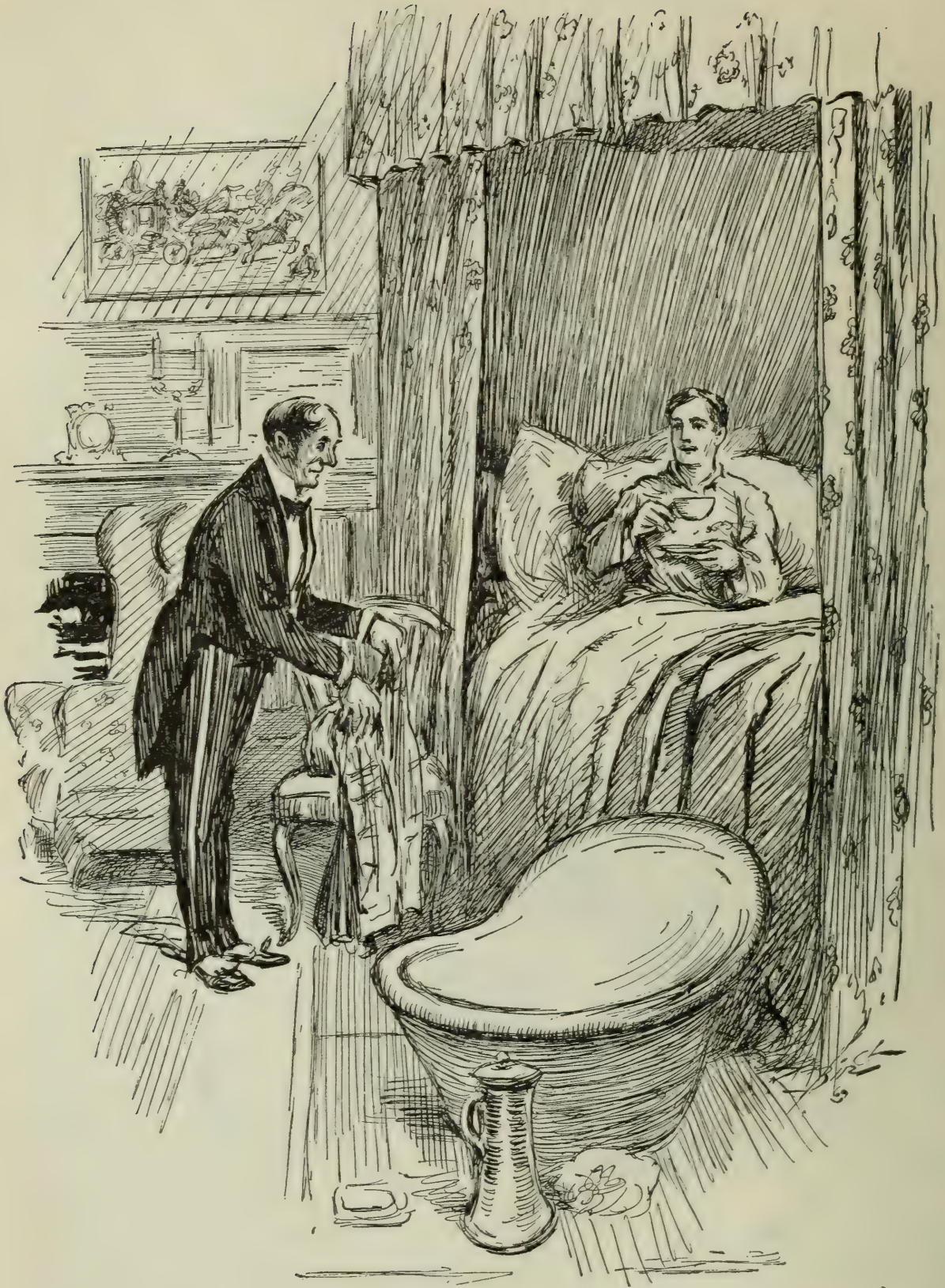
"May I ask how you found out about this ancient bath? It is but little known, even to old Londoners. I often come here for a plunge, but I seldom find any other bathers here."

"Well, sir, I came across an allusion to



Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"If ever you are attacked with the gout, sir, just you marry a widder as has got a good loud voice."—Page 35.



Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"Postlethwaite, sir, but I answer to the name of 'Enery.'"—Page 36.

it in 'David Copperfield,' just before I retired last night, and I looked up the locality in my guide-book."

"'David Copperfield'!" exclaimed the young man with a low whistle, and he started off upon a walking up and down as if to keep himself warm while waiting.

A moment later the heavy black door of the bathhouse was opened, and the bath attendant stepped out on the threshold, looking out into the rain; a dark-haired, heavily built man, with coarse features, a tight, cruel mouth; if he had not been dressed in rough, modern working clothes, he might well have been a holdover from the days of the Roman occupation.

"The admission is two shillings," announced the attendant as he showed the American into a dressing-room and as the latter was paying his fee he saw the other visitor glide into a dressing-room adjoining his.

The bath was small, dark, and disappointing in appearance to the man from overseas, to whom the term "Roman bath" had conveyed an impression of vast, vaulted rooms, and marble-lined swimming-pools. The bath itself was long enough for a plunge, but too small for a swim, and a hasty diver would be in danger of bumping his head on the bottom. The bricks at the side were laid edgewise, and the floor of the bath was of brick covered with cement. At the point where the water from the Holywell Spring flowed in, Ralph could see the old Roman pavement. The water in the bath was clear, but it was dark and cold looking.

As Ralph stood at the edge, reluctant to spring in, he saw the young Englishman dart from his dressing-room like a graceful sprite and make a beautiful dive into the pool. His slender body made no splash, but entered the water like a beam of light, refracting as he swam a stroke under water.

In a trice his face appeared above the surface, with no ripple or disturbance of the water.

"I feel better already," he called out. "I passed such a terrible night, almost as bad as poor Clarence's. How miserable I was last night when I lay down!

I need not go into details. A loss of property; a sudden misfortune had upset my hopes of a career and of happiness.

"It was difficult to believe that night, so long to me, could be short for any one else. This consideration set me thinking, and thinking of an imaginary party where people were dancing the hours away until that became a dream too, and I heard the music incessantly playing one tune, and saw Dora incessantly dancing one dance without taking the least notice of me."

"I too dreamed the night through," thought Ralph. "And am I dreaming now?"

"I dreamed of poverty in all sorts of shapes. I seemed to dream without the previous ceremony of going to sleep. Now I was ragged, now I ran out of my office in a night-gown and boots, now I was hungrily picking up the crumbs of a poor man's scanty bread, and, still more or less conscious of my own room, I was always tossing about like a distressed ship in a sea of bedclothes. But come, my friend, plunge in, for if you passed any such night as mine, the clear cold water of Holywell Spring has marvellous healing properties, and it will freshen your wits for whatever the day may bring for them to puzzle over."

As he spoke he drew himself up on the opposite side of the bath from Ralph, and watched the latter as he took a clumsy header, his body striking the water flat, and sending great splashes over the room. When Ralph, recovering from his rude entrance into the water, looked for the other bather, he was gone. The cold water did not invite a protracted immersion, so that Ralph scrambled hastily out of it, and after a rub with a harsh towel, put on his clothes; then he noticed that the door of the stranger's cubicle was open; he looked into it to say good-by to his chance acquaintance, but it was empty, and in the corner he saw the Malacca cane with the gold head. He picked it up and carefully examined it; the head was of gold in the form of a face, eyes wide open, spectacles turned up on the forehead.

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" exclaimed Ralph, "Old Marley!"

The attendant just then appearing,



Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"So you, too, are waiting for a plunge into the waters of the Holywell?"—Page 36.

Ralph handed him the cane, saying: "I found this cane in the other gentleman's dressing-room." The attendant stared at him and said gruffly:

"None of your larks, sir; there wasn't no other gentleman, and that's no cane; its my cleaning mop that I get under the seats with."



THE CENTENARY OF A QUESTION

By Brander Matthews

IT is exactly a hundred years ago this month since Sydney Smith asked, "Who reads an American book?" This struck most Americans of 1820 as a most insulting question. It immediately aroused a riot of angry answers from all sorts and conditions of men, and it has unceasingly reverberated through the columns of our literary periodicals in every year of all the hundred since it was originally uttered.

But after a century, "the tumult and the shouting dies," and it ought to be possible for an American of 1920 to consider this famous query with disinterestedness, if not with detachment. It may even be profitable, now that there have been more than five score years of peace between us and our kin across the sea, to consider Sydney Smith's question calmly to dis-

cover all the circumstances of its asking, and even to inquire honestly whether there may not have been at least a little justification for it.

Sydney Smith edited the first number of the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802; he had proposed this periodical as an organ for the group of young men who were keenly dissatisfied with the complacent Toryism which defended a heterogeny of old abuses; and he continued to be a constant contributor to its liberalizing pages for a quarter of a century, in spite of his exile to a remote Yorkshire parish. So vigorous were the assaults of the *Edinburgh* on these abuses that the *Quarterly Review* was soon founded by the stern and unbending Tories in order that "the Whig dogs should not have the best of it"—to borrow Doctor Johnson's characteristic phrase. From its beginning the *Quarterly* took a most offensive attitude toward

America, and often exploded in violent vituperation; and from its beginning the *Edinburgh* had been far more friendly toward us, as might have been expected from a review started by young and ardent reformers who could not fail to recognize that many of the political improvements they were advocating in Great Britain had already been obtained in the United States.

In the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1820, there is a criticism of Adam Seybert's "Statistical Annals of the United States," published in Philadelphia in 1818. It was unsigned, like all the other articles, in accord with the custom that contributions to periodicals should be anonymous; but we now know that it was written by Sydney Smith. It extends to only eleven pages, ten of which are devoted to an abstract of the mass of facts and figures in Seybert's quarto. The tone of the reviewer was benevolent, and it was with kindly appreciation that he transcribed the record of American expansion and prosperity. It was with brotherly sympathy that he warned us that the inevitable consequences of a nation's fondness for martial glory are "taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste—taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth."

It is not too much to say that the friendliness of the first ten pages of this criticism is really remarkable when we recall that it was written less than five years after the termination of what we call the "War of 1812" and after the defeat of the British in the Battle of New Orleans. Only on the eleventh and last page of Sydney Smith's paper could the most thin-skinned of perfervid patriots find anything in any way offensive to our national susceptibility. The sting was in the tail of it—in the concluding paragraphs wherein Americans were warned not to allow themselves to be persuaded by orators or newspapers into the belief that we were "the greatest, the most refined, the most enlightened, and the most moral people on earth"; and we were told that the effect of this journalistic boasting upon a European was "unspeakably ludi-

crous," for although "the Americans are a brave, industrious, and acute people," they had hitherto "given no indications of genius."

This general statement was almost immediately supported by the specific allegation that during our forty years of independence we had "done absolutely nothing for the sciences, for the arts, for literature, or even for the statesman-like studies of politics or political economy." Then Sydney Smith called the bederoll of the orators, scientists, theologians, scholars, poets, actors, and artists who had illumined the same two score years in Great Britain; and he wanted to know where were the American parallels to these British worthies. This inquiry was followed by that rattling volley of pointed questions which has come echoing down the corridors of time:

"In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered? or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans? What have they done in mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses? or eats from American plates? or sleeps in American blankets?" And the essay concluded with the remark that Americans would do well to keep clear of superlatives of self-praise until these questions were "fairly and favorably answered."

If this battery of pertinent queries were to be fired point-blank at the Americans of 1920, we should not wince, for we could very well leave to others the finding of full and favorable answers. But when it was discharged in 1820, we were bitterly annoyed. Our national vanity was painfully wounded—that national vanity which was then unduly inflated, because it was distended rather by our ethereal hopes for the future than by our solid accomplishments in the past. We were swollen with pride in what we were going to do; we were intensely conscious of our manifest destiny, and we were inclined to be vocal in flaunting our virtues—even if we did not actually assert that we were

"the greatest, the most refined, the most enlightened, and the most moral people on earth."

The period of our history from the adoption of the Constitution in 1789 to the year when Sydney Smith punctured our vanity with his saw-toothed interrogatory, is not a period upon which we can to-day look back with complete satisfaction. It was an epoch of jangling party strife, of occasional rebellion, and of threatened secession. It was an era of grateful geographical expansion, and of intermittent prosperity. We were spreading abroad toward the south and the west; we were sending our ships to all the ports of all the seven seas, and we were beginning to manufacture most of the things we needed. The airy hopes of a hundred years ago have been more or less justified in the course of the century, but these early aspirations were only too often expressed in material terms, in the statistics of commerce, in the balance of trade, in dollars and cents. We looked forward to mere bigness of the body politic rather than to true greatness of the soul.

It cannot have been on a day very far distant from that of Sydney Smith's question when John Quincy Adams made a speech at New Bedford, in which he reckoned the number of whale-ships sailing out of the port and compared it with that of an earlier year, taking this as a type of American success. Lowell, from whom I borrow the illustration, made the apt comment that it is "with quite another oil that those far-shining lamps of a nation's true glory, which burn forever, must be filled. It is not by any amount of material splendor or prosperity, but only by moral greatness, by ideas, by works of imagination that a race can conquer the future. . . . Of Carthage, whose merchant fleets furl'd their sails in every port of the known world, nothing is left but the deeds of Hannibal. . . . But how large is the space occupied in the maps of the soul by little Athens. It was great by the soul, and its vital force is as indestructible as the soul."

Now, in 1920, we have good reason to believe that we possess sufficient of this vital force to save our soul, since after "drugged and doubting years" we came at last into the world-war in defense of

civilization. But what was our state in 1820? That we possessed this vital force a hundred years ago is only a hypothesis, supported by meagre evidence. We can afford to be honest with ourselves to-day, and if we have the courage to look the fact in the face we must confess that our forefathers of a century ago could not answer Sydney Smith's question fairly and favorably. In fact, one reason why this sharp thrust caused us such acute suffering was that we could not parry it and that it went home.

Whatever may be the case in 1920, there is no denying that in 1820 nobody was going to an American play, or looking at an American statue or picture. Our physicians and surgeons had done nothing to relieve human suffering; our astronomers had discovered no new constellations, and our chemists no new substances. It is true that if Sydney Smith had asked for our inventions as well as for our discoveries, we could have put in an answer and called attention to the lightning-rod, to the cotton-gin, and to the steam-boat—and even to the torpedo and to the submarine, although none of us could have foreseen to what devilish use these devices would be put. And it is true, also, that we could bring forward the "Federalist" as a statesman-like study of politics; but Sydney Smith was not a prophet and he could not foresee the influence which Alexander Hamilton was to exert upon the founders of the Australian and South African federations.

If we continue to be honest we shall have to admit that when Sydney Smith propounded the best remembered of his queries, "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book?" our forefathers would have been hard put to find a fair and favorable answer, because the books of American authorship which had been published before he sharpened this exacerbating question, and which are read to-day by other than professed students of our literary history, are very few indeed. No one of us is now ashamed to acknowledge that he is not familiar with Joel Barlow's "Columbiad," or with Timothy Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan," those magniloquent epics deliberately composed to supply a mighty nation with poems commensurate with its magnitude.

There is the "Federalist," but that had served its immediate purpose, and not even here in the United States did anybody suspect that it was to be revered as a permanent storehouse of political wisdom. There was Franklin's "Autobiography," but this was not printed from his own manuscript until 1868, although a truncated French translation had been published in Paris in 1791, from which an English version had been made about a score of years later. Irving's "Knickerbocker" had been published in 1809, but eleven years later it had not yet been republished in England, and although a few copies of it had crossed the Atlantic, Sydney Smith could not fairly be charged with knowledge of its existence. Irving's "Sketch-Book" began to be issued in New York in parts in 1819, but the last of these did not appear until 1820, when the complete book was republished in London, where it was cordially received—the *Edinburgh Review* for August, 1820, containing a most friendly criticism. The first collection of Bryant's "Poems" did not appear until 1821, when Irving was instrumental in arranging for a British edition. And it was also in 1820 that Fenimore Cooper published the "Spy," to be followed in the next five years by the "Pilot," and by the "Last of the Mohicans."

Thus we see that when Sydney Smith asked his question American literature was just about to be born, and that if he had asked it five or ten years later there would have been no difficulty in supplying the fair and favorable answer. What we need to see clearly is that American literature had not really come into being in 1820, however lustily it was to stretch its infant limbs in the decade immediately following.

The first thirty-seven years of our independence, from 1783 to 1820, were years of literary penury; and they stand in startling contrast with the literary wealth which had been accumulated in Great Britain during this period, which was the epoch of the Romantic Revival. It was the era of a fresh outflowing of English poetry, high-colored and full-blooded, startlingly different from the paler prose which had been the product of the first three quarters of the eighteenth century.

The Kilmarnock collection of Burns had appeared in 1786 and the "Lyrical Ballads" of Wordsworth and Coleridge in 1798. Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" had come out in 1805, Coleridge's "Christabel" in 1806, and Wordsworth's poems in 1807. Byron's "Childe Harold" began to appear in 1812; Shelley's "Queen Mab" was issued in 1813; and the poems of Keats were published in 1817. "Look on this picture and on this." In Great Britain, in the course of twenty-one years Burns and Scott, Coleridge and Wordsworth, Byron and Shelley and Keats had revealed themselves in swift succession. In the United States in these two decades all we had to put over against this constellation of seven stars were Joel Barlow and Timothy Dwight.

Perhaps Sydney Smith would have been kinder if he had refrained from the infliction of futile anguish upon his American friends; but it ought to be evident now that he had good warrant for the question he asked. It was pointed, but it was also to the point. He may have been ungenerous, but he was not unjust. He may have been moved not by playful malice, but rather by an honest desire to make us see ourselves as others saw us. He may very well have believed himself to be not a foe stabbing at a helpless victim, but a friend wielding a scalpel which would relieve us of the tumor of vanity-glory.

I make this suggestion—irenic rather than ironic—with the more confidence because there is in the very next number of the *Edinburgh Review*, that for April, 1820, an article which must have been written by Sydney Smith, and which testifies to the honest desire of the English liberals to keep on the best of terms with the young republic on the far side of the Western Ocean. It is a review of an American book published in Philadelphia in 1819, written by a certain Robert Walsh (otherwise unknown to fame) and entitled "An Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain respecting the United States of America." I have never seen the book itself, but from Sydney Smith's frequent and abundant quotations, it appears to have been a fierce protest against the British writers who were then

engaged in virulent disparagement of America. These writers were most of them Tories of the strictest sect, and they vented their venom on us month after month in *Blackwood's* and quarter after quarter in the *Quarterly*.

What Sydney Smith sought to accomplish in this review of this book was to convince Americans that this malignant torrent flowed only from Tory pens, and that it had never disgraced the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. He called attention to the fact that the *Edinburgh* itself had come in for its portion of the abuse which the author of "An Appeal" seemed "to think reserved exclusively for America—and, what is a little remarkable, for being too much her advocate." He insisted that the *Edinburgh* had "spoken far more good of America than ill—that "in nine cases out of ten, where we have mentioned her, it has been for praise—and in all that is essential or of serious importance, we have spoken nothing but good; while our censures have been wholly confined to matters of inferior note, and generally accompanied with an apology for their existence, and a prediction of their speedy disappearance." He quoted a passage from an article in an early number of the *Edinburgh*, in which the assertion was made that "the Americans had shown an abundance of talent, wherever inducements had been held out for its exertion; that their party pamphlets were written with great keenness and spirit, and that their orators frequently displayed a vehemence, correctness, and animation that would win the admiration of any European audience."

And in his final paragraph he declared that his article may contain things requiring explanation and things liable to misconstruction; but nevertheless "the spirit in which it is written, however, cannot, we think, be misunderstood. We cannot descend to little cavils and altercations, and have no leisure to maintain a controversy about words and phrases. We have an unfeigned respect for the free people of America; and we mean honestly to pledge ourselves for that of the better part of this country." Surely this is frank and manly and straightforward, as Sydney Smith was himself. Surely there is nothing here to offend the susceptibilities of

the most sensitive and most thin-skinned of Americans.

On any unprejudiced survey we must exonerate Sydney Smith and the *Edinburgh Review* of a century ago from any ill-will toward the United States and from any sympathy with Tory attacks upon us. That these assaults were incessant not only in 1820 but for the following fifty years, all Americans are aware. That they did immeasurable mischief is notorious, and it is also obvious that they were in part responsible for the occasional dislike of Great Britain which was unfortunately disclosed when we at last decided to enter the Great War in alliance with the nation with which we had waged the War of Independence and the War of 1812. Bismarck was never shrewder than when he pointed out that "every country is held at some time to account for the windows broken by its press; the bill is presented, some day or other, in the form of hostile sentiment in the other country." And this hostile sentiment has often proved itself to be the most potent of those "imponderables" which Bismarck always valued highly.

It is interesting to note that Washington Irving had in effect anticipated this pregnant remark of Bismarck's. In one of the earliest of the numbers in which the "Sketch-Book" began to appear in 1819, there is a paper entitled "English Writers on America," which opens with a significant sentence: "It is with feelings of deep regret that I observe the literary animosity daily growing up between England and America." That Irving himself had been bitterly aggrieved by the abuse lavished on the United States by the *Quarterly Review* was shown two or three years later, after the "Sketch-Book" had established his reputation; he declined an offer of a hundred pounds for a contribution to the *Quarterly*. He was in sore need of money, but he felt that it would be unworthy in him to appear in the pages of a periodical which had shown itself unscrupulously malignant toward his country.

While the opening sentence of his friendly essay is significant, as I have pointed out, perhaps a later passage is even more deserving of quotation here: "Possessing, as England does, the foun-

tain-head whence the literature of the language flows, how completely is it in her power, and how truly is it her duty, to make it a medium of amiable and magnanimous feeling—a stream where the two nations might meet together, and drink in peace and kindness. Should she, however, persist in turning it to waters of

bitterness, the time may come when she may repent of her folly. . . . She may look back with regret at her infatuation, in repulsing from her side a nation she might have grappled to her bosom, and thus destroying her only chance for real friendship beyond the boundaries of her own dominion."

THE YANQUIS OF SOUTH AMERICA

SOCIAL LIFE IN SANTIAGO

By Alice Day McLaren

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



NOW that we are getting "orientated" we are quite falling into the life of Santiago, and in many ways find it very agreeable. One of the first things we did after our arrival was to go to the races. Racing is the national sport in Chile, as it is in the Argentine, and every Sunday and feast-day during the winter there is a meet. The Club Hipico, an ultra-smart sporting club, manages the races and owns the hippodrome. It is a very beautiful course, a great green turf oval. The first-class stand has one end cut off for the club box, and there is a long stone terrace in front of the entire stand for the promenade between races for those who do not care to go to the paddock. In front of the terrace are beautifully kept gardens. Around the course is a circle of fine poplars, now leafless, and beyond and far above them is the glory of the irregular white line of the Cordillera. Other race courses may be finer but none has the view of this one. The horses are magnificent, most of them imported stock bred in the country. The Chileans are lovers of good horses, and take great interest in raising them and in maintaining racing stables. The betting is keen, and we understand that the races are run as "straight" as possible.

The women arrive late, rolling up in their fine motors and emerging clad in

Paris gowns, rich furs, and jewels. W. has been put up for membership in the club, and we were cordially welcomed by the President, who has the English name of Lyon. After the fourth race (which corresponds to our seventh inning) he asked us into the President's room, where quantities of champagne were drunk according to Chilean custom, and the greatest possible variety of sweets and cakes were served with it. We were introduced to many people, a number with English names. They were cordial and hospitable in a rather blunt Anglo-Saxon way, but were not effusive or full of fulsome flattery in the manner we usually consider "Latin." The last race was run as the pink glow of the sunset poured over the mountains, the whole forming an indescribably beautiful panorama.

A few nights after we arrived we were invited to dine at the house of Don José R., a lawyer of distinction, a senator, and a prominent person generally. Many of the houses here are constructed in "uppers" and "lowers," that is, an entire house occupies the first floor, and another the second. The R.'s house is uppers, and after ringing at the street door we heard something going "click-click-click," at which signal we gave the door a push and found ourselves at the foot of a handsome (but chill) marble staircase, with an intricate wrought-iron hand-rail. In the hall above, magnificent with Oriental

rugs, large marble statues, and some good oil-paintings, a footman in irreproachable livery awaited us and took our wraps. As I relinquished mine I was pleased to note a pretty brazier full of glowing coals in the centre of the hall. We were then shown into the great gold salon where, alas! there was no brazier. Our host and hostess were a bit late, so we sat (I with goose-flesh all over my "décolleté") and examined the handsome room, furnished with spindle-legged French gilt sofas and chairs in groups, many mirrors, gilt-framed paintings, and cabinets of bibelots. At the long windows there were beautiful curtains of embroidery and squares of gorgeous lace, with drapery of real old red silk damask of that exquisite color between red and cerise.

Our host and hostess came in shortly, the latter in a semi or one-third evening gown, wearing a fur scarf and carrying a muff. The other guests began arriving and were introduced, "My son José," "My daughter Maria," "My son's wife, Lucia," and so on, until two sons, one married, eight daughters, one with a husband and one with a fiancé, had assembled. As W. said afterward about the eight daughters: "And each one was a peach, by Jove!" It was a most attractive family, smiling and hospitable. "But you speak Spanish! How sympathetic! Where did you learn?" When I said Mexico one of the daughters called to her mother: "Oyé, mamá, the señora learned Spanish in Mexico. Is not the Mexican accent pretty?" Lots of things may be blamed on Mexico, but not my accent, so I had to confess that it was "pure North American."

The table was beautifully appointed and the dinner faultless. It was a pretty thing to see that big, fine-looking, patriarchal group. There were two other children too young to come to the table. After dinner the men went to Don José's study, the women back to the gilt salon. I was seated on the sofa and plied with questions, asked with the most engaging friendliness and simplicity. "How long had I been married?" "Did I have children?" "Why not?" "Was my dress made in the United States?" "Did they create styles there or use French ones?" "How much did it cost?" "How old

was I?" "How did North American ladies keep so slim?" "What did they use in New York for indoor wraps?" At this last question I gazed at their white furs and scarfs with envy.

When the men joined us the girls showed that they did have other interests besides those indicated in the above questions, for they talked of tennis and bridge, they chatted about motor-cars and told us they drove one of their own, they started the Victrola and demanded lessons in new steps from New York, and then grouped around the piano and sang Chilean songs for us. It was very much the same performance that young people at home might go through at an informal dinner.

Later W. and I compared notes of our sufferings with cold. It isn't really a low temperature, but a sort of damp, creeping chill in the unheated houses. W. said that in the study Don José had put on his overcoat, and that during their talk W. had seen his little foot reach around quite unconsciously and pull out a fur foot-muff, in which he was presently tucked. Poor W., overcoatless, white-waistcoated, and pumped, did not dare suggest putting on his overcoat, for the Chileans are very sensitive about their climate, although not sensitive to it. Just a small amount of heat in the houses would do away with all the discomfort, but they consider that battling the cold makes a strong race. They certainly look robust, but the very fact that they resort to foot-muffs and "indoor wraps" shows that they are not hardy enough yet not to feel the cold even if they manage to resist it.

A few nights later we went to a formal dinner at our embassy, and as the only American woman there (our ambassador is a bachelor) I was given the place of hostess, and had the present minister of foreign relations on one side and the last minister of foreign relations on the other side, and for aught I know the future minister of foreign relations a few seats away. The rapid falling of cabinets and formation of new ones is a public joke. There are six political parties, which make things very hectic. The President must have a difficult rôle to fill. He is kept quite a mystery, I take it, gives few if any interviews, almost no state dinners,

appears at no balls or receptions, seldom at the theatre or opera, and only once or twice a year at the races, on gala occasions. I asked why he was seen so rarely and the answer was that if he mingled with people generally they would find out that he was merely a human being like themselves, but that when he held aloof and was surrounded with state and ceremony, and a certain mystery, the public mind endowed him with superhuman gifts. There must be a great deal in that, for it has been done since time immemorial with royalty. It is probably only in our own country that we feel that the President is one of us, and maybe he doesn't feel the same way about it.

With politics and landowning the only professions for a gentleman, you can imagine what an exciting field the political one is. No—that is too sweeping a statement. Chile is different in that respect from other Latin-American countries that I know, and there are lots of other fields they enter. Law and medicine, of course. Also, some well-born Chileans make the army or navy a career, some enter the church, a few have gone in for banking and industrial enterprises like mining or the production of nitrate, and countless have become stock-brokers, "runners of the Bourse," as they are called.

Speaking of the Bourse, the Chileans love to gamble. That is a human weakness the world over, but perhaps it is a little more apparent here. Even the children spin a sort of roulette wheel when they buy their sweets from the peddlers in the streets. Rich and poor alike bet on the races. On race days in winter crowds flock from Valparaiso to the race-course at Viña del Mar, which is the smart summer resort near that city, and bet on the races which are taking place in Santiago, and which are reported, yard by yard, on the telephone. Unless you are a real gambler there is something rather sad about betting on horse-races at a perfectly deserted track. Anything, no matter how undesirable, can be disposed of at a raffle. I believe you could raffle a coffin. Grocers give away tickets with tea, and the lucky number wins a tea set. Wine-growers offer chances on automobiles as an inducement to buy their wine.

However, there is no lottery in Chile, which seems strange. The few tickets sold are from the Argentine lottery. I do not know that shaking for drinks and playing card games for money are any more popular here than in our own country, but there is a tendency to push up (not pull up) stakes. From what I hear, quite a bit of money changes hands in the clubs at baccarat and other games. Be that as it may, the stock market is a tremendously speculative one, and the rise or fall of thirty or forty points a day on some of the local stocks does not make people gasp at all, nor cause a panic.

I had a funny experience in regard to the stock market and gambling in general. I did not realize how quickly an innocent remark could travel in Santiago. Last week we were lunching with a friend of ours, an American who is associated closely with the mining world. As we came out of the restaurant we stopped to look at the first "wheel" of stock quotations posted near the entrance, and he remarked: "The best way to make money I can think of is to sell Llallaguas." I did not know what Llallaguas were (they are tin mines in Bolivia), but the name—pronounced ya-ya-gwas—was rather mouth-filling and satisfying. That afternoon I was taken by some young people to the tennis club, and on the way out my attention, which was concentrated on my surroundings, was suddenly arrested by a discussion of the stock market and "shares." In order to join in and not seem a perfect "boob," I announced: "I only know one thing about the market. The best way to make money is to sell Llallaguas." It was a bomb! The young man at the wheel slowed down the car and turned pale, and the girl beside me began plying me with questions: "How did I know, and who was my authority?" I was frightened and said that I had merely overheard it. They had each bought five thousand dollars' worth that day. The next day the shares had dropped forty points.

The following Sunday at the races a young Chilean to whom I was talking asked me to give him a "buen dato"—a good tip—on a horse. I glanced down the list and spied a horse named Whisky Sour. The k had been misprinted h and

gave the dissipated name of Whishy. "I should bet on Whishy Sour," said I, with a specially drunken intonation quite lost on my companion. As luck would have it, the horse proved to be a "dark one." My reputation as a woman with inside "dope" on mining matters and horse-racing is made. W., husband-like, tells me to talk less, or more discreetly.

parently little notion of either sanitation or convenience in the houses offered for rent. An unoccupied house is never an appealing thing, and I discount that, but even so I shudder at the huge, badly finished salons, the numerous inside bedrooms like cubicles in a nunnery, the one remote, dirty, plumbingless bathroom, miles across an open court and right next



Gardens at the race-course of the Club Hipico, Santiago.

Among other things we have been house-hunting, and I am almost an authority on Chilean architecture and their ways of living. The first question the agents asked was: "Does the señora prefer uppers or lowers?" As I had had no experience in uppers or lowers I could not answer at first, but now, having been in quantities of both, I am convinced that I do not like either. It seems to me that I have been in hundreds of houses and I come out feeling depressed and repelled. They seem damp, cold, gloomy, and so awfully uncomfortable. There is ap-

to the kitchen, and the smoky-walled, dirt-floored kitchen itself, the one faucet dripping dismally into a stained, sheet-iron sink—o-oh! Sometimes I try to imagine that I could cover the limitless area of bad flooring, and could afford enough plumbing to make the place livable, and find enough puny oil-stoves to take the chill off. Then I look at the bedrooms, with no ventilation except from the doors into the corridors (and in the case of lowers these are often glassed over), and know it cannot be done.

Many of the older houses are built on

the three-patio plan. The first patio, right behind the salons and vestibule, is paved or tiled, and probably the dining-room and the principal bedrooms open on it. That means you have to go outside to get from the drawing-room to dinner. W. says you would have to go out with a lady on one arm and an oil-stove on the other, but perhaps hats and coats would be more efficacious. The second patio has a garden, and usually a grape arbor, and must be lovely in summer, but at this time of year it sends a damp vapor into the many little rooms whose doors open out on it. The third patio is cobbled, and has the kitchen, bathroom, and servants' rooms around it, and is unutterably messy. What a feat it must be to carry food from the kitchen in the third patio to the dining-room in the first, and get it there hot. Also what a feat it must be to take a hot bath in that same patio, and get to your bedroom even tepid. Much more likely to arrive in the first stages of pneumonia. I have given up the idea of a patio house. I know you are thinking that I have no soul and no imagination not to see something romantic and picturesque in these houses, with their reminders of old Spanish days. I have lived in them and know them well, and in spite of their charm I do not want another. My soul has congealed, and I am looking for comfort. I have decided to hunt for either good uppers with sunshine, or a detached house, known here as a "chalet." We told some one we wanted a chalet with a garden, a garage, hardwood floors, central heating or fireplaces, and two bathrooms. Our friend looked at us and said simply: "You're demented!"

I do not mean to give the impression that there are not good houses here. There are hundreds of splendid houses with everything necessary for health and comfort, and even luxury, but those houses are occupied by their owners, or persons with long leases. The ones for rent have been abandoned just because they are so obsolete and ramshackle, and there is such a demand for good ones, especially now, that the search looks hopeless.

We almost got a sweet little chalet belonging to and occupied by a big French

modiste in financial difficulties. I did not know that modistes ever had financial difficulties. I always thought those were on the side of the people paying their bills. She received us in a dirty flannel wrapper, very unmodish, and felt slippers, but her hair was magnificently coiffed, and there were jewels in her ears and on her fingers. Her large, lace-spreaded, silk-counterpaned bed was unmade just as she had left it. I could not help wondering if she aired it before she crawled back in at night. The house was tiny, almost a doll's house, but with all the requisites we had enumerated to our friend who thought us demented. The modiste had the *savoir vivre*, especially in the matter of luxurious bathrooms and steam heat, generated by gas, in every room. She asked an exorbitant rent, evidently looking to us to help her out of her involved business affairs, and we were willing to go pretty far to get the neat little place. However, while the signing of the lease was pending, if she didn't up and die, and the heirs do not wish to rent. She had the *savoir mourir*, alas! as well as the *savoir vivre*.

There is an increasing tendency toward modern comfort here, and many wealthy persons have given up the old three-patio houses for new ones, or have so transformed them by reconstruction that they are thoroughly livable. Some of the old conservative families still cling to the former ways. The following is much the way a visit to one of these old houses takes place: after ringing several times the heavy outer door is opened a crack by a slatternly maid, who peeks out as if you were about to assault the mansion. "Is the señora in?" She looks vague and asks: "The señora?" "Yes, the Señora So-and-So," you specify. "Oh," with a look of dawning comprehension, "who knows?" (the inevitable *quien sabe?*). Then in a shrill voice she calls back from where she stands to some unseen person within: "Maria! Mar-ee-a! Is Missis Eulalia at home?" (Missis is universally used here.) A voice comes back: "Who knows! I will go and see." After a long interval of standing in the street: "Yes, she is here. Come in." You are then conducted to the door of the big salon, which is found to be locked. "Maria!

Mar-ee-a!" shouts your guide, "where is the key, then?" "Who knows!" A hunt ensues while you stand on the stone paving. Finally the smiling maid apologetically muttering "Por Dios!" appears and lets you into an air-tight but elegant room, with the assurance that Missis

house built around a square patio garden full of flowering orange-trees, palms, and ferns. A married daughter, her husband and five children, a married son and his wife, and an unmarried son live with the parents. The uppers are occupied by another married daughter (a lovely crea-



Chilean cowboys watching an airplane.

Eulalia will be there in a little moment. In twenty little moments your hostess appears looking quite lovely, kisses you on both cheeks, receives you with such charming cordiality, talks to you with so much vivacity, and shows so much interest in the newly arrived Yanqui in particular, and Yanguiland in general, that you yield yourself up to the enjoyment of your call and consider the afternoon well spent after all.

We have become very friendly with a most attractive family, the B's. Mr. B. is a senator (you will either think that we specialize on senators or that every one is a senator), and is at present a member of the cabinet. They live in a big modern

ture) and her husband and family. Just around the corner, but "on the property," dwell another married son and his family. Every Monday night the B's keep open house, and from ten-thirty to two the sumptuous rooms are a scene of gayety. The friends of all ages are made welcome, from the contemporaries of Mr. and Mrs. B. down to the youths and maidens the age of the youngest son. There are usually six or eight tables of bridge or *tresillo*, and a good player piano tirelessly grinds out dance tunes in a large salon just off the patio. A delightful punch circulates during the early evening, and between twelve and one tea, chocolate, and various eatables are served by com-

petent men servants. The whole affair is informal and jolly. They call me "gringa simpatica," which pleases and flatters, and they look on my wild Yanqui ways with a tolerant eye. One night the smell of the orange blossoms was so delicious that I murmured something about them making me want to get married again. The Chileans exchanged glances, smiled and shook their heads, doubtless thinking: "Oh, these North Americans! How they do marry!" They have an exaggerated idea of the number of divorces in our country, impossible as that may seem. When we leave they always say: "Until next Monday. Don't forget to come next Monday!" They are fine, simple, natural people. There is one thing in their big salon that I must mention, the feather rugs. There are three or four of them, about four by six feet in size, and are made of the small feathers of birds (I don't believe anything else has feathers, by the way) laid on as they grow on the birds' breasts. They are so soft and thick, and the workmanship is so exquisite that I feel it a sacrilege to step on them. I want to kneel down and stroke them. They are a product of the country, or used to be. I understand that they are not made any longer.

One other household of a still different type which I would like to tell you about, is that of the X's. The family is of the cosmopolitan class who have lived much in Europe and are as much, or more, at home in London, Paris, or Rome as they are in Santiago. The house, a beautiful old building, with great carved doors, covers half a block and shelters in its uppers and lowers I know not how many families. It is not patriarchal like the B's. Each family has its own entrance and complete ménage, and is entirely independent. The one I have visited has its apartment on the ground floor, with a sunny little square of lawn in front of it, upon which the long French windows open. Everything is rich and in perfect taste, and the frequenters of the house have a careless, blasé, indifferent manner expressive of *beaucoup de monde*. There is tea every afternoon for those who wish to drop in for bridge. The hostess is charming and very chic. There are no introductions. The conversation

is carried on in French, English, and Spanish, interchangeably, and the scene might be in a sophisticated household anywhere. It is not typically Chilean, but I wanted you to appreciate the fact that Chile has her ultra smart set as well as other countries.

There is a very fine opera house here, and we have been to various performances. There is an imposing façade, marble foyer, and well-appointed proscenium. There are two tiers of boxes around the entire house, and three other boxes on each side of the stage slightly below the orchestra level, known as the "caves." The first time we went to the theatre we were in one of the caves, and found it an excellent place from which to view the performance and the audience, the latter of infinitely more interest to us than the former. Viewing each other is apparently one of the reasons to go to the theatre here, as elsewhere, and glasses are violently busy during the intermissions. The effect is good, the women in evening gowns and many jewels and furs. The opera house is slightly heated, which is a blessing, as it would otherwise resemble a tomb far more than a place of amusement.

The attraction at the theatre just now is Pavlowa and her troupe, and Santiago has quite lost its head. I must say she has a very attractive company of girls with her, pretty and modest, and greatly admired—from a distance (Madame Pavlowa looks out for that)—by the youth of the town. "All of them so slender—tan esbeltas—" the girls all sigh enviously. I dare say that leaping around for hours on the tips of your toes at rehearsals and performances would keep any one "esbelta." Of late when I have been asked how the Yanquis keep thin (some of them don't, but I am careful not to admit that) I say: "They roll on the floor twenty times the length of the room in the morning and in the evening, and again at mid-day." Many of the younger females of Santiago are rolling violently on the floor. It may not accomplish the result, but it is a harmless remedy.

To go back to Pavlowa and her slim troupe, the other night at a performance there was a strong earthquake. The public is so nervous since the disaster of 1906

that a cry went up of "Earthquake! Fire!" Many persons jumped to their feet, and some ran for the exits. One great manly woman with a well-grown moustache nearly trampled me under foot as I sat, frightened, but managing to control my impulse to run. The people in the boxes seemed comparatively safe, but we were in the stalls, and I cast an apprehensive eye on the great dome above with its garlands of flowers and its cherubs. However, I had time to be rather amused at other people's panic. Men's voices added to the general excitement by shouting: "Calma! Calma!" A big American in the gallery brought down the house (not literally, thank goodness) by calling out in English: "Aw, sit down!" I watched the Pavlowa's knees in the next act to see if they trembled, but they were as steady as a church, if you can compare Pavlowa's knees to a church. One of the young secretaries of the embassy asked her out there to tea yesterday. She was daintily gowned in green velvet, with the wee-est of muffs to match with tiny edges of fur, and as she sat perched on the sofa with an admiring crowd around her I could not help wishing that music would suddenly start and that she would rise on one little foot and show us a few Russian revolutions at close quarters.

We have been playing a good deal of golf and tennis lately, which is a great help in keeping warm. The tennis club is in a corner of the city park, and the prettiest little place imaginable. There is a small red-and-white club-house in the centre of a big circle of trees. All around are exquisitely laid-out gardens. This is not really flower time, but the gardeners manage to keep something blooming continually, and the lawns and shrubs are beautifully green and trimmed. The courts are of square tiles, most of them dark green with the lines of narrow white tiles. They make an excellent surface, true, not slippery, and not so swift as cement. They have the further advantage of being easy to keep clean, and of drying immediately after the heaviest rain. The players begin to drift out early in the afternoon, and later the girls in their pretty frocks begin to arrive with admirers in their wake, and tea and bridge

tables are formed on the terrace, and under the trees, and the air resounds with merry young voices until darkness comes and drives every one in.

There is a great deal of enthusiasm about tennis although the "season" does not begin until September. The men play with very good free style, most of them back-court. They are very sportsmanlike and generous players, surprising in a people who are rather new at sports. We commented on this, and a chorus went up. "We have learned from the English. At first every point was quarrelled over, and many games broke up in rows." They have certainly been apt pupils. Many girls play also, especially very young ones, but the notion of a married woman going in for athletics to any extent is difficult for them to get accustomed to.

It is coming, though. The women have a very firm idea of emancipation and progress, and I am convinced that they have a future. There is a Club de Señoras, and a very active institution it is. Two or three times a week they have lectures or talks by well-known men on various subjects, literature, politics, war, and religion. There are organized classes in history, languages, education, hygiene, and domestic science. Bi-weekly receptions are held on Saturday afternoon, and there is always good music, professional or amateur, and much general talk on general subjects, both men and women being present in large numbers. Their building is a handsome private house refitted for club needs, with reading and card rooms, a small theatre, and a general reception-room. The ideas of a good restaurant and gymnasium with a swimming-bath are gently simmering. Several of the members are writers and contribute to papers and reviews. One very charming woman I have met, not only writes for magazines, but conducts a woman's column in a daily paper. This is a tremendous step for the "first families" in South America, and every time I see this particular woman, beautiful, smartly dressed, the gracious hostess in her mother's fine old house, my eyes fairly pop with admiration.

To go on about clubs and leave the fascinating subject of the development of



Cachapoal River and the snow-clad Cordillera of the Andes.

women in Chile (mental development, I mean), there is also a little golf club, started by the English, of course. They are the greatest people on earth to take their institutions with them. It is a modest little nine-hole course, with nothing of a club-house, but the richest setting in the world, green hills and wooded valleys rising to the eastward up to the white line of the Andes. At this time the whole course is covered with a thick green carpet of clover, and another fine weed, which is kept more or less mowed and rolled by a pair of slow-moving oxen (and a man, incidentally, who obviously suffers from hook-worm). A golf course and oxen do not seem to be of the same world, yet here they are. The land is a bit of the estate of a public-spirited Chilean gentleman, and the irrigation

ditches, with their turgid torrents of melted snow running across the course every few hundred yards to spread out on alfalfa fields and pastures below, make very sporty hazards. There are a good many golf balls, too, spread out on those alfalfa fields and pastures, I opine, for even a sinker is carried down if the water is running swiftly. There are two drawbacks to the golf club. One is that the road to it is shocking. It runs through two suburbs, Providencia and Los Leones, and is a narrow little thoroughfare with a double tram track, and is a mass of holes, stones, and mud, the latter either soupy or dried in hummocks. All the traffic from the ranches and villages in that section streams along this one highway, gigantic, broad, two-wheeled carts or wains, with projecting curved-out sides of rustic,

swaying along drawn by four or more oxen; smaller carts with three horses (such beautiful strong horses) harnessed abreast, the driver perched on a high saddle on the "nigh one"; delivery wagons; milk carts; high, old-fashioned top-buggy carts, with the administrators of the farms; squads of soldiers on horseback; mud-spattered motors; every kind of vehicle you can imagine. It is a great place to see and examine types, but it is a nerve-racking place to pilot a car through. The other drawback to the golf club is that the public-spirited Chilean gentleman is just as public-spirited to the Germans as to the English, and has also lent them a bit of land for a sports club. It is largely a paper chase and steeplechase affair, but I think they have tennis and field sports as well. At any rate, the raucous joyous shouts of the Huns on Sundays and holidays are very irritating, and being irritated ruins a game of golf.

The racing club or Club Hipico, whose race-course I have already told you about, has a fine building in town just opposite the Municipal Opera House. Its spacious salons are magnificently furnished, but they are used so seldom (only for large balls and receptions) that they have a bit of a dreary feeling. Some teas for bridge and dancing after the races were organized, and we went once, but they lacked "go" somehow, and we have not tried it again. They could be made very jolly if the young people were a little more emancipated as regards chaperons, and could fall into the idea of a simple, informal good time. It is depressing to have rows and rows of mothers and dowagers sitting solemnly along the wall. At one ball we went to I was put with them three or four times, and W. nobly came and rescued me by asking me to dance.

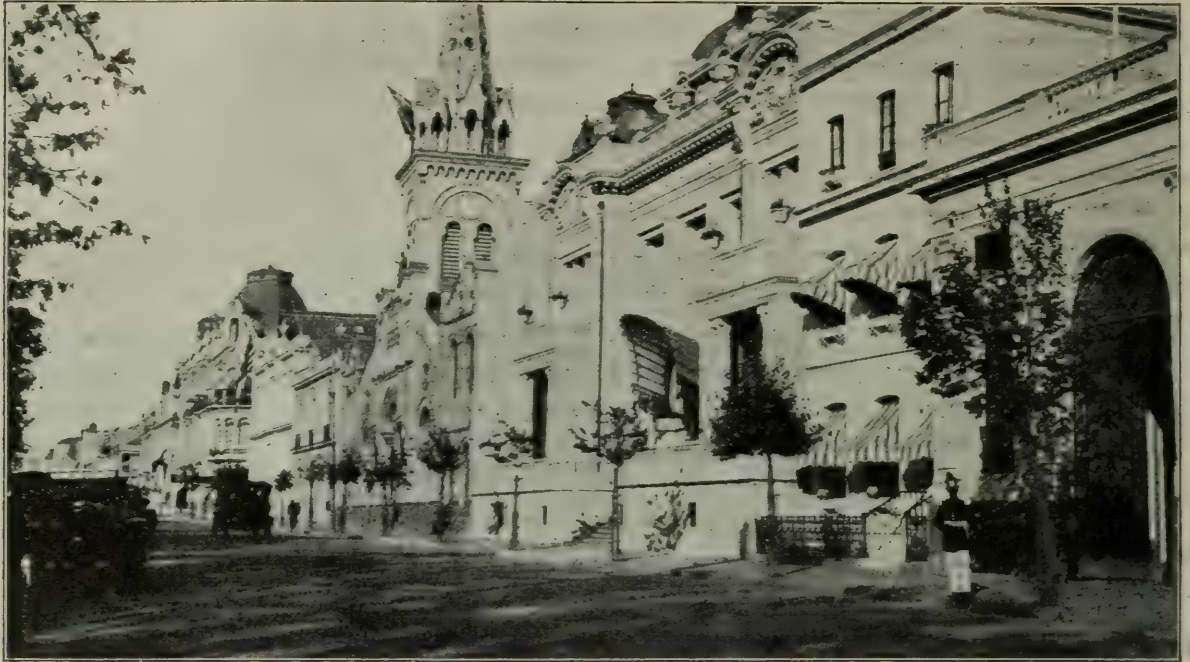
Of course the big club, the chief one, is the Club de la Unión, across whose sacred threshold no woman ever passes, so all I can tell you about it is gleaned from the opposite sex, who are frequently unobservant of detail. Speaking of sex makes me think of a Union Club story. Don't get worried, it's all right. There is an old Englishman, a member of the club, who has lived in

Chile since boyhood. The only mistake he makes in Spanish is to say "la bella sexa" instead of "el bello sexo," because he cannot bear to make the fair sex masculine.

The Union Club has several thousand members, and it is said that all political matters of importance in the republic are arranged in one of its salons. Every afternoon in winter a good orchestra plays in the main room, and is much enjoyed by the members. Its other features, reading, billiard, card and chess rooms are much like our clubs at home, I take it. There are an extraordinary number of banquets given there. Whenever a member of prominence goes away or comes home, or whenever one receives a degree or a political appointment, or whenever a distinguished visitor comes to town, he is given a subscription banquet by the club. There are also many private lunches and dinners. The cuisine is excellent, and often when you have eaten something especially delicious in a private house you find that it was "sent in from the Club de la Unión." What an invaluable institution!

One more word about the Chileans themselves. In a letter from some one at home I was asked: "Is it true that all the Chilean women are beautiful, and all the men gallant?" and I wrote back, "Pretty nearly!" Everywhere are good-looking people. It is the most astonishing race and not at all the type one usually sets down as "Latin," that is, short, slight built, and dark. The men are many of them tall and broad-shouldered, as many fair as dark. The women are tall, too, and a great number of them lovely to look at, and they carry themselves like queens, heads up and shoulders erect. Chile is called "The Corner of the World" because it is so far away from everywhere, but nevertheless it has its own civilization and quite an advanced one at that. Moreover, it is not a civilization aped from other countries, a mere veneer, but a solid one, rising like our own from the tastes and temperament of the people. The Chileans are known as the Anglo-Saxons of South America. It might even go farther. There is something very "American" about them. They look like us and think like us; they have our

kind of humor and our characteristic friendly frankness; they have many of our tastes and aptitudes and cherish many of our ideals. I am inclined to agree with a Chilean who said to us: "We are more than the Anglo-Saxons of South America. We are the Yanquis of South America."



Along the Alameda de las Delicias, Santiago.
The white building on the corner is the American Embassy.

THE PRODIGAL

By Ruth Lambert Jones

I AM a prodigal of time.
It pleases me, it pleases me
To perpetrate the godless crime
Of spending minutes lavishly:

To squander an essential hour
In marking shadows cross the grass,
To dissipate a day's rich dower
In watching butterflies skim past!

Oh, you who make each instant count
For this or that well-ordered deed,
Have you forgot that red-wings mount
In flaming circles o'er the mead?

Have you forgot that sands run free?
Heed, then, a prodigal's glad song.
Why miser of the seconds be
When all eternity is long?

MORTIMER

By Arthur Johnson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT



I KNEW by the way he meandered into my office that morning he wanted to ask me something special. It might only be where I'd got that brown suit of mine once, or if I thought pearl spats were au fait (he could swing a phrase like that occasionally), or whether I wouldn't just go over to Speet's with him and see something that had caught his eye in the window. . . . I did use to let him impose awfully on my time.

"Shut the door, Mortimer," I called.

He had been standing there tentatively, rather like a trespasser, awaiting some such intimation of my mood, and undulating his arms, meanwhile, to and fro, outward and back, up and down; but at my encouraging tone his handsome face, always so lean and ruddy under his brilliantined, sparsely preserved hair, regained its willing smile and his simple eyes their sparkle; and, raising his eyebrows and pursing his lips as if to say, "So that's how you feel, is it?" he leaped round and whipped the door to with a melodramatic flick, and folded his arms and assumed in front of it a theatric posture to signify gratitude; and thence came, faster and faster—clapped me on a shoulder and winked, and strode over and sprawled effectively into a chair, and lay there effectively stock-still, regarding me. I remember feeling at the moment very leniently toward Mortimer, and calculating, as I did so, that he had acquired all this histrionic business in the course of an inveterate search for what he regarded as good form—much the same way he had learned just how to swing a golf-stick and flourish a billiard-cue, though he never was good at games.

"Well, Bertie?" I prompted.

"D'yer think she's too fat for me?" he asked, focussing anxiously.

"Too *fat* for you?"

I scanned him up and down to see

what he was talking about, suddenly irritated by the pitiable kind of plights he got into. Damn vapid fellow. He was certainly trim and tidy, but he was the kind who was well-dressed by dint of being careful. He could have worn the same shirt nearly a week, I wager, and, by his deftness and his thinness, kept it to appear fresh and spotless. He quailed a little under my cruel scrutiny, and gave a downward glance as if to survey what I was seeing, and said:

"Oh, don't look at me so—I haven't had time this year yet to get a thing!"

At which my amusement [and his friendliness for me and mine for him welled up over the rest. I remembered how he'd helped my poor, unattractive, hard-up young cousin to a job by booming him unwarrantably to his chief. His interest had been a bit proprietary, you might say, a bit patronizing, but not less genuine and sincere than his interest in clothes and wealth and social standing; such an altruism appealed to him no less than the sound of brass and the tinkling of cymbals. . . . What, though, was it now? Did I "think she was too fat for him?" All at once I saw; and so great was the shock, that I had to swallow hard and breathe in, and pretend I had indigestion, to keep him from seeing how far I'd been from dreaming of such a possibility.

"That delightful creature? Too *fat* for you? Too rich, I should say, Bertie Mortimer! Why, she's worth her weight in——"

I checked myself again, I was drifting. But Mortimer didn't heed—he beamed. He stood up and poised around more fervently, and slipped in a few dancy steps, and hesitated, and looked at me angularly, and went on extemporizing to express his thanks for my unexpectedly sweeping approval of his intentions toward Mrs. Benson.

He and that Colossa of Rhodes matri-

monially inclined? At the altar? In the home? with little Berties diminutively Delsarteing, while he paternally conducted, and she obesely tried to get a glimpse over the edge of her expensive Ohio skirts? It was the way Bertie cap-sized one the moment one was becoming serious and devoted to him.

"I wasn't quite sure as you'd feel so strong about it," he bumbled, wreathed in smiles. "She *is* breezy and stylish, ain't—is she not? Didn't hardly believe you'd get it all in a shot, you know, like that. But she's a fine woman! Perfect lady too—if she is fat. And she's good—every bit of her's good as. . . . Of course though, not like——"

His face fell at the old comparison. It became long-drawn and pensive. He backed into his chair, and his mind wandered dreamily off. . . .

Comical as he was, I really sympathized with him—poor, dear, culture-loving Bertie! That glimpse he'd got of Lady Muriel had opened vistas of ineradicable standards to him. And, cheap as it might be to have been so deeply moved by a title (such a wee little bit of a title, too), it was none the less touching to see my ex-middle-western, thermos-bottle-selling friend thus stirred by a handful of memories.

He'd met Lady Muriel just after he left Harvard, you see, in the middle of his junior year—which he did because he didn't make the Pudding, and because his dear born-in-Boston roommate, his open sesame from the outer fringe, died—poor Joe Wheeler!—and because Bertie's temperamental aunt who "sent him" died too, and left all her money to the First Methodist Church of Elyria; though he gave people to understand, and himself in the bargain, I guess, that he had a nervous breakdown, and that that was why he "consented" to go abroad with Joe's mother.

Anyhow he went, and the consequent fortuitous meeting of his with Lady Muriel (in Paris) changed his whole life. He never, until it happened, knew exactly what he wanted, what he aspired to be like.

"She took to me—I could tell," Bertie once confided. . . . She took him, moreover, to have tea at a friend's apartment

near the Eiffel Tower, where she pointed out Chinese porcelains to him in a gold cabinet, and called them by Chinese names. He drove her a few times afterward in Mrs. Wheeler's hired motor. She sat beside him, "her pale white hands clasped on her lap, like an Oppenheim heroine." "She wasn't that silly that most girls are," Bertie distinguished, "but, when she laughed, you know, it really counted." She had a very large muff, and smelt faintly of violets. Bertie said he'd "never hardly heard anybody use such nice English." Can't you hear her, herding her syllables together and sliding over them to the King's—and to Bertie's—taste!

Heaven only knows what she was like, really. She might even have been benighted enough to think that he was, to quote his own words on another occasion, "one of those well-dressed, rich young men who travel so much." But what does it matter, so long as to him she was real beauty and real romance?

She invited him—think of it!—to cross the Channel and pay her a visit, which he would have done, no doubt, if Mrs. Wheeler hadn't got ill suddenly, and had to sail home straight from the Continent, so that the most he could do instead was to write Lady Muriel from the steamer—just as the least she could do, in return, was to answer him; "her handwriting," he told me, "was almost as even and plain as print." He wrote her twice—O Lord, more than twice probably!—later on, but received no reply. He used to ask me what I thought "it's etiquette for a feller to do in a case like that. . . ." Until the New York agency of American thermos bottles eventually engulfed him from her, and she became to him only a quest and a holy grail; though people would have thought, to see his wavy pretensions, that he must be at least in the insurance or the real-estate business.

It hadn't dawned on me, naturally enough, one night a long while afterward when Bertie introduced me to Mrs. Benson, ever to think he could be coming down to earth with such a thud. I had taken his asking me to meet her and have dinner with her as just a kindness on his part, which was touching because he meant it to be so kind.



JOHN NEWTON HOWARD

He went on extemporizing to express his thanks for my unexpectedly sweeping approval.—Page 57.

"Some friends of mine," he'd put it, "are staying at the Biltmore, and I'd like ever so much for you to meet them, for they're jolly nice girls, and so kinder different than New Yorkers."

The sound of it had instantly appealed to me. It was August, and dull, and hottish, and an evening with friends of

Bertie's—they were from Peoria, Ill., he'd added—was sure to be diverting.

But all this was a whole week, mind you, previous to the morning when Bertie came slithering into my office to ask me if I thought she was too fat for him. I hadn't set eyes on him since, nor thought of him, even, nor had, as I've said, a ghost

of his intentions in mind. No wonder it took me a breathing-space then to think what it was he was worrying about the size of! Well, it was nothing less sizable than Mrs. Jonas Bensonia herself, though he asked about her in much the same earnest tone that he usually reserved for questions of manners or wearing apparel. . . . I really liked Bertie Mortimer, I want that fact thoroughly understood. I wish it was more a part of what happened to tell how lovable he was. Yes, lovable is the word—more lovable than likable, really. There are so many people who are.

But to go back for a moment to that night a week previous: we repaired to the Biltmore together, and, before announcing our arrival, descended to the bar for a couple of Bronxes, and lingered over them while Bertie gave me some cues.

Mrs. Bensonia, he explained, was "a Root." She had three sisters, and Bertie used to play with them all, more especially with Mrs. Bensonia, when he was a kid and growing up in Elyria. Flo, *i. e.*, Mrs. Bensonia (née Root), had married, years since, a rich merchant's orphaned son (Bensonia & Brigham was still the name of the old firm, however) from Peoria, Ill., where she'd gone of course to live, and where the orphaned son had soon died, and left her "Oh, millions!" Bertie estimated with a mathematical twinge. She had three limousines now, and two tourers, and I don't remember how many runabouts and roadsters besides. She always brought one of the limousines with her when she came to New York.

"She just has to have it forwarded, you know," Bertie offered for my enlightenment. "She ain't—is not—as old as she looks, by no means, though she's kinder pretty. At least I think she's quite. But she's large—see? She's really what you'd call stout," he blurted out gloomily.

And when, at that, I suggested another cocktail, Bertie said:

"No, for they'll want to have one up there."

So we wiped our lips and mounted to the desk, when Bertie anticipated up and down the hotel foyer until a message came for us to "Go right up to Suite 903."

It was doubtless the de luxest suite that

the Biltmore afforded—Mrs. Bensonia, I saw at a glance, afforded everything that was going. She raised and pressed down her lavender heels to the floor when we entered, as if for the necessary plunge to get up on them; whereupon Bertie danced forward to intercept further efforts, and I closed in after him, and Mrs. Bensonia giggled and sat back, and her chair—which was much too high for her—gave a squeak.

She was very dark. Her face had the healthy sheen and rotundity of—it suggested somehow a shoe-button, a large, expensive shoe-button. It was one of those happy, contented, childish faces that fat, neat, tidy women so often seem to have. It was a very nice face. You could see that Mrs. Bensonia was honest and considerate and fond of a good time. She was very round front and sudden hip, as the corset advertisements say, built rather like those leaders of the female chorus in comic operas—can you remember?—ten or so years ago, who, uniformed in military tights, used to march intrepidly forth to the front corners of the stage and present arms. She was wearing an orange-colored, accordion-plaited blouse, otherwise severe, buttoned down the front with black velvet buttons. She had diamond earrings, and her hair, twisted into a high Psyche knot in back, was parted and brought out into horn-like puffs at the sides. Her expression was quite sweet. She giggled some more when I was introduced.

"Pleased to see you, I'm sure," she said, wiping her chubby little nose. "Bert's spoke of you so often."

Then I was taken to a Miss Root at the other side of the parlor, and to another Miss Root, who sat somewhere more or less opposite. They both were the frail and staring kind, and looked wanly accustomed, I thought, to having lost out in the great matrimonial race their sister had won—unless possibly they too had won in a sense by the mere happy fact of their relationship; for they clung to her with avid pride. It was their avidity, maybe, which made them greet Bertie, and me, Bertie's friend, so stiffly. Their pride seemed to take the form, as far as we were concerned, of indignation. Though one of them did go so far as to say to me:

"I write stories, too. And Eadie, there's, published a pome"—which information was snapped out in a tone to imply: "So you can judge now for yourself the sort of enemies you're up against."

Bertie Mortimer was a different person, a much happier person, I thought, in Mrs. Benson's midst. She awoke some Ohioan spring in his nature. With her, he was, for him, fairly lyrical. He seemed to behave according to a Peoria—or Elyria—code I wasn't on to. For instance: a telegram was brought in by the bell-boy who came with the cocktails, and Bertie took it and, as if it were his, tore it open and unfolded it, darting scrupulously thence to where Mrs. Benson sat blinking her devotion, and with a—"There now, Flo!"—elaborately presented it. She, too, as if she were well used to having telegrams opened and unfolded for her, accepted it very calmly, and gave him by way of thanks a smile of just the right appreciation, and then looked down with just the right solemnity to read; and, handing the telegram back to him to refold and care for, she said, wrinkling her low forehead:

"Would you like to ask for a meenew, Bert—fore he goes?"

And she nodded her head in the direction of the bell-boy, and Bertie glided back toward him, proud as a peacock, and whispered. And when the "meenew" came, Bertie taking a few preliminary steps, began to read it aloud from the beginning—which I suppose was what their Peoria or Elyria code said should be done in the circumstances; for Mrs. Benson listened softly, a childish smile on her parted lips, a finger to her chin, or toying now and then with the black buttons on her orange accordion-plaited blouse, or sometimes just dabbing a hairpin into her raven hair, while the other two sisters lowered their staring eyes and fixed them indignantly on the floor. Bertie emphasized certain dishes, but, no comment being made, went valiantly on with the list, disporting his feet oftentimes on the Turkey carpet. When he at last finished, Mrs. Benson smiled and squinted separately at each of us in turn, including her two sisters—though she hurried over that part of the formalities

—and exclaimed, clasping her hands in her lap with a little jerk:

"Well?"

"I wish they had some of that Gänseleberwurst like Stocker keeps at home," Miss Eadie hinted.

"Let's all choose lobster salad," chimed in Miss Vera.

But Mrs. Benson was too cosmopolitan, too enfranchised, to hear them.

"Do you want to give me the meenew, Bert, for a wee minute? Thanks."

She sat forward, breathing hard and glancing up and down, suggesting finally with the air of at last having hit on the crux of all dietetical problems:

"Seems to me there's nothing quite so good as steak and French fries. And nothing better I know goes with them than mushrooms. How'll that suit you, Mr. —?"

And giving me a grave nod when I acclaimed her decision:

"Please be so kind, Bert? And—remember—don't scrimp. Tell 'em to have plenty—plenty for *all*. And, oh, don't you say, let's begin first with mock-turtle?"

Mrs. Benson clapped her hands, and in indignation the two frail, staring sisters watched Bertie rhythmically usurp their rôles.

So the evening wore on. It was eleven o'clock when I took my leave. I could hear Eadie and Vera yawning from an alcove. Entertained as I was, I thought it was up to me to make the first move.

"Oh, *must* you go!" chirruped Mrs. Benson. "I hate to have you, honest! Yes—well, I know. Do come again, now you've found the way. It has been ever so nice to meet you, I'm sure."

"Ready, Mortimer?" I called to him.

He stood up, stretched himself gracefully, and from the midst of it turned his face round down sidewise at her, in a kind of Rossettian pose, to get a line on what she wanted.

"Sleepsey?" he asked.

"Nope. Not bit, Bert."

"Can you stand ten or so more?"

"Yep"—slapping her mouth as she yawned—"soon as not" . . .

It was the last I'd seen of him until he put in an appearance that morning a week later at my office.



She pointed out Chinese porcelains to him . . . and called them by Chinese names.—Page 58.

"No, Mortimer," I finally said, thinking it only fair to re-echo, at first, his

own half-suppressed comparison, "I don't suppose she *is* like Lady Muriel."

"Not at all," eased up Bertie. "Different types really, aren't—are they not? Different in most ways. Exact opposites, one could almost go so far's to say. One's light, other's dark. One's thin——"

He stood still.

"Think she'd have you?" I made haste to ask.

He sighed.

"Lady Muriel?"

(It gives one an idea of how seriously he gauged that memory still.)

I swallowed and shook my head.

"Oh—Flo Benson! Well, I'm not positive, 'course. Not, you bet, though if Eade and Vera had a say. Gee!"

He was all gestures again, stimulated by being so in the thick of things.

"Believe she'd make me a good wife, do yer?"

"Sure thing, Bertie. She's more the right kind for you, really. She brings out the best there is in you." I meant it.

"And yer don't think she's so awful fat—even compared with——?"

"She's not—I say, how much *does* she weigh, Mortimer?"

"Says she'll never marry a man won't settle down and live right there in the old home 't Peoria."

"Well, but Peoria's gay and 'kinder different than New York,' you used to tell me."

"Of course we'd have plenty money t' travel with."

"You could motor to hell and gone, I should think, in all those cars."

"Georgie's up to St. Paul's, yer know—going on to Harvard next year."

"Georgie?"

"Yes. He's the oldest. He's two and a half years older than the twins, and —"

"See here, Bertie, how old is she, now, really?"

"I'm thirty-three myself—next October."

"H'm. So you are. By jove!"

I blew my nose.

"We'd be coming to see Georgie once a year, anyway, and then to New York oftener after that. For she likes New York, likes you—took a shine to yer, honest. She'd get to like Europe, too, I think, in time. Never's been yet. 'Fraid of water trips—always was since she got tipped over in Acorn Lake that time. A drawback in her, I admit. Now Lady Muriel'd——"

"Steady, Bertie!"

"Yes—oh, yes—I have to be, I know. . . . But if this great war's ever over, I could take her—Flo, I mean—and learn her to like it fast 'nough, I guess."

All this had come out in spurtful sentences, like the speech of a man who talks while swinging Indian clubs or dumbbells.

"But—but—yer don't think she's too fat?"

"Stop brooding over it, Bertie."

"She's got brains. Lots of 'em—really. Professor Beane of The Seminary calls her the brightest woman ever left Ohio. He'd marry her hisself in a minute if she'd let him. And—funny, ain't—is it not, I mean—Eade and Vera'd stand for that. . . . She plays the guitar fine, too. Wish you'd hear her variations on 'Old Oaken Bucket.' My Jimminy-cricketts!"

He flung his arms out.

"I'd hate t' marry girl didn't have music in her. P'raps I don't deserve it. First thing almost Lady Muriel asked me, though, was——"

Bertie sighed.

"Damn it," I cried. "Cut out the Lady Muriel stuff. She's not in your range. She's probably been married by now, and has a family, and sits in the House of Lords! Go ask Mrs. Bensonia to have you. She's much better for you in every way. Don't consult your moth-

er about it, either. Speak up to Mrs. Bensonia herself, and see where you are."

Mortimer turned dismally away. He was always sensitive to catch my note of boredom when it came, whether he was talking to me about prospective brides or the cut of his jib. He flowed slowly toward the door.

"I ain't—have not—got much pep in me, this morning," he apologized. "Kinder all in. These cloudy——"

I had my usual conscience-stricken reaction. . . . Bertie was nice—I was attached to him.

"Wait a minute; I'll go with you," I said. "I've got to see a man across the street." It was more genial to get rid of him that way, after all.

Outside the building we passed an oldish down-town acquaintance of mine, a rather badly dressed fellow called Taylor, who stopped me and asked if I'd seen Kibby Bartlett lately; and Bertie was so puzzled by that name coming from that shabby source that he asked me, as we crossed the street:

"Say—who is this Taylor, anyway? Does he belong to one o' our best families?"

I didn't see Bertie Mortimer again after that for—as Bertie described it when at last we did meet—"quite some while"; and he didn't tell me, and I didn't ask him either, what he'd done about Mrs. Bensonia. She'd have gone back to Peoria, most likely, in any case. Possibly he'd asked her to marry him and she'd thrown him down. Very possibly he was still turning the question over in his mind. For, gracious! I knew how long it took him to decide—actually decide—on a pair of gloves, and how it took it out of him afterward, poor Bertie! He ought never to have been bothered with decisions of any kind; he ought to have been born above them.

For he looked rather attenuated and evaporated I thought that day, and every time I saw him the next month or so afterward, he was as glum as Erebus. He talked in very low tones. I saw how much he needed counsel. But the idea of rehashing his quandaries irked me so that the name of Mrs. Bensonia—let

alone Lady Muriel's—never would rise to my lips.

We talked principally of the war. His mournfulness had a personal note in it which implied: "I have endured many sufferings—and now—just to think of it!—on top of them all, comes this awful blow." Yet he was very ready. He said if it wasn't for the American Thermos Bottle Manufacturing Company needing him he'd go to the front in a trice and drive an ambulance. He used to Delsarte gently and refer to "Dicky Norton's Corps." He always claimed to have heard "the latest dope" of the men who had just returned—I don't know where he'd have heard it, though! He'd let on to me how the blue bloods always got the best jobs in war, just the same as in peace (I don't know either how he reconciled his own peaceful employment!), and how these aristocratic ambulance heads managed to send the ones lower down in the hierarchy of the social order west of the Meuse or off to some place where real feats of bravery and heroism couldn't occur. He sadly revelled in his references to life's being divinely arranged according to births and marriages and dollars. He seemed to thrill (as perhaps he thought Lady Muriel thrilled, too) over the inevitable facts of blood telling and money being the next best thing to blood.

Yet—and mark this, please, for it has an important bearing on the rest—however disgusting these standards appeared, and however funny it was for Bertie to voice them thus Elyrianly, there showed, if you can believe it, in the simplicity of his blindness to how cheap his point of view might be, something that was rather admirable, rather charming, in spite of you. It made him stand out for me a little like what is commonly called "the real thing."

II

One day he came into my office a changed man. He looked and acted and was totally and absolutely different. Of course I should have known him anywhere—I don't mean to say that he wasn't still unmistakably Bertie Mortimer. But, for instance, he didn't interpolate a gesture; he had forgotten to, he had lost the need. He was too digni-

fied and grave and absorbed and self-assured to put in a single dancy step on his way. He said: "How are you, old chap?"—just like that—and, heedless of what I said and whether I was busy or glad to see him, or bored, shut the door. Without casting a glance in my direction he moved a chair out into the room and sat down. I held my breath and waited.

I noticed that his clothes weren't as slicked up and dapper as usual. He had on a grayish tweed suit, the trousers of which bagged nicely at the knees. He appeared somehow so much grander. And all at once I deciphered a gold-headed walking-stick under his arm. Ghosts of the saints! Bertie Mortimer, travelling peddler of American thermos bottle, sporting a gold-headed walking-stick down-town in the forenoon? And—yes—I saw, as he laid his new bowler hat on my desk, that there was a deep mourning-band around it. There was a mourning-band on his left sleeve, too. Had he gone suddenly quite mad?

"I'm in a scrape," he said.

"Don't get excited," I tried to reassure him. "What can I do about it?"

He hardly paid me the least attention. He gazed disdainfully away.

"You see, I took your advice and asked—Mrs.—Bensonia to be my wife."

"Well, that's good, and what did she say?"

"I wrote her. She's——"

"O Bertie, dear fellow! Wait. Be patient. She'll come round."

He tilted his head upward.

"That's the trouble. I'm 'fraid so."

"Write her again," I said, misunderstanding. "How long—when was it you did write?"

"Oh, a week, or two weeks, or a month ago—what does it matter!"

"Matter?"

"But I say, old chap, really, how can I marry her now?"

"Now?"

I tried to think.

"Yes. Naturally, you see—do you see——"

"Don't you still—love—her, then, Bertie?"

He raised the gold-headed knob of his stick up under his chin, and revolved the stick slowly between his fingers. (It has often recurred to me since that this was

the very kind of thing for which his former mannerisms had been substituted.)

"It's so different. You can't hardly say it isn't the same, my boy. It's beastly different, I tell you."

I wasn't sure whether I was awake or dreaming. His tone, his voice, I began to discern, were marvellously changed. His words came in a cadence that grotesquely blurred his usual errors of speech. He sounded as made over as a political neophyte after the first lesson in elocution.

"One owes a duty to one, after all, doesn't one?" Mortimer insisted.

"Have you lost your job, Bertie?" I demanded in horror.

"My—my—my 'job,' you say?"

He looked at me contemptuously, and away, and said, after another moment:

"I never heard 'til day 'fore yesterday."

I nodded.

"I never got the letter."

"Hers?"

Bertie placed his stick on my desk beside his hat.

"And I've been going round since——"

"Delsarteing, probably!"

I must have let it slip audibly, for Bertie, as if in reply, explained:

"No, that ain't—that 'is not'—the right name, old chap. What's the *name* to do with it, anyway?"

"Whose?"

I stopped at that. For Bertie didn't, for some reason, answer. And I simply couldn't get another word out.

"I hoped," he at length sighed sentimentally, "you'd have something to suggest."

"Suggest? You old fool!" I cried. "What's the trouble? Is Lady Muriel dead? Has Flo of Peoria become penniless?"

He turned and walked over to the window and stood there, chin raised, hands clasped behind his back—my God! Was it really Bertie Mortimer at all? He kept lifting himself unctuously on his toes and letting himself down again. His fingers quivered, and I could see him catch them and clutch them, one by one, trying to compose himself—until he forced himself to turn and come back over to where I was.

"Pardon *me*," he said. "I ought to

have told you, hadn't I? Honest, old chap, I don't realize. It's just like as if everybody must know. . . . Remember, whatever happens, I shall never, never forget your kindness."

He said it as if it were a great moment in my life—it was!—and, having spoken, drew a large envelope, already much thumbled and dog-eared, from his breast pocket.

"It went first to Elyria, see?" Bertie prefaced. "And they forwarded it, and it got here a week ago when I—when I was on the road. Here it is now. I hand it to you. I ask you to read it."

I had the feeling that something terrific was to be disclosed. I hesitated so that Bertie stepped to my side and drew out and unfolded the letter and passed it to me.

It was in a beautiful English hand. But the signature was glaringly not the same. It must have been written by a scrivener. It was on a long, business-size sheet. My eyes flew over the lines.

I read it again. I started to reread it a third time; but the words swam together.

Suddenly there was a burst of music from the street below. There came the steady beat, beat of a triumphal march drawing nearer and nearer.

It caught me in my dumfounded state unawares. I dropped the letter. I sprang round my desk to the window and threw up the sash. There is a narrow balcony outside, out on which I got. And thence my eyes looked toward confusion.

Black specks. Colors. Larger specks. Vague forms on other balconies and from windows across the way. Flags streaming. A great burst of crashing loud hurrahs growing louder. The steady stepping of a long procession of men.

I saw them now. The mists cleared from my brain. The whole scene broke into definiteness. I watched the crowds along the sidewalks. I heard what the people said. I understood.

I should have remembered before. Of course! It was the Tenth getting back from El Paso!

I stared at the long ranks of marching men. One got a glimpse there, a real glimpse, of the warlike age one was living

in. The Germans when they entered Antwerp marched like that, only worse—columns and columns of them—all day and all night, and all the morrow. Imagine! . . . And the mists continued to clear.

A warlike age? Yes. But that wasn't all. War had its comedies, too. Behind me in that room, in my office, waited Bertie Mortimer. And——

But here is the letter:

“426 Gresham House,
“LONDON, E. C.

“MY LORD:

“I am informed through the investigations of our correspondents, Messrs. Brown, Benson, Estabrook and Wise, of 60 Wall Street, New York City, N. Y., that you are the eldest male descendant of Bruce Mortimer, Esq., formerly of Edgton in Kent, who sailed from Southampton on the boat *Juniper* in August, 1687, for the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, where he afterward settled and made his residence, and whence he never returned to his native land.

“It thus becomes my duty, as representative of the executors under the will of the last male descendant of the four elder brothers of said Bruce Mortimer, to advise you that you have come into the inheritance of the Edgton estates, of Wrenn in Derbyshire, of the houses and stables at Ascot, of Richmond Fields Manor, and of Mortimer Square, London, and of the earldom of Berkshire itself, all of which, you will be aware, the issues male of those brothers have for several hundred years past variously held and enjoyed in the order of their rightful succession by law established.

“Four Earls of Berkshire, and nine collateral heirs, have now died for their country within two years. Your late kinsman, the last earl, was killed on the second instant while flying over the battle lines in France.

“May I hope to hear from you, please, as soon as possible?

“Meanwhile, I remain, sir, with my condolences, your obedient servant,

“JOHN HENDERSON.”

To The Right Hon. Bertram Mortimer,
Earl of Berkshire,
35 Maple Avenue, Elyria, Ohio, U.S.A.
November 24, 1916.

The letter had gone from my desk by the time I stepped down through the window into the room. Bertie's hat and stick had gone, too. He had donned them all. He was stalking solemnly to and fro near the door. At sound of my coming, however, he glanced eagerly toward me; and I—I stopped still, dumbly gazing at him.

In a flash I realized that Bertie Mortimer actually looked the part. He showed to me of a sudden quite clearly in the light of what he had proved to be. I don't mean his superficial appearance convinced me, though he had appraised that, as I've said (with what intuitive accuracy, too!) in a fashion meet for the effect he produced; it was more overwhelming than that. It was as if everything, everything I had ever seen and known in connection with him, came flocking and dovetailing together to confirm the wild truth disclosed. All the absurdities of his tastes, as I had grown to observe them, fitted magically together into this. His Delsarteing even—why, it was his own eurhythmic manner of expressing the *savoir-faire* he believed himself entitled to! A Briton! Of the landed gentry! Two and a quarter centuries on American soil had not purged away the glory of being it from the Mortimer blood. Without this accidental proof of who he was, he would have remained for me always a lovable, comical, desiring-to-be snob, who hadn't the wherewithal to back up his convictions, and who could only—well—Delsarte to maintain them. With his lands and his name assured, he was everything that he wanted so to be. An earl to the core!

I started to go to him. It was the least I should do. The circumstances demanded that much. But it was also the moment for Bertie to show his gratitude. As soon as he saw through the delicacy of my intention he ran toward me with arms outstretched.

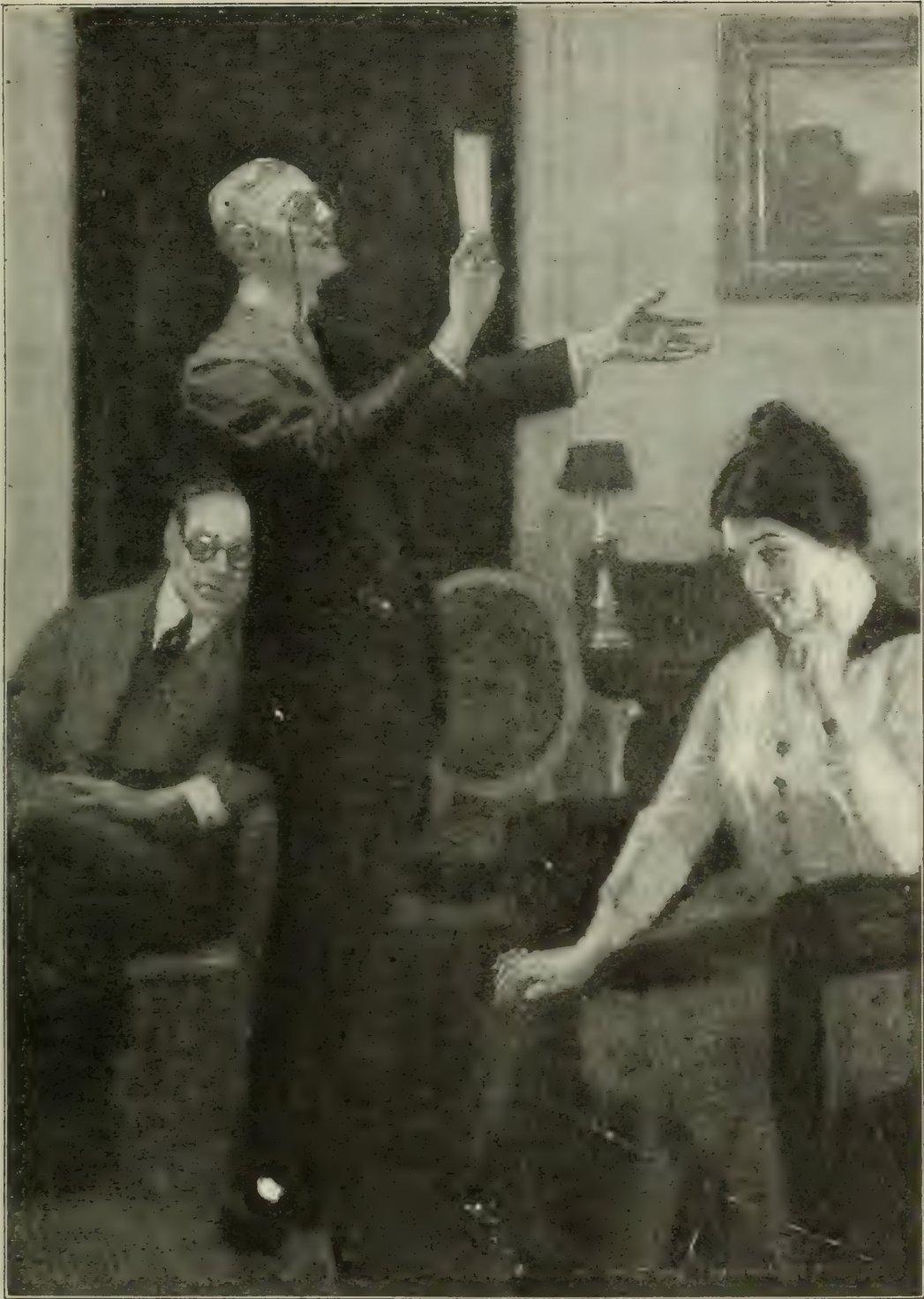
“Congratulations, Lord Berkshire.”

It was all I could say when I grasped his hand.

“What'll I do about Mrs. Bensonia?” he wailed.

“Oh!”

In my wonder I had overlooked the dire facts of his predicament. To think that



When the "meenew" came, . . . Bertie began to read it aloud from the beginning.—Page 61.

he, he who had always been so careful to do the right thing, who had feared by even so much as a false note in his shopping to jeopardize himself, should have gone, on the eve of inheriting an earldom, and offered himself to the buxomest of Peorian widows! Mrs. Benson in Mortimer Square? At Edgton in Kent? The twins echoing through Wrenn halls? Georgie? My face nearly disintegrated

from the effort of having to confront such possibilities calmly. And then, incongruously, the humor of it became almost pathetically mixed up in my mind with the fact that she was perhaps the right woman for him to marry—the one woman who could make him, whatever he was, shine best in the ways he was constituted for.

"I'll have to write her, won't I?"

droned the earl, "and say I can't do it after all."

"She hasn't said *she'd* 'do it' yet!" I flashed back angrily then.

"She will, though, soon's she finds out."

How—how could I, through the thickness of such glory, reach his heart? No use. I couldn't hope to do that. He was a different person—I saw it, looking at him. I don't know if purely good old puritanism prompted me, either; I may have had, surreptitiously, deep down in my relic of a mind, a gleam of wisdom more practical. Whatever it was guided me, I took Bertie roughly by the shoulder and shook him.

"Look here, earl," I shouted, "you'll do no such thing. You'll do nothing so base and low and unworthy the great name you bear. The honor of the Mortimers is at stake. The Mortimers have never been ones to take back their vows. You'll write Mrs. Bensonia and say that since you wrote last your cousin has died and you've become head of the house of Berkshire."

The earl gazed quite blankly into my eyes. He went red—white—almost Del-sarted.

But:

"Confound it!" he finally drew himself up to declare. "I say, then, damn it, old chap, I'll have to tell her."

"And come straight back here, earl, please, and tell me what she says."

It takes twenty-eight hours for a letter to go to Peoria, and about the same for one to come from Peoria to New York. It was precisely on the fourth day that the earl turned up again in my office.

His state was midway between one of cheerfulness and chagrin. You could see from his clothes, though, how he'd been trying to keep his mind off things.

"Read this," he said impatiently. "Read it."

I did. It was as follows:

"8 Electric Boulevard,
"Peoria, Ill.

"DEAR BERT:

"I've decided I must never marry again. It is not fair to Jonas's memory

and I had better just stay like I am I guess with many thanks to you for thinking of it. When you get out to Peoria I will tell you all about it and explain more fully but I am awful busy now with the twins for they are home from school with chicken-pox. I hope you will not mind about it. Life is pretty hard. Friends meet and part again. I must go to bed now with my thoughts. If you have ever chanced to read Whittier's 'Snowbound' you will know how I feel.

"Cordially,
"FLO."

"She writes a nice letter," said the earl. And then:

"Why'd she chuck me, though?" he gloomily resented.

"Can't you see, earl," I said, giving him back Mrs. Bensonia's letter, "that Eade and Vera had a hand in this business?"

The earl drew in his breath.

"They never took much stock, you know, in your qualifications for the position of brother-in-law to themselves. And when you wrote, she told them, and they—they undoubtedly persuaded her it was a 'vile' trick to get her money."

"So—so she loved me after all?"

He had the nerve to press Mrs. Bensonia's letter to his lips.

"H'm. What are your plans, now?" I swung to in a maze of despair and wonder.

The earl sighed, folded the letter, slipped it into his left breast pocket.

"Off to-morrow, old chap. I'm sailing straight for home. I'll join my regiment, I expect, in 'nother month or so—if they need me. It's——"

That was pretty fine of him—"my" regiment? Gracious!

"I suppose," I interrupted nervously, "that one of the first things you do when you land will be look up Lady Muriel."

But at that the earl became rigid all over and picked up his gold-headed cane from my desk.

"I say, old chap, see here. There's some things, really, you know, a gentleman don't care to talk about—not even to a—a friend."

I bowed. I had forgotten for the moment I was speaking to a real earl.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

I—MISCELLANEOUS

SINCE my retirement from the British Museum many friends, knowing that from very early days I have had the luck to live in contact, habitual or occasional, with some of the more interesting characters of my time, have urged me to write a book of Reminiscences. But I have always felt difficulties in the way. For one thing, I have never kept diaries nor made notes of conversations (except in one single instance hereafter to be indicated), nor even had the habit of saying to myself on special occasions, "This would be interesting for people to hear about later on." I should therefore have to trust entirely to a memory which, though not, I believe, inaccurate, is certainly capricious; whole tracts of time, I find, having become blank or vague to me while special moments, and those not necessarily the most important, nay, sometimes even the most trivial, stand out as clear as yesterday. For another thing, volumes of nineteenth century reminiscences or diaries have in recent years appeared in such abundance that there seemed neither need nor room for any more,—I need scarcely instance the fourteen volumes of the late Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary," or among works on a less formidable scale, Mrs. Humphry Ward's "A Writer's Reminiscences," and within the last few months the "My Diaries" of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt and Mr. James Sully's "My Life and Friends."

Nevertheless I had let myself in the later war years entertain a scheme, to be taken up after my "Life of Keats" should be finished, for a book which should in the main be one of recollections, but with a difference. It was to be a record of the most lively impressions which I could definitely recall as having been made upon me since boyhood not only by persons but by scenes and places, and not only by these but by events and movements, especially those in literature and art; and was to include in some cases a comparison of those impressions of the moment with such revised opinions and judgments as I might entertain to-day. In carrying out such a scheme I should have been able to refer in aid of my memory to much work buried in old reviews and journals, work done at the time with the best care and zeal I had to bestow but which I had never had either the purpose or the leisure to revive.

But retirement from the public service, in bringing me leisure, did not bring me strength, and the wear-and-tear of spirit we have all undergone during the last five years came to add its effects to the normal sapping power of age; so that it is now extremely doubtful if the projected book will ever come into being. But I have at odd times been able to set down a few miscellaneous personal memories designed to be worked into it,—half-chapters or single pages, and in one instance a whole chapter,—and these I should regret to see altogether lost. I have therefore inquired whether, printed disconnectedly as they stand, a few of these fragmentary recollections might possibly be of interest to my old friends, the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. The answer being favorable, here in a first paper is a batch, miscellaneous and disconnected indeed, and including some characters known in the familiarity of long friendship and others observed only in rare and casual glimpses. The reader accustomed to take stock of his own recollections will not be surprised to find that the brief glimpses, whether gained by chance contact or sought interview, having been consciously accounted events at the time, have sometimes left clearer and more definite memories than the intimacies of years, since the incidents of these are apt to be taken as a matter of course, and the impression retained to be more abstract and general.

In a later paper I propose to set down some memories, more detailed than I have yet printed, of Robert Louis Stevenson, who was my closest friend of all, but with whom my meetings, from the long intervals which were apt to separate them, were always in the nature of events.

JOHN RUSKIN

When I was nine years old I was taken with my two elder brothers for the first time to see John Ruskin, whose parents were friends of my parents and for whom my mother entertained an adoring regard, coupled, I think, with the ambition that I, her youngest, should grow up to follow in his footsteps and become as nearly as might be such another. He received us raw boys with extraordinary kindness, and one thing, I remember, instantaneously delighted us. This was a scene between him and his white Spitz terrier Wisie (I think there is mention of Wisie somewhere in "*Praeterita*"). The dog burst into the room just after we had arrived, and not having seen his master for some time leapt and capered and yelped and fumed about and over him as he sat, with a passion, almost a frenzy, of pent-up affection, and was caressed with little less eagerness in return. Ruskin then took us up to his working-room, and by way of giving us a practical drawing-lesson made before our eyes a sketch in body-colors of one corner of the room, with its curtains, wall-paper and furniture—all of them of a type which to the altered taste of twenty or thirty years later would have seemed too Philistine and early Victorian to be endured. For very many years I had that sketch by me, but fear that in one or another of my various changes of domicile it has now got lost beyond recovery. During the next few years—being never sent to school, but brought up under tutors at home—I used to be taken from time to time to visit the Ruskins in their family abode on Denmark Hill; but, excepting for that scene with the white dog, I retain from these earliest, scarcely past childish, days less recollection of the great man himself than of his mother. Stern old Calvinist though she was, and more than Spartan as had been her upbringing of her own son, she chose to make something of a pet of me. The Turners on the walls and their owner's kind endeavors to interest me in them used, I fear, to make less impression upon me than the slice of plum cake and glass of fine sherry (the house of Ruskin, Telfer and Domecq were great sherry merchants) with which the old lady was wont on every such visit to regale me.

This for the first two or three years; but before I was fifteen I had become intensely sensitive both to the magnetism of Ruskin's personality and to the power and beauty of his writings. No man had about him more—few can ever have had so much—of the atmosphere and effluence of genius, and when he came into the room I used consciously to thrill to his presence. In those years, a little before and after the fortieth of his age, he was elegant after the fashion of his time as well as impressive in a fashion all his own. There remains with me quite unfaded the image of his slender, slightly stooping figure clad in the invariable dark blue frock coat and bright blue stock; of his small head with its marked features noticeably different according as seen from one side or the other, its sweep of thick brown hair and closely trimmed side-whiskers; above all, of the singular bitter-sweet expression of his mouth, and the intense weight and penetration of his glance as he fixed his deep blue eyes upon yours from under the thick bushy prominence of his eyebrows (these were an inheritance from his father, who had them shaggier and longer than I have seen on any other man). The warmth and almost caressing courtesy of his welcome were as captivating as its manner was personal: in shaking hands he would raise the forearm from the elbow, which he kept close to his side, and bringing the hand down with a full sweep upon yours would hold you strongly clasped until greetings were over and talk, which generally turned immediately to teaching, began.

To such teaching, when it was addressed to myself, I could naturally, at my age, only listen in adoring acquiescence; but what I loved better still was to be allowed, as occasionally happened, to sit by while he let himself go in the company of some friend who could meet and draw him out on equal terms. It was not very often that I saw him, since my people spent the greater part of each year in our country home in East Suffolk; but for two or three years he was hardly ever out of my thoughts except during the hours when they were quite engrossed by our rough outdoor sports of hare-hunting, pheasant-shooting, village cricket and the like (for about these matters I, or at least the young barbarian in me, was in

dead earnest too, not less than about my work and reading). The fifth volume of "Modern Painters," which appeared when I was in my sixteenth year, was for a while a gospel which I pored over incessantly and held incomparable for insight and wisdom and eloquence; and by it I was led to an equally passionate study of the "Seven Lamps," the "Stones of Venice," and the rest of the early works on art. A queer freak of memory comes convincingly to remind me how strong must have been the prepossession. On a holiday trip in Ireland I remember walking after dinner in the moonlight on the shore of one of the Killarney Lakes in company with a grown-up guest at the same hotel, a middle-aged admiralty clerk if I recollect aright; and feeling shy and cubbish, said suddenly to him a propos of nothing, by way of a conversational opening which was bound to impress, "I know Ruskin."

But the phase of absolute devotion and unquestioning subservience did not last long. Being taken by my father (again I think with an idea of following in Ruskinian footsteps) for several carriage tours on the Continent in the course of the next two or three years, I found myself, rather to my own dissatisfaction, beginning to see famous scenes and cities, buildings and pictures, no longer purely through the master's eyes, but through my own. Later again, during my Cambridge years and afterward, I seemed unwillingly to find, in those parts of his writings which I was able to check by my own studies, much misinterpretation of history, a habit of head-long and unquestioning but often quite unwarranted inference from the creations of art to the social conditions lying behind them, with much impassioned misreading of the relations of art in general to nature and to human life; everywhere the fire of genius, everywhere the same lovingly, piercingly intense observation of natural fact; everywhere the same nobleness of purpose and burning zeal for human welfare, the same beautiful felicity and persuasiveness of expression, the same almost unparalleled combination of utter sincerity with infinite rhetorical and dialectical adroitness and resource; but everywhere also the same dogmatic and prophetic conviction of being able to set the world right by his own individual insight and

judgment on whatever matters might occupy his mind and heart, the same intolerant blindness to all facts and considerations that might tell against his theories, the same liability to intermingle passages of illuminating vision and wisdom with others of petulant, inconsistent, self-contradictory error and misjudgment. In short this demigod of my later boyhood, though still remaining an object of admiring affection and an inestimable source of stimulation and suggestion, came to count for me no longer as a leader and teacher to be followed without reserve or afterthought.

These were not terms on which Ruskin much cared to be accepted, especially by one who had been brought as a child to sit at his feet; and after I had grown up and begun to work at the criticism and history of art, in my own plodding and uninspired way, as faithfully as I could, our meetings were rare and correspondence only occasional. Once, I remember, he was gravely hurt by some opinions I had expressed in one of the quarterly reviews in controversy with his own on the relation of art to morals. And when at twenty-eight I was appointed Slade Professor at Cambridge he again wrote expressing the hope that at any rate I should not make my tenure of the chair an opportunity for inculcating views in opposition to his teaching from the same chair at Oxford. Our terms of intercourse, when intercourse occurred, continued nevertheless to be those of old family friendship, and I never found that his personal presence, whether at public gatherings or in private intercourse, had lost its power to charm and thrill. One of the instances, I remember, when its effect was strongest upon me was at a lecture of his at the Royal Institution in which he had occasion to recite Scott's ballad of "Rosabelle." The whole genius of the man, as all those who remember him will agree,—his whole intensity of spiritual and imaginative being,—used to throw itself into and enkindle his recitation of poetry. His voice had a rare plangent and penetrating quality of its own, not shrill or effeminate although not wholly virile, which singularly enhanced the effect; that evening he was at his very best, and for those who heard him the "wondrous blaze" never, I am sure,

gleamed on Roslin's castled rock and the groves of caverned Hawthornden so magically before or since.

There was perhaps somewhat less of genius and more of perversity in his behavior one afternoon about the same time, when we were both staying at the Scotch country house of a much-cherished and picture-loving mutual friend, and when, a tea picnic having been arranged at a special spot as the object of the afternoon walk, the Master would not give in to the plan but insisted on walking off and casting about on a quest of his own in a quite different direction. A daughter of the house who dutifully attended him remembers that the object of his search was an old stone-breaker at work, beside the road. He was always fond of getting into talks with stone-breakers and watching their work on the chance of its yielding some interesting mineral find. To this particular old stone-breaker he promised, after several talks, to send a book on stones and minerals, and when the old man answered that it would be no use because he could not read, Ruskin took him at once into warmer favor than ever. During the same visit, I remember, Ruskin's talk was at its best and most illuminating in praise of three things in our host's collection, an early Rossetti, an early Millar's, and a drawing by Burne-Jones; and the substance of the said talk, being afterward set down, turned into the essay on *The Three Columns of Præ-Raphaelitism*. One of the happiest later encounters that I remember was at the house of the same Burne-Jones, his all but equal in genius and charm. This was during one of the not infrequent intervals when he used to be at the height of his powers again between two of the fits of mental breakdown to which he had become subject after 1879. When two such men were pouring out for each other the riches of their minds and hearts, any third who had the luck to be of the company could do nothing but listen silently and be grateful. Later again, at the beginning of 1888, when he was an aged and bearded, changed and saddened man, I found him simply courteous and business-like, though on the eve, as it turned out, of one of his longest and most grievous mental disturbances, when I went to his home on Coniston Lake to arrange the

purchase from him for my department of a precious volume of early Italian drawings of the history of the world, by means of which I was by and by enabled to solve one of the obscurest problems of fifteenth century art and to recreate (at least in my own opinion) the hitherto semi-mythic personality of the father of Italian engraving, Maso Finiguerra.

All the world knows how by degrees and with advancing years the passion in Ruskin for opening the eyes and awakening the consciences of his fellow-creatures not only grew more intense, but extended itself to every sphere of human conduct and activity, of existence both social and individual; and how he, in private intercourse the sweetest and most deferentially courteous, the most playfully engaging and lovable of men, became in public an Ezekiel not to be appeased or silenced, an embittered denouncer of all the institutions, all the practices and traditions, of industry and commerce, of exchange, distribution and class organization, on which the social fabric has in every modern nation been founded; and not only of these, but of almost all the methods of study and research by which the modern mind has striven to investigate the truths of nature and turn to account the material laws of things. Of the truth and value of these tremendous prophetic and denunciatory labors I felt myself no more able to judge than any average person who accepts because he must the social order under which he lives, and holds that the general lot of man can only be gradually amended by the collective good-will and long-sustained efforts of many generations. The path of any solitary world-reformer, however impressively, however gloriously, gifted, who would suddenly refashion the inherited social complex and transform the customs, standards, and desires of men by the efforts of his single genius must lead, it would seem, inevitably to madness, and his efforts to tragic failure. But although such was in his latter years the personal destiny of Ruskin, and such the apparent temporary issue of his toil, the English-speaking race has just been unanimously remembering the hundredth anniversary of his birth as though it had been that of an acknowledged world-benefactor. And for the moment it looks as though his labors

toward social regeneration were coming to be regarded by many as the true benefaction, while his views on the relation of art to life and nature have lost much of the influence they had. Posterity alone, and that not an early posterity, will have had experience enough to assess the relative values of his multifarious labors. For myself, I can but bear my insignificant witness to the debt I owe both to his personality and his genius, and to the spell which in early youth they exercised upon me. Better than to be taught how to see, and what to think and feel, is to be so aroused that one is forced to see, think, and feel for oneself: and that is what the work of Ruskin did for thousands of us who would never label ourselves his disciples.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES

I have mentioned Burne-Jones as one in whom the light of genius glowed almost as intensely as in Ruskin. He was twelve years my senior, and even before I took my degree at Cambridge admiration of his work had made me seek his friendship. Once won, that friendship remained among the most prized of my life for near on thirty years until the end. But there were no special incidents in it to record. There was only for me, in early days, the zest of battle in the public press against dunder-headed critics who belittled or derided his gift,—(but he himself was too much absorbed in his creative tasks to concern himself much about criticism whether hostile or friendly),—there was in early days that fighting zest on his behalf, and both then and always afterward the happiness of being much with him in such spare hours, mostly of an evening or on Sunday, as he could afford to give to his friends. Of such uneventful intercourse I have little to record, except to warn any reader whom the point may interest (and I hope that in America, where his work has been so much valued, these may not be few) against guessing at the personality of the man by inference from certain characteristics of his art. This, for all its beauty, for all its endless richness and felicity of invention in linear color and design, is so far as concerns the human types it depicts in the main of a melancholy cast. Hostile critics used to be continually harping on the fact that to nearly all his figures, whether designed

singly or in groups, in repose or in action, he was prone to give looks of wistful, unsatisfied longing, sad eyes and mouths, a pining droop or yearning out-thrust of the head from the shoulders. Let it be granted: such was in truth the prevailing instinctive and involuntary cast of his imagination. And why not? Must not every artist whose work comes from any depth of soul be governed by his own personal cast of imagination,—just as, to take two examples far removed in time as in kind, Botticelli and J. F. Millet were governed respectively by theirs? And is the world we live in, and is the heart of man, so made that in the depths of any great man's soul there is not likely to reside a spirit of yearning and craving, not likely to be harbored a passion of unsatisfied spiritual quest and hunger? Such a strain of innermost soul-hunger, such a vital habit of the being, could not help expressing itself in Burne-Jones's work. But in his human and social relations other strains in his nature prevailed, and he charmed as much by a rich laughter-loving gayety as by his surprising range of knowledge and attainment and the ease and beauty and simplicity of language with which he brought them to bear in conversation.

Born amidst relatively straitened surroundings at Birmingham, Burne-Jones had from boyhood found means to be a devourer of books, and whatever he read he seemed incapable of forgetting. The two great determining events of his life, as is well-known, had been his friendship with William Morris, begun at Oxford and continued through all the years of their joint work in the decorative arts, and his two or more years' devoted discipleship (about 1855-8) under Rossetti, who had ordered him (Rossetti's advice to his friends was always virtually an order) to attack at twenty-two the practice of imaginative and poetical painting without any of the usual preliminary training of hand and eye. It is hard to say which in the result outbalanced the other, the artist's loss in lack of early technical proficiency or his gain in the shape of un-academical originality and freshness. But I have neither space nor purpose here to discuss his life's work: hardly even to glance at the kind of attack nowadays directed against it by those who declare that painting must appeal to the eye and

to the visual emotions only, and stop there,—that any sign of mind or meaning behind the visual effect is a positive blot on a picture, and makes of it “literature in two dimensions” and the like. Non-sense! Of course,—and it should need no saying,—the primary and essential appeal of every picture must needs be to the eye, by its harmonies and rhythms of line and color, its balancings and massings and proportions and contrasts of light and shade, and by their effect upon the visual emotions. If such appeal and such effect are not forthcoming, or if they fail, the picture is naught; but if they succeed and the picture is a picture indeed, then the more of mind that can be felt behind it, the richer the associations and suggestions it conveys, the better.

That Burne-Jones's work is the work of a man with a full mind behind his hand and eye is obvious. In truth his mind was in one sense the fullest,—and that was in its range over and grasp of the imaginative literatures of the world,—that I have known. Vast as was his life's output in his own art, and tied as he was to the easel every day and almost all day, that he should have found time for so much reading seemed a miracle. Ancient classic literature, the whole range of mediæval legend sacred and profane, Celtic legend and poetry, Scandinavian legend and poetry, the poetry and romance of Persia and the East, the history and fabled or recorded aspect of all the storied cities of the world, he possessed them all, not as dry learning, but as living matter of brooding thought and delighted imagination. Whatever new thing one might have chanced to learn within this range of subjects, one always found that he had known it long ago and better. According to the occasion he could expatiate on any such matter in an abounding vein of eloquence, always classically pure and simple, or sum up the gist of what he had to say in two or three pithy words. Thus one day I remember I had written to him of the pleasure I had had in learning the great national Irish legend of Deirdre and Cuchulain from a poem just published by Aubrey de Vere. That distinguished, old-fashioned and then aging Irish gentleman and poet wrote in a style of restrained elegance not really very well suited to such romantic themes.

“Yes,” answered Burne-Jones, “Aubrey de Vere has a harp, but not the harp that once . . .”

Modern imaginative literature of the best kind Burne-Jones possessed in a scarcely less degree, his two great favorites being (as they are the favorites of every wise reader) Walter Scott and Dickens. As the books of Louis Stevenson came out successively, he gave them a place in his affection almost next to these. In Dickens what he loved especially were the parts most riotously comic. I can see and hear him now shouting with laughter as he echoed the choicer utterances of Sam Weller or Micawber or Mrs. Gamp, his head flung back and beard in the air (in early days it was the fine forked and flowing red beard depicted in Watts's well-known portrait, but later, one grizzled or grizzling and shorter trimmed). And he was very capable of Dickens-like observations and inventions of his own. No one had a quicker or more healthily amused sense, without sting or ill-nature, of the grotesque and the absurd in ordinary life; no one loved better to make, or had a better gift for making, by speech or pencil happy fun and laughter with his children and grandchildren. Let those who desire to form a just idea of him begin by realizing, if they can, not only his constant and most winning sweetness and affectionateness of accost, and a certain indefinable note of distinction as well as charm in all that he did and said and was, but also the love of and capacity for wholesome mirth and caricature which subsisted along with the more wistful and brooding elements in his nature.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Though never belonging to Rossetti's innermost circle, and being indeed inclined to dislike sets and coteries as such, I saw much of him throughout the years 1868–1872, which were somewhat critical and fateful years of his life. I already took intense pleasure in some of his early paintings which I knew in the houses of friends; and I held (as I still hold) his renderings from the early Italian poets, first published in the volume of 1861, to be unmatched in the whole range of verse translation for beauty and fidelity to the spirit as well as to the letter. Drawn moreover by the glamour which invested

his name as that of the main original focus and source of impulse whence had sprung all that I most cared for—that is all that is most imaginative and impassioned—in the English art of the time, I asked Burne-Jones, his devoted disciple of ten years earlier, to take me to him and was kindly received.

So much has been written about Rossetti's surroundings, appearance, and way of life that I shall pass these over quickly. The handsome old red-brick house in a row looking on the Chelsea reach of the Thames; the combined gloom and richness of its decorations, the sombre hangings, the doors and panellings painted in sombre dark-green sparsely picked out with red and lighted here and there by a round convex mirror; the shelves and cupboards laden with brassware and old blue Nankin china (in the passion for collecting which Rossetti was an absolute pioneer); the long green and shady garden at the back, with its uncanny menagerie of wombat, raccoon, armadillo, kangaroo, and the rest; the wilful, unconventional habits and hours; the rare and reluctant admission of strangers; all these things have already been made familiar by a hundred descriptions to such readers as are curious about them. So have the aspect and bearing of the man himself; his sturdy, almost burly figure clad in a dark cloth suit with the square jacket cut extra long and deep-pocketed; his rich brown hair and rather short, square-trimmed beard; the olive tint betraying Italian blood; the features between spare and fleshy, with full, sensual underlip and thoughtful, commanding forehead; the deep bar above the nose and fine blue-gray color of the eyes behind their spectacles; and finally the round, John-Bullish, bluntly cordial manner of speech, with a preference for brief and bluff slang words and phrases which seemed scarce in keeping with the fame and character of the man as the most quintessentially, romantically poetic of painters and writers. During the years of our intercourse it was Rossetti's poetry more than his painting that interested and impressed me. His earlier water-colors, those of the Dante cycle especially, comparatively unambitious in scale and technic as they were, seemed to me (and still seem) to give by their new and marvellous color-

harmonies, their passionate intensities of expression and their rare originality and often, though not always, their beauty of group-composition and pattern, a more satisfying idea of his genius for painting than his ambitious oil pictures on the scale of life. It was at these latter that he had been principally working, from Mrs. William Morris and one or two other favorite sitters, for some time before I knew him. Single figures among them, looking straight out of the frame,—a Pandora, a Silylla Palmifera, a Venus Verticordia,—possessed indeed a fine inventive gorgeousness of color and an impressive mystical voluptuousness, or voluptuous mysticism, of their own. But for figures on the life scale in less simple attitudes, or for combinations of them, his powers of design and execution seemed never fully adequate, and a certain streakiness in the handling of the oil medium, with certain exaggerations and mannerisms in the drawing of lips, throats and other features made that long and sumptuous series of his later embodiments of the eternal feminine to my mind less and less admirable as time went on.

But Rossetti's poetry, both by its own power and by the manner in which I learned to know it, for the time being enthralled me completely. The story is well-known how, in a passion of grief and remorsefulness at the time of his wife's death, he had buried the bundle of his manuscript poems with her, laying it in her coffin among the rich strands of her red-gold hair. When I first knew him various friends were urging him to have the poems exhumed for publication, and I on my part joined eagerly in the plea. At last he yielded, and the necessary legal permission having been obtained the exhumation was carried out under the eye of Rossetti's friend and factotum of the hour (he had been Ruskin's before) Charles Augustus Howell. The manuscript poems having been rescued, and the question of their publication having next to be considered, Rossetti used on many evenings to read out from them to a few invited guests after dinner. He was good enough to care, or seem to care, somewhat specially for my opinion, and consulted me both verbally and in writing about the revision of the poems and the order in which they should stand in

the volume, in the end adopting most of my suggestions.

But the readings themselves were among the marking events, and remain among the golden memories, of my life. Most of the poets I have known have had their own special way of reading, and it was generally interesting or impressive to hear. Rossetti's way was not dramatic in any ordinary sense of the word. It was rather a chant, a monotone; but somehow he was able with little variation of pitch or inflection to express a wonderful range and richness of emotion. His voice was magical in its mellow beauty of *timbre* and quality and in its power to convey the sense of a whole world of brooding passion and mystery, both human and elemental, behind the words. A kind of sustained musical drone or hum with which he used to dwell on and stress and prolong the rhyme-words and sound-echoes had an extraordinary effect in stirring the senses and souls of his hearers. There are certain poems or passages of poems,—the fierce visionary and imprecatory stanzas of "Sister Helen,"—the "rose shut in a book" couplets from "Jenny,"—above all perhaps the sad, slow-trailing cadences of the lyric, "A little while,"—

"A little while a little love
The hour yet bears for thee and me,
Who have not drawn the veil to see
If still our heaven be lit above.

Thou merely, at the day's last sigh,
Hast felt thy soul prolong the tone;
And I have heard the night-wind cry,
And deemed its speech mine own,"—

there are poems and passages, I say, like these which still haunt my ear, and will haunt it to the end, exactly as they were sounded from the poet's lips on those evenings half a century ago. Heard and judged for the first time under these conditions, the poetry of Rossetti naturally impressed me profoundly, and moved me to a higher pitch of critical admiration than I should have felt—though the pitch would still have been high—had I known them for the first time in print. So that when the volume containing them came out I rushed to review and praise it in as many quarters as were open to me. Rossetti had little or none of Burne-Jones's fine self-sufficient indifference to criticism. It is not true, as has been said, that he took undignified pains to ensure that re-

views should be favorable; and I for one was an absolutely unsolicited volunteer in the cause. But when there appeared the late Robert Buchanan's preposterous attack upon him, at first pseudonymous and then unveiled, in the pamphlet called "The Fleshly School of Poetry," he was both agitated and angered beyond measure. In this matter again I did my best, together with a group of other ardent friends and admirers, to stand by the master and make things as hot for his assailant as we could. At the same time I succeeded in dissuading him,—I had forgotten the fact, but am reminded of it by his brother's biography,—from printing a satiric effort of his own against the enemy which struck us as neither dignified nor effective.

I have scarcely left space to speak of the jolly, humorous, burlesque-loving elements which subsisted in Rossetti's nature alongside of the darkly passionate and mystical elements. They were somewhat singular in their kind and were often exercised frankly and light-heartedly at the expense of those about him. In writing they showed themselves chiefly in the composition of "Limericks" on the characters of his friends. He was, at any rate while his days of tolerable health lasted, in practice a model of good friendship, somewhat masterful and domineering, it is true, among those of his inner circle, but infinitely generous withal both in word and act, loving to praise whatever he saw worthy of praise in any one's work, prompt and eager to help any one in difficulties with money or whatever form of service might be most needed,—in a word, essentially *bon prince*. But at the same time he had the shrewdest eye for his friends' faults or failings, and the neatest possible knack in exposing such faults or failings in rhymes which he was apt to troll out with gusto in their hearing and never expected them to resent. For instance, he had gladly and often taken in and housed a certain pre-Raphaelite landscape-painter called Inchbold. The recipient of this hospitality seeming by-and-by somewhat inclined to abuse it, Rossetti wrote,—

"There's a troublesome fellow called Inchbold,
With whom you must be at a pinch bold,
Or you may as well score
The brass plate on your door
With the name of J. W. Inchbold."

Sometimes the rhymes would take off, quite harmlessly and pardonably, some physical trait of their subject, as this concerning a senior member of the circle, the shrewd, thoughtful and interesting but technically less than half-accomplished Scottish artist and verse-writer, William Bell Scott. Scott, a man by this time bald and aging, was commonly known among his friends as "Scotus":—

"There's a crabbèd old fellow called Scott,
Who seems to have hair but has not;
Did he seem to have sense
A still vainer pretence
Would be painfully obvious in Scott."

That is all very well; but could the same friend be expected to take it kindly when the essential weaknesses of his talent were faithfully and scathingly hit off as follows?—

"There's a queer kind of painter called Scotus,
A *pictor* most justly *ignotus*;
Shall I call him a poet?
No, not if I know it,
A draggle-tailed bungler like Scotus."

In the floating memories and traditions concerning Rossetti, many of these compositions were long current and some are current still. There is one which I never heard much repeated, and which begins,—

"There's an eminent critic called Colvin,
Whose writings the mind may revolve in,"—

but wild horses would not drag from me the sequel.

I have said that the years 1868–1872 were critical and fateful years in Rossetti's life. He had already begun to take chloral as a resource against sleeplessness, and the habit grew upon him with disastrous effects. His extreme perturbation under the "Fleshly School" attack showed a mind already morbidly tainted. A few months later he underwent a complete breakdown, almost assuming the form called in French *manie des persécutions*. He harbored torturing suspicions of malice and treachery even against his best-trying friends; and though making for a while a fairly complete recovery, and continuing to paint and write with variable power for near ten years more, was never again quite the man that we had known. I saw him but little during those last years, and did not know the new friends and satellites—some of them truly attached and

helpful—who gathered about him and from among whom have come the fullest accounts written of him after his death.

ROBERT BROWNING

No greater contrast in character and mode of life could exist than between Rossetti and Browning: the one living apart in a seclusion that had about it truly something—though not so much as has been represented—of the morbid and mystical; the other, having once determined to face daylight and the world again after the great tragedy of his wife's death, carrying out his determination resolutely and healthily to the full. Probably there is no instance on record of a great poet leading at once so strenuous a poetical and so busy a social life as Browning during his last twenty or twenty-five years. To meet him during those years was for many of us, though always a lively pleasure, not an event but a matter of course, seeing that one was apt to meet him at concerts, theatres, picture-galleries, dinner-parties, in a word everywhere. My own acquaintance with him began, I think, in the latest sixties or earliest seventies in a certain hospitable, historic castle on the Cumberland border, than which no house is associated in my mind with more grateful and cordial memories. The American sculptor and author William Wetmore Story was a fellow-guest at the same time. He and Browning had been intimate in Italy. Story was a man exuberantly alive, half Italianate in vivacity of gesture and manner, and I remember with what amused interest the rest of us sat by and listened while he and Browning lustily kept up between them hour by hour the ball of anecdote and reminiscence and repartee.

Loudness of voice and a vigorous geniality of bearing were what, on the surface, chiefly distinguished Browning from other Englishmen in social life throughout these years. Needless to say, the veriest oaf could not have mistaken them for vulgarity. The poet's biographer and most confidential friend, the late Mrs. Sutherland Orr, used to say that they were originally the mask of a real shyness and diffidence on first confronting, in advanced middle life, the ordeal of mixed general society. I should rather have

supposed that they were the natural symptoms of an inborn vital energy surpassing by fivefold those of other men. Certainly the poet's short robust figure, held always firmly upright with the powerful gray-haired and bearded head a little thrown back, his cordial greetings and vigorous confidential and affectionate gestures, would have conveyed the impression of such vitality, even had the same impression not been forced upon those of us who were readers by the wonderful prodigality in these years (I speak of the early seventies) of his work in literature. He had but lately brought to a conclusion the vast and varied dramatic and psychologic complex of "The Ring and the Book," one of the most arduous, and as might have been supposed exhausting, intellectual feats ever achieved by man, and instead of resting proceeded promptly to follow it up by fresh volume after volume; breaking into classic ground in a guise wholly his own with "Balaustion's Adventure"; indulging in the queerest of contrasted freaks in "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" and "Fifine at the Fair"; going on with "Red Cotton Night Cap Country"; returning again to bid us live with the Athenian dramatists in "Aristophanes's Apology"; and so on with seldom so much as a year or two's pause in the output. It is a curious fact that in spite of the intensity of intellectual and emotional effort to which for the most part they bear witness, Browning's poetical labors were wont to leave no trace or echo in his own memory. Was this perhaps and because of their very rapidity and abundance? Such was at any rate the case; and I remember his telling me how a lady friend had once read him out certain verses, and how he had slapped his thigh (a very characteristic action, by the way) and said, "By Jove, that's fine"; how then she had asked him who wrote them and he could not say; and how surprised he was when she had told him they were his own.

Browning's talk had not much intellectual resemblance to his poetry. That is to say, it was not apt to be specially profound or subtle; still less was it ever entangled or obscure. Probably the act of speech did not allow his brain time to perform those prodigies of activity by which it was wont, when he had the pen in hand,

to discover a thousand complications beneath the surface of the simplest-seeming matters; complications which often he could only express by defying the rules of grammar and discarding half the auxiliary parts of speech, by stitching clause on to clause and packing parenthesis within parenthesis, till the drift of his sentences became dark and their conclusion undiscoverable. (The mere act of writing seemed to have a peculiar effect on him, for I have known him manage to be obscure even in a telegram.) Rather his style in talk was straightforward, plain, emphatic, and agreeably voluble, ranging easily from deep earnest to hearty jest, rich and varied in matter but avoiding rather than courting the abstruse whether in speculation or controversy, and often condescending freely to ordinary human gossip on a level with the rest of us. Its general tone was genially kind, encouraging and fortifying; but no one was more promptly moved to indignation by any tale or instance of cruelty or calumny or injustice: nor could any one be more tenderly or chivalrously sympathetic with the victim of such offenses. Not to quote instances known to me of a more private and personal kind, I remember his strong and reiterated expressions of anger against Froude for having, as he thought, misrepresented the character of Carlyle. Instead of being the hard man figured in Froude's pages,—inconsiderate in relations with his wife, unkind, in one instance at least, in his treatment of a horse,—Carlyle, maintained Browning, was the most intensely, sensitively tender-hearted of men: and he went on to tell how, as he walked one day in Chelsea with Carlyle's arm in his, a butcher-boy drove by savagely flogging his horse and he felt the sage shake from head to foot in a spasm of righteous indignation.

Browning, living in the world the everyday life he did, refused with perfect unaffectedness to accept incense or to assume poses or privileges as a poet. At the same time the poet was never far to seek in him, and with equal unaffectedness would come to the front readily on occasion. If the talk ran that way he would quote passages from the English poets, often relatively unknown passages, with powerful effect; for his failure of memory in re-

gard to his own works by no means extended itself to those of others. Thus I recollect his coming out once with a long, crabbedly fine screed from John Donne, and declaring he had not read nor called it to mind for thirty years. I remember also particularly the rich effect with which, though only for my private ear, he recited one evening, on a sofa in a corner after a dinner-party, the thundering final stanzas from the "Song to David" of Christopher Smart:—

"Glorious the sun in mid career;
Glorious th' assembled fires appear;
Glorious the comet's train:
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious th' Almighty's stretched-out arm;
Glorious th' enraptured main:

Glorious the northern lights astream;
Glorious the song, when God's the theme;
Glorious the thunder's roar:
Glorious hosanna from the den;
Glorious the catholic amen;
Glorious the martyr's gore:—"

This unfortunate eighteenth-century poet, stale and flat except for that one inspired hour during his insanity when he became equal to the greatest, had always a special interest for Browning and is the subject of one of the "Parleyings" in his almost latest volume of verse.

When asked to read poetry of his own in any house or in any company where he could count on intelligent sympathy, Browning was always ready to do so. His utterance was flexible and dramatic, very different from that of Tennyson or Rossetti and such other poets as have preferred in reading their own verses to adopt and sustain one key or another of chanting monotone. His voice, virile above all things, was strong and inclining to the strident; but in passages which called for it had accents of the most moving tenderness. One reading in especial which I remember as bringing out such tenderness was that of the Pompilia section of "The Ring and Book," at certain points in which he could control neither his voice nor his tears, and had nearly all his audience in tears with him. Another reading almost equally moving was of "Andrea del Sarto"; which in one case he followed up by way of contrast with the long tramping measures, duly stressed by his foot stamping vigorously in time, of his Greek battle-poem, "Echetlos." Neither were such readings the only oc-

casions when I have known this strong man weep. One of my vividest recollections is of an evening when he made one of a party of three to see the great Italian tragedian Salvini play King Lear. Everyone had seen Salvini play Othello, his most usual Shakespearean part; but this performance of Lear was new to us all. It turned out to be overwhelming, an absolute, ideal incarnation of ruined age and outcast greatness and shattered reason and undivided fatherhood and fallen majesty in despair. Browning sat there between us, his face set firm and white like marble, but before the end tears were coursing down it quite unchecked. He seemed unconscious of them, and as we came out could only murmur with a kind of awe, "It makes one think the actor all but as great as the poet."

Shall I by way of contrast allow myself to recall another scene which is scarce less freshly present to me, and which illustrates the opposite scale of the poet's being, his partiality for any kind of fun or foolery of which the notion tickled him? In the later seventies he was several times a visitor at Trinity College, Cambridge; once or twice as the guest of the Master, Dr. Montagu Butler, and once as mine. I asked a party of undergraduates to meet him at breakfast, and he charmed them by his geniality and rich talk, some of it as serious and high-pitched as the most earnest of his admirers could desire. By-and-by there came up the subject of Christian names and their abbreviations, and Browning began telling us how there once came three brothers to be matriculated together at an American University. The registrar asked the first brother his name. "Sam," answered the lad. "That is no name," declared the don with severity, "give me your full name properly." "Samuel, sir," came the reply. To a like question the next brother answered "My name is Lem, sir." "Nonsense," cried the registrar, this time angrily. "Say your real name in full." "Lemuel, sir," faltered the culprit. The third brother, being roughly asked the same question, lost his head and twittered, "Jimuel, sir." I am sure the story ought to end here, but in sheer high spirits, and to keep up the laugh among the lads round the table, the poet went on to add a climax. The official, he

said, thereupon broke into fury, declared the answers had been a plot to insult him, and insisted on knowing which of the brothers had set the others on; whereat they gasped in chorus, each pointing tremblingly at the other, "*himuel*, sir." Is the little tale, I wonder, one fresh to American readers, or stale? If stale, I hope that, considering from whose mouth I heard it, they will pardon me for here repeating it.

Any last word in memory of this great poet and many-sided, intensely human spirit should touch on two of his most conspicuous and lovable virtues, which I had ample opportunity of observing; his • admirable constancy to old friends and assiduous attention to them in their declining years, as evidenced, for instance, by his relations with Mrs. Procter, the cynically witty, long-enduring, old-age-defying widow of the poet Barry Cornwall; and his intense paternal devotion to his own only son. When this adored "*Pen*,"—for so by his pet name he was always called,—this child of two mutually devoted parents of genius, had grown to manhood and began to show a certain talent, or at least a certain facility, in the twin arts of sculpture and painting, the eager, deferential solicitude with which his famous father would seek the opinions on the young man's work of those who were supposed to have some intelligence of such matters was a thing infinitely, and considering the mediocrity of the result almost tragically, touching.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

Probably there was never in any community an individual man the sense of whose existence was so constantly and so forcibly present to the general mind as was that of Mr. Gladstone to the English mind during the prolonged plenitude of his powers. It was not merely the prodigious energies he displayed and the victories he achieved in legislative and administrative spheres that thus occupied the public consciousness. It was the sense, which had somehow penetrated from the circles in contact with him to the whole population, of his being a great and pre-eminent personality, of his possessing in an extraordinary degree that heightened intensity of being, that mysterious gift, as undefinable as it is unmistakable,

to which we give the name of genius and which sets a man apart from and above his fellows. To give instances of the command he exercised over assemblies, whether popular or deliberative, would be to waste words: the history of his time and country, the memories of the surviving thousands of those who heard him, are full of them. Acknowledgment of his personal pre-eminence and magnetism, of the effluence from him of forces both spiritual and physical exceeding those of other men, imposed itself independently of any belief in the wisdom of his words or in the righteousness of the causes which he pleaded, although his own fervent conviction of such wisdom and righteousness no doubt contributed to the impression made. It was possible to come away from listening to any of his mighty efforts on the affairs of the Near East or of Ireland, or on domestic reform or any disputable matter whatever, a still unconverted opponent, but not a whit the less thrilled and spellbound by his power and gifts. The spare, erect, commanding figure, the grandly modelled and deeply furrowed features, the vivid, almost luminous, alabaster-like pallor of the skin, with the pure tint, even in extreme age, of the rare flush when it came, the formidable roll and far-reaching flash of the eye, like that which I have seen an old condor in captivity cast upon the crowd from his rock-perch in the public garden, made his mere platform presence impressive beyond all others, even before there came into play the wonderful varied sonorities of the voice and every natural resource as well as every practised skill of the master orator. But quite apart from the conspicuousness of a public occasion, or the contagion of the collective enthusiasm of an audience, one was apt at any time, so long as he remained among us, to become suddenly aware in the street of an exceptionally, magnetically striking and distinguished figure; approaching, it might be, some fifty yards away through the press, before one had time to realize that this was Mr. G. coming along. ("Mr. G." was the ordinary appellation in use amongst secretaries and other associates and intimates of his circle.)

An intimate frequenter of the Gladstone circle I never was, though several of its members were my friends, and

though I came in, at longish intervals through nearly thirty years, for an occasional share of the great man's own courtesy and kindness. The first time I met him was at Naworth, the Border seat of the Carlisle Howards, the same romantically placed, historically famous, and in those days delightfully hospitable house where I had also first met Robert Browning. This was, if I remember right, in the year 1869, when Mr. Gladstone was for the first time prime minister: at any rate prime minister he was, and came straight from an official visit to the Queen at Balmoral. Starting very early in the morning, he had accomplished the thirty miles' walk through the heart of the Grampians to Blair Atholl station on the Highland railway, and arrived at Naworth late the same evening, to all appearance thoroughly fresh and unfatigued by the day's exertions. My occasional after meetings with him used to be either again at the same house, or at one or another of several houses of his friends or connections in town and country, and once or twice in later days under his own roof in London.

Politics were never a main interest of mine, except so far as they must be more or less the interest of every citizen; and to discuss politics with Mr. Gladstone I should have thought an impertinence. His second dominant study and pre-occupation, theology, was for me also ruled out by my lack of competence. But there was scarcely any other subject of human or historical or literary interest on which he was not ready and equipped to talk. Always strongly under his spell while conversation with him lasted, I generally came, on thinking the talk over afterward, to realize that what had impressed me had been less what he said than the way he said it, less the pertinence or originality or wisdom of his matter than his fine manner and potent temperament in discourse. Once in early days, I remember, I strove hard to make him, with the photograph before us, share my enthusiasm for the noble fourth-century bronze head of a goddess, in all probability Aphrodite, discovered in Armenia and afterward bought for the British Museum from the dealer Castellani. Any and every Greek subject that might be broached led Mr. Gladstone's mind instantly and inevitably

to Homer, after politics and theology the subject of his most continuous and impassioned study. Naturally I did not disclose the fact that I was the reviewer who had not long before, in dealing with his volume "*Juventus Mundi*," expressed the opinion (with which I think practically all scholars and archaeologists would now agree) that no Homeric critic had ever shown so minute and exact and systematically tabulated a knowledge of the text as he, together with such ingenious perversity in comment and interpretation, such lack of true insight, either instinctive or acquired, into the probable relations of the Homeric epic to primitive Greek history and mythology. But I found that his fixed and unalterable views on Homer stood in the way of his being much interested in my Aphrodite head, or even admitting that it could be Aphrodite at all. He looked upon Homer as the sole, indivisible, responsible founder and "maker" (his own word) of the Greek religion, and regulator of the characters and precedence of the Greek gods,—as it were a kind of lord chamberlain of Olympus,—and he had decided, from certain predicaments in which the poet puts her, that Homer had for moral reasons deliberately made Aphrodite ridiculous. Ridiculous, or at best trivial, she must accordingly remain; therefore the divinity represented in this grand head could surely not be she. It was no use quoting the "*Venus of Melos*" and other well-known existing types of a noble Aphrodite; his negative conviction on the point could not be shaken.

Some other talks which I can clearly remember were marked, not by any such kind of critical perversity as this, but rather by the vehement and fiery affirmation of something commonplace and generally acknowledged. Young's "*Night Thoughts*" were mentioned and Mr. Gladstone quoted some lines of the poem (I cannot recollect which), lines of a gloomy and grand enough pomposity in their imitative, sub-Miltonic manner; and went on to speak of the poem in general with respectful admiration, in the tone which had been habitual to an earlier generation than mine, or even, I should have supposed, than his own. He further reminded his hearers of the extraordi-

narily high place—equal to or higher than that of “Paradise Lost” itself—which the “Night Thoughts” had held for several generations in the esteem of Continental readers, especially in France and Germany. “But,” he then burst out, bringing his fist down with something of the flash and thunder of righteous indignation which so often signalized his public utterances,—“but the man was a lick-spittle and a sycophant and a shameless, fawning preferment-hunter,” and went on to denounce the grovelling flattery of his miscellaneous dedications to every kind of nobleman and place-holder, no matter how disreputable, his greed and baseness in hanging on in early life as a suppliant for patronage to the infamous Duke of Wharton, and later in disgracing his cloth by subservience to the King’s mistress, Lady Yarmouth. He wound up by dwelling on the betterment of the times, which would make such proceedings on the part of such a man now equally needless and impossible. Another instance which recurs to me of his impressive affirmation of a literary judgment scarcely challenging contradiction, was when once, in discussing the various modes and qualities of tragedy, he insisted eloquently that neither in drama nor romance was there any name much more intrinsically tragic or more tragically treated than that of Scott’s “Bride of Lammermoor.”

Another particularly vivid memory remaining with me is of an utterance humorously verging on the political. (As a rule I ventured to think Mr. Gladstone not at his best in humorous moments, and even that his countenance at such moments lost something of its paramount distinction, his smile of fun having in it perhaps rather more of slyness than of sweetness.) In the early autumn of 1881 he and I were walking side by side along a garden path at Hoarcross, the country house of the sister of one of his great lifelong political allies, Lord Halifax. He was suffering from a sharp attack of lumbago, and walked with his back bent and his hand held to the place where the pain was. Having once or twice tried to straighten himself up and found the effort hurt him, he turned to me, still with his hand to his back, and fastening his

eyes on mine, said with a mixture of jocular and impressiveness, “I don’t know whether to treat it by the method of conciliation or coercion.” He had been responsible during the previous months for the first of a long series of Irish Coercion Acts, and a few days later there was to follow his great speech at Leeds denouncing the policy of Mr. Parnell and his associates as one of “marching through rapine to dismemberment”; and a little later again, his administrative act of consigning the Irish leader to Kilmainham jail. “Conciliation *versus* coercion,”—the phrase became a regular, habitual and threadbare one in the course of the Home-Rule controversies which followed. But it was fresh to me when thus spoken in Hoarcross garden, and seemed to cast an interesting light on the contrasted policies which had been working in Mr. Gladstone’s mind at the time.

It was at Cannes, in January, 1898, that I last had sight and speech of the great man. He was there as the guest of Lord and Lady Rendel, hoping to find from the climate some alleviation of the extremely painful illness (I believe internal cancer in the face near the eye) which had laid hold upon him. I happened to be also there, as a visitor in another house. Being well acquainted with his hosts, I went to call on them as a matter of course, without dreaming that I should be able to see their suffering guest, upon whose attention, under such circumstances, I had no claim whatever either of intimacy or of special allegiance. But they said they were sure he would like to shake hands with me, and took it upon themselves to send him word that I was there. To my surprise he sent for me, just as he was getting into the carriage for his regular invalid drive, and with a manner of beautiful grace and courtesy, although evidently in severe pain, said that he was glad to have the opportunity of speaking with me, that he wished it were in his power to speak more and better, and bade me a grave, almost solemn, good-by as though he felt that the end was drawing near. A kindlier, even a more touching, last memory of the illustrious veteran I could scarcely have had to carry away. He died in his own home some four months later.

THE IVORY SKULL

By Hanano Inagaki Sugimoto

[ILLUSTRATIONS BY KYHEI INUKAI]



JUST back of Kamakura Beach stood beautiful Pine Hill, and at its top, where the little twisting paths met, stood a white summer cottage where lived the "honorable foreigners," as the villagers called Mr. and Mrs. Standish. They were on their way home now, after the winter in Tokyo, the three jinrikishas pulling slowly through the sand that had drifted deep on the narrow road. Down on the beach bronze-legged fishermen with short blue coats and handkerchiefs knotted about their heads were dragging creepy fish-nets over the yellow sand, and at the edge of the water a group of little brown children with tucked-up kimonos were splashing and shouting as they chased the waves of the ebbing tide.

"Look! Look! All look!" cried a wrinkled old woman as she hurried toward the men. "There come the honorable foreigners."

The men looked up quickly. With pleased faces they pulled off their handkerchiefs and, brushing the sand from their hands, began to walk slowly toward the approaching jinrikishas. When they reached the little procession it came to a halt and there were many bows and pleasant greetings. But the principal attraction was the third jinrikisha, which contained an amah with a dainty white bundle in her arms.

"It's a new baby," whispered one of the children, peering from her place at a respectful distance in the rear.

The head fisherman stepped forward, straightening his dingy sash.

"We are all glad to welcome you, Honorable Master," he said, "and we all rejoice that the gods have blessed you with the honorable infant heir."

"Thank you, Taro San. He's a very small heir just now, but he'll grow fast when he gets big enough to eat some of your good fish." Mrs. Standish, with

amused eyes, was watching the old woman as she bobbed and swayed in front of the amah's jinrikisha, cooing to the baby, in the language which babies of every nation understand.

"O Ume," she said. "Would you like to hold the baby? Just lift him, and see how heavy he is."

The wrinkled face lighted with kindly smiles, as the amah reached out the babe and placed it carefully in her arms. The group of fishermen gathered reverently around, looking with admiration upon the restless white bundle.

"The young master kicks out strong with his honorable feet," said one.

"It is true," responded several voices. "He is very strong and big."

"Maa, maa," Ume softly cooed. "What beautiful black eyes!"

"Big, wide-open eyes! He can see much!" said another, clapping his rough hands to catch the babe's attention.

Ume turned and looking up into Mrs. Standish's clear blue orbs she said:

"They are not like those of his honorable mother."

"No, they certainly are not," laughed Mrs. Standish.

"And beautiful brown hair just like his honorable father," murmured Ume, "and a beautiful high nose! How many months has it been since the honorable birth?"

"Three—no, let me see—four months now."

"We will have to go, Kathleen," said Mr. Standish. "The pulling is pretty heavy and I have sent Jiya on ahead; I'll walk up the hill." Ume lifted the baby up to the amah, there were more bows, and in the midst of a chorus of "Sayonaras" the jinrikishas went climbing up the hill.

The Standish family was much liked by the simple villagers. Tall, dignified Mr. Standish, with his genial voice and friendly manner, called for their respect

and admiration, and his gentle, fair-haired wife was loved by everybody. On summer evenings, when she walked down to the village, a troop of children always ran to greet her, and she never failed to have a smile and kind word for each one. Best of all, she had a habit of carrying odd little lumps of sweet, foreign cake, which she was fond of tucking into small brown hands. This summer every one rejoiced more than ever, for the new baby was an object of never-ending interest. Of course all the village congratulated the proud parents, but old Ume, who felt a special right, on account of many past kindnesses, made two cakes of pink-and-white rice paste, and, moulding them into the shape of baby storks, she brought them as a gift to the wee little son.

"How very pretty they are, O Ume," said Mrs. Standish. "It was beautiful of you to bring them to Bochan. They are a sign of long life, aren't they?"

"Yes, they wish him a life of a thousand years," said Ume, "and they also mean that he will stand nobly among others, like the old saying, 'A stork among crows!'"

Mrs. Standish smiled, but as she looked again at the quaint little emblems, she said thoughtfully:

"I hope the prophecy will come true." Then she added, with a smile: "I must be growing superstitious, for I feel as if you have really brought the baby good luck."

The summer passed away, and the winter took the Standishes back to Tokyo. But the first warm weather of the next summer found them again in the little white cottage on the hill. So passed several years, each one doing its share toward pushing the Standish baby into a stalwart boy, who in summer was known as O Bochan, the pet of Kamakura village, and in winter as Master Howard, the only son of the prosperous vice-president of the New York Oriental Company. In Tokyo he went to school in a low white building where about fifty children of missionaries and business men studied in the language of their own land. Little Howard was a quiet boy who loved books but who cared little for the strenuous games of school life. This separated him somewhat from the other boys. His most congenial companion was the faithful old

jinrikisha man who wheeled him back and forth to school. It was an understood thing that when they reached the park Howard always got out and walked by the side of old Jiya, while the empty jinrikisha trundled along behind them. Many a pleasant hour did the old Japanese man and the young American boy spend, walking through the tunnels of thick cedars where long rows of stone lanterns stood in honor of an ancient hero, or in lingering along the edge of the big pond where masses of snowy lotus blossoms floated on the clear water. It was a common thing for them to rest on the steps of one of the shrines, and while waiting for the long, mellow boom of the temple bell, which Howard loved, he would listen with wide intense eyes to stories of Masatsura and other warrior heroes whose deeds lend glory to the history of old Japan. And during the cherry-blossom season it was only after repeated efforts that poor Jiya could succeed in getting the boy through the park gate which led directly home. There were always long, pulling tugs at his hand and frequent pleas of "Please go slower," while Howard bent back his head, watching in rapture the clouds of pink blossoms from which dainty petals were softly falling.

But out-of-door life lost its charm during the winter, and Howard's leisure hours were spent in study. Day after day his father came back from his office and found him sitting at his desk or buried in a book.

"Come, come, Howard!" he would call out in his breezy, healthy voice. "This will never do! Much work made Jack a dull boy, you know!" and he would fairly drag the boy away for a stroll through the park or a brisk spin in the fresh air.

But summer—that was the happiest time in all the year! Then even his beloved books were laid aside, and, content and care free, he roamed at will. Sometimes, on his brown pony with his mother on a black mare, he trotted along the picturesque pine roads that wound through the neighboring hills. At other times, with his bamboo sword held high in the air and singing a war-song at the top of his voice, he led a group of ragged fisher-boys to victory. No wonder he spoke Japanese as none of the other American

children could speak it. He had no more accent than the little native children with whom he played.

One day, early in September, Howard kissed his mother good-by and mounted his pony. Then, as if having forgotten something, he leaped off and dashed into the house. In a moment he came running out, strapping to his belt a small bamboo sword.

"Why don't you ever take your American sword—the one daddy brought from Tokyo?" asked his mother.

"It's a good one," replied the boy slowly, "but I like this one better. This is the kind Masatsura had when he was a child. You know"—and Howard slowly crossed the porch and leaned over the back of his mother's chair—"you know he is my hero. I want to be like Masatsura. Of course I like George Washington and Lincoln and all the rest, but, you see, Masatsura was—different! Do you think it is impolite to daddy not to take the other sword?"

"You're a thoughtful boy and a dear. Of course not! There, run along!"

With a gay laugh Howard leaped once more on his pony and with a "Good-by, mother!" he dashed down the hillside, his bamboo sword swinging from his side. His mother drew a deep sigh, and then sat thoughtfully rocking to and fro, while her eyes wandered along the road, where now and then a passing jinrikisha or a trotting coolie with shoulder-poles appeared and disappeared among the green.

Howard knew the entire country about Kamakura as well as any of the guides at the Kaihiin, which was a large hotel that catered to the taste of Europeans. He started in the direction of Hachiman Temple, and as his pony slowly ascended the long hill and the narrow path grew more silent and lonely he began to wish that something exciting would happen. It did. A pathetic little sob broke into the quiet and a yellow head popped out from a thick mass of tangled underbrush beside the road.

Howard gave a gasp of astonishment.

"Why, who are you?" he asked.

"I'm Bee Edmonds," was the sobbing reply, and a little scratched and tear-stained face looked up to him.

Howard jumped down from his horse.

"Where do you live?"

"At the hotel."

"That's way down at the foot of the hill. What did you come here for?"

"To hunt bears."

"Ugh," scornfully sniffed Howard. "You won't find any bears here. Does your mother know where you are?"

"No," replied the child, slowly shaking her head. "I don't s'pose she does."

Suddenly she began to cry, wiping her face with the edge of a dainty organdie frock, now torn and soiled.

"I want to go home!" she sobbed.

"Don't cry. You come with me. I'll take you home," and Howard lifted the child to his saddle; then, swinging up himself, they trotted down the path leading to the Kaihiin.

As they approached the hotel Howard saw an unusual number of people on the veranda, and a group of ladies at the top of the steps were talking excitedly. When the pony swung around the curve of the road some one uttered a startled cry, and a woman dashed down the steps and ran toward them. Gathering the little girl in her arms, she cried with joy. Howard looked on quietly for a moment, then, raising his hat, he wheeled his pony and cantered down the road.

That evening, after little Bee was safely asleep, Mrs. Edmonds came down to the office.

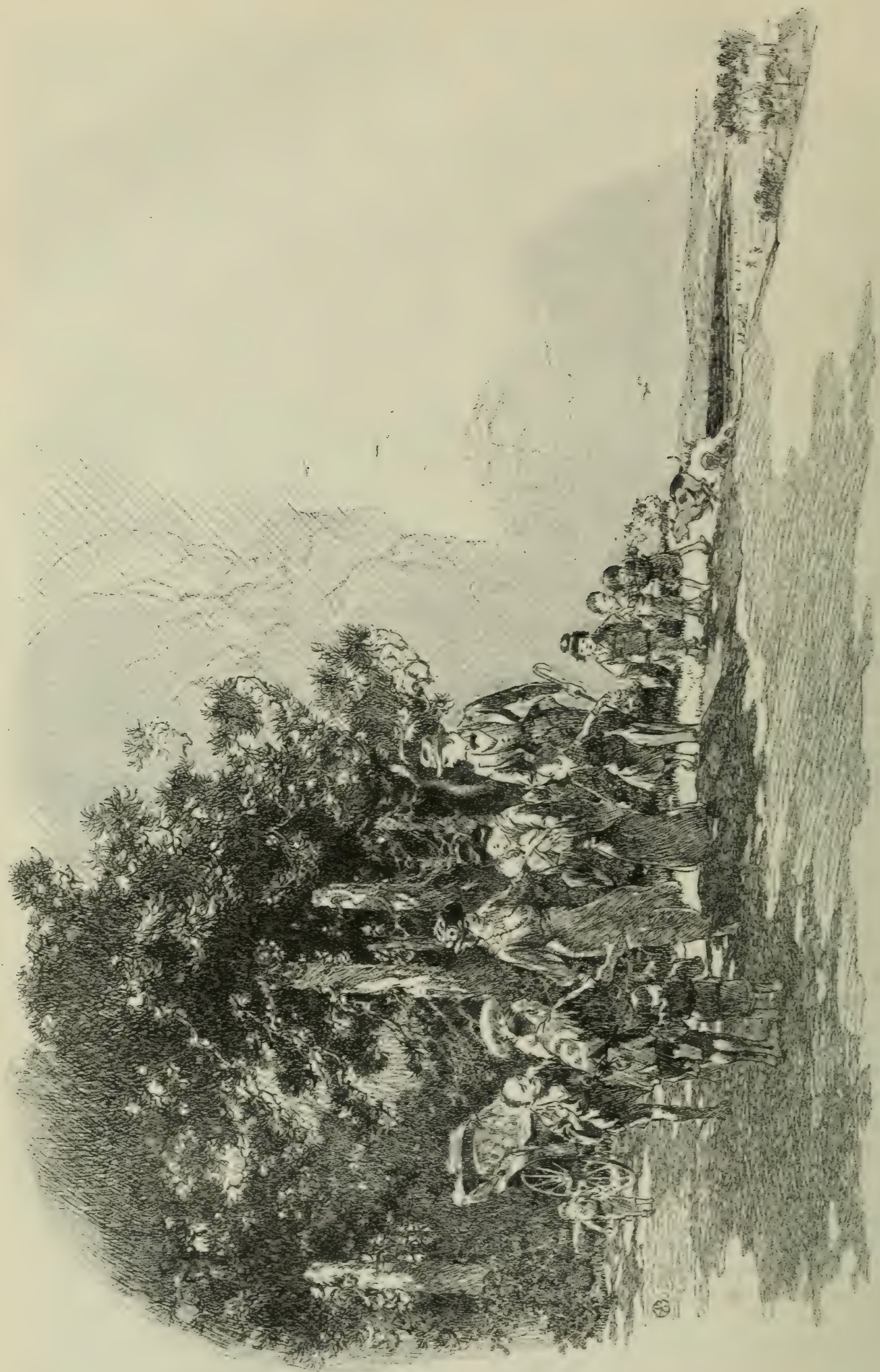
"Who was that handsome lad?" she asked of the man in charge.

"Why, it was the Standish boy," replied the clerk. "They live at the top of Pine Hill."

"I certainly must call on his mother." And Mrs. Edmonds gave a grateful sigh as she thought of her little daughter.

That was the beginning of a warm friendship between the Edmondses and the Standishes, and as every summer both families returned to Kamakura, each year their friendship deepened. And thus years drifted by.

On Howard's fifteenth birthday his father gave him a watch. The chain had a short, dangling end, which was evidently intended for a charm, but, not seeing anything that he especially liked, a year passed and the little end still dangled empty. One warm spring day he chanced to be rummaging around in a cabinet of



Drawn by Kiyoi Inukai.

"We are all glad to welcome you, Honorable Master."—Page 83.

old curios, when he found, in the bottom of a drawer, a small wooden box. In it was a thin piece of paper, yellow with age and covered with Japanese writing. Lifting the paper he saw, carefully wrapped in cloth, a little ivory skull, exquisitely carved.

"Just the thing for my watch-chain!" he exclaimed, and, crumpling up the bit of paper in his hand, he carelessly tossed it in the waste-basket and fastened the little skull on his chain. Then he went in search of his mother. Finding her entertaining a caller, he started out for a walk.

At the end of the street he stopped a moment to wait until a passing cart had got by. A youth at the corner shop was sprinkling the dusty road by throwing dipperfuls of water from a wooden bucket which he carried. Some ugly splashes flew up and spattered Howard's white suit.

Howard's temper blazed up instantly. He turned and faced the young man. He looked about twenty years of age and wore the uniform of a university student, but Howard noticed that his feet were slipped into wooden clogs.

"I beg your pardon," said the boy, in English almost free from accent.

Howard was crimson with rage, but he gave a slight bow of acknowledgment, then turned back and started home to change his clothes. As he turned he saw a feeble-looking old woman squatted on the dingy boards of the floor, watching them anxiously. She was putting some little cakes into the glass cases at the front of the shop. A weather-worn sign of "Home-made Cakes" hung over the humble place.

Mrs. Standish met her angry son at the foot of the stairs.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked.

"Just look at my clothes, mother!" cried Howard, with a disgusted glance down at his spattered suit.

"Why, son, how did you do it?"

"You know the little cake-shop at the corner where we take the car," he explained indignantly. "The boy there was watering the street, and—well, just look at my clothes! My new suit, too! I held my tongue, though!" and Howard's lips curved in a smile as he turned and started up the stairway. His watch-

chain flashed in the light and Mrs. Standish caught a glimpse of the ivory skull.

"Why, son, where did you get that ornament?" she exclaimed, with surprise in her voice.

"Oh, yes, mother! I wanted to tell you, but Mrs. Sherman was here. I found it in the teakwood cabinet. I can have it, can't I?"

The mother gravely touched it.

"It is already yours, son."

"Mine! I didn't know that. Where did I get it?"

"It's been yours ever since you were a baby. Yes, you may have it, of course. Ah, there's the telephone ringing! I'll go!" And Mrs. Standish disappeared abruptly down the hall.

"The telephone didn't ring. Mother must be hearing things!" muttered Howard, as he leaped up the stairs, two steps at a time.

That night Howard told his father of the incident at the corner.

"I know that young man," said Mr. Standish. "He's a plucky fellow. He is working his way through the university. His grandmother keeps the cake-shop. They say his father was an American sailor. Anyway, he is Eurasian."

Then Howard remembered the unusual pronunciation of the boy's English.

"Well, I hope it won't happen again, for I should lose my temper, sure, the next time."

But it did happen.

The next Sunday, when Howard was starting for church, he saw the same boy walking slowly ahead of him, sprinkling the walk. Howard was in a hurry and, stepping up close behind, was just about to pass when the youth swung out his arm and tossed the last dipperful of water. It struck the dust and spattered some muddy drops over Howard's trousers.

Howard turned and cried out: "Why can't you be careful with your old water!"

"My back was to you, Mr. Standish," was the quiet answer. "You must have seen what I was doing."

The calm tone enraged Howard.

"This is the second time, and I shan't stand for it, you *ainoko* (half-breed)!"

In an instant Howard regretted the taunt. He knew that he had been neither



"Don't cry. You come with me. I'll take you home."—Page 85.

gentlemanly nor dignified, but it was too late to retract.

A dull red crept over the boy's face, and anger flashed from his black eyes.

"Take that back and offer an apology!" he said in a low, steady voice.

"I won't!" retorted Howard.

The next moment he was held fast in a rigid grip.

"Let go! Let go, I tell you!"

But the boy did not let go. Howard loosened one arm with a jerk and slapped his opponent square in the face. The next moment he found himself pinned to the ground, the boy firmly holding him down.

"No Japanese will take an insult easily, Mr. Standish. Offer me an apology."

"I shall not!" hissed Howard between shut teeth. Then he felt the grip tighten;

he saw an arm raised above his head and, still upraised—suddenly pause. Howard looked up, surprised. The boy's eyes were fastened on the little carved skull on his chain. The next instant the muscles relaxed, he rose to his feet and, with a queer, strained quiver in his voice, said:

"Mr. Standish, you may go!"

Howard got up and started to walk away, but, looking back, he saw the boy gazing steadily after him. For one moment their eyes met. Howard never forgot that look. It was filled with wonder, curiosity, or some expression so strange that he was unable to analyze it.

That summer the Edmondses concluded to return to America, and Mr. Standish decided to have Howard go with them

and remain until he had completed his college education.

Thus it happened that one afternoon, early in September, Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds, with Howard and little Bee, who was now a growing girl of fourteen, stood on the deck of an American steamer which was about to sail. The last warning had been sounded, the last hurried farewells spoken, and they were watching Mr. and Mrs. Standish as they went down the steps and across the narrow bridge to the dock.

The platform was crowded with faces, some laughing, some tearful, and many uplifted hands were holding the ends of blue, pink, and white paper ribbons which led in swaying lines to the friends on the



dock of the steamer. As the big ship slipped away from the pier the many-colored ribbons tangling back and forth looked like a fluttering rainbow reaching from deck to dock. The strip of water widened, and Howard watched eagerly to see whose "friendship line" of those he held would be the last to break. One by one they parted until a single wavering line of blue was left. He searched for the other end, and there he saw, looking straight into his own, those same black eyes with the same strange expression that he remembered so well. He was startled and looked again. The face was lost in the sea of people, but the unbroken ribbon was floating—still floating—as he sailed away. Half unconsciously he drew it toward him in big, looping festoons. Against the wind it followed untearing, and he drew it in to the last inch.

Six years later found Howard an employee of the Oriental Electric Company. Owing to his familiarity with the Japanese language he had been chosen by the firm to be sent the following year to Japan as assistant manager of the Yokohama branch. Proudly he wrote home telling the news, and also intimating that he was expecting to take Bee back with him. The engagement of Howard and Bee was not a surprise to either family. Ever since the day when he played the part of hero and saved the lost child their interests had been closely interwoven, and it seemed a most natural thing that the childish friendship should have budded into mutual love.

They were together one evening at a reception held by a prominent club in one of New York's palatial hotels. It was in honor of some international agreement of equal importance and satisfaction to both countries. Beneath the crossed flags—the Stars and Stripes and the Rising Sun—many prominent persons of both nations chatted in friendly talk, and young people of blond Occident and brunette Orient mingled in floating couples on the floor of the big ballroom.

At the end of one of the dances, just after Howard had taken his partner to a seat, he heard close to him Mr. Edmonds's voice:

"Howard, I want you to meet one of our most talented and successful young

business men, Mr. Kuwano of Boston—Mr. Standish."

Howard turned. As the two men faced each other, their eyes glued together, Howard gasped faintly. Both figure and face of the other had changed, but those deep black eyes were the same.

"Shall we go out and smoke?"

How well Howard recalled that cool, steady voice.

"Yes," he replied, following his companion, and wondering why he felt dazed and unnatural. They entered the smoking-room. It was deserted save for a gay group in a far corner. The two sat down. The faint strains of a waltz mingled drowsily with the murmur of distant voices, broken by an occasional burst of laughter near by.

"It has been six years since I have seen you," said Mr. Kuwano, his steady eyes fixed upon his companion.

Howard muttered something vague in return. To save his life he could not be natural—and why? Why was he lingering there so stupidly? For what was he waiting?

Kuwano reached forward, and, taking a cigar from the box on the table, he slowly pulled from his pocket a silver cigar snipper. Deliberately balancing it in the air he lifted it slowly. Something small and yellow dangled from its chain.

Howard drew a quick breath and involuntarily put his hand to his watch-chain. Grasping the little carved skull, he slowly rose from his seat and approached Kuwano. He reached over and held the two bits of carving side by side. They were absolutely identical, the two bases showing the same grain.

"They are twins!" he said, trying to laugh lightly, but the sound ended in a whisper. Kuwano nodded, his black eyes still looking steadily into Howard's face.

After a moment he spoke.

"They are a pair," he said. "They were carved, as you see, from the same piece of ivory and by the same hand. And their owners are from the same ancestor."

"What do you mean?" cried Howard hoarsely.

"Listen. We are of the same blood, you and I. We are brothers. Have you

never wondered why your heart always leans to your own people? Have——”

“No, never!”

“Did you not like your Japanese play-mates best? Did you not love the games, the flowers, the customs as no foreigner ever loves them? Have you not taken the side of Japan in every discussion? Were not her heroes your own?”

“No!” But his voice was dull and hesitating.

“Think well.”

“No!”

And yet he found his mind groping back—back and slowly, piece by piece, picking out incidents from the time he was a child. How he loved Masatsura! How he loved his bamboo sword! How he loved Jiya and all his Japanese companions—even the poor fisher-people of Kamakura Beach. Though his tongue denied, his heart knew that Kuwano



spoke the truth. Yet how could such a thing be? How could he, Howard Standish, be *not* Howard Standish, but some one else?

"Look at this." Kuwano pulled from his pocket a folded bit of yellowed paper, just like the one Howard had tossed in the waste-basket long ago. He spread it out on the table.

Kuwano translated.

"There are two ivory skulls. Search for the other. To find it will bring happiness to both living and dead."

Howard neither moved nor spoke. He sat staring before him without expression, but he heard Kuwano's voice going on:

"You—we—were born of honorable parents. Your father was an American and your mother the daughter of an ivory carver. She married the Christian way and her father would never see her again. Our father was a good man. He was killed in an accident on the dock just before you were born. Mother could not keep us both, so you were left at the gateway of a kind foreign family. They adopted you. After grandfather died mother took me to my grandmother. Now they are both dead, and I have only you."

There was a long silence.

"Oh, God!" cried Howard, with despair, grief, and hopelessness melted into the one word.

"Do you remember the time that you struck me? I saw the ivory skull, and knew who you were. That night I thought a long time. I felt my duty as head of the family, and longed to claim you, but what could I give you? Nothing but a hut and a few go of rice. You were happy in a good home, so I waited. But that night I made a vow that I would earn wealth and position, so I could bring you back to the house of your ancestors."

He eagerly watched the pale face of the brother for whom he had worked and yearned all these years. Even his foreign education furnished no clew to the puzzling reluctance of Howard to accept his offer. Finally he asked, slowly and falteringly:

"Are you not happy with this new knowledge? Are you not glad to come back to your own family?"

"No—yes—it is hard to answer. I cannot say anything now. In a few days— You—you are very kind."

Howard lifted his head and looked straight into those deep, anxious eyes, then with a sudden impulse he stretched out his hand. Kuwano caught it in a fervent grasp. At that moment Howard felt the hot blood dash madly through his veins, and he knew—incredible though it might seem—that what Kuwano had said was true; and—more incredible still—smothered deep in his heart there was exultation, not regret, that it was true.

The next evening Howard called at the Edmonds's house and found Bee alone. He was very quiet and absent-minded, and after she had tried in every way to arouse him and he still sat silent in the big leather chair, she went over to him and, laughing in his face, cried: "Now's your chance to make money. I'll pay a penny for your thoughts."

Howard looked up as if to speak, then quickly down again.

"Howard." Bee sat down on the arm of the chair and looked gravely into his troubled eyes. "You have been queer ever since last night—ever since you came out of the smoking-room with that Mr. Kuwano. Did he say anything dreadful? Please tell me."

Howard got up and walked over to the window, and stood with his back to her.

"Bee"—his voice sounded hoarse—"I'm sailing a little earlier than I planned."

"Yes?" she said cheerfully. "That will be all right."

"I'm leaving the city next week. I—I'm going rather suddenly. I——"

"Howard!" she gasped, springing forward and jerking him by the arm. "Howard! Howard!" Her voice was frightened. "What is the matter? Am—am I not going too?"

"No, Bee," he said in a muffled tone. "I can't ask you to go with me. It wouldn't be right."

"Why? Why can't you ask me to go with you?"

"Because I am not a Standish. I am nothing you think I am!"

He wheeled around and faced her with livid lips.

"Mr. Standish is not my father. I am

an adopted son. My father was only a sailor, and my mother a simple-hearted Japanese woman who loved her husband enough to give up everything for him. But," he went on quickly, "my parents were both good people, and, thank God! I need not be ashamed of either of them. But"—his voice broke—"I am not what you thought I was, and I cannot ask you to go back with me."

He dropped his head. For a moment

Bee was silent, her face shocked and white, then a great wave of tenderness swept over it, and, looking him straight in the eyes, she smiled as she had never smiled before.

"Am I not good enough to be the wife of a sailor's son?"

"Bee! Bee!" he cried chokingly. "Do you mean that it doesn't matter?"

"Why should it? I'm marrying you, Howard, not the Standish family."

OUR YOUTH AS WE WOULD HAVE THEM

By Robert Kilburn Root

“**A**ND what, pray, should an old bachelor know about the education of children?”

“Madam,” I replied, with the barest hint of that acerbity which is supposed to mark the caste, “an old bachelor should know everything about the education of children. Who else can lay claim to a knowledge unbiassed by prejudice? To an anxious but adoring mother her own children are each and severally an exception, a sole phoenix of Araby; and since this is plainly repugnant to reason, what should you, madam, the mother of six, know about the education of children? Nor is a father much nearer the philosophic mind. As for the maiden aunt, she is proverbially either querulously critical or absurdly indulgent. The children themselves, to whom, madam, I observe you habitually defer in these matters, can hardly be regarded as possessing the disinterestedness of the true sage.”

It was, perhaps, not an altogether tactful remark; for though my gracious hostess honored my final fling with a little laugh, there was a flush of something like resentment in her cheeks. But she was opportunely called away for close conference with the French governess; and I retreated with the latest magazine to a sheltered corner of the broad piazza.

As usual, I turned first to the idle attractions of the advertising pages; and,

guided, no doubt, by the conversation just terminated, my eye lighted on a heavy black caption which read: “Schools and Colleges.” Here were thirty pages crowded with announcements of schools, academies, seminaries, institutes, “collegiate institutes,” and “colleges,” geographically disposed through thirty States. One was bewildered by the sheer multiplicity of them. Seventy-one schools in New England threw open their doors to our sons and daughters in the pages of this single magazine. New York offered a choice of forty-nine, Pennsylvania thirty-one, Maryland and the District of Columbia twenty-three, and Virginia nineteen. As was to have been expected, our more favored youth seeks its schooling along the Atlantic littoral. As one follows the westward path of empire, school announcements become more sparse—only five each in Ohio and Indiana, ten in Illinois. And the hegemony of the older East is tacitly acknowledged by such phrases as: “a real Eastern school in the heart of the Middle West,” “educational and social training equal to that of Eastern schools,” “a school of Eastern standards in the sunshine of the Southwest.”

The universities and the colleges of higher standing hang out no magazine shingle—preferring to advertise in more subtle ways. But the schools which advertise include many of the highest repu-

tation; so that the advertisements taken as a whole should represent fairly well the ideals of private school education, as formulated by principal and head master to catch the patronage of earnest parent and care-free youngster among the more prosperous classes of the republic, "to appeal to the young American boy and the discriminating parent." We may not learn the educational ideals of the philosophic bachelor; but it should be possible to gather what the "discriminating" parent would fain do for son and daughter—"all the advantages you cherish for *your* girl," as one of the announcements puts it.

There stand out sharply certain differentiations according to sex. The "advantage" which is most "cherished" for our girls is the development of "personality." One school promises that "each girl's personality will be observed and developed." Another proclaims that it is "distinctly devoted to and recognized as the Pioneer School of Personality." This attribute of "personality" is an all but exclusive possession of girls, one gathers; for only one of the boys' schools recognizes its existence. They undertake, instead, to develop "character," which seems to be an attribute equally peculiar to the male. Has the experience of our lady principals led them to adopt Pope's dictum that "most women have no characters at all"? Or is it indelicate to mention the "character" of a young lady? Probably the latter; for the girls' schools never boast of "high moral tone" or of "high moral standards." It were a derogation even to suggest such a thing. Cæsar's wife has no need to boast her virtue. But this may be oversubtle. Perhaps "personality" is but character rendered socially convertible.

A majority of the girls' schools teach housekeeping, though they seldom employ so plebeian a term. "Domestic science," "domestic arts," "household arts" or, better yet, "home economics" are more blessed words. One school offers "household science, including actual practice in a real home." How is it managed, I wonder? Do these young household scientists systematically invade the "real" homes of the quiet and conservative New England town where their seminary is

located? One shudders at the possible complications. At another school "unusual training is given in various phases of home-making, from marketing to entertaining." Does this include training in the art of managing a husband? But perhaps nature's above art in that respect. Still another school "qualifies girls to preside over and maintain well-ordered homes," a qualification which must surely include firm marital discipline. One metropolitan school gives "training for simplified and standardized housekeeping." We need no definition, alas, of what is so euphemistically described as "simplified" housekeeping; but what is the "standardized" variety? Is our humble establishment standardized when we succeed in maintaining a single servant; or does the standard imply at least two maids and a man? Should not our boys also be trained for, or at least inured to, simplified housekeeping? They, poor lads, hear no word of "home-making," unless at the institution which describes itself as "a coeducational school where boys and girls get a vision of the highest purposes of life."

Another exclusive prerogative of our female youth is "culture." Not only "domestic arts" but music and the plastic arts are her special birthright. If the school is near Boston, the "cultural advantages of the city are utilized." It is never hinted that a near-by city holds cultural advantages for her schoolboy brother. Heaven forbid that we should make a mollicoddle of him! Perhaps it is not only "cultural advantages" which lure the girls of a Connecticut school which advertises that it is only an hour from New Haven, "to which interesting city instructive trips may be taken."

One subject of study which is widely advertised by our female seminaries is called "expression." I do not know precisely what it may be; but as it is never taught to boys, I gather that it must be classified as an art. Is it composition, or elocution, or some subtle blending of the two, ending perhaps in a flood of tears? Or it may be merely the feminine gender of oratory, with social small talk as one of its branches. At any rate concealment need not feed on the damask cheeks of our girls. The coming generation of

women will know how to answer back; we shall have no mute inglorious Pankhursts.

Nor is the girl's social training neglected. One school "provides in its curriculum of study and exercise for hours of social intercourse." Or she may go to a school of "select national attendance," only "fifty minutes from Fifth Avenue," where "city and suburban life are delightfully blended." This school offers her "every advantage; all studies; no examinations." In the flowery lap of this paradise regained, our tender Eve may indeed gather "flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose." And yet it is a rival institution which proclaims itself "a school for the girl of to-day and to-morrow."

Not so fortunate her brother. For him, in one school at least, "recreation is balanced with study." Another school, otherwise of excellent repute, brutally labels itself "essentially a school for hard work." There is, after all, the spectre of college entrance examinations to mar the bliss of ignorance, and turn the young barbarian from his play. But anxious parents need not fear; Jack will not become a dull boy, nor an ailing boy, from all work. One announcement reassuringly says that "development and maintenance of health are considered of first importance"; and another lays chief stress on "training for good physical manhood." Even more convincing is the all but universal emphasis laid on "extensive grounds; golf course and tennis-courts; football and baseball field" and on the "magnificent gymnasium with new swimming-pool." If Jack is a dull boy, it is not because of underemphasizing his play. Nor is his sister Jill neglected. For her, spacious acres beckon to hockey, tennis, and basket-ball; there is the inevitable "new" swimming-pool; and without exception provision is made for horseback riding—a particularly ladylike sport, it would seem, since it is a diversion rarely provided for her brother. No, we need not worry. Our youth will be moulded into forms of "sturdy virility" and lithe amazonity, whatever may happen to their poor little minds. If our Olivers and Olivias pathetically cry for "more," it will not be of porridge nor of

fresh air. It is assumed, apparently, that if we diligently seek first soundness of body, there will inevitably be added unto us a sound mind to dwell therein. But, "what porridge had John Keats"?

It is, indeed, a princely provision that has been made for the well-being of our youth. "Set high on a hillside" or "picturesquely situated" in a "quaintly beautiful village," in "one of the most beautiful and healthful spots of America," on its well-shaded "estate" of fifty or a hundred acres, Academe lifts skyward its "handsome fireproof buildings with finest modern equipment." Its "new" residence halls have "sunny, cheerful rooms" and sleeping-porches, with private or at least "adjoining" baths. For the girl, "individual closets and long mirrors" create the "atmosphere of a real home." In such surroundings, and with such "abundant outdoor life," sickness should be ashamed ever to show its pallid face; but to provide even for remote contingencies, "an exceptionally fine infirmary has just been completed." It is in strange contrast to all this that a well-known military academy announces a "new \$135,000 Memorial Library being built." A library forsooth! Shall our boys be cabined, cribbed, confined in the stifling atmosphere of musty old books? But this school is in the Middle West, and has plainly not yet attained "real Eastern standards." It is comforting to find that other schools do not waste precious endowment on such alabaster boxes.

The war has inevitably left its mark—in the case of the girls by the establishment in New York of various "Ecoles Françaises," driven by inexorable Mars from the most "exclusive" quarters of Paris, "where girls may learn to speak fluent French and at the same time have New York advantages." In the case of the boys the influence shows itself—wholesomely, no doubt—in the emphasis on military training, to which we look for the development of "character, manliness, and honor," as well as of "rugged health." In general, the faith in the desirability of this training is whole-hearted and without scruple; but a cautious school in New Jersey advertises "just enough of the military training to inculcate habits of obedience, promptness, orderliness, and

self-reliance." Would less desirable results ensue on a transgression of this nicely discriminated "just enough"? Or is a canny principal "playing safe" for a possible swing toward pacifism? Even more Laodicean is the school which describes itself as "non-military, but with a military department."

A popular note in schools for either sex is that of individuality. "Your son—not the class—the unit." We may be assured that our exceptional jewels will receive "thorough comprehension." "Each boy is studied physically and mentally to increase individual efficiency." His individuality is "observed" and his needs met, "whether instruction, encouragement, advice, or discipline." One infers that instruction and advice are not to be lightly administered by a school, save to boys whose peculiar individuality indicates such a prescription. An ambitious school in Connecticut offers "unusual training for boys and girls 6-12 years. Independence of thought emphasized." This school undertakes to send forth its young pupils "clear, fearless thinkers with sound bodies and reverent spirits"—and all this at the tender age of twelve!

This note of individuality, though somewhat less ambitiously proclaimed, pervades all these pages of school announcements. If our youth is taught to think at all, he is taught to "think for himself." One is reminded of the story of Mrs. Shelley, who was seeking a school for the poet's son. A friend recommended a school where the lad would be taught to think for himself. "I'm not sure," replied Mrs. Shelley with a faint smile, as she reviewed the career of the boy's famous father—and perhaps of her own father also—"I'm not sure that I wouldn't rather send him to a school where he would be taught to think like other people." Is it not, perhaps, the function of school and of university to insist in these days of many plausible heresies on soundness as well as independence of thought? I should be glad to send my own son or daughter—if, alas, I had any—to a school which undertook to impress upon the fledgling character or "personality" of the child the mark of a great and noble tradition, to institute him into at least the first instalments of his

age-long inheritance from the illustrious past.

And what is the fruit of all these spreading trees of pedagogy? I have been for many years a teacher in a university which draws three-quarters of its students from these private schools. I have taught many a freshman class, and have known many of my pupils rather intimately. I can lay no claim to any special knowledge of the girl-graduate; but I can fairly consider myself something of a connoisseur in boys. Despite many outstanding exceptions, it is not difficult to draw a composite portrait of this host of young men who have during fifteen years proceeded through my classroom and dropped in individually for fire-side talks. One thinks first of all of their superb physical fitness, their flashing eyes, ruddy cheeks, and broad shoulders. Not long since I was showing our campus sights to a visitor who is professor in a State university of the Northwest. We happened to look in on the gymnasium swimming-pool at a crowded hour of the late afternoon. He was amazed at the physical splendor of the glistening young bodies that lined the brink, or shot like sudden beams of light into the cool green water. It was indeed a gallery of Greek marbles come to life. "Our Western farms and ranches send us nothing like that," he said. The many-acred play fields and "expensively equipped" gymnasiums of the school announcement are justified of their works.

The qualities of this golden youth are not merely physical. Taken at his average best, he is manly, clean-lived, and within the scope of his vision honorable, generous, loyal—and these are no mean virtues. His mind, however, is pitifully unfurnished. He has learned enough Latin, mathematics, French, and English to pass the entrance examinations. Beyond the books of his school curriculum he has read nothing. For him the great realms of art, the far reaches of science, the problems of polity and society, are not merely unexplored but non-existent regions. His mind is not only ill-furnished, but undisciplined. He cannot use his slender store of knowledge with any precision or accuracy. In every freshman class there are a few shining exceptions to

remind one that the lad of eighteen or nineteen may be an intelligent young gentleman as well as a splendid young animal. One usually finds that in these exceptional cases the credit is due either to peculiarly fortunate home influences, or in many instances to residence in a European school. These children of light are usually regarded by their average classmate with a certain suspicion. It is not good form in freshman circles to read books outside the curriculum, especially if they are by such esoteric authors as Conrad or H. G. Wells.

We cannot charge the schools with any breach of faith. What they advertise to do, they do with reasonable success. They give us back our youth healthy and strong; they inculcate "high ideals," howbeit somewhat circumscribed; they get their pupils by the College Entrance Board examinations. More than this

they do not promise; more than this their patrons do not demand. Our youth are as we would have them. And yet one could imagine a school——

I had long since thrown aside my magazine, and was inviting my soul in speculation, when my hostess again sought me out. She had an open letter in her hand, and her fine face beamed pride and joy.

"I've just had such good news from Billy. They've made him captain of his freshman eleven; and he says that means that he's sure to make Beta Alpha. You know that was his dear father's fraternity. I wish Billy were a better student; but then a boy learns so much at college that doesn't come from books. I shouldn't want him to study too hard."

"Madam," I replied, "it is plain that we must begin by educating the parents of our youth, particularly their mothers."

THE CHILD TO THE GHOST OF KARIN

By Frederika Peterson Jessup

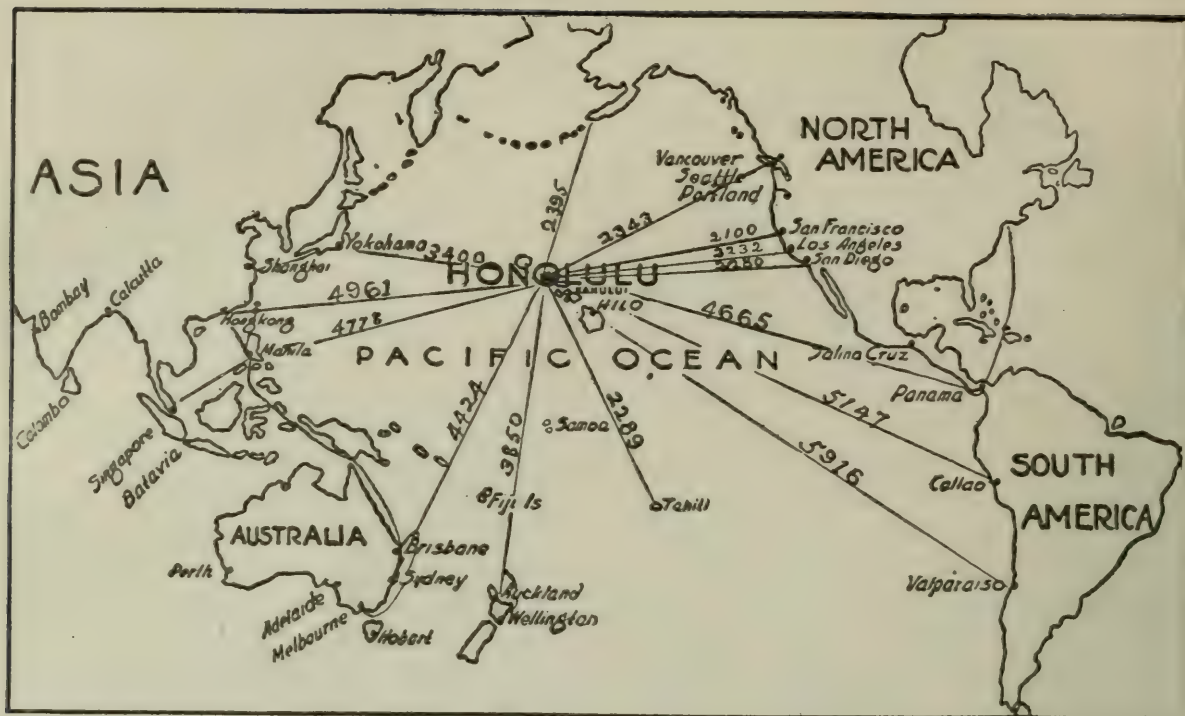
O KARIN, little Karin, the moon is on the lake,
And I want thee to tell me which of three paths to take:
The path that leads to Everyday, the way of panting breath,
The path that leads to Fame's realm,
Or the path that leads to Death.

I am his little daughter, and I love thee as he did,
And I am come to call thee, to do what thou dost bid;
For thou smilest in the moonbeams, and thou weepest in the rain,
And thou art Friggs's own messenger
That passes through the grain!

O Karin, little Karin, though tiny I may seem,
I am brave as is a mother and swift as is a dream—
I am ready, little Karin, to step upon the way
That leads to joy or sorrow
Or back to Everyday.

So answer, little Karin, and say what Life may bring
And if I may but weep and if I may but sing,
And whisper in thy ghost-voice the path that I must tread,
Be it with or past the living
Or upward to the dead.

Thou hast answered, little Karin, and my Viking blood is free:
I will take the moon's gold pathway that shall guide me up to thee,
I will take the path that glitters, but is only and apart—
The path of bliss and anguish
That awaits the lonely heart.



AT THE PACIFIC CROSS-ROADS

HAWAII

By Charles H. Sherrill

Author of "French Memories of Eighteenth-Century America," "Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine," etc.



DID you ever think of the Hawaiian Islands as the pitcher's box of the Pacific Ocean, or as the cross-roads refreshment pavilion where products and sights of all those far-flung lands could be sampled without bothering to visit them? Perhaps the first view-point will throw light upon the problem of power in the Pacific, and the second beckon you thither.

In the first place, let us lay out our diamond. The home plate will be California, and from there we will run our base-line out to Japan, which will be first base. No scoring will be possible unless you get to and around that point. The first baseman may sometimes play a little off his base, so as to cover more territory, as baseball men say. When he does that he will be standing on China! Second base will be our Philippine base. It is essential to have a good player covering this bag so as to handle throws from the home plate (California) to head off

runners coming around from first base (Japan), for nobody will ever endanger the home plate if you can throw him out at second base. The first man we played in that important position (May 1, 1898), Admiral Dewey, was one of the sharpest infielders we ever had, careful, but quick to act on his own initiative, and especially good at completing a play. His first move was to put out a Spaniard, who thought himself safe, but was not used to quick play, and immediately thereafter he put out a German admiral, who tried to steal the base. Third base is Australia. This difficult position is being well covered by a player who, although comparatively new at this corner of the diamond, learned the game on other fields where Anglo-Saxon sport prevails. He is a fine hitter, as appears from his sending 430,000 men to fight in France from his population of only 5,000,000, and that, too, without conscription! The pitcher's box (our Hawaiian Islands) did not favor efficient pitching until the great naval base at



From a photograph by A. Gartley.

The Grand Canyon on the Island of Kauai.

The vivid coloring of its walls, 3,500 feet high, rivals that of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

Pearl Harbor was completed, but now it affords every facility for speedy delivery of the ball, not only to the home plate, but also to any corner of the diamond. The pitcher (the United States navy) is growing stronger all the time, has excellent control of the ball, and is well trained. He is especially experienced at strike-outs, is good-humored, never quarrels with the umpire, and the longer the game the better he pitches. He says he feels quite at home in his new pitcher's box, and is ready for work the moment there is a batter up. That concludes a baseball view of international strategy around the Pacific.

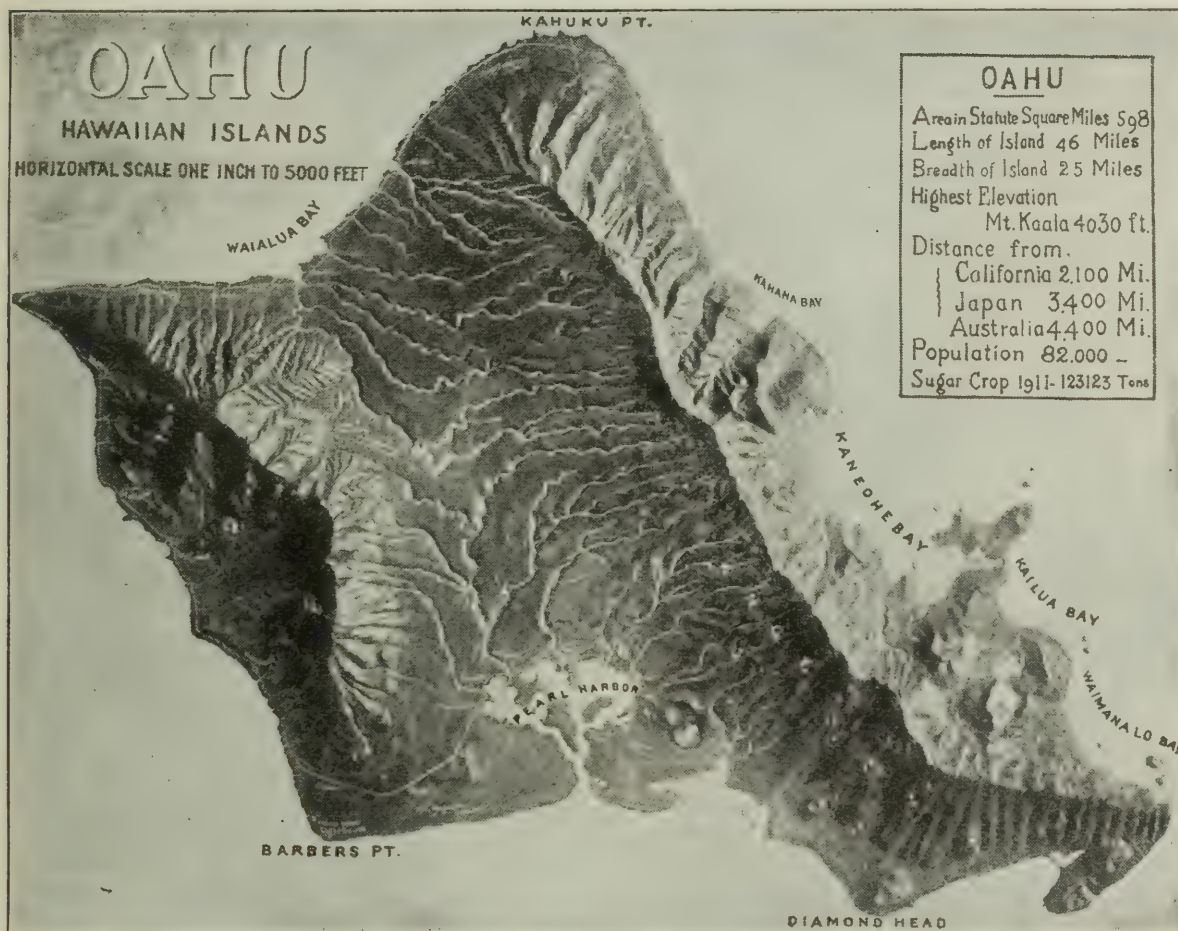
The accompanying relief-map of the island of Oahu reveals at a glance the natural advantages of Pearl Harbor. Imagine three large harbors, side by side, and opening into each other, lying four miles inland, reached from the sea by a single deep channel through the coral reef, sufficiently winding to be easily defended and yet, thanks to the steepness of its coral banks, giving deep water right alongside all the docks. So deep is it that when the entrance-channel was being dredged the contractors actually dumped the refuse into the middle of the harbor, because the water there was over 200 feet deep. Built into the side of one of the three harbors is a great dry dock, long enough to receive a thousand-foot ship, if and when she ever comes along. It took nine years to build, and it looks it. The wireless plant is so powerful that it talks with the Eiffel Tower in Paris! The facilities for coaling and oiling ships are of the very latest type. Around the outside of the great coal-piles runs a high concrete wall, reminding one of the exterior of a huge modern college football stadium. You imagine that its strength is intended for defense, but to your surprise learn that you are really looking at the elevated shores of a dry lake, built so that if the coal within gets afire it can be flooded and the fire promptly extinguished. To one motoring back of and above Pearl Harbor, through the miles on miles of pale-green sugar-cane or the long stretches of greenish-silver pine-apples, the great harbor looks like three peaceful Scottish lakes, with peaked hills thrown around about them, but nature's

"protective coloring" is but camouflaging one of the world's great strongholds, not only for defense, but also, if necessary, for decisive offense. The accompanying map, with steaming routes and distances laid out upon it, shows that Pearl Harbor bears the same relation to the Pacific that Malta does to the Mediterranean. It is, however, of far greater strategic significance here than is Malta in its waters, because the distances here are so much greater that a naval force intending to launch an attack against our side of the Pacific would not dare leave Hawaii unreduced behind it. Coaling or oiling for a trip across the Pacific, and naval operations thereafter, is a problem which lies far beyond those of Mediterranean dimensions.

So much for the baseball view of the Pacific, in which we have gazed upon that distant scene from the bleachers beloved of all American youth, and have cheerfully contemplated possibilities of a contest which, in our heart of hearts, we hope will never come to pass. Now for our second digression from the customary and beaten path of tourist description. What about the Hawaiian Islands as a refreshment pavilion, standing at the cross-roads of the Pacific, where travellers may sample the viands and life of all its farthest corners? I, alas, spent but five weeks in that anchored paradise, but it needed but one day to justify "refreshment" as the exact word for its description. It is a great mistake to think of Hawaii as merely a stop-over point on the way to the Orient, and not as worth a visit for itself alone. You can sample the Orient by visiting Hawaii and going no farther. Its 110,000 Japanese generally wear their native costume, have their temples, gardens, etc., and so do the numerous Chinese population. The Japanese and Chinese shops are fascinating. To complete the picture, the trees, plants, and fruits of the Orient grow about you in profusion, brought hither to save the lazy traveller from farther travel. There are no snakes, and a great variety of automobile drives. The original missionaries (thanks to whom the islands are now American) must have had trouble describing to the natives a heaven more alluring than the land in which they were

living! You have, of course, heard that the climate is nearly perfect—comfortably warm but constantly tempered by a northeasterly trade-wind—is practically the same in every month of the year, confining its extreme ranges within 59 degrees and 89 degrees on the thermometer. But have you heard that the rain, although sufficient to keep vegeta-

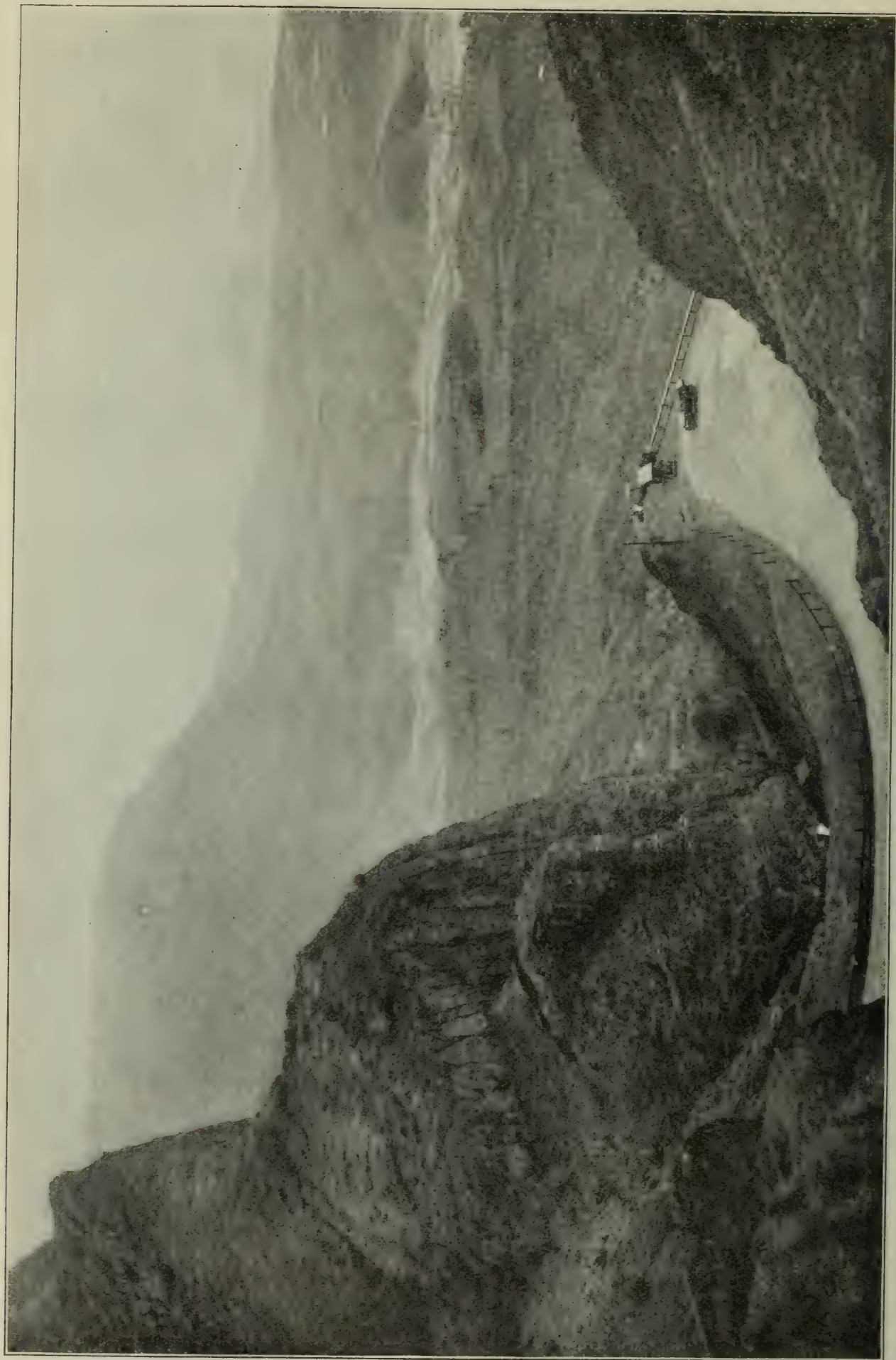
the Waikiki waves; you might as well compare a wooden hobby-horse with a gallop in the open air! We shall certainly have no difficulty in justifying our use of the word “refreshment” in describing Hawaii, and the accompanying map shows that “cross-roads” is equally well selected. From us to the Orient, from Australasia to Canada, or any way that



This relief-map of Oahu shows how at Pearl Harbor nature has provided a great landlocked naval base for man to occupy.

tion beautifully green and clean, has the pleasing practice of descending so gently and without sun-obscuring clouds that it is locally known as “liquid sunshine,” and never necessitates an umbrella! Sunstroke is unheard of, and yet the sea is so warm (averaging 74 degrees) that one stays in the surf with utter disregard of the time limitations usual at Atlantic beaches. Furthermore, moonlight swimming-parties are comfortable and popular. The Coney Island joys of “shooting the chutes” pale before those of riding a surf-board or an outrigger canoe through

one effects the crossing of the Pacific, it is convenient, nay, almost necessary, to touch at Honolulu, so they all do it, and you have only to sit there and watch them arrive—ships of all sizes, from every sort of land, manned by every type of sailormen. The entire merchant marine of that great ocean is engaged in serving as delivery-wagons to Hawaii’s front door. If you want anything, they bring it to you, and frequently they make delectable offerings which you did not know about, and for that reason alone did not theretofore want. If you have Missouri



The panorama from Pali.
One of the greatest "surprise views" of the world, reached by a half hour's drive up an ever narrowing mountain-pass just back of Honolulu.

blood in your veins, and desire to be "shown," here follow sundry specifications. That delectable pink peptonized melon on your breakfast-table is the papaya; it originally came from Australia, where it is called the papaw. The picturesque rice-fields with their small squares of soft greens moved here overseas from China. The favorite bananas here (they have thirty varieties, and there are fields on fields of them) came, the shorter ones from China, and the taller, grown near the houses, from Brazil. The bird that looks like a mocking-bird wearing yellow spectacles is the myna of India. The swift-flying blue-gray dove is Australian. The pointed-nosed, rakish oxen patiently ploughing acres of innumerable small, ankle-deep rectangular ponds for rice or taro plants are the carabao of the Philippines, friendly to brown skins but truculent toward pale-faces. And so it is with the abundant plants and trees, hundreds and thousands of varieties, assembled from all over the world, useful or beautiful or quaintly interesting. Here may be seen the spreading banyan of India, each tree a grove in itself, sacred to the Brahmins because it was into a banyan that Brahma was transformed. On May 15 it is worshipped by all Brahmin women. With rare catholicity there also grows alongside it the peepul-tree, under which India believes that Buddha was incarnated, or, if you are a Burmese Buddhist and believe that this fact, so significant to the Far East, occurred under an asoka-tree, that also grows here. American women know the ylang-ylang perfume; here they may see that obliging tree which not only yields them the scent but also garlands for their South Sea Island sisters, while its soft white wood serves for canoes in Samoa and tom-toms for the Malays. The most outstanding color effect for the newly arrived tourist comes from the trees, the masses of yellowish red of the royal poinciana of Madagascar, or the yellow of the Ceylon poinciana, or the wistaria-shaped blossoms of three trees meeting together from distant points: the golden shower of Ceylon, the pink shower of the Caribbean Sea, and the pink and white shower of India. Over eighty species of palm adorn the land-

scape, chief among them being the royal palm of Cuba, forming stately avenues whose color and marking suggest columns of poured concrete topped by green waving capitals; the Chinese fan-palm; the traveller's palm of Madagascar; that world-citizen, the date-palm; and most graceful of all, indigenous to these islands, and therefore welcoming to its shores its foreign cousins, the gracefully leaning, swaying cocoanut-palm. The Australian flame-tree vies in its strong vermilion with the frequent hedges of gayly striped and mottled croton shrubs from the Moluccas or Spice Islands. Among the plainer but more useful immigrants are the West Indian monkey-pod-tree affording a shade as grateful as it is wide-spreading; the endurable kauri-pine of New Zealand; that other useful shade-tree, the Tahiti umbrella-tree, its dark-green foliage enlivened by an occasional red leaf; and, best of all, the algaroba—the al-korab of Palestine, whose pods or husks fed the swine tended by the prodigal son, and which since its arrival in 1828 has spread all over the islands. You see Chinese and Japanese children everywhere filling their little bags with algaroba pods. And the flowering vines! Their profusion is bewildering—a wild orgy of coloring! I shall never forget the aspect of a house out beyond Fort Shafter smothered in interlacing bougainvillea and alamander—a startling glory of purple and yellow to make even Bakst jealous.

Now does the reader agree with our use of the word "refreshment," or has he no eyes to be refreshed? Nor need one seek out all this beauty; it lies at hand all about you. Take the trolley from Honolulu out to Waikiki Beach, and for four miles you ride between gorgeous hedges of oleander, hibiscus, or glowing croton plants, shadowed by flowering trees or gorgeous vines. And in such prodigal profusion! Oahu College is shut in from the street by a mile-long hedge of night-blooming cereus, whose wealth of great white blossoms, slowly opening as the dark comes on, suggest the illumination of many electric lights! Not only can all this be seen near at hand but also from a number of scenic view-points, more, in fact, than any other charming

place can boast. Drive or walk up Pacific Heights, or the higher Tantalus Road, or that oddly shaped extinct crater hospitably known as the Punchbowl, and not only will you look down upon unsurpassed scenes combining sea, mountain, foliage, and color, but also upon frequent developments of those delights while mounting and descending. If by nature you enjoy surprises, prefer to take your strong drink in one startling gulp—ask to be taken to the Pali. What is the Pali? You will drive for half an hour, 1,200 feet up the Nuuanu Valley, through a throng of handsome residences set in handsomer grounds, up past the cosey Oahu Country Club, all the fairway of whose golf course has turf-like English putting-greens (honest! I am a golfer myself), up through a rapidly ascending mountain pass growing constantly narrower until it reminds you of Thermopylæ. Nothing in the slowly closing mountain walls promises anything of a view; nay, it forebodes the opposite—all is quiet and confined. A sudden turn of the road brings you into a perfect blast of wind—you look down—impossible! Spread out below you is one of nature's most stupendous views—bleak mountains 3,500 feet high herding between them smiling valleys far beneath, sloping gently out to the smiling sea, into which are thrust rocky headlands. It is told of the conqueror King Kamehameha that in his last fight against the Oahuans he drove their army slowly up this pass and then over this rocky precipice. A sudden end to a great struggle, and as you listen to the groaning and moaning of the high wind that always blows here the story seems very real and present.

A Hawaiian landscape would not be complete without a sugar-cane field or great stretches devoted to pineapples. Not only do they delight the optic nerve but also that other most important nerve which stretches from the heart to the pocket, for last year the sugar crop yielded the Hawaiians the tidy sum of \$88,000,000 and the pineapple one \$23,000,000. Both of these ample money-earners are eighteen-month crops. The Hawaiians themselves, living in the midst of this luxury of nature, are a people of simple tastes. They like fish and poi as a diet. Poi is made of flour from the root

of the taro plant. It resembles a breakfast cereal, and is allowed to become slightly sour, but its consistency is most important. If it can be eaten with one finger it is too thick; if three fingers are needed it is too thin; "two-finger poi" is just right! Nowadays it is served in a cup and eaten with a fork. It struck me that the preferences of the Hawaiians were along the lines of poi, papaya, pineapple, and politics; I grew to like them all.

Speaking of fish recalls another of the color treats of these Isles of the Blest. Never, even in the imagination of the most advanced Futurist, were fish so gorgeously, so daringly, colored and marked, and they are charmingly shown in the Waikiki Aquarium. The natives have a legend that to punish a certain wicked god he was imprisoned under Diamond Head, that crouching fortress whose volcanic sides change hourly in color, and forced to paint the fish. If that be true, he must have kept himself constantly intoxicated in order to have conceived the drunken dreams of color he portrays upon his fishy prey.

Nor are the sunsets like those seen anywhere else, for here they are generally of a delicious apricot shade, beautified by the trade-wind clouds, which during the day withdraw to the tops of the mountains, there to form gracefully rolling table-cloth effects, or to paint over the hillsides even finer cloud shadows than those of England.

Of course music flourishes in such surroundings. Who has not heard of the ukulele, that popular pigmy of guitars!

The only startlingly beautiful sight on the island of Oahu, where Honolulu and Pearl Harbor are situated, is the sudden view from the Pali, and it is to other islands of the group one must go for such sights as the Grand Canyon on Kauai, the world's greatest active volcano on Hawaii, its largest extinct volcano, and the surprising fern forests on Maui. A frequent service of inter-island boats makes easy a visit to these amazing sights, but the comforts and luxuries of a long stay are to be had on Oahu, in or near Honolulu, the capital, whose population, both permanent and transient, is constantly growing.

When one has once experienced the welcome that nestles in the Hawaiian word "aloha," he falls a helpless victim to the charm of America's mid-Pacific paradise. What Hawaii means as the cross-roads of the Pacific is known best to its own people, and it is now usefully evidencing itself in their Pan-Pacific Union, to which all the other peoples around that great ocean are adhering. It promises to do as much for the increase

of mutual understanding among them, with Hawaii for its "telephone central," as the Pan-American Union is doing for the republics of the western hemisphere. Go and sit down for a season at this cross-roads, and by so doing you will hang about the walls of your memory such a series of pictures as will long after brighten your thought and refresh your spirit in times of need under less favoring skies.

McHENRY AND THE GHOST-BIRD

By A. Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN



CAPTAIN GAUNT, of the Airdrie detachment of the N. W. M. P., was seated on the veranda of his shack reading a week-old *Toronto Times-Star*. A refreshingly cool breeze came up from the river, two hundred yards to the left, and stirred the leaves of the cottonwoods on its banks. The captain loosened the frogs of his tunic—the only concession to the terrific heat of the short, fierce Canadian summer that he would make. Captain Gaunt insisted on the same meticulous observance of the proprieties at the little Northwest Mounted Police station up in the Athabasca country, far beyond Edmonton, that he would have maintained on the Western Front. France or Alberta, military discipline and convention had to be upheld.

France! The captain sighed, looked at the bold headlines of the paper again and then out over the prairie simmering in the heat of the afternoon sun. He narrowed his eyes and gazed off eastward as though trying to see beyond that endless barrier of land and water to where his brothers-in-arms had so lately been fighting and dying and triumphing on the battle-fields of France.

"So it's all over! Why the devil was I left out here—cut off from civilization, policing a lot of Indians?" he soliloquized

indignantly. "They ought to have sent me overseas—any old antediluvian son-of-a-gun could have taken my job here and let me get to the front before it was too late!" Again he looked rebelliously at the staring headlines of the newspaper which recited in crisp, short sentences the signing of the armistice, the sudden, unconditional surrender of German military power.

Gaunt turned his back upon the east that called to him so alluringly and let his gaze wander off across the western prairie. Etched against the flaming sky-line a procession of Indians was making its leisurely way northward. From where Gaunt sat they looked tremendously picturesque—like figures on an antique bas-relief. He suddenly felt an odd sensation of pride in those graceful, powerful silhouettes, moving with a majesty, an almost classic beauty, across the level land. They were *his* charges, his children, he felt like saying. He was responsible for them, for what they did, both of good and evil. Although he was a young man, they looked implicitly to him for guidance. He understood them and had made friends with them. He held them with a light, but firm, authority. They came to him sometimes like docile children, sometimes in anger; they came for advice or help or punishment or reward—but always they came.

"After all," acknowledged Gaunt reproachfully to himself, "after all, I don't believe any 'old, antediluvian son-of-a-gun' could take my place with them. They're rather fond of me, the beggars, and I wouldn't like to see 'em mismanaged by any dunderheaded inspector the government might send out in a pinch. I'm just a part of the 'far-flung battle-line,' I suppose, and must do my part over here instead of 'over there' without grumbling. God knows there's plenty to do," he added suddenly and reflectively.

There was, indeed. There was Kilgour, for instance. Kilgour was the agent on the Airdrie reservation. He was younger than Gaunt and a novice at handling Indians.

Kilgour meant well but he was temperamental and heavily handicapped by inexperience. He came to Gaunt for help and advice more often than the Indians. He, too, was fractious at being held in the north country doing police work when he wanted to be at the front, and he didn't make it any easier for Gaunt by riding over frequently from the reservation to tell the captain how sore he was over his hard luck. Gaunt passed a hand over a worried brow at thought of Kilgour. He had troubles of his own.

Just recently, for example, there had been the case of Eagle Beak, a favorite old Blackfoot chieftain, who had never been able to understand why he couldn't cut tepee poles from Williams's immaculate "Blue Blazes" ranch. But Williams did and had succeeded in making a jury of men, anxious to get back to their farming, see the heinous offense in the same light, and Eagle Beak had been sent down to jail at Edmonton and had died there of nostalgia. Two weeks later, Falling Pine, an unruly young buck, shot at and severely wounded Whiteson, one of Gaunt's constables; and on top of that had come a general mix-up with a party of horse-trading Kootenais who were coming across country to strike the southern trail at Edmonton.

Gaunt heaved a worried sigh. Why was it, he asked himself disconsolately, that in the spring and summer the Indian's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of war? He shifted his position uneasily, and as he did so he caught the sound of a

pony's quick hoof beats and, turning, saw Kilgour himself galloping toward the shack.

At the steps the young man threw himself off his horse and saluted Gaunt briefly.

"For God's sake, Gaunt, come inside. I must talk with you."

Calling an orderly to take Kilgour's tired pony, Gaunt led the way to his study. Kilgour threw himself into a chair and lit a cigarette with a shaking hand.

"It's come at last, Gaunt," he said.

"What's come?"

"The limit, the breaking point, the end of my authority."

"What's happened?" demanded Gaunt.

"Just what I knew would happen a month ago when I got orders to stop the Sun Dance this year on the reservation. Of course it kicked up an infernal row among the Indians—among the young bucks, especially."

"Of course," assented the inspector.

"It's all very well to put the curb on the south country Indians—they are pretty well civilized. But to try it on the bloods up here! They might as well ask these Indians not to be Indians at all, but bloomin' angels, and be done with it!"

"Of course," assented the captain again. "However, that's not the question. You've got your orders to stop the Sun Dance—what are you going to do about it?"

Kilgour threw out an impotent hand. "That's what I came here to find out from *you*. The Lord knows I've done everything I could! I've read 'em the order. I've talked to the chiefs. I've worked 'em hard by day and visited 'em by night. I've given 'em presents and good advice, and what's the result?—they're sullen and frightened and angry. I can't go anywhere on the reservation that I don't run into a knot of young bucks, or old gray chiefs, talking together, and when they see me they don't look pleasant. They've almost stopped the hay-making in spite of orders. I've had to shut my eyes to that and to lots of other acts of insubordination. And I know, for a positive fact, that runners



Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

"We are come, my brothers and I . . . to know if the great White Man is angry with us?"—Page 112.

have been coming and going for the last three weeks between the reservation and the Stonies up in the Hudson Bay country. Oh, it's a sweet mess! And what will they think at Regina?"

"Never mind what they think at Regina—the point is, what do the Indians think of it?"

"Oh, they're doing a lot of thinking! Many Feathers told me in confidence, this morning, that there is to be a big pow-wow to-night, and you can be perfectly sure that it will be decided to have the Sun Dance in two weeks, as scheduled, in spite of my orders."

"Well, what's to be done?" Gaunt leaned back in his chair with a perplexed frown on his face.

"What's to be done? Why, all I see left to be done is for you to come over with your men and your Lee-Metfords and prevent the thing by force. I say, Gaunt, we needn't have been so worried about not getting to the front—seems to me we are going to have a nice little 'front' of our own."

"Um!" said Gaunt.

"Yes, I suppose they'll have to be potted if they don't obey this fool governmental order," went on Kilgour disconsolately after waiting in vain for something more illuminating from Gaunt. "Fancy being suddenly ordered not to do something you've been trained to do from time immemorial! *How* can young bucks understand why they are not to be made braves any more after their own fashion? When you and your men come along, they'll stampede like frightened bronchos and it'll be months before they settle down again. It makes 'em sullen and wild to be tampered with this way. Oh, it's all an infernal mess!"

"It is," assented Gaunt sweetly, once more. "But it doesn't seem to me to be a case for the military. It's up to you to find some peaceful means——"

"Well, I can't!" interrupted Kilgour savagely. "I've thought about it until my brain is ready to burst and not an idea!"

"Something's got to be found——" mused Gaunt.

"Then you find it!" growled Kilgour. "I've tried and can't. Unless something happens to-night——"

He was walking forlornly about the little room, his hands thrust in his pockets, a cigarette hanging on his under lip. He stopped before the window and looked out.

"I say, Gaunt, what's that?" he suddenly demanded, waving an arm toward the prairie.

Gaunt got up slowly and, going to the window, looked out. He stood there for an instant, speechless with surprise.

"I'll be hanged if I know. It wasn't there a few minutes ago," he said at length, and with one accord the two moved into the veranda and watched the Thing as it approached slowly.

Objects can be seen with great clearness and at long range on the prairie, and Gaunt had ample time for speculation, wonder, and some alarm. He leaned forward on the rail of the veranda and gazed unblinkingly at the curious caravan as it drew near. Little by little it dawned upon him that it was headed for the detachment, and his curiosity and interest redoubled. First came a wagon drawn by four horses and driven by a man whom Gaunt recognized as a teamster from Edmonton. In the wagon sat a couple of young boys on a trunk surrounded by what were, apparently, kits of tools. Attached to the wagon was a wagon-bed and upon it an object which for a while baffled all Gaunt's attempts at identification. It was rather high and immensely wide, enveloped in snowy canvas coverings, from which depended, on each side of the wagon-bed, a small, rubber-tired wheel. A saucy nose protruded perkily in front and a tail behind. Perched in a cockpit and rising from the cloud of coverings like Neptune from the sea waves sat a knowing-looking youth.

The captain was leaning far out over the veranda rail as the Thing drew up.

"Well—I'll be blowed! It's—it's an aeroplane!"

The boy skipped nimbly down from his seat.

"It is," he said affably. He mounted the steps with an air of importance, handed the captain a letter which he extracted from the depths of an inside pocket, and then went back to the wagon and began to take off the coverings.

In amazement Gaunt tore open the letter. It was dated ten days before.

"Dear Gaunt," it ran, "I'm sending you a little thank-offering for that jolly week you gave me out in Alberta. It's a Hawk No. 9, and if I do say it, who shouldn't, it's a great old ship. It was my own particular pet, but now that I've a commission in the U. S. aviation service and am off for France, I decided that there was no one I'd so like to have the old Hawk as you.

"You can see for yourself that the Hawk's an all-right ship, if not the latest model. She's got a corking Cortlandt ZY-5 stationary engine—but I'll leave McHenry to explain the whole thing to you. I'm sending him along with the plane for that purpose. When you can run her all right send the boy back to Dad—for he is useful and the Governor needs him in his business. His father may be Scotch and his mother Irish but McHenry is pure American and a wonder at that!

"If, by a miracle, you don't discover on your own that flying is the greatest sport on earth—or off the earth, I suppose I ought to say—McHenry will do it for you. He's the great and original 'god in the machine.'

"I'd give a lot to see you zuming over the trackless prairie, chasing bad Injuns—when you do, think of me, chasing Huns!

"As ever yours,

"HENRY WESLEY CUNNINGHAM, JR."

Gaunt was dazed. He read the letter over twice and then, handing it to Kilgour, he looked down to where McHenry stood, proud and nonchalant, beside the plane which his two assistants had detached from the wagon now making its way to the captain's stables. The Hawk No. 9, a spotlessly white-winged, 130 h. p. Cortlandt biplane, as sure and swift as the bird whose name she bore, stood revealed in all her beauty and strength to Gaunt's astonished and incredulous eyes.

Kilgour was reading the letter.

"What's all this and who is Henry Wesley Cunningham, Jr.?" he asked.

"He's the young American millionaire from Detroit I told you about—the one who spent a week with me early in June,

and a confoundedly nice chap. No airs and affectations in spite of his millions, lately acquired by his father in the manufacture of automobiles. Funny idea, though—sending me something because I'd been civil to him for a few days. That's the American of him, I suppose. The Lord knows I was glad to have him. You were at Regina and I was as lonesome as a coyote on Sofa Mountain."

Kilgour eyed the beautiful "Hawk" suspiciously. "Are you sure it's a present? Some things are too good to be true, you know."

Gaunt looked at the boy standing beside the plane. "Is—am I mistaken—is this a present from Mr. Cunningham?"

"Sure," responded McHenry genially. He seated himself on the steps. "Oh, he's a great one! The old man makes the eagle scream, but Mr. Hal will hand you one while you wait! He told me all about it," he went on in a burst of confidence, "what a great time he'd had out here with you and how he wanted to send you something to remember him by. He doesn't do things by halves, either, Mr. Hal doesn't, so he sent me along, with a couple of assistant mechanics, and I was to deliver the plane to you in the best of order, and I think I've done it. I'd have liked to have zumed up here at one hundred miles per, but I didn't want to take any risks with this here lady until you had seen her in all her pristine beauty."

The captain smiled. "It's most awfully good of Cunningham to remember me so handsomely. I—I'm quite overcome by the magnificence of his gift. How did you get her here?"

"Took her down, packed and shipped her to Edmonton. There me and my two boys reassembled her and had her towed up here on a wagon chassis. We thought you'd like to see her first when she was ready for a flip, sir—not stowed away in boxes like a dismembered corpse."

"Right you are," assented Gaunt warmly.

"And, of course, as I said, we'd have liked to have planed up here in style," pursued McHenry eagerly, "but you see, sir, I didn't know the country and I thought I might have some trouble finding a good landing place. But," Mc-



Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

"Larger than the largest eagle, with a humming as of all the bees in the Indians' country, did it swim toward us."—Page 113.

Henry paused and smiled a little, looking comprehensively out over the level prairie, "I'm inclined to think it's a holy cinch—it's *all* landing place!"

Gaunt also smiled appreciatively. "Yes," he said, "you can't make much of a mistake out here—not unless you happen to choose a cut-bank or a coulée."

"Well—of course, I'm not sure just what a coulée is," said McHenry cautiously, "but you can bet your sweet life that wherever on top of this green earth a ship can land, the Hawk will."

"I don't doubt that," agreed Gaunt quickly. Already the pride of ownership was making itself felt.

"You'll find out for yourself, sir, that she's a quick and sure 'un."

"Providing I can ever learn to run her!" Already Gaunt was visualizing a delectable future in which he would be skilfully manipulating the wonderful "Hawk" himself.

"Oh, I say, a child can run her! Wouldn't you like to look her over now, sir?" McHenry smiled persuasively at Gaunt.

The captain descended the steps rapidly, impelled by some new and powerful emotion of curiosity and interest.

"She's a beauty," murmured McHenry, looking lovingly down at the engine. "The control is perfect and she's the easiest runner you ever saw. But what else is to be expected of a 130 h. p. Cortlandt ZY-5 stationary, eight-cylinder, V-type engine driving a tractor screw with a four-and-a-quarter-inch bore and five-inch stroke?"

"What, indeed?" echoed Gaunt warmly. He was hanging over the engine beside McHenry. "I say, McHenry, the bloomin' thing's a wonder!"

"You bet it is, sir! It's the prettiest V-set cylinder engine made. She'll hum her way up to fourteen hundred revs. without coughing once. And noiseless!" He beckoned to one of his mechanics and climbed into the cockpit.

"Give her a twirl, Jim!" he commanded joyfully. The boy grinned.

"Sure! Switch off!" he called.

"Switch off," chanted McHenry antiphonally, and "Jim" gave a twist of the big propeller.

"Switch on!"

"Contact!" warned McHenry, and with a powerful quarter turn the boy bumped the "prop" past compression and swung clear of the Hawk as she glided majestically forward with a thrilling chug-chug of her eight rhythmic cylinders "hogged" out of solid blocks of chrome nickel steel.

Gaunt and Kilgour stood lost in admiration while McHenry taxied the plane forward for fifty yards or so over the level ground and then manœuvred her back in triumph. He turned the engine off quickly and climbed out.

"I say, sir, would you just take a look at this valve-actuating mechanism?" he begged.

"Of course I will!" said Gaunt and he bent over the engine. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" he murmured.

"And you don't always have to be groomin' her, sir. Forty hours will she run without a dressing-down. But with your rotary engines—your Gnomes or Le Rhônes—operating on a one or two-throw crank," he added disparagingly, "you've always got to be at 'em—they get sulky in no time."

"You don't say!" said Kilgour sympathetically.

"Yes, sir, I do," averred McHenry bitterly. "As you see, sir, the engine is cooled by the propeller slip stream, sir, and just look in here a minute—will you, sir? I want to show you this dual system of ignition. It's a dandy, sir."

It *was* a dandy. McHenry proved that and everything else to his own satisfaction and Gaunt's bewilderment. For two hours they hung over the engine, Gaunt dizzy with discovery, saturated with the odor of petrol and lubricating oils, stunned by the impact of McHenry's broadside of technical information, but uplifted by the sudden sense of ownership in the wonderful Thing.

McHenry was for taking them out for a flight at once.

"I'd like to show you what she's capable of, sir," he said modestly. "She's got a wing surface of twenty-two square yards. Of course that's too much for the fastest type, but she'll give a good account of herself, sir. She can climb ten thousand feet in twelve minutes and I'll venture to say she can spikebozzle almost any Hun bus she meets."

Gaunt looked up at the immense expanse of unoccupied sky above them.

"She isn't likely to meet another of her species of any nationality," he said reflectively.

"Couldn't we go for a little jazz before it's dark, sir?" urged McHenry persuasively.

But Gaunt shook his head. "Wait a minute," he said. He had seated himself on the top step of the little veranda and was gazing out absently over the fast darkening prairie.

Kilgour spoke up eagerly. "Of course you'll go! I say, what a lark, Gaunt! Why it's the first aeroplane that's ever struck this part of the world!"

The captain turned his head slowly and looked at Kilgour.

"It is," he said and there was a sudden, queer thrill in his voice. "Don't say a word, Kilgour! I've got an idea." He looked at McHenry. "Cover this Thing up. Stay right here and don't so much as let any one look at her. When it's quite dark you and your boys roll her into that big barn over there. Then come to me here. I shall want to speak to you." He laid a hand that shook with excitement on Kilgour's shoulder. "We've got two weeks to work in! Come into my study," he said, "and I'll tell you how we'll stop the Sun Dance!"

There was consternation on the Blood reserve and among the Indians for fifty miles around. Strange things had happened, were happening every night—things that could only be whispered about during the day, for, since the night of the great council, when the awful portent had first been seen by the terrified Bloods, it was impossible to get any but a few of the bravest spirits together after dark. Indian runners from the north and west who had invaded the reserve so fearlessly before, now skulked up in the afternoon or by the cheerful morning light and were promptly pounced upon and sent away by Kilgour's men. But they argued that even Kilgour's anger was far better than a sight of the fearful Thing.

Reports varied as to just what it was, but the terror was unanimous. It had been seen first on the night when they had gathered in council, and, fired by the

hot speeches of the young bucks, had decided to hold the Sun Dance in defiance of the White Father's orders. Dissension and fear were universal but the latter was quickly overcoming the former. On the morning of the tenth day Kilgour despatched a note to Gaunt.

"You had better come over," he wrote. "Something's going to happen—I can feel it. You and McHenry have turned the trick. They're all in a beautiful, blooming fright.

"KILGOUR."

The afternoon found Gaunt seated in Kilgour's den, smoking Kilgour's cigars and listening to Kilgour's enthusiastic recital of the progress of affairs.

"I say, Gaunt, it's worked like a charm——"

"How!" said a shaking voice at the window.

Both men started and looked around. Red Crow Tail sat on the veranda just outside the study window. He was smoking an old pipe and trying to look unconcerned.

Another head rose beside his, crowned with an eagle feather set in a bone socket from which dangled backward an antelope's foot.

"How!" The throaty voice was most affable.

"How!" said Kilgour and then he laughed excitedly and looked over at Gaunt. "It's come!" he said.

A dozen pair of eyes were peering in at the window now and the two officers could hear the muffled patter of moccasined feet that trailed cautiously up the veranda steps.

Red Crow Tail stuck his pipe in his pouch and shifted an uneasy foot.

"We are come, my brothers and I," he swept a comprehensive hand toward the thronged veranda, "to know if the great White Man is angry with us? There are Things," his voice sank to an awed whisper, "there are Things we do not understand."

Kilgour leaned forward.

"What is this?" he demanded severely.

"Strange signs are seen," piped an anxious voice from near the window. "A Ghost-Bird that flies by night in a cloud of fire with a great humming."

Kilgour looked at Gaunt.

"Phosphorus on the wings and tail," whispered the captain.

"It bellowed like a calf at branding time when Yellow Wolf and I fled from it down by the big coulée." The voice came in frightened remonstrance from a big buck who stood by the window ready to flee again in case of accident.

"McHenry and I had the happy idea of adding a klaxon horn to the 'Hawk's' equipment," murmured Gaunt under his breath. "We can let the 'Ghost-Bird' fly so low here that the horn can actually be heard above the noise of the motor. We did let it toot an awful blast when we saw old Yellow Wolf and Three Feathers."

"Yes," echoed a voice from the veranda, "I, too, heard and saw it—a bird bearing on its back the God of Thunder."

"I wrap myself in a sheet and look quite imposing," elucidated Gaunt in suppressed tones.

"Larger than the largest eagle, with a humming as of all the bees in the Indians' country, did it swim toward us from the mountain. Many times it circled the heavens, flapping its huge wings, then with a mournful cry it disappeared behind the moon," remarked a melancholy, poetical looking old chief who sat huddled up in the farthest corner of the room.

"Oh, I say, what an imagination the old chap's got! Fancy the 'Hawk' flapping her wings and disappearing behind the moon!" whispered Gaunt.

Kilgour looked interestedly around upon his court of inquiry.

"Has any one else among you seen this strange, this terrible Thing?"

A young buck pushed his way through the crowd at the window. "I, Buffalo Horn, have seen it," he said in a voice which he strove in vain to make steady. "It was a Ghost-Bird, as Red Eagle has said. It was large and white and flew in the air, sometimes high, sometimes low. It passed over me like a breath of the hot Chinook and climbed the cottonwood tree by Lost Creek."

"Oh, I say, Gaunt, Buffalo Horn must have been drinking *sixikimmi schoonataps*! Not even a 'Hawk No. 9' can climb a cottonwood—can she?" demanded Kilgour in a low tone.

"I'd bet on McHenry to make her do 'most anything," retorted Gaunt warmly.

"It was no bird," came a quaking voice from a dark corner. "A bird does not turn over and over and shoot downward from the sky, spinning like a ball of fire!"

"McHenry's great on virages and nose dives, Kilgour," murmured Gaunt in a hasty aside.

"What dreadful thing is this?" demanded Kilgour. "You must have been drinking forbidden drinks, Little Wolf!"

"I drank *after*, oh, son of the Great White Father, to forget—to forget!"

"I, too, saw it," volunteered a wicked-looking Indian with a brow-band of red and gorgeous shaps hung with ermine tails. "It had an eye that blazed like many camp-fires. It circled around my tepee many times and vanished with the cry of a loon."

"You bet we circled," observed Gaunt. "He's the wickedest one of your bunch, Kilgour, and we had to fix him."

An old chief gathered himself up from the floor and pointed tremblingly at Kilgour.

"Tell us, oh son of the Great White Father, what means this awful Thing? We are brave—our young men do not fear death or torture, but who is powerful against such evil omens?"

"And wherefore do you think it is an evil omen? Have you committed evil that such an omen should be sent you?" demanded Kilgour severely.

Many Feathers arose in a far corner of the room.

"We have," he said in a shaking voice. "Many times have I told them in the last ten suns that this Thing was come upon us because the Bloods were about to disobey the White Father—were—to hold the Sun Dance."

"What is this I hear?" thundered Kilgour in his sternest voice and with a very good imitation of surprise.

"It is so," corroborated the old chief with a nod toward Many Feathers. "But what are our young men to do?—are we not to have braves?"

Kilgour leaned back in his chair and frowned heavily.

"Ha! so this is the meaning of this fearful Thing! After my instructions to you—written and spoken to you through

the government's interpreter, you were about to disobey the law?"

"But what are we to do without young braves?" tremulously demanded Crow Tail from his position at the head of the line.

"Bah! to swing at the end of a lariat until your sinews burst! Is *that* the only way to make a brave? Does the white man do such things, and is he not brave? Have you not called us brave, yourselves? Do you not wish to be more civilized like your brothers to the south? Has the White Father sent us up into this far north country to help you, and all for nothing? Will he have to send still more angry portents before you obey?"

A shudder ran through the room and the Indians huddled together like frightened children.

"It is as I said," murmured Many Feathers from his corner in a calamitous voice.

Kilgour leaned forward and shook an impressive finger at the crouching, silent Indians.

"Go back to your hay-making and reaping and forget the bad thoughts in your hearts. Think not that I have not seen the evil brewing among you. But it was best that the White Father should speak to you himself."

"But—but," queried Crow Tail, "will all be well now? Will this Thing come by night among us again——?"

"Begone, I say!" interrupted Kilgour magnificently. "I will intercede for you—I and this son of the White Father who could punish you had he not compassion on your ignorance. Go, and if you obey and stay well within the reservation, I will answer that the Ghost-Bird will be seen no more."

"We promise," murmured the old chief, edging his way toward the window.

Hastily and joyously did they depart, the young bucks falling over each other in their efforts to get to their tethered pintos, the old chiefs and medicine-men making off by twos and threes as fast as their trembling legs would permit. Not until Crow Tail and Buffalo Horn and Many Feathers had at last made their exit gracefully through the window did Kilgour dare look at the captain.

"By the holy powers, wasn't that a séance?" he demanded, and there was wonder and triumph and uncontrolled mirth in his voice. Gaunt was laughing so that the walls shook.

"If only official red-tape had permitted McHenry to have been here!" he managed to say. "Ride back to the detachment with me and we'll tell him the whole thing. It's a crime he couldn't have been in at the killin'. He's played the game to the limit."

"He has," assented Kilgour enthusiastically. "He's prevented a small Indian uprising and he deserves anything he wants."

"There's nothin' too good for the Irish," sang Gaunt. "By the way, he probably feels that he has already been amply paid—he's had the greatest two weeks of his short, adventurous career, you can bet on that. Cunningham'll be wild with jealousy when he hears about it."

"Of course. Cunningham ought to have been here too."

"And the 'Hawk,'" added Gaunt.

"I say, Gaunt, what'll you do about the 'Hawk' now? You can't exactly go flying about on a Ghost-Bird after this."

"I've thought of that, my boy. She goes down to Edmonton with McHenry for a coat of blue paint on her fuselage and she stays down there for a week. Tomorrow *you* start for Regina and a conference with the powers that be, and you will return in a week with the comforting news that the Great White Father is sending a Blue-Bird of good omen which will fly by day as well as by night, and which will destroy the evil Ghost-Bird and protect the White Father's Indian subjects so long as they remain loyal and obedient. It's a neat idea, I think," added Gaunt with pardonable pride.


Kilgour went to the door and called his man.

"Some seltzer and Scotch," he said. Then he turned to Gaunt. "That's a good idea, all right, but somehow I hate to think of the 'Hawk' as anything but a beautiful, ghostly white. Let's drink to her as she is, and to McHenry, 'the god in the machine!'"

GUIDE-POSTS AND CAMP-FIRES

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

[THE FIRST OF TWELVE PAPERS]

HE running title of these rambling essays is taken from two things that are common and useful on the ways of life, where you and I, gentle reader, are still trudging on.

The guide-post is the progressive sign: it calls us to continue our journey, and gives information in regard to direction and distance, which (if correct) has considerable value to the traveller. The camp-fire is the conservative symbol: it invites to rest and fellowship and friendly council, not unmixed with that good cheer which is suggested when we call a conference of wits a *symposium*.

There is no escape from the fact that man's best discourse has always been at a common meal, whether spread on the green grass or on a mahogany table. Of the elders of Israel in the Exodus, it is recorded in a sacred book that "they saw God and did eat and drink." This is a gentle hint that however soulful a man's soul may be, in his present mixed estate the body had its claims, which it is both lawful and necessary to satisfy, in order that the spiritual part may not be hampered and disordered. Hunger, thirst, and indigestion are alike unfavorable to clear thought and calm devotion.

Let me confess at the outset that by guide-posts and camp-fires I intend more than the literal meaning of the words. I use them for their significance, their symbolism.

Every social theory, every moral maxim, every appeal of preacher or political orator, every bit of propaganda printed or spoken, yes, even every advertisement in the newspapers or on the bill-boards, whether false or true, is of the nature of a guide-post.

Every place where men rest and repose with warmth to cheer them—the hollow in the woods where pilgrims or tramps gather about the blazing sticks, the snug cottage where the kettle simmers on the

hearth, the royal castle where an ancient coat-of-arms is carved on the mantel-piece, the vast palatial hotel where sovereign democracy flaunts its new-found wealth and commercial travellers bask in the heat of concealed steam-radiators—every one of these is nothing more nor less than a camp-fire.

No human progress is unbroken and continuous. No human resting-place is permanent. Where are Pharaoh's Palace, and Solomon's Temple, and the House of Caesar, and Cicero's Tusculum, and Horace's Sabine farm? Nothing could be more absurd than the project of "founding a family" in America. If you should do it and come back after five or six generations to inspect the results, you might regret your temporary success. Yet I am a "Son of the Revolution" and look back with pride to my great-grand-sire who died on the battle-field of Monmouth for the cause of liberty. What manner of man the stout old farmer was I know not. It is his deed, his spirit that commands my reverence. "*Tout lasse, tout passe*,"—except the ideal

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives."

I remember what General William Tecumseh Sherman—fine old campaigner—said to me when he first came to New York to live in his own house. "I've made a new camp. Plenty of wood and water. Drop in."

We might get more comfort out of this sane and wholesome philosophy of life, if it were not for the violent extremists of the Right and the Left, who revile and buffet us alternately when we try to push ahead and when we stop to think. I have good friends on both sides, but at times they treat me vilely as an enemy.

The trouble with the Radicals is that they are always scourging us to travel somewhither, anywhither, ignoring the

past, condemning the present, and hurling ourselves blindfold into the future. The trouble with the Conservatives is that they are always lulling us to stay where we are, to be content with our present comforts, and to look with optimistic eyes only on the bright side of our neighbors' discomforts. Neither pessimism nor optimism pleases me. I am a meliorist.

Therefore I refuse to engage in the metaphysical triangular conflict between the past, the present, and the future. It means nothing to me. Yesterday is a memory. To-morrow is a hope. To-day is the fact. But tell me, would the fact be what it is without the memory and the hope? Are not all three equally real?

I grant you there is a distinction between the actual and the imaginary. But it is not a difference in essence. It is only a difference in origin and form. What we call the actual has its origin in a fact outside of us. What we call the imaginary has its origin in a fact within us. A burned finger and a burning indignation are equally real. Memory is simply imagination looking back: hope, looking forward. The imaginary is not non-existent. It exists in the mind—the very same place where every perception through the senses has its present and only being.

When I was a boy I cut my left hand with my first pocket-knife. But the physical scar of that actual accident, now almost invisible, is less vivid than the memory of the failure of my ambition to become a great orator. In that collegiate contest, fifty years ago, the well-prepared phrase fled from my paralyzed brain,

"vox faucibus haesit,"

and I sat down feeling that life was ended. But it was not.

You remember, as of yesterday, those pleasant afternoon walks on Fifth Avenue from Madison Square to Central Park, in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, when the air was clean and bright, the sky-line low, and on every block you had greetings from good friends. To-day, if duty compels, you plunge through that mile-and-a-half, shut in by man-made cliffs of varying degrees of ugliness, stifled by fumes of gasoline from the conglomerate motor-cars, and worming your way through malodorous or highly-perfumed throngs of "Parthians, Medes, and

Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia and Judaea, Cappadocia, Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, Pamphylia, Egypt, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians." Few indeed are the native Americans you meet, struggling like yourself among the conflicting tides,—

"rari nantes in gurgite vasto."

Yet, even on such a walk, if you think serenely you have a hope of something better in the long to-morrow: a modern city in which the curse of crowding shall be mitigated by wiser dispositions of traffic, transportation, and housing: a city in which there shall be room for homes and playgrounds, as for temples and court-houses: a city in which the rights of property shall be safeguarded chiefly as essential to the supreme right of life.

The memory, the fact, the hope, are equally real. But tell me, brother, can we really make sure of our guide-posts unless we take counsel together beside our camp-fires?

The secret of perpetual motion has not yet been discovered. Human nature demands intervals of rest and relaxation as the unexempt condition of our mortal frailty. Here is where I find my stance for a drive. Go forward we must, unless we are willing to slip backward. But we cannot know that we are going forward, without stopping to talk over our common concerns beside the camp-fire.

Good-humor is one of the pre-requisites of sound judgment. I have seen needful work done by men in excitement and an ill temper, but never truth discovered nor creative things accomplished. My old gardener used to swear horribly when he was rooting out poison-ivy. But when he was studying how to make flowers or vegetables grow better, he was in a friendly mood—whistling or singing.

Emerson has a good word on this. "Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches, and to make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom. Whenever you are sincerely pleased you are nourished. The joy of the spirit indicates its strength. All healthy things are sweet-tempered. Genius works in sport, and goodness smiles to the last; and, for the reason, that whoever sees the law which distributes things does not despond, but is ani-

mated by great desires and endeavors. He who desponds betrays that he has not seen it."

But what about the man who frets and fumes and froths at the mouth when he propounds his favorite dogma? What about the guide-post enthusiasts who pronounce double damnation on us if we do not rush forward at once on their favorite roads to Utopia? What about the camp-fire sedentaries who declare that unless we "stand pat" precisely where we are, we are doomed to perdition?

Methinks, gentlemen, you do protest too much. The violence of your protest indicates a certain insecurity of the ground whereon you stand. You would base your programme upon ignorance of what men learned in Athens, Sparta, Carthage, Sicily, and Rome, long ago. *Cela ne va pas!* We fall back upon one of those vital phrases with which slang has enriched our language—"show me!"

Nor are we willing, if we can prevent it, to have tried upon our tender bodies and souls the old experiments which were tried so long ago and which resulted in lamentable failure.

Why suffer twice to learn the same lesson?

Communism, agrarianism, proletarianism, anarchism, have all had their day, and it was a bad day—in Athens and Sparta and Rome and Jerusalem and Paris. Why give them another day? The divine right of kings and capitalists to impose their will upon their fellowmen has been tested many times and has always failed to make good before the throne of Eternal Wisdom and Righteousness. The bloody bankruptcy of the French reign of terror was no worse, and no better, than the break-down of the attempt of the Holy Alliance to re-establish the tyranny of hereditary titles and unjust prerogatives. Why ask us to return to these old discredited theories? They are not really guide-posts. They are signs of "no thoroughfare." Give us something really new, gentlemen. Think out some better way of co-operation between the "haves" and the "have-nots." Devise some better mode of inducing the lazy to work, and of restraining the clever and industrious from claiming exorbitant gains. That is what we need, as surely as two and two make four.

If you can do this, I promise you that a considerable company of the intellectual middle-class, neither "high-brows" who think they know it all, nor "low-brows" who maintain that nothing is worth knowing, will be ready for a promising adventure. Meantime we follow the old guide-posts which have been proved, and take our needful ease by the camp-fires where we find creature comforts and friendly talk. And if our camp is attacked by brigands, we shall have our guns ready.

I was re-reading the other day, one of the dialogues of Plato, called *Theætetus*, and came upon a passage which seemed to depict the position of thoughtful people in our own time. Plato is speaking of a philosopher endeavoring to instruct and guide a practical man of the world. "But, O my friend," says he, "when he draws the other into the upper air, and gets him out of his pleas and rejoinders into the contemplation of justice and injustice in their own nature, or from the commonplaces about the happiness of kings to the consideration of government, and of human happiness and misery in general—what they are and how a man should seek after the one and avoid the other—when that narrow, keen, little legal mind of his is called to account about all this, he gives the philosopher his revenge. For being dazzled by the height at which he is hanging, he being dismayed and lost and stammering out broken words, is laughed at not only by Thracian handmaidens or any other uneducated persons, for they have no eye for the situation, but by every man who has not been brought up a slave. Such are the two characters, Theodorus; the one of the philosopher or gentleman, who may be excused for appearing futile and inefficient when he has to perform some servile office, such as packing a bag, or flavoring a sauce, or making a flattering speech; the other, of the man of affairs who is able to do every service smartly and neatly, but knows not how to wear his cloak like a gentleman; still less does he acquire the music of speech or hymn, in the true life which is lived by immortals or men blessed by heaven."

This is a fair description, two thousand years old, of the difference between the "high-brow" and the "low-brow." But from this Plato goes on to tell us some-

thing more important. "Evils," says he, "can never perish; for there must always remain something which is antagonistic to good. . . . But, O my friend, you cannot easily convince mankind that they should avoid vice or pursue virtue for the reason which the majority give, in order, forsooth, to appear respectable;—this is what people are always repeating, and this, in my judgment, is an old wives' tale. Let us get back to the truth! In God is no unrighteousness at all—He is altogether righteous; and there is nothing more like Him than the man among us who is the most righteous. And the true wisdom of men, and their nothingness and cowardice, are closely bound up with this. For to know this is true wisdom and manhood, and to ignore this is folly and vice. All other kinds of so-called wisdom, such as the wisdom of politicians or the wisdom of the arts, are coarse and vulgar. The unrighteous man, or the sayer and doer of unholy things, had far better not cherish the illusion that his roguery is cleverness. Let us tell him frankly that he does not realize what kind of creature he is. He does not know the penalty of unrighteousness: not stripes and death, as he supposes, which evil-doers often elude, but a final punishment from which there is no escape."

You would not take so long and stern a sermon from a modern preacher. But will you not consider it from the broad-shouldered, wide-browed Plato, who lived four hundred years before Christ? Will you not read it as a comment upon those modern knaves who twist the guide-posts around and swear that good is evil and vice is virtuous; those long-haired, lantern-jawed mockers who protest that property is theft and that highway robbery is the triumph of justice?

I do not mean to be drawn into a discussion of the bold brutalities of the Bolsheviks in Russia, or the sneaking villainies of the I. W. W. in America. These lie outside of the region of literature. They are to be met not with essays and orations, but with laws and guns. The decencies of life, the securities of home, the safeguards of social order, having been won, by toil and fighting, from the abyss of barbarism, will not be suffered to perish. Neither the fury of the anti-social maniacs, nor the sentimentalism of the social

imbeciles will be permitted to destroy them. We look to statesmen and warriors to take care of this.

But what I am thinking of is the normal life of humanity—a journey with frequent, necessary halts—as Matthew Arnold describes it in *Rugby Chapel*:

"See! In the rocks of the world
Marches the host of mankind,
A feeble, wavering line.
Where are they tending? A god
Marshall'd them, gave them their goal.
Ah, but the way is so long!
Years they have been in the wild:
Sore thirst plagues them, the rocks
Rising all round overawe;
Factions divide them, their host
Threatens to break, to dissolve.
—Ah, keep, keep them combined!
Else, of the myriads who fill
That army, not one shall arrive;
Sole shall they stray; in the rocks
Stagger forever in vain,
Die one by one in the waste."

Yes, we must hold together, and go forward together, and take our wayside rest together. That is what I mean to write about in these essays. The interrogation of the guide-posts. The enjoyment of the camp-fires.

But you shall not suspect me of having an ulterior design of springing a new theory of the universe upon you, nor of subtly advertising a panacea for all

"The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to."

No, gentle reader, I am as much in the dark as you are, and with you I suffer

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

'Tis a rough, confused, turbulent age in which we have to live. But it is the only age that is given to us. Let us make the best of it. And above all let us not lose either our loyalty to truth or our sense of humor.

For my own part I confess my prepossession for the small but useful virtues—like fair play, and punctuality, and common courtesy.

If I write of these things, more than of the ultimate ethical theories which engage our modern philosophers, you will understand and forgive me. I do not profess to have solved the riddle of existence. Let us try out our guesses together by the camp-fire. And you, my young brother, don't think that because I am old

I am necessarily aged and against you.
You are my friend, my hope, my reliance.

I am not quite so sure of anything—not
even of my doubts, denials, and prej-
udices—as I was in my youth. But I
have had some experience of what agrees
with body and soul, as Keats says in his
ode to the bards of passion and mirth,

“What doth strengthen and what maim.”

By that knowledge I try to steer my
course toward peace and a certain degree
of usefulness.

The minor morals of life attract me. I
like real and decent folk of all creeds and
parties. But I have no confidence in
catch-words, either of autocracy or de-
mocracy.

Christ was crucified by a referendum.

THIS SHALL BE THE BOND

By Marguerite Wilkinson

THIS shall be the bond between us, mate of my heart—
Stir of willow branches where the saplings start,
Out of sedgy meadows by the downhill stream
Where the air lies deep in dream.

This shall be the bond between us, winding in the sun
In and out from yesterday till all our days are done,
The free, onward flowing of the full-hearted river
Past reeds that rustle and quiver.

Ache of throbbing heavens torn by bursting storm,
Tang of bitter wood-smoke where our food waits warm,
And the dear, broken music of the hard-driven rain,
And the cold—or thirst—or pain——

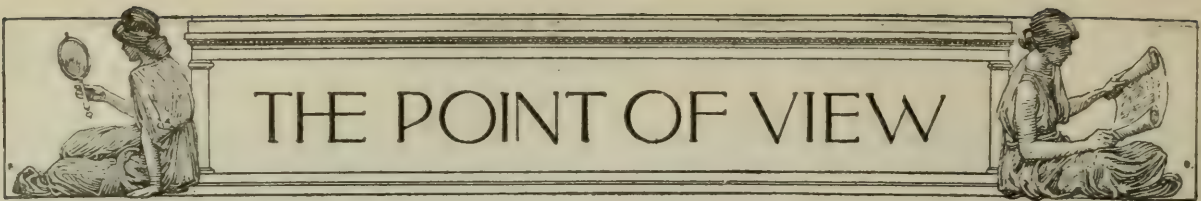
These shall be a bond between us unto the end,
And the unknown venture where the singing rapids bend
To the clean, white danger of the foaming rip,
Where our boat must dance and dip.

Ringling of the pebbles where the riffles are shallow,
Pleasant quip of quail in the fields long fallow,
And the dawn's quaint chorus out of old delight,
And the sweet-scented peace of night;

Blowing of the merry buds, rosy, blue, and yellow,
Flushing of the wild fruits until they are mellow,
Strawberries, raspberries, and saucy wintergreen,
All rich things heard and seen;

All shall be a bond between us till we are too old
For the high-hearted going, till the tales we have told
Of the long rivers winding from the hills to the sea
Are but mirth and a memory.

For the love of all wild things is warm upon our lips,
The old earth is answered in our clinging finger-tips,
We are growing full-hearted as the rivers grow great—
This shall be the bond, my mate.



THE POINT OF VIEW

EVERY ONE expects a calendar for a Christmas or New Year's gift, and few people are satisfied with just one. The housekeeper wants a big advertising calendar on the kitchen-wall, a handsome one for the living-room, and a small one for her desk. She can, in fact, find a place and a use for as many as Santa Claus sends her. The business man must have one on his office-desk and one at home in his den.

The Neglect of
the Almanac

But useful and attractive as the calendars are, they are woefully lacking in the information furnished by their predecessors, the almanacs. The grandfathers and grandmothers of this generation got from "Ayer's," "Lydia Pinkham's," "The Ladies' Birthday," and a half-dozen other almanacs a store of knowledge concerning matters of which their descendants are ignorant.

How often about the 23d of December do you hear some one remark with satisfaction: "Now we have passed the shortest days and the sun will begin to rise earlier." By the 1st of January people will tell you that they can see quite a little difference in the morning light. If they had been brought up on the almanac, they would have known that while the afternoon light begins (in my latitude) to lengthen on the 15th of December, the sun refuses to get up earlier until the 9th of January. Only astronomers and old people know this solar habit nowadays, because this generation neglects the almanac.

How many persons could tell whether at the present time Jupiter is evening or morning star, and just where Venus is to be found? How many know the eclipses of the sun and moon due this year, their dates, and where they are visible? Not many, I venture to say. Much more lamentable, however, is the prevalent ignorance concerning a matter of such importance as the phases of the moon. Most of us have fallen into the careless habit of speaking of a somewhat small moon in the western sky as new, when it may really be some days past its newness. When big and roundish in the east in early evening, we call it full,

whether it be in the latter part of the second quarter or somewhere in the first part of the third. Being thus hazy and inaccurate in regard to the exact phase of Luna, it follows necessarily that we recklessly disregard the proper seasons for performing various important operations. We have our hair cut at any convenient time, never thinking whether the moon is in the proper stage to have the growth of the hair benefited by the cutting. We no longer plant in the dark of the moon, or gather our herbs at its full, because all that wisdom has gone with our knowledge of the lunar changes. Think of the temerity of a generation which plunges wildly ahead with the most serious undertakings without consulting the auspices furnished by the moon, the conjunction of the planets, and the signs of the zodiac. No wonder we so often meet with disaster.

Who really knows anything about the coming weather unless he gets it from the almanac? On the 31st of December my treasure of a washwoman told me, when she appeared in the morning, that she had been reading the almanac for the weather in January and February, and that there were going to be quite a few blizzards and cold waves in those months. I had just read in the paper the weather-report for the day, which said cloudy and probably snow, when the sun was shining and the temperature so mild that I had turned the gas off from the furnace. My authority gave the weather for only one day at a time, and frequently had that wrong. When right, he told nothing I did not already know from looking out of the window. Mrs. Brown takes the weather in big doses of two or three months at once, or in detail day by day, as she chooses. She will think all winter that the season conforms pretty much to the promise of the almanac. Her weather wisdom derived from its pages is much more extensive than mine gathered from the daily paper, and on the average her oracle hits the mark quite as often as mine.

The weather is really made so interesting in the almanac that I often find myself reading the whole year through at once, hating to break off in the midst of the nar-

native. Different almanacs are frequently far from agreeing. You will read in one that from the 17th to the 20th of January "fine open weather will prevail over the Northwestern, Central, and Eastern States," and in another for the same period that "a great storm will advance from the Mississippi Valley, causing heavy snowfalls, followed by severe cold with high gales." Each has its faithful adherents who will think their special authority has proved to be right in its predictions.

When a prophecy of the weather-man was mentioned, an old lady used to say: "Well, taking the year through, I think the 'Ladies' Birthday' hits the weather pretty well." Her neighbor, without running down this authority, always declared that she herself thought that the "Swamp Root" was about as reliable as anything.

One of the great advantages which the family almanac had over the modern calendar consisted in the enormous store of miscellaneous information which it brought into the household each year. When books were few, some of the diligent readers of the almanac acquired from its pages a prodigious knowledge of historical and biographical dates. They could tell the date of the battle of Bunker Hill, of Lafayette's birth, of John Bunyan's death, and literally of hundreds of other events of greater or less importance. Truly, the almanac was a great educator in many a pioneer home.

If it has fallen in these days from its former high place as a family oracle, it is by no means of little value. It has much real information not easily to be gained from anything else. Still more, it has atmosphere and charm. There is about it the fine flavor of antiquity. I could never feel properly started on the new year without as large an assortment of almanacs as I am able to gather. They are not all alluring—some are mere makeshifts. But each year I find with thankfulness that there are still some of the genuine old-fashioned kind. In the future I may give my friends calendars, but I have made a New Year's resolution, hereafter always to give almanacs with them.

LAST year the Outdoor Man, who has tramped, hunted, fished, and naturalized ever since he was a little boy, stumbled upon a new outdoor diversion and

introduced me to the supreme delight of winter picnics. This year we have become addicted to winter picnics, he and I. We have even decided that December and January are the ideal picnic months. And we live in Vermont, where winter means snow-drifts and zero weather.

Winter Fires

"A large part of the year," the Outdoor Man, who loves to theorize, expounds the matter, "the woods are spoiled for picnicking by flies and mosquitoes. In summer, too, you don't want a fire. Cooking is a chore in summer, and lying around afterward in the cool shade hasn't half the charm of drawing up to good talk by a glowing fire. In spring one's appetite is finicky and there are too many flowers and birds to attend to and nests to hunt; in the fall the weather is ideal for a month or two, but fires in the dry autumn woods are dangerous. Then come the best months, December and January; for by mid-February the sun glares unpleasantly on the snow and softens it at midday, so that trampers get wet feet."

Thus the methodical Outdoor Man. With unmethodical me it's the adventurousness, the surprisingness, the impossible strangeness of winter picnics that gives them their zest. Nobody would think it could be fun to eat outdoors in bleak December. Nobody would believe you could keep warm while you lounge, full-fed, by the fire. One pictures the winter woods as dull, bleak, cheerless. But it is fun! You aren't cold! The magic of unfamiliarity adds a final beauty to the snowy hillsides; there are flaming sunsets, glittering moonlight on the snow, dark, wind-swept pines, towering spruces, gloriously snow-laden or sombrely black against the gray and white of leafless woodland; there are the brave winter birds and the ghostly tracks of little animals scurrying out into the cold, unfamiliar world for food.

So off we go these bleak December days—once we started in the gentle drizzle of a January thaw. A high hillside pasture is our favorite goal. We build our fire in a sheltered spot among the evergreens; green boughs spread on the snow make soft, dry seats. If the backlog is damp, it only lasts the longer. We scorn to bring paper, using scraps of birch bark and a handful of dead spruce twigs for kindling, and our fire is of hardwood, warm and lasting, split with the

axe that the Outdoor Man carries in his rucksack, a veritable "carry all and more too." To get the full joy of such a fire you must wait for a good bed of coals that will keep the fire warm, as it were. Three hours, often, we sit by our winter fires with never a thought of chill. Presently the birds come, flitting about in the spruces; flocks of white-winged crossbills, pine-grosbeaks, redpolls—all rather shy and distant—noisy, inattentive nuthatches, and curious little chickadees, who will fly very near, indeed, if you call them, squeaking, with your lips pressed to the back of your hand, in crude imitation of a frightened nestling. If one of the spruces near the fire be full of cones, that helps to insure bird neighbors. We are planning now to set up feeders near one or two of our favorite fire-spots; the birds will quickly learn to come for their snacks of seed and crumbs, and our pasture, being made a more attractive feeding-ground for them, will be proportionately so to us.

Is it because we shut our nature-eyes in winter that we know so little of the winter birds? We have no summer songster more showy or tamer than the gaudy-winged, parrot-billed evening grosbeak, who, for the past years until last winter, has flocked boldly into our New England towns to feed on the box-elder and other fruits. But his coming is unknown save to a small coterie of all-the-year nature-lovers—professional nature lovers, so to speak. I passed a little box-elder tree one December day that was fairly aflame with the black and white and gold of a dozen of these lovely birds. Two small boys had discovered them.

"See the robins!" cried one.

"Naw, those ain't robins, they're canaries," declared the other, keener-eyed for color than for size.

Of the presence of the shyer birds of the winter woods most summer bird students are wholly ignorant.

Sometimes we cook a full hot meal in the open, sometimes we have only high tea: a very special blend of tea, fine and inspiring enough to be worthy of our beautiful outdoor tea-room, and cakes or cookies or crackers—"Loyalty" brands of course—brought from home. I prefer mere tea; it leaves more time for enjoying the fire. Once, while we sat drinking our tea, making no effort to be quiet, a brewer's mole came and nibbled at the discarded tea-leaves; a

little gray ghost he seemed, so small and still and oddly shaped that you could not believe your eyes were seeing him aright. Magically out of the snow he came, down into the snow, after a moment he vanished, tunnelling under the crust to his winter quarters.

"Why, he must be starving to come out like that!" cried the Outdoor Man. So we piled crumbs near the brush-heap where his tunnel ended, in the hope that he would smell them, or come again to the tea-leaves and discover a better meal.

That was the day, when, being far from a brook or spring, we used snow-water. It gives you a wonderful pioneer feeling to melt snow enough for a pot of tea. It also cultivates a pioneer's patience, being far from the quick and easy affair it sounds, or is sometimes represented as being in popular pioneer fiction.

Once, after a blizzard, we snow-shoed up among the hills by a logging road to the foot of a sheer cliff where in spring the duck-hawks nest. The dead-wood on the ground was drifted out of sight, and we had to pull down dry branches. Collecting fire-wood on snow-shoes is another pioneer job, but collecting it without them that day meant wallowing to your waist in heavy snow. When our fire got to the cooking stage, it was burning in an ice-bottomed pit, three feet below the surrounding snow-bank on which we sat. We had creamed chipped beef for supper—the Outdoor Man's *de luxe* make, on toast, then white corn-meal griddle-cakes, with Vermont maple syrup, and coffee; and we came down the trail by moonlight.

There was another snow-shoe trip last March into a frozen swamp to see the nest of a great horned owl that the Outdoor Man had discovered: a clutter of interlaced sticks high in a tall pine. A pair of hawks had built the nest and the owls had seized upon it for their strangely timed nesting. We had heartlessly planned to frighten the owl off the eggs and so get sight of her, but that was unnecessary, for we could plainly see two feathery "horns" and one great yellow eye cocked drunkenly over the edge of the nest, to spy on us and our intentions. Poor owls! Three days of twenty below zero weather just after our visit froze their eggs—not an uncommon calamity in Vermont owldom—and shortly the nest was

deserted. Our tea-hour that day was gay with springtime plans for seeing baby owls fed in a fluffy row on the topmost branches of the tall pine, but, as events proved, the chance of seeing the nest occupied came only to the bravers of winter's rigor.

Friends have joined us around our winter fires, some tempted by broiled partridge early in December, or sour milk griddle-cakes or home-made sausage; some chiefly curious to see how the Outdoor Man packs so many things in his rucksack; others for love of the open or of a cup of tea in good company. Our guests have been chosen with discrimination, of course, but none has complained of cold or discomfort, and most have asked to come again. So to all readers of spirit—we refuse to believe that they are few—we commend the outdoor meal by the winter fire in the snowy woods, with good talk after it—restful, invigorating, lifting the short cold days of the year out of the ban of being house-bound, rounding out the calendar of outdoor sports, making winter in these northern fastnesses no longer a bugaboo but the most thrilling, inspiring, alluring season of all the wonderful year.

A GREAT American university has lately announced "a psychological test" to take the place of regular entrance examinations. A part of this test, it appears, is to consist of fifty or more words, chosen at random from the dictionary,

Whimsical Possibilities of Some Words

whose exact meaning is to be illustrated by correct use in sentences. If an experience of some years in attempting to develop young America's vocabulary may be accounted a sound basis of judgment, I predict that this test will prove an unfailing source of surprise and merriment. These effects will be partly due to the bizarre possibilities of words, which can be most ingenuously developed by the "forced fingers rude" of the amateur in composition.

This belief of mine concerning the nature of words may be a curious one; but I think it is true. The belief is simply this: that for centuries educated people have been pigeonholing words as if their nature could yield to such treatment. They were handled just like so much passive material: labelled, stored in the compartments of the

mind, and drawn forth as occasion demanded. But words are hardly more amenable to classification than are people. They are embarrassingly alive, and startlingly human. If you will but give this matter your serious attention, you will find that words have a vital personality; and that their meaning and behavior should by no man be considered as being limited. I admit that the normal monotony of our minds may make a word seem stale; but really a word has the secret of Cleopatra's charm. Consider, I pray, the word "casual," whose meaning certainly appears well and staidly established.

From the sudden and enthusiastic pen of a rather typical American boy I read this sentence: "The wily fox gave me a casual look." When asked what he meant by "casual," he said: "Why, it means *sly*." This made me very thoughtful; for, indeed, how many a look, apparently merely casual, is really, though slow, wily and wary, guarded and appraising!

This use of "casual" shows us that the wandering of a word from the path of rectitude in the matter of meaning may lead to interesting developments. When once a word begins to behave in this manner, it may become positively abandoned in its strayings. The possibility of its sprightly wrongdoing is really capacious. Consider our old friend "didactic." How it takes us back to the college classroom! Strictly, perhaps, it should never be used anywhere else. It is certainly a musty, rather unctuous word; and perhaps I should not have asked boys to add it to their vocabularies. It was defined to them as "instructive—purposing to teach."

Reading a composition soberly one day, my eye fell upon this sentence: "As she loved me well, my mother whipped me didactically." When the writer was taxed for his meaning, he said, looking at me with honest wide eyes: "Why, it means 'purposing to teach.' She wanted to teach me a lesson."

I call especial attention to this use of "didactic." Surely it has solved for parents a very difficult and delicate matter. They have always been obliged to say clumsily, "I am doing this for your own good"; and, "This hurts me far more than it hurts you." Now the problem has been solved. Out of the mouths of babes comes wisdom. Let

us henceforth say, with becoming sadness in the tone: "My son, I shall have to punish you didactically."

Another word which seems to have startling traits is "hereditary." Without doubt some of these varying uses arose from a misapprehension of the word's grammatical nature. Nevertheless, the following statements are highly suggestive: "I am my ancestors' hereditary." Some scientists declare that my hereditary was a monkey." The word "cupidity," which is ordinarily considered a grave citizen in the commonwealth of words, is made, by young writers, to caper to such uses as these: "Cupidity means violent love-making." "It is the solemn state of matrimony." "It is the opposite of stupidity." Here I might add that all along we may have been deceiving ourselves concerning the real meaning of "pastoral," for I have lately been told that it means "the state of being like a sheep or goat." That definition certainly widely implies something bucolic.

There appears to be extreme flexibility in the character of the apparently drab word "contour." The fresh, untrained, and perhaps unspoiled mind sees in it marvellous things; and the word's use is properly amplified, as these statements will prove. "Contour is the pretty part of a girl's cheek." "Contour means the side of a hill." "Contour sometimes enables one to see the ribs of a horse." Here, undeniably, something like justice is done to this mild word

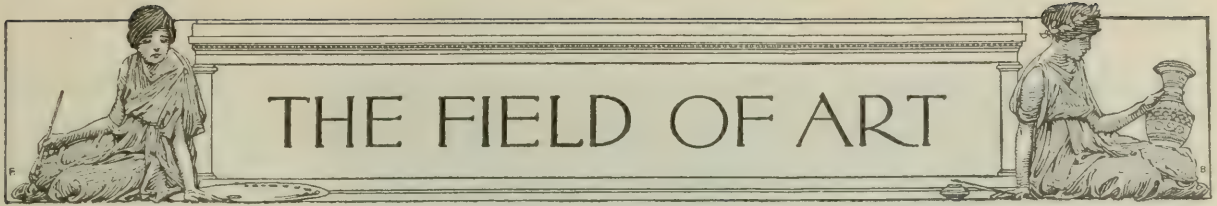
which for so long has had to be content with technical uses.

Words can readily be found to have whimsical meanings when they are mistaken for other words. "Satyr" and "satire" are often taken for blood-brothers; and in such a case we find that "A satire is a goatish divinity," and that "A satyr is a stinging poem." I commend this example of confusion to the attention of those who denounce the teaching of Greek and Latin. Here is further information that I unselfishly yield: "Coma is a state of being asleep without knowing it." Again, "No sentence should end with a coma." The sagacity of the advice here given is surely of a penetrating order. Sentences that end with commas are not perhaps so hopeless as those that end with comas!

After a few of these experiences with the fluctuating nature of words, I have come to believe that each one is a genuine personality, capable of bewildering development. We ought to abandon our ideas of their triteness; they are really delightfully erring and variable. No one, for example, would suppose that a list of words "expressing a loud noise" could rise to the following climax: "blast, explosion, eruption, cataclysm, afternoon tea."

My closing thought is that if the university with the "psychological test" wants some one to read examination papers, I shall make a joyous offer of my services. I always did like being entertained.





AN AMERICAN FINE ARTS ACADEMY NEAR PARIS

By Ernest C. Peixotto

Captain, Engineers; Director, Atelier of Painting, A. E. F. Art Training Centre, Bellevue

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

SOON after the signing of the Armistice the War Department set its approval upon a scheme to establish an educational system for the American soldiers in France, a scheme by which these young men who had begun serious study before taking service in the army could turn to profit time that would otherwise have been wasted. The Department of Fine Arts in this educational System was placed under the special direction of Mr. George S. Hellman, who asked Messrs. Lloyd Warren and Grosvenor Atterbury, two very well-known New York architects, to co-operate with him as assistant directors. Mr. Atterbury's efforts were chiefly devoted to the University of Beaune, where the main activities of the A. E. F. Educational System centred, while Mr. Warren became the head of a special institution that was to be founded nearer Paris.

For it was decided, and rightly, that a special Department of Fine Arts should be established in some place quite near Paris so that its students might profit by the exceptional advantages which that great centre affords to the student of art.

The idea of an army establishing an art school for troops in the field was so novel, so unprecedented an experiment, that in many quarters it was looked upon askance and even openly laughed at. Yet more perhaps than any other class could the students who had been drawn from their work in our art schools to do duty in our army profit by their sojourn in France.

The Pavillon de Bellevue, a hotel-restaurant well-known to travellers before the war, situated on a hill above Sèvres, was found to be available, it having just been vacated by the American Red Cross, who had used it as a hospital. Dominating an extensive

and beautiful view of all the Paris region, it proved, upon investigation, to be admirably suited to the requirements of an art school. Its two great halls, high and well lighted, could be used, one for the main architectural drafting-room, the other for the principal painting studio, while smaller ateliers for special classes were arranged in the various out-houses.

Mr. Lloyd Warren, as dean of the faculty, chose the heads of departments. He himself, with his associate, Mr. Archibald Brown, organized the Department of Architecture; Mr. Solon Borglum was placed at the head of the Department of Sculpture; Mr. Leslie Cauldwell took charge of the Department of Interior Decoration, and I was asked to organize the Department of Painting. The head of each department then selected the men who were to assist him, and thus the faculty grew into being harmoniously and rapidly.

Speed in organization was a vital consideration. In a few weeks materials had to be requisitioned and purchased; the ateliers had to be fitted up and all details of lectures, lecturers, and special instructors arranged. But when the students began to arrive in early March all was in readiness to receive them. They were assigned to billets in the two upper floors of the building, the enlisted men eight in a room, the officers two to four. There were two messes in the basement, one for officers and another for the men.

But in the classes and while at work no distinction whatever was made between officers and men. The lieutenants often worked without their blouses, and in their O. D. shirts could not be distinguished from the men. The commandant of the post, Major George H. Gray, an architect by profession, took a broad view of regulations and



The sculptors' atelier.

allowed the students every privilege compatible with good military discipline.

The men from the very first threw themselves enthusiastically into their work. Some seemed to regret that they had not been assigned to the Paris ateliers, but when they realized the exceptional advantages that they were to enjoy at Bellevue they became very content to remain there. They had been selected by means of questionnaires sent out through the army, asking where, for how long, and under whom they had studied, so that the majority of them were advanced students well able to profit by three months' "intensive training."

Their working day was divided as follows: After the morning setting-up exercises they gave an hour to a French lesson, and later, at eleven o'clock, an hour to a daily lecture. The afternoons were devoted to class work and to "study trips" in Paris and elsewhere.

The class work was

patterned after the methods adopted in the Paris ateliers. For the architects a three months' course was devised that was intended to offer an opportunity for technical improvement as well as to afford a perspective of the past and present achievements of French architecture, and give the students an insight into those principles of architectural design that have made the Ecole des Beaux-Arts the Mecca for students of all countries.

Monsieur Victor Laloux, the most famous "patron" of the Ecole, co-operated in this work and came personally to Bellevue to give his criticisms. The regular Ecole *projets* were studied, but in a simplified form, so as to give the students an opportunity to study as many problems as possible in a short space of time. The painters and sculptors had the regular life-class work as well as special classes in ornament, composition, etching, landscape, etc. Monsieur F. Cormon, the best-known "patron" of the Beaux-Arts



The life class.

painting ateliers, judged the monthly concours. Jacques Blanche twice painted studies from the model before the class, and Bernard Naudin made a demonstration drawing before it.

As I have said, the main idea of the school was to afford the students the best opportunity possible to profit by their proximity to Paris. This was accomplished in various ways. The architects were taken on "study trips," to visit the monuments of Paris and its environs, making pencil and water-color drawings, and taking measure-

to form their own ideas of what was or was not worth while in the tendencies of present-day art. They met these great men personally, and, for an hour or two, heard them talk of their work, seeing that work in its various stages of completion, and visualizing the personality and surroundings of each man. Among the studios visited were those of the painters Bonnat, Besnard, Roll, Cormon, Cottet, Jacques Blanche, René Ménard, Van Dongen, Gorguet, Paul Chabas, and Mlle. Dufau; the draftsmen Steinlen, Willette, Léandre, Devambez, and



The main architectural drafting-room.

ments of many of them. The members of the classes in Interior Decoration were taken on similar trips to study the French styles, so that, in a few months' time, they became quite proficient in recognizing the furniture, panelling, hangings, etc., of the different periods.

The painters and sculptors made similar journeys to the museums and current exhibitions, and, furthermore, enjoyed a special privilege—unique, I believe, in the annals of art-study in Paris—that of visiting in their own ateliers the most famous painters and sculptors of the day.

They were taken to the studios of radicals and conservatives in art, and were thus able

Jonas; the sculptors Bartholomé, Damst, Bourdelle, Bouchard Sicard, and Desbois—an impressive list of names famous in French art of to-day.

To further stimulate the students and make them better appreciate the things they were seeing in Paris, a group of distinguished lecturers was invited to come out and talk to the whole student body: architects, painters, and sculptors, assembled for that purpose every morning.

The students eagerly absorbed all this rich food and, I feel sure, will digest it thoroughly during many a long year of work. For, aside from adding to their store of technical knowledge, they were taught to

think—to use their minds as well as their hands, to form their own ideas of what they wanted to do by listening to many men's opinions, not blindly to follow the views of any one school or teacher. They learned, too, to differentiate between a cheap commercial success in art and the high ideals and patient progress of the French student.

The distinguished Frenchmen who came in contact with these three hundred young men were particularly struck with the eager receptivity of their minds, their quickness

however, that a special word of appreciation is due to the noted Frenchmen who, despite their many other activities, spared themselves neither time nor effort in promoting its aims and purposes, and who, by their contact with the pupils, vastly broadened their artistic horizons and sent them back to America with many new ideas in their heads and a technic broadened and restored after months of disuse in the army.

I believe that all those connected with the school, Frenchmen and Americans alike, feel that some such institution should be



A portrait class.

to absorb new ideas, their untiring capacity for work. When a group requested the formation of a landscape class and were informed that there seemed no time left for such work, fifty of them volunteered to report every morning at 6.45, ready to go to work. And with such a spirit, combined with the stimulus of all they were seeing and hearing, their work showed really remarkable improvement. One of my pupils, I am sure, voiced the feelings of many of his fellows when he told me that his three months at Bellevue had amply compensated for the two years that he had lost from his work while serving in the army.

I wish that I could give credit, in the limits of this short article, to all those who, by their zeal and enthusiasm, contributed to the success of the Bellevue school. I feel,

established in a permanent form near Paris—a place to which American students could go, if only for a short period of time, to refresh their minds with new ideas, and see for themselves what is going on in the art world of France. Such a project, indeed, is now well under way. The French Ministry of the Fine Arts has authorized the use of the great Louis XV wing of the Palace of Fontainebleau, the wing that contains the old royal theatre, admirably suited for concerts, as an American Academy of Music, to be directed by the best-known professors of the Paris Conservatoire. It is hoped also that this project may ultimately be extended so as to include sections of painting, architecture, and sculpture, thus creating a closer relationship between the art workers of France and America.



THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

LOOKING FORWARD

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

Entering a New Year IN the great financial markets as in the ordinary affairs of life, the ending of the old year and the beginning of the new one directs the thought of the whole community to what is behind us and to what is ahead. The average individual never wholly shakes off the feeling that somehow the new year will be a new slate on which a new and different experience will be written. The story of a twelvemonth just ended takes the shape of a closed chapter; hopes, expectations, and resolves are based on the vague idea that it will be easier to make a change, especially if it is to be a change for the better, after, rather than before, the 31st of December.

There is a good deal of this habit of thinking in the discussions of national prosperity and of national and international finance. That it is often illusory, the markets are well aware. Long experience testifies that the turn for better or worse in a financial situation rarely happens with the opening of January; that it is much more apt to come in the later springtime or in autumn. For this the very evident reason is that fundamental influences such as the harvests of our own and other countries, with their important consequences in the national wealth, international trade, prices of commodities, foreign exchange markets and the rate for money, do not really show their character in any country, so far as concerns the developments of a given calendar year, until April or May. They cannot indeed be fully measured, through the similar agricultural results in the rest of the world, until August or September. The definite plans for the immediate future, even of our own country's internal trade, will largely have been completed by the

end of this present December; but the framing of a new commercial programme for the next year as a whole is almost invariably postponed until, in the springtime, underlying conditions can be more clearly discovered.

Nothing could better illustrate these general truths than the financial history of the very year which is now drawing to its close. In our own country, 1919 will be remembered as a year of rising prices, great industrial activity, and persistent speculation for the rise on the Stock Exchange; but the course of events and the action of the markets in the two or three first months of the year, if one were to consider those months as a separate period, pointed in exactly the opposite direction. It was only in the early springtime that the real character of the year began to display itself. The history of another recent year of great American prosperity—1916—illustrates the same principle. The three first months of that year of abnormally great trade profits and of excited rise on the financial markets reflected little but hesitation and uncertainty in trade and falling prices on the Stock Exchange.

THERE may be, however, more reason than usual in the present situation for expecting financial and economic movements of real significance early in 1920. For one thing, the fact cannot be ignored that the winter season itself, with the harsh and cruel circumstances which it will impose on the European people in their present situation, is bound to test even the political stability of more than one foreign community. It is at least conceivable that, as a consequence of actual distress and famine, events in such countries as Ger-

**The
Economic
Influences
of 1920**

many, Austria, Italy, or Russia may move in such a way as to affect deeply both the political and the financial situation. This being so, the world at large and the financial markets in particular will certainly know more of the fundamental influences with which they have to deal when this severe test of human endurance is over than they know to-day. To what extent the visible movements in these various directions will be reflected in advance on the commercial and financial markets we shall have to wait to see.

It is quite undeniable that, at the moment, people are looking forward with a great deal of gloomy apprehension to the results of this European winter season. But that proves nothing; indeed, it is sometimes the part of wisdom to take by contrary such predictions on the street corner or the market-place. Nobody will have forgotten that, at this precise time a year ago, a similarly general feeling prevailed that France and England would recover with great rapidity as a sequel to the victorious termination of the war, but that Germany, prostrate and defeated, would fall an early and easy victim to the Bolshevist conspirators. In the event, neither prediction was fulfilled. The contemplated victim of Bolshevism organized a firm constitutional government and stamped out the Communist insurrection; the Western European nations which, so to speak, were to get on their feet financially and commercially overnight have shown by the experience of the past twelve months how slow and arduous the task will be, and what formidable financial handicaps remain to be surmounted. The reason for the non-fulfilment of the expectations entertained, even by experienced men, was that the expectations themselves were based on the mood and the seeming indications of the moment, without allowance for the larger influences which were bound to operate later.

THIS may turn out to be equally true of the predictions and apprehensions entertained at the present moment regarding the probable developments of 1920. It will therefore be worth while to look again at the situation into which the world has drifted during the past twelve

months, and then to inquire what possibilities, whether for good or bad, may be discovered in the political or financial horoscope. Nobody questions that the feeling of our own community, in regard to the economic rehabilitation of Europe, is distinctly less cheerful at the end of 1919 than it was at the beginning. The view taken of that matter, even in our markets, has inevitably been colored by the extraordinary movement of the foreign exchanges against the recent European belligerents—a movement which reached its climax in the closing weeks of the year.

There is at least a possibility, however, not only that the inferences drawn from that movement may have been too sweeping in themselves, but that the fixing of the public's attention on this one phenomenon may have made it lose sight of other and equally important developments, from which quite opposite inferences might be drawn. After all, the depreciated exchange rates are in reality a direct reflection of war conditions. The present season's decline would undoubtedly have been witnessed in all its present violence during the war itself, but for the fact that artificial and temporary influences were at that time applied to prevent it. Those influences were withdrawn this year, and what the foreign exchange market has subsequently experienced is a belated response to actual conditions of a year or more ago. But if this is true, then the careful inquirer would naturally look for financial and economic developments with a bearing on the future rather than on the past.

THERE have been such developments, and of a highly interesting sort, even though obscured by the more sensational incidents of the international money market. That England's economic recuperation would depend very largely on her success in building up again her foreign trade on the pre-war basis and in reducing or cancelling the huge war-time balance of trade against her, every one was aware. The circumstances of her own industrial situation during 1919—the labor disputes in England, with the large

Europe in
the Past
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of Recuper-
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Theodore Roosevelt's Talks with the Kaiser

THE ROOSEVELT LETTER of 25,000 words, giving a full account of his reception at the various courts of Europe, contains a remarkable picture of his interviews with the Kaiser. Here, in Mr. Roosevelt's own words, are his vivid impressions of the man who was then, in 1910, the dominant figure in Europe.

Henry van Dyke's third "Guide-Posts and Camp-Fires" discusses "*Self, Neighbour, and Company*." A delightful paper under this heading in every number in 1920.

Robert Louis Stevenson is portrayed by his friend *Sir Sidney Colvin*—a near-by picture of a much-loved author who has been dead twenty-five years but is perpetually young in the interest of his readers.

John Fox's last novel, "*Erskine Dale—Pioneer*," will take its place with his other great novels, which have had more than one million readers. "*Erskine Dale—Pioneer*" is an epic of our Colonial and Revolutionary days, full of the adventure and romance of the beginnings of Kentucky and Virginia.

A solution of the labor problem is outlined by an eminent economist, *Professor J. Laurence Laughlin*.

"The College a Training-School for Public Service," by *Wendell Phillips Stafford*, Judge of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, is an eloquent presentation of what the college man must stand for. He made a wonderful impression with

this address at the Dartmouth sesquicentennial.

"Will the Sick Man of Europe Recover?" is a careful analysis of the relation of Turkey to the troubled state of Europe, by *Major E. Alexander Powell*, founded on his recent travels in that country.

"Haiti To-Day," as governed by American marines, is a vivid account of how this "mandate" has worked out, by *Horace D. Ashton*, with first-hand pictures.

General Charles H. Sherrill has recently visited *Korea*, and he gives his views of that troubled question picturesquely and forcibly.

Short Stories by *Ralph D. Paine*, *Leonard Wood, Jr.*, and *Gordon Arthur Smith*.—The Field of Art: "On Modern American Miniature Painters," by *Lucia Fairchild Fuller*.—The Point of View.—The Financial Situation, by *Alexander Dana Noyes*.

SCRIBNER'S *for* March



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S. J. Woolf

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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FEBRUARY, 1920

NO. 2

PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF HIS TRIP FROM KHARTOUM TO LONDON

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WRITTEN TO SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN

SIXTH PAPER IN "THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME—
SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS"

Edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop



SOON after retiring from the Presidency in March, 1909, Colonel Roosevelt went to Africa on a hunting-trip. He had arranged before his departure for several formal addresses which he was to make in Germany, England, France, and Norway on his return. When he reached Khartoum in March, 1910, on his way home, he yielded to urgent appeals and made two addresses on Egyptian affairs, one at Khartoum and the other at Cairo, which aroused much controversy and led later to a speech on the same subject, also by urgent request, at the Guildhall in London. From Khartoum he went to Rome, Vienna, Budapest, Paris, Brussels, The Hague, Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm, Berlin, and thence to London. At the close of his tour he paid a visit to his long-time correspondent and friend, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, at the latter's estate at Welcombe, Stratford-on-Avon. During the visit his narrative of his experiences in Egypt and Europe so strongly impressed Sir George that he urged him most earnestly to put it in writing. This Roosevelt did in the following year, in the form of a letter to Trevelyan, under date of October 1, 1911. This letter, about 25,000 words in length, is an intimate account of his experiences in Egypt and in the chief capitals of Europe, with frank and searching comments upon the characteristics and personalities of the kings, emperors, and other eminent personages with whom he came in contact. It is a "human document" of quite exceptional character. What Trevelyan thought of it was expressed in a letter that he wrote to Roosevelt, under date of October 21, 1911:

"I have now read aloud, in the course of several evenings, your account of your European and Egyptian travels to my wife. I shall give it to George and Charles to read, without letting it go from beneath my roof; and I have arranged with Charles that, (to employ the usual euphemism,) 'if anything happens to me' he is to write to you, and ask whether you would wish to have it back. It is a piece absolutely unique in literature. Kings and emperors are a class apart; and no one, so capable of describing his observations, ever had such an opportunity of observing them, since the Prince de Ligne lived with Frederic, Catherine of Russia, and Maria Theresa, and their humble royal contemporaries. But the Prince de Ligne, though a very great subject, was after all a subject, and your position was independent, and you were as strange to them as they to you, and you approached them with ideas and

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beliefs engendered in a very different atmosphere. I never read anything more novel and interesting."

The first half of Roosevelt's narrative is published herewith, and the remaining portion will follow in the March number of the *MAGAZINE*. In view of Roosevelt's remark in the opening paragraph of his letter, that it should not be made public "until long after all of us who are now alive are dead," the question of publication now was referred to Sir George, who replied: "I do not hesitate to say that it should be published and the sooner the better. The world would be much the richer for it. The times are such that the human interest and solid value of this wonderful paper would be very great indeed *now*."

In the second portion of the narrative there is a very interesting account of Roosevelt's visit to the Kaiser, describing the famous review of the German army which the Kaiser held in his honor, and giving a very striking analysis of the Kaiser's character as it appeared to Roosevelt at the time.

THE LETTER

SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY,
New York, October 1st, 1911.

To the Right Hon. Sir George Trevelyan,
Bart.

DEAR SIR-GEORGE:

Sixteen months have passed since that very enjoyable Sunday I passed at your house. In the evening I finally told you that I would try to write an account of the intimate side of my trip from Khartoum to London, and send it to you for the eyes only of you yourself and your family. I am not quite sure I ought to write it even to you! However, I shall, just for the satisfaction of telling you things most of which it would be obviously entirely out of the question to make public, at any rate until long after all of us who are now alive are dead. By that time in all probability this letter will have been destroyed; and in any event interest in what it relates will have ceased. Meanwhile, if you enjoy reading what I have set down, I shall be repaid; and moreover, I am really glad for my own sake to jot down some of the things that occurred, before they grow so dim in my mind that I can no longer enjoy the memories, and look back at some with laughter and at others with sober interest.

I journeyed down the Nile, passing through stratum after stratum of savagery and semi-civilization. At first I was among men who, in culture, were more like our own palæolithic forefathers than the latter were to us; and then up through level after level as we went steadily northward with the current of the great stream, each stage representing

some thousands of years of advance upon the preceding, until we came to fairly organized warlike heathens not essentially different from the African foes of the Egypt of the first twenty dynasties, and then to Moslems fundamentally kin to the savage Moslem conquerors of the seventh century of our own era. Then we steamed into Khartoum, and found the twentieth century superimposed upon the seventh, and on the whole with intelligence, ability and a very lofty sense of duty, endeavoring to raise the seventh century so as to bring it somewhere within touching distance of the twentieth. It is a colossal task. We are none of us gifted with the power to see with certainty into the future; we cannot say what the outcome will be. Perhaps what the French are now doing in Algiers, what the English are now doing in Egypt and the Sudan, will in the end result in failure, and the culture they have planted wither away, just as the Græco-Roman culture which flourished in the same lands a couple of thousand years ago afterwards vanished. On the other hand, it may persist, or at least, even if it does vanish in the end, leave mighty forces carrying on the work in a changed form. In any event the task is a mighty task, which only a great and powerful nation could attempt, and which it is a high and honorable thing to have attempted.

At Khartoum we stayed at the Palace—and there was not an hour of our stay that was not full of associations with Gordon's memory. The Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate, was a sick man. He had gone

to Cairo, whence he had to go to London; but he had left a letter for me, and Slatin Pasha, his right-hand man, received us with more than mere friendly enthusiasm. In journeying through British East Africa, Uganda and the Sudan, I had been both surprised and touched to find how the settlers in the first province, and the military and civil officials in all three provinces, greeted me. Indeed I was both a little puzzled and a little amused to find that they simply ignored the fact that I was a citizen of another nation. They felt that I was an out-of-door man, who had dealt with questions of empire in strange lands; and they accepted as a matter of course the view that I would understand and sympathise with their purposes and needs; and moreover, which was a little embarrassing, they also took it for granted that I would make the people "at home" listen to me when I spoke about them. I told them again and again that I did not see how I could speak about them in any public way in England; but nothing that I said had any effect in shaking their faith that, somehow or other, I would manage to bring vividly before the minds of the English people just what they are doing. They evidently felt that the people at home tended to forget them and to misunderstand their work, and they were eager that some man who could attract attention would state their case.

Slatin Pasha and all the officials and army officers at Khartoum showed these feelings even more markedly than they had been shown to me elsewhere during the preceding eleven months. They were all uneasy over the anti-English movement in Egypt, which, for some years, had been growing more and more violent, which had just culminated in the murder of Boutros Pasha, and which, as it was really dependent for its entire strength upon being the expression of a fanatical Moslem uprising against Christianity, threatened to cause trouble likewise in the Sudan. Their especial concern was of course with the attitude of the exclusively—or well-nigh exclusively—Moslem native army. Slatin told me that the native officers' club—the club including both the Egyptian and Sudanese officers—wished to give an entertainment in my honor if

I were willing to attend. He explained that there was good cause for uneasiness as to the attitude of at least a portion of these native officers; and he was especially concerned because they had hung in the club a picture of the leader of the anti-English party in Egypt. He told me he thought I would do a very real good if I would go to their club, show my genuine appreciation of the courtesy extended to me, and at the same time make an address in which I should pay to their past loyalty and efficiency the kind of just tribute which would raise their respect, and at the same time speak with perfect frankness and in the plainest fashion in pointing out that everything they had done in the past and everything they might do in the future depended upon their absolute and unflinching loyalty to English rule. I told him that I would very gladly do what he suggested, for I was quite as strongly convinced of the truth of what he said as he was himself. I added that the fact that he, the representative of British rule in the Sudan, was an Austrian, only emphasized in my mind the fundamental truth that English rule in the Sudan was really the rule of civilization, and that every believer in justice and in progress all over the world should uphold it.

Accordingly I went to the reception given me by the officers at their club, and made the speech which you doubtless remember; trying my best to use such language and arguments as would add to the self-respect of my hearers, by making them understand how heartily I respected them; while at the same time I spoke with unmistakable plainness as to their duty of absolute loyalty, and as to the ruin which would come to both Egypt and the Sudan unless the power and prestige of the English rule were kept undiminished. I believe the speech accomplished its purpose; at least that is what Slatin Pasha told me and what the Sirdar wrote me at the time, and what Sir Ian Hamilton on his return from the Sudan also wrote me, and has recently told me.

The speech, however, when reported in Egypt, caused an outburst of anger and criticism among the Egyptian Nationalists, the anti-English and fanatically Moslem party. When I got into Egypt, and

especially when I reached Cairo, I found a curious state of things. The country had obviously prospered astoundingly, both from the material and the moral standpoints, as compared with conditions as I had seen them over thirty years before; but the very prosperity had made Jeshuren wax fat and kick. In Cairo and Alexandria many of the noisy leaders of the Nationalist movement were merely Levantine Moslems in European clothes, with red fezes; they were of the ordinary Levantine type, noisy, emotional, rather decadent, quite hopeless as material on which to build, but also not really dangerous as foes, although given to loud talk in the cafés and to emotional street parades. These Levantines were profoundly affected by the success of the Young Turk Movement in Turkey, and were prattling about a constitution and responsible government in language not materially different from that used by Mediterranean Christians when they are engaged either in a just and proper movement for reform or in a foolish revolutionary agitation.

The real strength of the Nationalist movement in Egypt, however, lay not with these Levantines of the cafés, but with the mass of practically unchanged bigoted Moslems to whom the movement meant driving out the foreigner, plundering and slaying the local Christian, and a return to all the violence and corruption which festered under the old-style Moslem rule, whether Asiatic or African. The American missionaries whom I met, and who I found had accomplished a really extraordinary quantity of work, were a unit in feeling that the overthrow of the English rule would be an inconceivable disaster; and this although they were quite frank in criticising some features of English rule, and notably some actions of individual Englishmen in high places. The native Christians, the Copts, and also the Syrians and Greeks (although often themselves difficult to satisfy and fond of making absurd claims), took exactly the same view of the essentials, and dreaded keenly the murderous outbreak of Moslem brutality which was certain to follow the restoration of native rule in Egypt; but they were cowed by the seeming lack of decision of the English authorities, and

the increasing insolence and turbulence of the Moslems. Moreover I found traces, although not strong traces, of a feeling on their part that some of the English officials occasionally treated them with a galling contempt which made it hard for them always to appreciate as fully as it deserved the justice which they also received.

The British officials themselves were drifting, and were uneasy and uncertain of their ground. Some of them, of course, were showing the same fine qualities that I had seen their colleagues show elsewhere; but others, including some of the highest, obviously were quite as much afraid of Parliament and of what I may call "Exeter Hall" in London as they were of the native anarchists. They spoke with great bitterness as to the mischief wrought by certain ignorant Members of Parliament—I believe chiefly Labor Members—who had come to Egypt, and, under the belief that they were championing the cause of human righteousness, had inspired in the Egyptian mind toward them and by extension toward the English generally, a touch of that most dangerous of all feelings, contempt. The root trouble, I believe, was that the officials high up did not know how far they would be backed by the people at home, and were afraid of taking any steps for fear of being condemned in Parliament.

Cairo was the only place where I was disappointed with some of the officers of the British Army whom I met. I could not speak too highly of those whom I have seen everywhere else in Africa; and the enlisted men whom I saw at Cairo, some of whom came to hear me speak at one of the missionary meetings, were as fine a set of stalwart, clean-cut, self-respecting, capable soldiers as I have ever come across. But there were a few of the officers who were unpleasantly like the type described by Kipling in his South African story, "The Outsider." These particular officers were absorbed, not in their duty, but in the polo and tennis matches, and treated the assassination of Boutros Pasha as a mere illegitimate interruption to sport; evidently they had no serious appreciation of the situation or of their own duties.

While at Gondokoro I had accepted an

invitation to speak at the new Cairo University, a university founded by the most advanced and liberal Moslems, men of high standing, some of whom I met and who really were engaged in the effort to advance their countrymen, and to make the Moslem world assimilate all that for its purposes was best in Occidental civilization. After I had accepted, the murder of Boutros Pasha occurred, and then word was brought me from Sir Eldon Gorst that in view of the delicacy of the situation he trusted that I would say nothing about the assassination in my speech. Every human being was thinking chiefly of the assassination, and the failure to take prompt action in punishing the assassin had produced a dangerous condition in the native mind. For me to have spoken at all and yet to have avoided mentioning the assassination would have been attributed by everyone simply to fear, and would have been thoroughly unfortunate. I accordingly answered that I should do nothing of which the authorities did not approve, and would make no speech without submitting it to them; but that I would not speak at all if I were not to speak of the one really vital question which was filling the minds of everyone. This answer seemed to clear matters, and I at once received a request by all means to go on and speak as I had intended. I wrote out my speech very carefully in advance, brought it in person to both Sir Eldon Gorst and the Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate, who as I have said were then in Cairo. Each of them made one or two suggestions, all of which I adopted, and they then approved every word of it. I accordingly delivered it.

After its delivery, Gorst wrote me as follows about it:

"Just a line to say how immensely I enjoyed your address, and how glad I am that you consented to speak to these people. If anything can bring them into a more reasonable frame of mind, your words should have that effect. In any case, if you have done nothing more, you have given me renewed courage to go on with what I often feel to be a very hopeless task."

The Sirdar wrote me two or three times, some of his letters being so personally congratulatory that I do not quite like to

quote them. But they included such phrases as the following:

"Do let me again thank you most truly and most cordially for all you have done to help forward our task in the Sudan. Believe me, you have assisted us more than you can possibly imagine, and I am proportionately grateful. I will say no more because I know you will understand all I have left unsaid."

Later, in England, after my Guildhall speech, the Sirdar wrote to me again, from the hospital where he was just recovering from the operation:

May 31, 1910.

MY DEAR COLONEL:

May I offer most sincere and hearty congratulations on your splendid speech today? I have only seen the evening paper account, but that is quite sufficient to show what a splendid pronouncement it must have been. How I should like to have heard you deliver it! Your summing up of the Egyptian situation should do a world of good; but what can I say of your tribute to our work in the Sudan? I can only say on behalf of myself and of all the good fellows who are my co-workers, "Thank you from the bottom of our hearts." Your words, uttered at such a time and under such conditions, will do more to help us in our task than anything that has yet happened. Again I thank you, Sir, most sincerely, and remain,

Your grateful and affectionate,

(Signed) R. WINGATE.

P. S. This is the first letter I have written since the operation just a month ago.

I was very much touched and pleased by this letter, written under such circumstances; for my prime desire was to help the men who were doing such good work; and so I prized having Wingate and Gorst, and later, Percy Girouard, from East Africa, and various district commissioners and generals, including Lord Roberts, and other military and civil officials, write me as they did; and I was pleased a few weeks ago to receive from Ian Hamilton a letter saying that he had been in the Sudan, where "my name was one to conjure with." Of course I shall never make public any of these letters, because I was

concerned only as to the effect of my utterances on the cause I was championing; I was particularly pleased to know that the men doing the work felt that I had helped them; and as long as this was so I was merely amused at the statements made by some outsiders—especially certain unhealthy outsiders of my own land—to the effect that my “brutality” of utterance had pained and hampered these same men who were doing the work.

The really intelligent Moslems, the men who earnestly desired to have the Moslem world advance as far beyond what it had been and what it still was as the Christian world has advanced beyond the Dark Ages, thanked me even more warmly than the English rulers of Africa. But of course the Levantine agitators and the fanatics of the seventh century type were savage against me. The native Christians, both Copts and Syrians, on the other hand, felt that I had rendered to them an even greater service than I had to the Europeans, and showed their acknowledgments in many rather touching ways; and the American missionaries—who, as I have already said, were doing really extraordinarily good educational and social work—felt the same way.

From Alexandria we sailed across to Naples, where we stayed twenty-four hours, and where, both officially and popularly, I was received in a way that really embarrassed me. For in Naples, when I went to the opera in the evening, the performance was interrupted for some ten minutes while they cheered me, and then processions of people from the university and various other bodies persisted in coming up to be introduced, so that I saw very little of the opera itself. This was a foretaste of what I experienced all through Europe except in Germany. Elsewhere than in Germany I was treated precisely as I used to be treated when as President I made a tour in any part of the United States; there were the same crowds, the same official receptions, the same courtesies and kindnesses, and the same wearing fatigue and hurry, and the same almost complete inability on my part to get time to see the people for whom I cared in public and satisfactory fashion, or to be allowed to visit by myself what I desired to visit.

THE VATICAN INCIDENT

In Rome, my first experience was with the Vatican. I had anticipated trouble in Rome, and had been preparing for it. My relations with Pope Leo XIII while I was President had been more than cordial, as he was a broadminded man, with a genuine knowledge of foreign affairs and of the needs of the time; as a token of his recognition of the way I had handled the Friars' Lands question in the Philippines he had sent me a beautifully done mosaic picture of himself in his garden. His successor was a worthy, narrowly limited parish priest; completely under the control of his Secretary of State, Merry del Val, who is a polished man of much ability in a very narrow line, but a furiously bigoted reactionary, and in fact a good type of a sixteenth century Spanish ecclesiastic. To you who know your Rome so well, and whose son has written so wonderfully of Garibaldi, and of the movement that turned Rome into what it now is, I need hardly say that the Eternal City offers the very sharpest contrasts between the extremes of radical modern progress, social, political and religious, and the extremes of opposition to all such progress. At the time of my visit the Vatican represented the last; the free-thinking Jew mayor, a good fellow, and his Socialist backers in the Town Council, represented the first; and between them came the king and statesmen like his Jewish Prime Minister, and writers like that high and fine character Foggazaro, and ecclesiastics like some of the cardinals, as for instance Janssens, the head of the Benedictines, and the Bishop of Cremona, a great friend of Foggazaro.

In this society American Methodism had suddenly appeared, several representatives having been sent thither on a mission. Some of these representatives were really excellent men, who were doing first-class work; they had a Sunday school, one of the teachers in which was a granddaughter of Garibaldi, while one of the graduates was her brother, a grandson of Garibaldi, a very fine fellow. This work was not only good in itself, but it was good from the standpoint of those who wish well to the Catholic Church, as I do, for it tended to introduce a spirit

of rivalry in service, for rivalry in good conduct, which in the long run is as advantageous to the church as to the people, but which of course is peculiarly abhorrent to the narrow and intolerant priestly reactionaries, who, whenever and wherever they have the upper hand in the church make it the baleful enemy of mankind. There was, however, one Methodist in town, taking charge of a congregation, who was of an utterly different type. I have no doubt that he had a certain amount of sincerity, and a great deal of energy, and there were places where I suppose he could have done good. But he was a crude, vulgar, tactless creature, cursed with the thirst of self-advertisement, and utterly unable to distinguish between notoriety and fame. He found that he could attract attention best by frantic denunciations of the Pope, and so he preached sermons in which he pleasantly alluded to the Pope as "the whore of Babylon," and even indulged in attacks on the other Protestant bodies in Rome, denouncing the Episcopalian and Presbyterian churches, and assailing the Young Men's Christian Association because it was under the Waldensian leadership—which particularly roused my ire, as I think every Protestant should have a peculiar feeling for this ancient Italian church, the church of whose wrongs Milton thundered like a Hebrew prophet.

The Pope would have been entirely right to refuse to see me if I identified myself with this man; but he had no right whatever to expect that I would be willing to see him if he made it a condition that I should not see the other entirely reputable Methodists, who were conducting their work in an entirely reputable way. He had, however, followed this line of action in dealing with ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, when the latter was in Rome, with the result of immensely exciting the entire Methodist body in the United States, and of benefiting the Roman Methodists. They were now wishful to see whether or not I would myself be afraid to visit them when I came to Rome; the Catholics in the United States were taking the opposite view; and both sides were watching to see what I would do. If each side had behaved with an appearance of moderation, sufficient to deceive each its own

adherents, they might very possibly have made it awkward for me, because it was a case where damage was certain to follow if the issue were not clear-cut, and where it was easy to befog the matters. Fortunately each side committed blunders so gross as to enable me to make my position clear.

While I was in Cairo, I was forwarded a letter from Merry del Val, sent in response to a request Ambassador Leishman had made that I might have an audience with the Pope, in which Merry del Val stated that the audience could only take place on the understanding that I was not intending to see the Methodists—as he phrased it; that no such incident should occur as that which had rendered it impossible for the Pope to see Fairbanks. I responded that I hoped to see the Pope, but that it must be distinctly understood that I would not make any stipulation in any way impairing my liberty of conduct to see any one else that I chose. Merry del Val, then responded that the Holy Father would be unable to see me. The correspondence was as follows:

Ambassador Leishman to me, March 23:

The Rector of the American Catholic College, Monsignor Kennedy, in reply to inquiry which I caused to be made, requests that the following communication be transmitted to you: "The Holy Father will be delighted to grant audience to Mr. Roosevelt on April 5, and hopes nothing will arise to prevent it, such as the much-regretted incident which made the reception of Mr. Fairbanks impossible."

Ambassador Leishman's accompanying comment:

I merely transmit this communication without having committed you in any way to accept the conditions imposed, as the form appears objectionable, clearly indicating that an audience would be canceled in case you should take any action while here that might be construed as countenancing the Methodist mission work here, as in the case of Mr. Fairbanks. Although fully aware of your intentions to confine your visit to the King and Pope, the covert threat in the Vatican's communication to you is none the

less objectionable, and one side or the other is sure to make capital out of the action you might take. The press is already preparing for the struggle.

*My answer to Ambassador Leishman,
March 25:*

Please present the following through Monsignor Kennedy:

It would be a real pleasure to me to be presented to the Holy Father, for whom I entertain a high respect both personally and as the head of a great Church. I fully recognize his entire right to receive or not to receive whomsoever he chooses for any reason that seems good to him, and if he does not receive me I shall not for a moment question the propriety of his action. On the other hand, I in my turn must decline to make any stipulations, or submit to any conditions which in any way limit my freedom of conduct. I trust on April 5 he will find it convenient to receive me.

*Ambassador Leishman to me, March 28,
transmitting following message from
Monsignor Kennedy:*

His Holiness will be much pleased to grant an audience to Mr. Roosevelt, for whom he entertains great esteem, both personally and as President of the United States. His Holiness quite recognized Mr. Roosevelt's entire right to freedom of conduct. On the other hand, in view of the circumstances, for which neither His Holiness nor Mr. Roosevelt is responsible, an audience could not occur except on the understanding expressed in the former message.

*My answer to Ambassador Leishman,
March 29:*

Proposed presentation is of course now impossible.

At the time two men were acting as my volunteer secretaries; Lawrence Abbott, one of the editors of *The Outlook*, and J. C. O'Laughlin, a young newspaper man, - the son of Irish parents, and a Catholic, but a straight-out American. O'Laughlin was anxious to prevent the Vatican from committing what he felt would be a great blunder; and when I stopped at Naples, he went on to Rome to

see Merry del Val. I told him that I should be glad to have him arrange matters, but that it must be distinctly understood that I would not withdraw from my position, or make, or acquiesce in, any stipulations as to my conduct. He had a long and fruitless talk with Merry del Val. The chief point of interest in this talk was that Merry del Val told him that if I would secretly agree not to visit the Methodists he was quite willing then it should be publicly announced that I had made no agreement! It never occurred to him, Cardinal and Prince of the Church as he was, that this was an invitation to me to take part in a piece of discreditable double-dealing and deception; and it shows the curious moral callousness of his type that later, to justify himself and to show how conciliatory he had been, he actually himself made public the fact that he had made this proposition, evidently having no idea that any one would find it reprehensible. Why, a Tammany Boodle alderman would have been ashamed to make such a proposal.

Accordingly I was not presented at the Vatican; I made public the correspondence which showed why I had not been, and at the same time, through *The Outlook*, published the following statement to the American people:

NAPLES, April 3, 1910.

DEAR DR. ABBOTT: Through *The Outlook* I wish to make a statement to my fellow-Americans regarding what has occurred in connection with the Vatican. I am sure that the great majority of my fellow-citizens, Catholics quite as much as Protestants, will feel that I acted in the only way possible for an American to act, and because of this very fact I most earnestly hope that the incident will be treated in a matter-of-course way, as merely personal, and, above all, as not warranting the slightest exhibition of rancor or bitterness. Among my best and closest friends are many Catholics. The respect and regard of those of my fellow-Americans who are Catholics are as dear to me as the respect and regard of those who are Protestants. On my journey through Africa I visited many Catholic as well as many Protestant missions, and I look forward to telling the people

at home all that has been done by Protestants and Catholics alike, as I saw it, in the field of missionary endeavor. It would cause me a real pang to have anything said or done that would hurt or give pain to my friends, whatever their religious belief, but any merely personal considerations are of no consequence in this matter. The important consideration is the avoidance of harsh and bitter comment such as may excite mistrust and anger between and among good men. The more an American sees of other countries the more profound must be his feelings of gratitude that in his own land there is not merely complete toleration but the heartiest good will and sympathy between sincere and honest men of different faith—good will and sympathy so complete that in the inevitable daily relations of our American life Catholics and Protestants meet together and work together without the thought of difference of creed being even present in their minds. This is a condition so vital to our National well-being that nothing should be permitted to jeopard it. Bitter comment and criticism, acrimonious attack and defense, are not only profitless, but harmful, and to seize upon such an incident as this as an occasion for controversy would be wholly indefensible and should be frowned upon by Catholics and Protestants alike. I very earnestly hope that what I say will appeal to all good Americans.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Lyman Abbott, Editor of *The Outlook*.

Meanwhile I had seen the three leading representatives of the Methodists, and had appealed to them not to embarrass me, and had arranged that I should see them and various other members of the American colony at a reception at the Ambassador's. They explicitly agreed, in response to my request, to say nothing that would aggravate the situation or cause any unnecessary heartburnings. Two of them loyally kept to the agreement; but the third with a sense of morality and fitness not much better than that of Merry del Val himself, violated the agreement, and, merely in order to advertise himself by raising a rumpus, issued a screed violently attacking the

Vatican. His two colleagues disapproved of what he had done, but followed the course so common among well-meaning and not very strong men, and for twenty-four hours refused to disavow his action or to say that it did not represent them. I had to act promptly in order to prevent becoming involved in an uncomfortable situation; for if after this screed I had then seen him, I would have convinced many men that the Pope was quite right in having refused to receive me. Accordingly I cancelled the reception at the Ambassador's, and did not attend any meeting at which the Methodists were represented. However, certain of the Methodists, and certain Catholic ecclesiastics, including Abbot Janssens of the Benedictines, called to see me to explain their entire sympathy with the position I had taken. Next to having both sides behave well, it was to my interest that both sides should behave ill, so that I could avoid having anything to do with either; and this was precisely what occurred.

A VISIT TO THE KING OF ITALY

I was immensely impressed with my whole visit to Rome. I attended a dinner given me by Mayor Nathan, the Syndic, and his colleagues of the municipal council. Mayor Nathan was a Jew, who spoke excellent English, and was apparently a good public servant. When I dined with him I had already taken lunch with a number of Members of the Administration, sitting beside the Prime Minister, also a Jew, and a man of more intellectual type than Nathan. Think what a contrast this meant! In the Eternal City, in the realm of the popes, the home of the Ghetto, I lunched sitting beside one Jew who was Prime Minister of Italy, and dined as the guest of another Jew who was the head of the Roman Government itself! The Prime Minister and his colleagues struck me as upright men, sympathizing with liberal and progressive ideas, and anxious to do justice, and also on the whole as cultivated men, well read, and, in short, good fellows; but they did not strike me as possessing very great force. Mayor Nathan was precisely like many an American municipal politician of good type. He would have been quite

at home as Reform Mayor of any American city of the second class. Among his colleagues were a number of Socialists, mostly parlor or study Socialists of the Latin type, well-meaning people with lofty aspirations, wild eyes, and a tendency to pay over-much heed to fine phrases. What I saw of Italy made me feel that there was infinite need for radical action toward the betterment of social and industrial conditions; and this made me feel a very strong sympathy with some of the Socialistic aims, and a very profound distrust of most of the Socialistic methods.

The king and queen were delightful people. I had already seen the king, for when I was on my way to Africa he had come down in a battleship to Messina, and at his request I had gone aboard the battleship and had been presented to him; and I had a very genuine respect for him. Moreover, I found him most companionable. There were many things in which both of us were interested, from big game hunting to history and social progress. Some time before he had written asking me to come on a shooting trip with him after ibex, and I was genuinely sorry to refuse; and when I made my formal call upon him he showed me the heads of all kinds of game animals, including for instance the very rare South Italian chamois; and he showed that he took much more than a pure sportsman's interest in them. As for his general reading, I need only mention that I found on his desk, open, a copy of Mahaffy's "Empire of the Ptolemies," in which he was interested. I have always had a liking for the early history of the House of Savoy. Happening to say that I supposed that the fact that the House of Savoy had elected to live under Roman and not under Lombard law indicated that it was probably of native and not of invading Germanic origin, the king at once became interested and he told me many queer incidents of early Savoy history; and showed us his noteworthy collection of Savoyard coins, from the earliest to modern times. While I was President he had sent me, together with a handsome edition of Dante, a score of volumes of the original reports and papers of Eugene of Savoy—one of my favorite heroes.

The king showed that he was deeply and intelligently interested in every movement for social reform, and was not only astonishingly liberal but even radical, sympathizing with many of the purposes and doctrines of the Socialists. He took me in to see his children, who were well behaved and simple. When I spoke of how well the queen was bringing them up, he laughed and said, yes, he wished his son to be so trained that if necessary he would be fit to be the First President of the Italian Republic. Later he called for me at the hotel, causing thereby frightful agitation among the hotel attendants and guests, and spent a morning driving me round the city—I had already made the correct formal calls and had left a wreath on Victor Immanuel's tomb in the Pantheon. He slightly embarrassed me by making me sit on the right-hand in the carriage, as almost all the kings did—I suppose on the theory that I was a kind of ex-sovereign myself; I always wished they wouldn't do it, but after one or two trials I made no further protest, as it always became evident that if I insisted on sitting on the left-hand I should cause a fuss, which was just exactly what I was desirous of not doing. He took me to the cavalry school, where I was greatly impressed by the riding of his officers, and especially by the way in which they took their horses down well-nigh perpendicular banks. Evidently he knew the army and its needs just as he knew the civil and social needs of the country; and in fact I do not see how Italy could have a more intelligent, devoted, and sympathetic ruler. I told him I wished we had a few men like him in the Senate! He asked us—Mrs. Roosevelt and I—to drive out with him and the Queen and spend a day and a couple of nights at their country place not far from Rome, saying that they would dig out some badgers—I think it was badgers—but we had so many other engagements and were so pressed for time that, as he asked me to say frankly whether it would be convenient or not, I begged off, stating that we would infinitely rather go with him to his place, but that it would cause us serious inconvenience in keeping our other engagements; and he at once acquiesced, being as considerate as possible.

In a way, I should have liked to see more of him; but after all I am doubtful whether it would have been worth while, for even with the pleasantest and kindest king there must of necessity be a little that is artificial in association with a civilian foreigner, and especially a civilian foreigner from a huge overseas democracy. To have gone with him on a hunt, where we should have had a real object in common, or to have met him while I was President, when also we would have had interests in common, would of course have been an entirely different thing.

I thoroughly liked and respected almost all the various kings and queens I met; they struck me as serious people, with charming manners, devoted to their people and anxious to justify their own positions by the way they did their duty—it is no disparagement to their good intentions and disinterestedness to add that each sovereign was obviously conscious that he was looking a possible republic in the face, which was naturally an incentive to good conduct; I was very glad to have met them; and it was pleasant to see them for a short while; but longer intercourse, or renewed intercourse, would have been unnatural unless there had been, as there was not, some real intellectual interest, or other bond in common, and if there was any such, it happened not to develop itself.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PRESIDENTS AND KINGS

I was much amused, by the way, when I reached Rome, at finding that our Ambassador was engaged in an intricate controversy with the puffy-faced, entirely pompous and well-meaning local baron who was Court Marshal or Master of Ceremonies, or something of the sort; the Ambassador wishing to have me treated with the courtesies granted a visiting sovereign, and the court marshal taking the entirely proper view that I was simply a private citizen, with no title and no claim to any precedence. I hastily interfered, telling the Ambassador that I absolutely shared the views of his opponent, that I wished him himself to act upon, and to notify all our other ambassadors that they were to act upon, the theory that I was purely a private citizen, with

no claim to any position of precedence at all, and that at any function, formal or informal, I should be perfectly happy to walk or sit or stand anywhere, and below any one, just as the local people desired—or not to appear at all, unless they expressly wished it. I added that I was really speaking less in a spirit of humility than of pride. I have a hearty and sincere respect for a king who does his duty and acts decently, and am delighted to show him any kind of formal courtesy which is customary; but I have no patience with a sham and least of all a snobbish sham; and of all snobbish shams there is none more contemptible than that of the democrat who loudly contends that he is such and yet wishes in private or public life to grasp privileges which give the lie to his contention. To me there is something fine in the American theory that a private citizen can be chosen by the people to occupy a position as great as that of the mightiest monarch, and to exercise a power which may for the time being surpass that of Czar, Kaiser, or Pope, and that then, after having filled this position, the man shall leave it as an unpensioned private citizen, who goes back into the ranks of his fellow-citizens with entire self-respect, claiming nothing save what on his own individual merits he is entitled to receive. But it is not in the least fine, it is vulgar and foolish, for the president or ex-president to make believe, and, of all things in the world, to feel pleased if other people make believe, that he is a kind of second-rate or imitation king. It is as if a Roman ex-dictator wished to be treated like a king of Pergamum or Antioch! The effort to combine incompatibles merely makes a man look foolish. The positions of President and King are totally different in kind and degree; and it is silly, and worse than silly, to forget this. It is not of much consequence whether other people accept the American theory of the Presidency; but it is of very much consequence that the American people, including especially any American who has held the office, shall accept the theory and live up to it.

However, in this case, the Italian king insisted upon treating me upon "the most favored guest" principle. When we dined at the palace, by the way, I struck one

bit of etiquette which I did not strike at any other court. I had endeavored to dispose of my hat when I left my coat in the anteroom, but it was returned to me with every symptom of surprise and horror, and as the other male members among the guests retained theirs, I went on with mine. When the royal party came in, and I was brought up to the queen to take her in to dinner, I again thought it was time for me to get rid of the hat. But not a bit of it! I found I was expected to walk in with the queen on my arm, and my hat in my other hand—a piece of etiquette which reminded me of nothing with which I was previously acquainted except a Jewish wedding on the East Side of New York, where the participants and guests of honor wear their hats during the ceremony, and where, on the occasions when I was Police Commissioner, and occasionally attended such weddings, I would march solemnly in to the wedding-feast with the bride, or the bride's mother, on one arm, and my hat in my other hand. Both at the Italian Court and at the East Side weddings, however, some attendant took the hat as soon as I sat down at the table.

A REAL PEASANT QUEEN

At dinner I took as great a fancy to the queen as I had already taken to the king. I sat between the queen and her niece—whom she had always treated as an elder daughter or younger sister—the Princess Royal of Servia. Both spoke French, not English. I am sorry to say that I am too much like Chaucer's Abbess in that my French is more like that of Stratford-at-Bow, than to French of Paris. But still, such as it is, I speak it with daring fluency; and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. The queen is a really fine woman, with a strong touch of the heroic in her, and I greatly liked the princess also. They interested me because, to an American, it was curious to meet cultivated women, fond of reading, whose acquaintance with books barely touched the limits of English literature. In other words, they were cultivated people of the Balkans of southwestern Europe. They knew French well and some German, but very little English. Both had a passionate love for the Montenegrin land, for its

people and its history, and they were delighted when they found that I really did know its history and shared to the full their admiration for it. They were also interested to find that I knew Carmen Sylva's writings, especially her translations of the Roumanian folk-songs; and the various translations of the poetry of the Balkan Slavs. The princess was in sympathy a thorough Montenegrin and not a Servian, and I found respected the Bulgarians more than she did the Servians. I was amused to find that the princess knew all about my family, and put me many questions about my elder daughter, whom she laughingly referred to as "the Princess Alice."

The Italian queen herself was obviously a fine and noble woman, and she was the real peasant queen, the Saga queen, the queen of the folk stories and fairy-tales—the kind of queen whom the hero meets when he starts out with his wallet and staff and travels "far and far and farther than far," and finally comes to a palace up to which he strolls, and sees the king sitting in front of the door looking at the sheep or the chickens. To be king or queen in a country like Italy at the present day means unending strain and worry, and both the king and the queen were faithfully and conscientiously and wisely, and with great self-devotion and self-abnegation, doing everything they could to meet the difficulties of an uncommonly difficult situation. They are loving and faithful to each other—I know you share my bourgeois prejudices against domestic immorality, which are stronger directly in proportion as the social position of the offenders is higher—and it was good to see their relations, together and with their children. The queen spoke with horror of war and violence, and mentioned that she did not think she could ever strike a blow herself, unless in defense of her children, or if her husband was attacked by an assassin; and as she spoke her eyes smouldered and she straightened her tall form. She loves to talk of her life at home in Montenegro, and one anecdote she told me gave me an insight into the reason why the Montenegrins show a more than mediæval devotion to their sovereign. She said that when she was a child a famine came to the people, who

were finally reduced to eat only rice; and her father, the then reigning prince and present king, summoned his family together, and told them that their mother had much to do and needed meat and would continue to eat it, but that he and the children would from that time on eat only rice, until the people too had more than rice to eat; and his proposal was carried out to the letter.

After leaving Rome Mrs. Roosevelt and I tried to repeat the drive over the Cornichi which we had taken twenty-three years before on our honeymoon, doing it the reverse direction. We started in an old-style three horse carriage—not a motor—from Spezia, and as we had been able to conceal the fact that we were going to Spezia our first day's drive to Sestri Levante was delightful, and we enjoyed the night at a funny little old-style hotel, the waves washing the wall beneath our balcony. But they found us out even before the end of this afternoon, and the officers of the municipality called upon us that evening, and the band gave us a serenade; and next day both the natives and the tourists all along our route had heard about our coming; and by noon it had become evident that the enjoyment of our trip was at an end, and we abandoned it. After that, throughout my stay in Europe, the visits to Arthur Lee and yourself, and my twenty-four hours with Edward Grey in the valley of the Itchen, and through the New Forest, represented the only occasions when I was able to shake off my semi-public character for more than an hour or two at a time.

We spent a week with Mrs. Roosevelt's sister at her house at Porto Maurizio; then I left Mrs. Roosevelt and Ethel there, for I wished them not to get overtired, while Kermit and I made a flying trip to Vienna and Buda-Pesth.

LECTURE AND OTHER INVITATIONS

I had originally intended to come straight home to America from Africa. I abandoned this idea on receiving the invitation to deliver the Romanes lecture at Oxford, because this was an invitation I wished to accept; and I appreciated being asked to deliver the lectures. It was the kind of thing I was really glad to do. But immediately afterward I was

asked to speak at the Sorbonne. This again I was glad to do. When I accepted, however, I was certain that the Kaiser would not stand my speaking in England and France and not in Germany; and, sure enough, I soon received from the German Ambassador, by his direction, a request to speak at the University of Berlin; and this again I was glad to do. I then felt that I had entered into all the engagements I could carry through without hurrying myself, and I endeavored to avoid making any others; and I also endeavored to avoid visiting any other countries save France, Germany, and England. But I soon found that while the different rulers did not really care a rap about seeing me, they did not like me to see *other* rulers and pass them by; and that the same state of mind obtained among the peoples.

At Messina the King of Italy had made a point of my returning to Italy, and the municipality of Rome had—then a year in advance—made such representations about my coming through Rome as to make it evident that I would give grave offense if I went round it in order to get up into France. Accordingly I had to go. Then the Austrian Ambassador, (a Hungarian) whom I like, raised a perfect clamor against my omitting Austria; and I also found that the Hungarians would really have had their feelings hurt if I did not visit Hungary. Then the Norwegian Minister to Washington, and our own Minister in Norway, both wrote me that the Norwegians would feel permanently aggrieved if after having received the Nobel Prize I failed to come to Christiania and give the Nobel Lecture customary in such cases, inasmuch as I was giving addresses in Berlin, Paris, and Oxford. As soon as I accepted this, I found that Sweden and Denmark would in their turn have had their feelings injured to the last point by failure on my part to visit them when I was so near, and that Holland was already making great preparations because, on account of my Dutch descent, they claimed a certain proprietorship in me. As I had to pass through Belgium, and as the Belgians had been very kind to me in Africa, I was glad to stop there also; I had not intended to be presented to any sovereign; for I have

the strongest feeling about the attitude of so many Americans in desiring to be presented to the different sovereigns. The latter, poor good people, must be driven nearly mad by such requests; for which there is no warrant whatever, in the great majority of cases.

Moreover I believed that the sovereigns could not care to see me; an attitude of mind with which I most cordially sympathized. I can imagine nothing more dreary than being called upon to receive retired politicians, who have no official standing and no right to any official honors, and who nevertheless may be sensitive if they are not given the honors to which they have no claim. However, the unfortunate sovereigns evidently felt that it would be misunderstood if they did not show me attention, and through the ambassadors or foreign ministers I was requested to visit almost every country in Europe, and to visit the sovereign of every such country. Switzerland was an exception. Here I had been asked to attend the Calvin Quadricentenary which I could not do; and as I was not asked by the Government until my trip was half over, when I was eagerly endeavoring to cut out every possible engagement, I did not go there. The result has been that to this day I am now and then called upon to explain why I did not go there; and to my concern I found that I had hurt the feelings of a great many good people who thought I had slighted them—not that they would ever have dreamed of caring one way or the other if it were not for the fact that they saw a fuss made about me in other countries; whereupon they illustrated Lincoln's view that "there's a deal of human nature in mankind" by promptly proceeding to feel injured.

I had precisely the same experience with Russia. I do not for a moment believe that the Russians wished to see me, and least of all the Czar; they would have been anything but pleased had I come; but inasmuch as I never went near Russia, they all now feel slightly aggrieved; and only the other day I received a warm invitation from the Czar to come to Russia this summer, together with a complaint about my not having visited it already. I did not deem it

necessary to explain in full, as no good would come of it; but I would hate to go to Russia in any way as guest of the ruling authorities, and feel that I was thereby stopped from speaking on behalf of Finland, of the Jews, of the persecuted Russian liberals, and of all the many other people upon whom the iron despotism of the bureaucracy bears with such crushing weight.

HANDICAPS AND LIMITATIONS OF SOVEREIGNS

I said above that I doubted whether the sovereigns cared to see me. I am now inclined to think that they did, as a relief to the tedium, the dull, narrow routine of their lives. I shall always bear testimony to the courtesy and good manners, and the obvious sense of responsibility and duty, of the various sovereigns I met. But of course, as was to be expected, they were like other human beings in that the average among them was not very high as regards intellect and force. Indeed the kind of driving force and energy needed to make a first-class president or prime minister, a great general or war minister, would be singularly out of place in the ordinary constitutional monarch. Apparently what is needed in a constitutional king is that he shall be a kind of sublimated American vice-president; plus being socially at the head of that part of his people which you have called "the free masons of fashion." The last function is very important; and the king's lack of political power, and his exalted social position, alike cut him off from all real comradeship with the men who really do the things that count; for comradeship must imply some equality, and from this standpoint the king is doubly barred from all that is most vital and interesting. Politically he can never rise to, and socially he can never descend to, the level of the really able men of the nation. I cannot imagine a more appallingly dreary life for a man of ambition and power.

The kings whom I saw were not as a whole very ambitious or very forceful, though fine, honest, good fellows; and the monotony of their lives evidently made them welcome any diversion in the shape of a stranger, who gave them an entirely new point of view, and with whom, be-

cause of the nature of the case, they knew they could be intimate without any danger of the intimacy being misconstrued, or leading to unpleasant situations in the future. They had made the advances, not I; they knew that I was not coming back to Europe, that I would never see them again, or try in any way to keep up relations with them; and so they felt free to treat us with an intimacy, and on a footing of equality, which would have been impossible with a European, the subject of some one of them (I think this was why they asked us to stay in the palaces).

In a way, although the comparison sounds odd, these sovereigns, in their relations among themselves and with others, reminded me of the officers and their wives in one of our western army posts in the old days, when they were all shut up together and away from the rest of the world, were sundered by an impassable gulf from the enlisted men and the few scouts, hunters, and settlers around about, and were knit together into one social whole, and nevertheless were riven asunder by bitter jealousies, rivalries, and dislikes. Well, the feelings between a given queen and a given dowager-empress, or a small king and the emperor who on some occasion had relished bullying him, were precisely the same as those between the captain's lady and the colonel's spinster daughter, or the sporting lieutenant and the martinet major, in a lonely army post.

As we travelled, we found that the royalties at one court were almost sure to have written to their kinsfolk at the next court (for they are all interrelated) things about us, just exactly as people would write from one army post to another in the old days. They were always sure to wish to hear from me about some of the things that I had done while I was President, especially the building of the Panama Canal, the voyage of the battle fleet, the handling of the coal strike, and various matters concerning the control of the trusts and the control of the mob, and the relations of both with Socialism; and they were at least as anxious to hear about my regiment, and especially about my life in the West, evidently regarding it as an opportunity to acquire knowledge at first-hand and at close range concerning

the Buffalo-Bill and Wild-West side of American existence.

Most of them had obviously read up my writings for the occasion, and would appeal to me for enlightenment upon points which they could not understand; and then when I illustrated these points by stories and incidents, they would usually need further enlightenment about some of the expressions I used in telling the stories, and they would evidently solemnly write or tell one another just what these expressions were. Accordingly, after the usual formal and perfunctory conversation with the new king or crown prince, or whoever it was, he would, with a little preliminary manœuvring, ask me if I would mind repeating the story I had told some preceding king about this, that, or the other frontier hero who had afterward become a public servant holding my commission—wishing to know just how and why it was that Benjamin Franklin Daniels, afterward Marshal of Arizona, had his ear "bit off" in the course of the exercise of his duties as peace officer, or why Hon. Seth Bullock, who was Marshal in South Dakota, and was to meet me in London, had regarded homicide as a regrettable but inevitable incident of a political career in territorial days; or he might (and in two cases actually did) say "I beg your pardon, but I do not quite understand what is a two-gun man," which would necessitate a brief review of the exercise of the right of private war under primitive conditions in the Far West, and the advantages accruing to the cause of virtue if its special champion was able to use a revolver in either hand. All these small kings had vague ambitions, which they knew would never be gratified, for military distinction, and hunting dangerous game, and they always had questions to put about the Spanish War and the African trip. They also all stood distinctly in awe of the German Kaiser, who evidently liked to drill them; and both the big and the small ones felt much jealousy of one another, and at the same time felt joined together and sundered from all other people by their social position.

Before I had seen them I had realized in a vague way that a king's life nowadays must be a very limited life; but the reali-

zation was brought home to me very closely on this trip. I can understand a woman's liking to be queen fairly well, (that is, if she is not an exceptional woman) for if, as is sometimes the case, as was the case for instance with both the Queen of Norway and the Crown Princess of Sweden, she has made a love match, she has the ordinary happiness that comes to the happy woman with husband and children, and in addition the ceremonial and social part would be apt to appeal to her and to be taken seriously by her. But as for the man! It would be very attractive to be a king with the power of a dictator, and the ability to wield that power, to be a Frederick the Great, for instance, or even a man like the old Kaiser William, who if not exactly a great man yet had the qualities which enabled him to use and be used by Bismarck, Moltke, and von Roon. But the ordinary king—and I speak with cordial liking of all the kings I met—has to play a part in which the dress parade is ludicrously out of proportion to the serious effort; there is a quite intolerable quantity of sack to the amount of bread. If he is a decent, straight, honorable fellow, he can set a good example—and yet if he is not, most of his subjects, including almost all the clergymen, feel obliged to be blind and to say that he is; and he can exercise a certain small influence for good on public affairs in an indirect fashion. But he can play no part such as is played by the real leaders in the public life of to-day, if he is a constitutional monarch.

Understand me. I do not mean that he fails to serve a useful purpose, just as the flag serves a useful purpose. Only a very foolish creature will talk of the flag as nothing but a bit of dyed or painted bunting, because it is a symbol of enormous consequence in the life and thought of the people. Similarly, the king may serve a purpose of enormous usefulness as a symbol, and I have no question that for many peoples, it would be a misfortune not to have such a symbol, such a figurehead. I am not speaking of the king from the standpoint of his usefulness to the community, which I fully admit; I am merely saying that from his own standpoint, if he is a man of great energy, force and power, it must be well-nigh intoler-

able to have to content himself with being simply king in the figurehead or symbol fashion.

When I went to Vienna, I met Harry White, an old friend and the best man in our diplomatic service, who had, most unfortunately and improperly, and for reasons of unspeakable triviality, been turned out of the service by President Taft. Without White's help I really do not see how I could have gotten through my Austro-Hungarian experience. The Hengelmüllers, the Austrian representatives in Washington, had crossed the ocean to meet me, and I was so flooded with attractive invitations, public and private, both in Vienna and Budapest, that I hardly had one moment to myself. I did, however, get an hour to visit certain bookstores, because I wanted to buy some of the old German hunting books. The popular reception in Vienna was even greater than the popular reception in Rome; I was received very much as I was received when as President I visited San Francisco, or Seattle, or St. Louis, or New Orleans. The streets and squares around the hotel were blocked with crowds, and when I drove to Schönbrunn to dine with the Emperor, the whole route was lined on both sides with onlookers. It was evident to me that the people did not in the least understand my real position, although I had done everything in my power to make it plain; they thought of me as still the great American leader, the man who was to continue to play in the future of American politics something like the part he had played in the past. Moreover this was the view that almost all the statesmen took. No explanations of mine were treated as anything but rather insincere and affected self-depreciation, and my statement of the bald fact that under our system and traditions an ex-President became of little or no importance was always greeted with polite but exasperating incredulity; and I finally gave up any attempt to do more than at each successive capital to state the fact with entire clearness, and then to let them refuse to believe it if they chose. I hated to have them deceive themselves; but they absolutely refused to let me undeceive them, and that was all there was about it.

AUSTRIAN RULERS AND IDEAS

The Emperor was an interesting man. With him again I had to speak French. He did not strike me as a very able man, but he was a gentleman, he had good instincts, and in his sixty years' reign he had witnessed the most extraordinary changes and vicissitudes. He talked very freely and pleasantly, sometimes about politics, sometimes about hunting; and after my first interview, when he got up to tell me "good-by," he said that he had been particularly interested in seeing me because he was the last representative of the old system, whereas I embodied the new movement, the movement of the present and the future, and that he had wished to see me so as to know for himself how the prominent exponent of that movement felt and thought. He knew that I disliked the old king of the Belgians who was just dead, and suddenly asked me if I would have visited Belgium if he had been alive; and when I said no, he responded that he quite understood why, and added "*c'était un homme absolument méchant*," explaining that there were very few men who were absolutely and without qualification "*méchant*," but that Leopold was one.

The dinner at Schönbrunn was interesting, of course, and not so dull, as those functions are apt to be. The Emperor and all the Austrian guests had one horrid habit. The finger-bowls were brought on, each with a small tumbler of water in the middle; and the Emperor and all the others proceeded to rinse their mouths, and then empty them into the finger-bowls. I felt a little as if the days of Kaunitz had been revived—I believe that eminent servant of Maria Theresa used to take a complete toilet-set with him to dinner, including a tooth brush, which he used at the close of the feast. However, all of the guests were delightful; and both the men and the women who came in after dinner were on the whole charming. I was told that Viennese society was frivolous, but it happened, I suppose naturally, that those men whom I saw were most of them interested in real problems of statecraft and warcraft. However, the world that lives for amusement was much in evidence at the Jockey

Club. This struck me as a typical Viennese institution. Only the higher nobility belong, and a few outsiders of note. The people were charming, well bred, with delightful manners, joining to the love of sport among corresponding Englishmen, a love of gambling, and a propensity to fight duels, which gave them a different touch, and living in a world as remote from mine as if it had been in France before the revolution. They hailed me with the utmost good comradeship, because they were almost all big game hunters, and were immensely interested in my African hunt, and were also much interested in my regiment and my experiences in the Spanish War.

Of course the fact that I had been President, and at the same time had done the kind of thing in war and sport which it would have gratified their ambitions to do, also impressed them; and then, to my intense amusement, I found that they were in cordial sympathy with me because I had attacked the big financial interests, and because I frankly looked down on mere moneyed men, the people of enormous wealth who had nothing but their wealth behind them, and whose power was simply the power of the "money touch." There was to me something very humorous in finding what in America was regarded as a democratic movement against the powerful and arrogant aristocracy of wealth was among these Viennese looked upon as a movement fundamentally in the interests of the right kind of aristocracy, because it was teaching the man of mere money bags that his money by itself simply rendered him vulgar, and entitled him to no consideration. In the same way I was much amused to find from casual remarks made by my hosts that what they called the "*kleiner Adel*" were not admitted to the club any more than the financiers were. They had not such feeling against me and Kermit. We represented men of a totally alien life.

I found that they already knew that I as strongly objected to Americans marrying into their titled families as they could object themselves. This gave them, on the one hand, a feeling of understanding and sympathy with me, and, on the other hand, put our relations just as they ought

to be; that is, they felt they could be absolutely courteous to me, and establish absolutely good relations with me, just as they could with an Arab Sheik, and ask me to their houses and visit my house and yet not be afraid of any complications following. One or two of them had a slight curiosity to find out exactly why I objected as strongly to any closer alliance with them as they did to any closer alliance with Americans; but most of them were too well bred to think it worth while to make inquiries. To those that did make the inquiries I laughed and told them that they would understand my position if they realized that I wished to keep for myself and all my kinsfolk and all my people an attitude which would make us respect equally and feel equally at home with Andreas Hofer on one side and Count Andrassy on the other, and that such an attitude could only be kept as long as their people and our people met on a footing of entire equality and good-will, but with full recognition of the fact that any attempt at too intimate relations would result in showing utter discordance. In other words we could really enjoy not merely friendship, but a substantial measure of intimacy, if we did not try to make it too close; because if we came too close we should find that our systems of life were fundamentally irreconcilable, although each might have many good points and might be the best for a given set of surroundings.

I visited the riding-school, one of the very few places in Europe where one can still see the manège as it is described in that great book of the Duke of Newcastle's—I think it is his—in the seventeenth century; and I inspected a Hungarian Hussar regiment, which interested me immensely, and where again I was received with the most genuine cordiality as a fellow soldier, all the officers, who of course had themselves seen no actual fighting, being very anxious to know about my regiment. I was very much impressed by both the officers and the enlisted men, and also by the horses.

We went out to lunch with a perfect old trump, Count Wiltczek, who had a castle a few miles out of Vienna which he had restored, so that it looked exactly as

it did in the Middle Ages and was similarly arranged within—although he had embellished it with books and pictures of a later period. On this trip—here while visiting this castle, just as at Cairo—I was helped for the first time in my life by the fact that I had always gratified my thirst for useless information. I have never demanded of knowledge anything except that it shall be useless. Now this means that while I know nothing that the average scholar does not know, yet that I know a good deal as to which the average politician or man of affairs is abysmally ignorant; and as naturally my life has been chiefly led among politicians and men of affairs, when it was not led among frontiersmen, there are a great many things I have studied about which I have rarely or never had a chance to speak—largely, my dear sir, because it is only occasionally that I am thrown for a few hours intimately in your company! Until I went abroad this time I doubt if I had ever derived the slightest benefit, however small, from such things as a knowledge of Moslem travels in the thirteenth century, or Magyar history, or the Mongol conquests, or the growth of the races of Middle Europe and the deeds of their great men. On this occasion, however, my knowledge of these things really added to my pleasure, and brought me into touch with people. For instance, Wiltczek hugely enjoyed finding that, besides a general interest in sport and in mediæval ways and customs, I had taken it for granted that his family, if not Czeck, was of Polish origin, and descended from the Piasts and from Boleslav the Glorious; that when he showed me a portrait of Batory, I was familiar with that Hungarian king of Poland and his wars against Ivan the Terrible; that I knew the details of Rudolph's fight with Ottocar of Bohemia; and so on and so on. He took a great fancy to Kermit, whom he called "leettle" Kermit—for although Kermit was nearly six feet, Wiltczek towered above him—led him round by the hand through most of the building, and then kissed him good-by! Kermit is an impassive person, and was much less upset by this than an English boy would have been; still he was distinctly embarrassed; and I had fearful apprehensions myself

when I came to say good-by, but fortunately the Count merely enfolded me in a bear-like arm clasp.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE OF HUNGARIAN HISTORY

After leaving Vienna I went to Hungary. On the way to Budapest, we stopped for lunch at Count Apponyi's. Apponyi met us at the station (where there was the usual reception) and drove us to his castle. It was interesting to an American to pass successively through various villages each consisting only of Slavs, Magyars or Germans. Apponyi is a really fine fellow. He had been in Washington with the Inter-Parliamentary Peace Congress, and had dined with me at the White House. He represented a type of Liberal much more common in Continental Europe prior to 1848 than at present; but in some ways, purely Hungarian. In Hungary, in striking contrast to what was the case in France, in Italy, and I believe in Spain, and certainly in much of Germany, I found that Liberalism and very strong religious feelings were not regarded as incompatible. In France and Italy devout Catholics were almost always reactionary, not only in matters ecclesiastical but in matters governmental; and Liberals were always anti-clerical—probably inevitably so.

In Hungary I met many Liberals, most of them Catholics, some of them Calvinists, who were good "church people" in much the same sense that so many of my associates in America are good church people; and in consequence they felt that I understood them and that they were in sympathy with me, as they could not be expected to be in sympathy with men sharing their political views who at the same time ridiculed, or at least were wholly unable to understand their religious views. Apponyi was a devout Catholic, but he was not only an advanced Liberal in matters political but also in matters ecclesiastical; he was a staunch friend of many Protestants, and later took me round to see the younger Kosuth, a Protestant. In this respect he was like an American Liberal of the best type; yet in matters purely political it was half amusing, half melancholy, to realize the doctrinaire limitations of his

attitude. He was in theory an almost irrational advocate of immediate international peace; just as the Norwegians also were, in theory; and he and the Norwegian delegates, whom I had met among the various international peace delegations, were all for universal arbitration and disarmament, and for passing high-sounding resolutions in favor of immediate peace all over the earth, resolutions which always remind me of Tilman Joy's sneer in one of John Hay's poems, at those who "resoloot till the cows come home," and cannot and will not give practical effect to their resolutions; and yet he represented the violent and extreme Hungarian party which was practically working for a separation from Austria that would probably bring war; just as the Norwegian peace people were at the very time championing separation from Sweden, a separation which certainly told against peace and might well have produced immediate war. In other words, these peace champions of Hungary and Norway, who in word and in resolution, and in proclamation at their conventions, went much further in demanding arbitration and peace than I was willing to go (simply because for a really cool and far-sighted man to act as they were acting would have been base hypocrisy) were, as regards the only practical matters where they could give effect to their theories doing all they could to provoke war.

This is not an exceptional attitude among professional peace advocates. I have met it again and again. In my own country I have had labor unions and similar organizations pass resolutions, and send them to me, demanding that we cease building up the Navy and insist on universal international arbitration, at the very same time that they demanded that I adopt the policy of Japanese exclusion in such form as would certainly have brought us war with Japan. War would probably have come if I had either yielded to their wishes as to the form which the policy of exclusion was to take, (in accordance with their wishes), or had failed to keep at the highest point of efficiency the American Navy. It would certainly have come if I had yielded to their wishes in both regards. Apponyi

in Hungary was honestly convinced that he was standing up for the oppressed and for the cause of righteousness by insisting that the Magyar should be at least on an equality with the Austrian German; and he was shocked and puzzled by finding that a large number of Hungarian Slavs regarded his attitude, and the attitude of the Magyars, toward them as itself an attitude of pure oppression, and which showed the fundamental hypocrisy of the Magyar attitude toward the German.

One reason why he and the other Hungarian politicians whom I met got on well with me was probably the fact that I knew a good deal of Hungarian history and Hungarian constitutional claims; that I understood, for instance, that the Emperor of Austria was not emperor in Hungary, and always alluded to him as the king—to give him his full, and delightful title, “apostolic king”—while I was in Hungary; that I understood that the analogy between England and Ireland was to be found, not in Austria’s attitude toward Hungary, but in Hungary’s attitude toward Croatia, etc. etc. As I have said, any ordinary scholar with a good second-hand knowledge of history is acquainted with all this as a matter of course; but among politicians the one-eyed is apt to be king—so far as concerns foreign history, or indeed so far as concerns any branch of abstract knowledge not dealing with applied politics, applied economics, or money-making.

When I was received in the legislative hall at Budapest, I was at first a little bit puzzled to know why they so immensely appreciated my allusions to Arpad, St. Stephen, Mathew Corvinus, and other Hungarian heroes, to the battle of Mohacs, to the provisions of the Golden Bull of one King Bela, and to the curious indirect results of the Bogomil heresy, and the double part played by racial and religious considerations in causing the Protestants of Hungary and Transylvania to side with the Turk rather than with the Austrian; ultimately I found that the reason was their sensitiveness to the fact that all these names meant nothing whatever to the public men of other European countries. Evidently they felt as regards the ignorance they encountered concerning their own national history when they went to Berlin,

Paris, or London, much as an American felt forty or fifty years ago, when he found that Europe quite simply ignored the men and events that he had believed to be of capital importance. It was the feeling of injured dignity natural to the man who does not like to have his cherished heroes and their deeds treated as provincial, and who is not as yet sufficiently self-confident to realize that such treatment reflects, not on him or them, but on those who really show themselves provincial by failing to appreciate the fundamental importance of what has happened outside their own kin. To a Hungarian the fact that the Golden Bull was analogous to the Great Charter, and was issued about the same time that the latter was signed, seemed of such interest that he could not understand an Englishman never having heard of the said Golden Bull; and in consequence he was much pleased to find that an ex-President from across the ocean had heard about it, and knew for instance that it solemnly reserved to the nobles the right of revolution if the king misbehaved himself—I did not think it necessary to elaborate the comparison between this and the action of certain South American republics in inserting into their constitutions a guarantee of the right of secession.

In Vienna they had been very much pleased when, while President, I had cordially approved the action of Austria in changing the title; although not really the substance, of the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Ultimately I hope that the Balkan States will be able to stand by themselves, perhaps in some sort of confederacy; but as yet the example of Serbia is not sufficiently encouraging to make me believe that Bosnia and Herzegovina would make more progress alone than under Austria; for Austrian rule bears no resemblance to Austrian rule half a century ago, and in any event is infinitely preferable to the rule of the Turk. In Hungary they knew that I had approved of this action, and were on the whole glad—the Austrian Governor of the two provinces (Kallay) did a really remarkable work in developing them—but the Magyars were a little uneasy at anything that tended to increase the Slav populations of the Dual Empire.

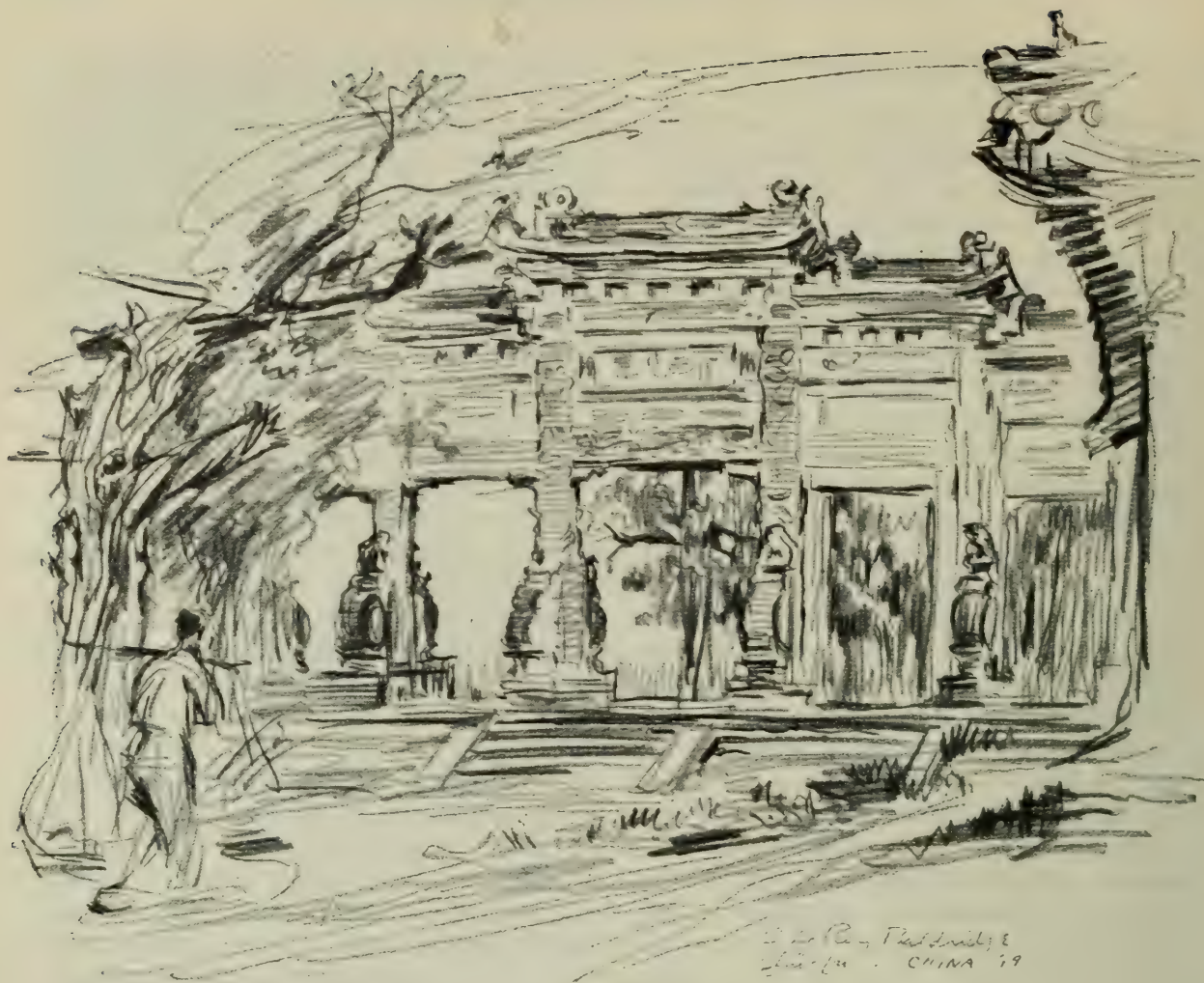
SYMPATHY WITH HUNGARIANS

In Budapest the Austrian archduke who represented the empire and who was a very good fellow, but whose name I cannot now remember, gave me a lunch, and the Prime Minister a dinner, and the head of the Opposition another dinner, and I was taken out to see a stock-farm where I took lunch. The really interesting part, however, was meeting the people themselves. They were delightful. Of course I became hopelessly mixed as to their names; it was impossible to meet a couple of hundred men and women, even very intimately, for forty-eight hours, and disentangle them completely from the couple of hundred different men and women I had met in the previous forty-eight hours, or the couple of hundred whom I met in the preceding forty-eight hours. However, the general impression was very vivid.

I was struck in Hungary, as later in Holland and the Scandinavian countries, by the fact that I was really more in sympathy with the people whom I met than with the corresponding people of the larger continental nations. Their ways of looking at life were more like mine, and their attitude toward the great social and economic questions more like those of my friends in America. The Hungarian women, for instance, were almost the only women of Continental Europe with whom I could talk in the same intimate way that I could with various American and English women whom I have known—Mrs. Lodge, Mrs. La Farge, Mrs. Selmes, and other friends, of my own country, and Lady Delamere and Mrs. Sanderson of your country, whom I met at Nairobi, and Lady Spring Rice, and others. The Hungarian women were charming. They seemed to have the solid qualities of the North Germans, and yet the French charm, which the North Germans so totally lacked. I was genuinely sorry to think that I should never see them again. I greatly liked the Hungarian men. Whether it was simply an accident, or whether those I met were typical, I cannot say, but I certainly met an unusual number who were both interesting, and interested in things that were worth while; and who were keenly alert about political and economic matters, and yet

were enthusiastic sportsmen or were well read or had other interests that were not merely stodgy. Teleki, the African explorer, was one; either his wife or his sister-in-law had written a novel worth reading. By the way, a Hungarian novelist whose books I had always liked, the author of "St. Peter's Umbrella," also called on me, and later caused me no slight embarrassment by giving an interview in which he contrasted my attitude of appreciation of his novels with the lack of such appreciation on the part of the Austrian imperial family!

At the different dinners and in the houses I visited I found almost everybody able to speak English, and well acquainted with whatever of note was written in either French, English, or German. Of course there is not much written in Magyar, and in order to hold communion with the rest of the world cultivated people in Hungary have to know foreign languages in a way that it is not necessary for Englishmen, Frenchmen, or Germans, and so they are pleasanter for foreigners to get on with. One of the leading public men I met—I think an ex-Prime Minister—was a Calvinist, and I was interested to see the strong impress that Calvinism had stamped upon the Magyar character. Evidently the Calvinistic theology was much more of a force with him than with most even of the descendants of the Puritans with whom I am intimate in America; and while the liberalizing spirit of the age and of his political party and the needs of Hungary had greatly broadened him, he still retained to a curious degree traits which reminded me all the time of those of men with whom I was familiar in my own country. His ancestors and mine had been at the Synod of Dort together three centuries before, and though he was very much broader and more tolerant than they were, he was not able to look at their work from quite the detached standpoint that to me seemed the only possible standpoint. But he was a fine fellow, and I was in thorough sympathy with him; and his wife was a brilliant and charming woman. Altogether I could not overstate how thoroughly at home I felt in Hungary, and how I enjoyed myself in spite of the rush in which I was kept.



On the main road to Confucius' grave.

SHANTUNG: SACRED SOIL

By Nathaniel Pfeffer

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS MADE IN CHINA BY C. LE ROY BALDRIDGE

T'AI-SHAN T'AI-AN-FU,
SHANTUNG.

THIS is the heart of Shantung—symbol now to the Western world of China's trembling fate. It is more than that. It is the heart of China itself, the soul of China, centre and sanctuary of the highest in China's faith, tradition, and history. There is thrill to the mind and catch to the imagination in standing on this soil at this time; and a feeling of æsthetic satisfaction at the nice unity in the fact that the chance of political circumstance has given to the West as sym-

bol for China that which most genuinely and most deeply is China.

For these mystic hills and the few miles of plain they command are to China sacred. Here on T'ai-Shan, the Sacred Peak of the East, on whose summit before history took up its reckoning emperors stood to offer homage for their people to the Ruler of Heaven, is enshrined the purest faith of the Chinese, not yet overlaid with demonology and spirit-worship. Around its rocks, its pools, its clusters of other-worldly trees are gathered some of their most treasured lore and beautiful legends. In its shadow lies the humble walled city of Chü-Fu,

where Confucius lived, studied, and gathered about him the disciples who spread the code of ideals that has governed a quarter of the human race, where he now lies buried, and where his descendants still live.

superimposition of pseudo-Western manners and customs; not the China of political Peking and its corruption and concession-bartering; not the China of modern railway and factory and "squeeze" and joss-house, the China that is so dis-



A Chinese soldier.

Here every year for generation on generation have come the mighty and lowly of the empire on pilgrimage, emperor and warrior and sage and coolie, seeking benevolent dispensation. And here we, too, have come (the artist and I) to catch the spirit of the real China; not the China of the outports and their ugly

illusioning to the traveller and discouraging to the foreign resident; but the China that reaches back into the mists of antiquity and has gone to the heights and depths of civilization. And there has been the lure of the dramatic in coming here now when the word Shantung is flung back and forth—undiscriminatingly,

it may be said—from political hustings at home and glares in black type from newspapers.

And—well, perhaps we have found it—China as it is fixed in grandeur in the history of man and as it is to-day in all

embellishment. And at its entrance a pavilion of gently flowing lines and gorgeous tiling, of which the roof was in ruins and the floor defiled with filth, while the money allotted by the government for its maintenance had been stolen by officials



A coolie.

its contradictions and obliquenesses and unfathomablenesses, its inexplicable comingling of subtleties and crudities, finenesses and sordidnesses, purities and corruptions, beauty and tinsel.

We saw at the graveyard of Confucius a simple and impressive mound of earth with trees and a single tablet for its only

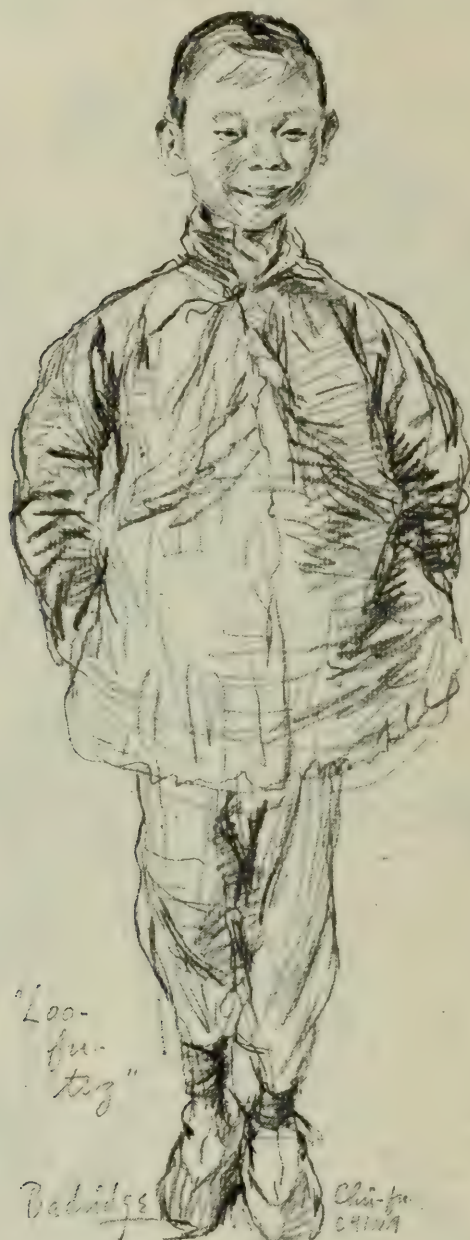
and the very heads of the family of Confucius. Only a people of fine sensibilities could have conceived the one; only a people deadened to all high impulse could have perpetrated the other. And that is China, whether now or two thousand years ago, whether in Canton, Peking, or Chü-Fu.



Market scene at Chü-Fu on birthday of Confucius.

Perhaps, too, we have just found life. Those things that were heralded to us for their beauty and impressiveness and that are accepted by the Chinese for that, almost without exception were to us com-

the soul of the Chinese wrenches at the thought of losing Shantung. But they are not the things about which books are written or to which the Chinese make pilgrimages.



Lao Fu-Tsz.

To our improvised ménage in the unfinished church there had attached itself an eager-eyed and tattered youngster.—Page 163.

monplace and even tawdry; those of which we had not heard and which are commonly neglected were to us beautiful and impressive. The "sights" are barely worth the discomfort of the railway journey up from Shanghai; yet there are things before which one understands why

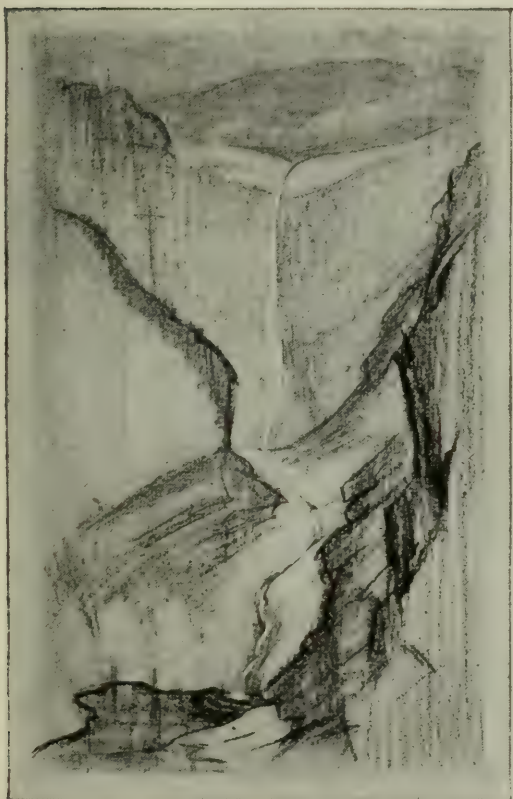
T'ai-Shan, for instance. We were, indeed, awed by T'ai-Shan. It has a religious quality, religious by other than "heathen" test. It is mystic, beautiful, cleansing, inspiring. It has a spirit too tenuous for fathoming or expressing, it leaves a memory too strong for effacing.



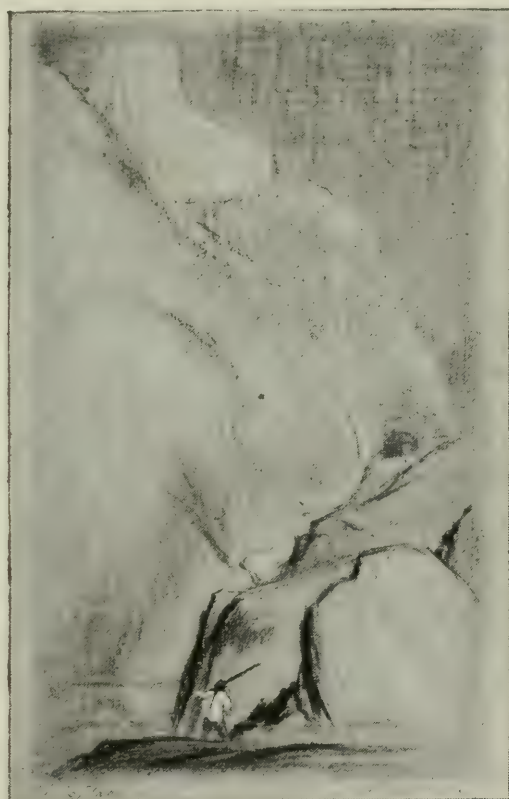
Autumn, T'ai-Shan.



Ao-lai-Shan Valley.



The Fall and Black Dragon Pool.



The Red Temple, T'ai-Shan.

Reproductions of four water-color sketches.

"For a month I have been living high up in T'ai-Shan, most famous of the sacred mountains of China. I have been impressed as no mountains have ever impressed me before. These are really "foreign" looking outlines and colors, and I have tried to show that in the pictures I am sending you."

—Extract from Mr. Baldrige's letter.

And as we first came up the valley at sunrise from T'ai-An-Fu station a few miles away, we paid our measure of respect to the people two thousand years ago and more who had already in them the sympathy, understanding, and imagination to take this for worship.

There is in these mountains that group around the peak of T'ai-Shan a thrill more than æsthetic. They are not as we Westerners know mountains, nor are they by our measurements beautiful or even noteworthy. They are not spectacular, they reach no commanding, staggering heights, they have no steep ascents, or sheer precipices, they are not heavily wooded; they are relatively low, of even ascent, barren, strewn with boulders, often mere masses of gray-green rock; they have none of the dramatic value of our Rockies.

They are—the reversion of order is not so illogical as it seems—like Chinese paintings. They lift their summits in clear and sharp line above the mist at their feet, rather than bathe their summits in it as do our mountains. They do move in those curious curves that you see in the best of the T'ang paintings. There is in them motion, definite motion—an artist would call it swing. And they are bodiless, just as on the silken rolls; in one dimension, silhouette imposed on silhouette, painted masses on a gorgeous screen. Color swimming into color—the color of the Eastern atmosphere—a deep red temple slung in some perilous niche; a sloping-roofed pavilion built by some rich merchant seeking to acquire merit; black blots of goats motionless on a ridge and a goatherd who by every association should be summoning nymphs on his willow lute; above all, the unmistakable steeping in antiquity—whether it be these, or whether mountains can take on in aspect the character that has been given them by tradition as men show the soul in the face—whatever it may be, these mountains, without the physical attributes of beauty, are beautiful with a beauty that is unearthly and deeply religious.

So for days we gave mute worship. We had found, we told ourselves, the unspoiled East. We, too, would fight to save Shantung. We spoke in derisive

comparison of our own people; of how, for instance, Americans would treat this T'ai-Shan; how they would run scenic railways up it and spread it broad with adjurations to tooth-pastes and cow-symbolized tobaccos. We made high and scornful comedy of our own boasted civilization.

And so making, we set out for T'ai-Shan itself, for the pilgrimage proper, as the Chinese have walked it since ancient days. We have not been living on the pilgrims' path, for that is lined with temples—and Chinese temples, however attractive to the foreign eye, are not habitable to other foreign senses equally strong—but in the valley just off the path, in a cottage built for missionary summer vacations—and missionary cottages, however offending to the fitness of things, are compatible with other senses much stronger. We made, then, our pilgrimage, and we who had gone up to worship, came down to scold and call ourselves disillusioned.

Heresy it may be and the sign in us of things that are wanting, but that T'ai-Shan was to us by comparison tawdry. It is a majestic height giving on a magnificent panorama, undoubtedly; but of such are many in China and elsewhere. In its purely physical aspects it is conventional; in its spiritual aspects it is not only conventional but spoiled, more by lack of artistry than lack of religious feeling.

Beautiful temples there are bordering its road to the summit and tablets inscribed by scholars and poets whose fame spreads across the breast of Asia; trees deified in memory of grateful shelter to sage or conqueror; a stone marking the spot where Confucius stood and marvelled at the smallness of the world; a pillar built by command of the Chin-Shih-Huang, the Chinese Cæsar; the crag from which thousands have hurled themselves as placation to evil spirits beleaguering the bodies of ailing parents; a rich embroidery of legendry over its whole sweep. And laid over that a cover of man-made crudity shattering all harmony of time and nature. From base to summit runs the pilgrims' path, up which thousands pass every spring bearing fabulous sums in gold and silver paper money to be burned for transmission in



Ch'ei Roy Baldwin
Chün-fu

Grave of Confucius.

flame to the spirits below in remuneration for divers services. But it is a staircase rather than a road, an almost unbroken succession of stone steps: regular, mechanical, monotonous, and stupid; an everlasting monument to the want of imagination in those who built them and the generation that allowed them to be built. Whether you make the ascent tediously on foot or in the ancient chairs borne on the shoulders of Mohammedan coolies, who have the monopoly of that occupation on the mountain—to go for worship or for beauty riding on the back of another human being is an ugly and callous thing—over every other impression dominates the endlessness and artificiality of the steps. The road may have been eased somewhat for pilgrims, but it is then not so much a pilgrimage to nature's supreme shrine as an investment for prospective gain in the lower world; which, of course, is the motive of the overwhelming majority of pilgrims: propitiation of potentially evil spirits in the

nether regions, recovery of dying relatives, offspring for sterile wives, prosperity for languishing commercial ventures. For the shabby Taoist demonology has completely supplanted the sublime concept of man communing directly with the Lord of Heaven from His highest footstool. And I am not now unaware how large a part the acquisitive motive plays in the religious worship of other and more civilized creeds than this.

In the same key are the beggars' concessions on both sides of the path. These are farmed out by priests in the temples, each beggar's sphere of influence being definitely demarked by stone boundaries within which he may beseech largess from the wealthy pilgrim scattering bounty in proportion to his need of the gods' favors and the beggar's histrionic effectiveness. Our own guide, a student from T'ai-An-Fu, passed without notice leprous old women, crippled old men, and the blind; with artistic appreciation he threw coppers to a plump and naked youngster

Solace of one kind we had at once; salve to our *amour propre*. When we alighted from the third-class train, in which we had for sanitary preference ridden in the baggage-car, a bugle blared, a squad of twelve soldiers presented arms, and a captain saluted with his sword. The district hsien chiang, officially informed of our coming, had sent us a guard of honor. Now, that guard was, like virtually all of the Chinese army, deliciously comic-opera, in the cut of its uniform, its carriage, and its military demeanor; and revelatory both of that army and all of China in other respects.

It was typical that when the captain ushered us to one of the mule-carts waiting to take passengers to the city a few miles away, one of his men should intervene with the suggestion that we take a better one and the others join in the warm discussion that followed; and typical that the men should have their way and the captain yield to the force of their arguments. For in this country, if there are no kings for a cat to look at, a private can always argue with a colonel, often without even the formality of saluting.

And that holds for civilian as well as military life. Between the coolie and the rich official or merchant is the whole span of civilization, but in the ordinary intercourse of life the two can meet, and do meet, more easily and freely than within our own social classes, much less separated though those may be, mentally and materially.

Until we left Chü-Fu the guard of honor was our comic relief, and we its. And, however much our going to Chü-Fu was an event to us, it was even more of one to Chü-Fu. The interest with which we regarded it was neither so great nor so naïve nor so fascinated as that with which it regarded us. To no relic of Confucius or rite in his honor did we give such rapt and awed attention as that which was given to our meals or our toilet processes by the population of Chü-Fu. Nor was anything so alien, so exotic, or so preternatural as the folding-cot that we exhibited for the inspection of three old countrywomen who came into the half-built Christian church in which we were staying to see what manner of living was that of the wai guo jen.

Yes—Christian church. For however fantastic white men may still be to Chü-Fu—as to most other cities in the interior—it does have some foreign contacts. The most pressing is the Christian church, through its missionaries. Until a few years ago the officials of Shantung Province and the clan of K'ung, as Confucius' family is known, succeeded in keeping missionary endeavor out of Chü-Fu, but then one of the Protestant missions succeeded in inducing a needy resident to sell it a piece of property, and it proceeded to build a church. The Chinese made bitter opposition. This, they said, was their Holy City, burial-ground of their greatest religious prophet, home of his descendants; it, at least, should be spared proselytizing by any other faith. After protracted negotiations and much entangling of intrigue, the mission offered to compromise so far as to move outside the walls of the city, but no farther.

And the Chinese had to accept; for by the treaty which the foreign Powers forced on the Chinese with battleship and bayonet, the Chinese cannot prevent missionaries from settling in any city. It is a work of righteousness with much of irony, but so is the whole relationship between the foreign Powers and China.

But in fairness to missionaries it should also be said that one feels less sympathy after having been in Chü-Fu and seen what the Chinese themselves, and even the descendants of Confucius, do with their holy shrine.

It is not evident in the works of living men that this is a Holy City. Nor was there any such sign at this time, when reverence should have been at its most solemn height. Chü-Fu is only an ordinary small Chinese city, with people as poor, streets as dirty, mud houses as squalid as any other; but besides its relics and its memories, besides the cemetery in which is his grave and the temple which marks the spot where his home stood, it is also the seat of his family. The majority of its inhabitants are members of the K'ung clan, with the blood of Confucius in their veins; and in the palace beside the temple lives the head of the family in each generation, the hereditary duke and theoretically the oldest son in direct

descent, this being the only hereditary duchy in China. Here surely the faith should be kept pure, here everything of Confucian association be kept inviolate. And yet——

a ceremonial dance to the accompaniment of majestic tunes played on the instruments in use in the time of Confucius—Confucius ranks as probably the foremost Chinese critic of music. Under the



[Types.

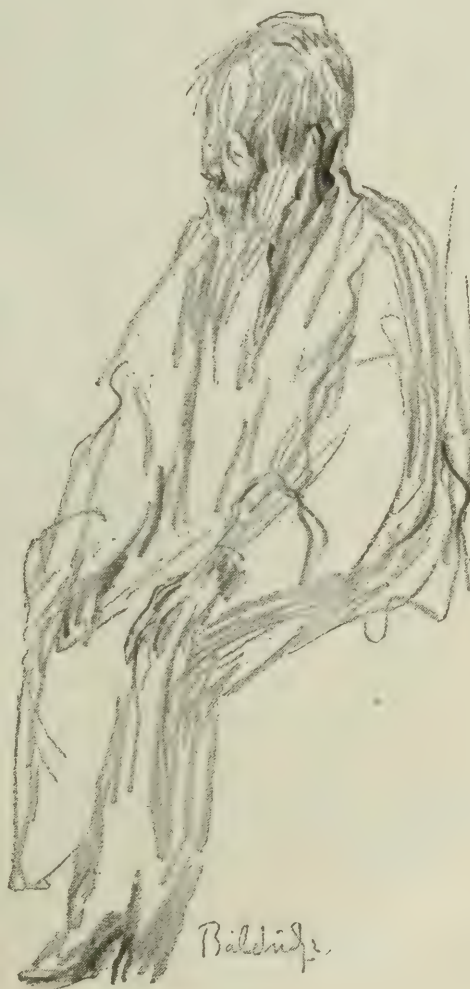
The annual birthday sacrifice in the temple is in form and ritual impressive. On the altar before the image in the main hall are the cow, the sheep, the pig, the grain, wine, tea, and other symbolical offerings. On the stone terrace before the hall fifty youths in the rich costume of Confucian days move in the slow steps of

chanted directions of a distinguished scholar who is master of ceremonies, the heads of the family at appointed times in the service, perform the nine k'o-tows; and simultaneously with them the lesser members of the family and a few chosen others, massed in rows from the terrace back to the end of the huge courtyard.

In the ceremony are all the elements of stately dignity and deep reverence, all the splendor we had expected, but there was little that was impressive in it as we actually saw it. If its dignity and solemnity were felt by those who took part in it, they made effectual concealment thereof. Minor masters of ceremonies bustled about giving contradictory orders while the sacred bronze bells were being rung. Cigarettes were lit between k'o-tows. Men giggled and gossiped and spat in the front rows of the worshippers. Where there should have been respectful hush was noise, movement, and confusion. And over all was a perfunctoriness like that of school children at "exercises." It is not egotism that prompts the belief that we divided attention equally with Confucius. The temple hall was deserted to follow us; we had the eye of as many peo-

ple as the dancers; if we had suddenly left, it is not unlikely that we should have disrupted the proceedings.

The duke was away in Peking, disporting himself, we were told; he is said to be of sportive inclinations. The present duke, the seventy-seventh of the line, and in extent of family-tree, at least, the world's purest aristocrat, is held in low esteem by those who know him and in common report. He is neither scholar nor man of affairs. His intellectual attainments are rated as those of a moderately well-to-do merchant. His interest in his lineage, the achievements of his great ancestor, and the welfare of his country is almost nil. In the tea-shops of far-away cities like Hankow and Canton, he is spoken of with derision. That has not been true, however, of all the dukes. Their general average has been high;



Types.

some have even reached the top ranks of scholarship.

The temple, like all temples to Confucius, is of a vasty grandeur and simplicity, in marked contrast with the shabby trappings and mummerly that cheapen all Buddhist and Taoist temples in China. Broad courtyards with rows of trees fantastically grayed and twisted with age; green and red and yellow tiled roofs; marble pillars deep carven in the dragon motif; a main hall of deep red tones, massive redwood pillars running up to a gorgeously panelled and studded ceiling, and the image half-hidden behind warm yellow curtains; it is a shrine which in structure and design is worthy a great prophet. But here, too, are decay and neglect, débris piled into corners, weeds growing between broken stone flaggings, paint scaling, and wood rotting; always the jarring note.

The graveyard is a noble expression of the dignity and mystery of death; it is impossible to think of a Western cemetery, with the Western profusion and overdecoration and easy symmetries, that has touched its height. It lies a mile from the city gate. Leading to it from the gate is a broad avenue of trees spanned half-way by a stone arch of exquisite carving and majestic lines. The graveyard proper—really a park—within which any member of the K'ung clan may be buried, whether scholar or coolie, is enclosed in a pink wall. Within that wall is the spell of the Infinite. On thin, eerie trees that lean rather than stand, lean rigidly and reverently, things of a twilight world never planted by the hand of man, lies the mood of death. Under them are scattered the stones and tablets marking the passing of the seventy-seven generations. At the farther end of the park is another wall behind which are the tombs of Confucius, his son, and his grandson. The mound of Confucius is just that: a piling up of earth before which are a stone altar, a tablet inscribed with six Chinese characters, a stone urn flanked by two bronze candlesticks; along its sides are a few trees, and around it shrubbery. That is all. It is the simplicity of the sublime. One need not be a Chinese to bow the head. That graveyard could stand alone

as the masterpiece of a race and in itself mark that race as one that had added to mankind.

And then—then one finds the small family temple near it littered with manure, the wall of a pavilion erected for meditation broken down, stone seats rocking uncertainly, the scars of ruin everywhere. And one knows that the K'ung family has enormous holdings of valuable property, that the government remits the taxes on much of the property, and that appropriations are periodically made for the maintenance and repair of the cemetery; and that the rich heads of the family have kept nearly all of what the officials have not squeezed. And there is a sweep of bitterness and disgust that the corruption that eats through the whole texture of life in China should have gnawed so deep as this. Here is all that remains of him these people know as God; here are the men of his blood, raised above all others of their nation because of that; and it is impossible not to believe caloused to all decent appeal a people whose petty pilfering does not stop even there. It is impossible not to believe them degenerated utterly beyond saving. It is impossible not to feel that hopelessness that every foreign resident of China does sometimes feel, the questioning whether the Chinese race has not outlived itself, whether it did not spend itself for all time in the creative centuries up to five hundred years ago. Probably that feeling is not justified. Corruption and decadent cycles are not peculiar to China or even the East. For every sordid trait an admirable one can still be found. But this much is true, that a great many of the old race impulses are dead and that some kind of rebirth must come.

Is Confucianism decayed, then, as the faith of the Chinese? On that no two foreigners have ever agreed. Probably it is—to the extent that all old faiths are, of the West as well as of the East, and in greater degree in proportion as it is older. That is a condition conclusive neither as to the Chinese nor as to Confucianism. It is the normal phenomenon in the relationship of peoples and religions. Confucianism still lives in its forms; its spirit is dead. The same may be said of other religions—or will be, probably, when they

are as old. The need is, perhaps, not so much of a better religion as of fresher impulses.

Those impulses surely will spring again and that rebirth come; to the casual traveller even is evident the solid founda-

Chü-Fu who are descended from Confucius should run the whole social scale from man of leisure to coolie. As a test we took to asking the names of many that we met in the streets and shops. We met mule-carters who were of the K'ungs,



A sketch.

tion of admirable traits to balance those that seem so to demean. For one such quality, one in which China has always been an example in practice to nations that have talked more about it, Chü-Fu is dramatically conspicuous. That is the sense of the equality of all men. It is more than a pleasantly romantic fact that the three thousand or more inhabitants of

hawkers, tinsmiths, and proprietors of tea-shops. And it is neither kudos to the hawker in the alley or humiliation to the man of leisure in the palace courtyard that the other is what he is.

To our improvised ménage in the unfinished church there had attached itself an eager-eyed and tattered youngster who did errands for us, brought us hot water

and the like in exchange for the vantage of giving us intimate scrutiny. He was a bright lad, for whom we had come to take a fancy. The last day we were there we chanced to ask him his name. K'ung Hsing-Ku, he said, and quite casually went out. Having just come back from the ceremony in the temple and being in ribald mood, we named him anew Lao Fu-Tsz, or Old Sage, as Confucius is called. Yes, he was of the K'ungs. His father was a peasant near by, working a scanty subsistence out of a tiny measure of soil. Probably he will be a peasant, too, and his son and his son's son. And all will lie together in death in the graveyard within the pink walls, perhaps by the side of a near relative of the duke, the dust of all mingling with that of the prophet of their people. And if he is not a peasant and rises to a ministry or a

scholar's degree, as many another peasant's son has in China, he will lie there, too, by the side of some less-favored peasant's son. Whatever else may be said of the Chinese, certainly they are genuine democrats.

So, with the memory of Lao Fu-Tsz to soften the disappointment, we have come back to our T'ai-Shan, maybe the wiser now for all our disappointments. If we have not looked on China in the grandeur we had sought and expected, we have seen China as it really is. And if the disappointment, analyzed, is only that the hand of man has been laid too heavily on things that are not of man, then that is not only China and the East but America also and the West; which is the conclusion on China that every foreigner eventually reaches if he lives in it long enough.





A wave of anxiety rested on the faces of the women.—Page 175.

MISS LIZZIE—PARLOR BOLSHEVIST

By Mabel Hill

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. E. HILL

“**T**HERE’S that telephone again. You’d better answer it, Mary Carpenter. I have told Amanda I would take care of this part of the house. She is very busy this morning with the cooking, besides ironing and——”

Although Mary Carpenter had gone to the telephone Miss Lizzie’s soliloquy ran along unheeded, setting forth the story of Amanda’s programme for the day in detail. It was only interrupted by the return of the private secretary.

“Your nephew Jack is on his way to Clarksville, Miss Lizzie. He is arriving for luncheon, he says, and he hopes to spend the night if the welcome is warm enough.”

“Jack? My nephew Jack? Why, Mary Carpenter, it can’t be! I can’t believe it! He is in Washington! He belongs to the Department of Justice. He

could not be released even for Christmas. Are you sure you heard correctly? Do you really mean, Mary Carpenter, that it was Jack, my nephew, who telephoned? I haven’t seen him for nearly five years. You know I have told you he volunteered among the very first, and hurried off to France. He saw almost the first fighting. He was gassed twice, then he was transferred from the French to the American service, and because he was not strong enough to serve in the army he was sent to the Department of Justice where he has held an important position, his father writes, ever since. Mary Carpenter, you can’t understand how excited I am. He is my brother John’s oldest son. When those boys were little fellows, and spent their summer holidays here I loved them—oh, but what is the use to talk about the past when the boy is arriving now, to-day? And of all days, too, when there is nothing for luncheon and Miss Kornfield

is coming to speak to the club this afternoon. Oh, I wish I had not sent Caleb into Boston to fetch her out. It would have been much better, though more expensive, to have had her come by taxi, but I would rather have spent twice the

I wouldn't give Jack a fruit salad for worlds; John's boy and a fruit salad would never do. And to think I have not seen him for nearly five years! It's no use, Mary Carpenter, I can't dictate to you this morning—my heart's got the better



"Perhaps you had better bring a few cigarettes," Miss Kornfield . . . called out.—Page 170.

money on taxi service than not to have had Caleb here now. I need him for marketing and for so many things; but it's too good to be true that Jack's coming, though it is most unfortunate with everything so confused. Oh, where is Amanda? She will have to face about, give up her ironing and get up a man's luncheon.

of my head. After I see Amanda and find out what we can have for luncheon I shall ask you to turn errand girl and go to the market. You must get chops—great, thick, fat chops—I don't suppose there is any Southdown mutton to be had at any price). But do get Amanda first—ask her to come in here so we can talk it over

together. It's most important. Of course Jack has not been in the trenches for eighteen months, or hungry, but Amanda would blush, black as she is, if she couldn't get him up one of her best luncheons. I have seen Amanda time and time again set aside her ironing to make that boy blueberry batter pudding."

Miss Lizzie Clark had lived in the old square mansion house on High Road ever since she could remember, and she could remember sixty years. When her father had established the Meadow Brook Woollen Mills at the north end of the township, the little country village which was situated along the banks of the brook had been known as "The North End." As the years had gone on the plant had enlarged as the business grew. At the outset special skilled laborers from England and Scotland had come to the village to help develop the industry. They had built their own little homes in their day and generation, out of the small wages they received, for the low cost of living had given satisfaction in those days to the skilled laborers. Indeed, there had been that kind of prosperity which existed throughout all villages but a half-century ago.

Gradually a line of red-brick mills along the river bank suggested the enlarged industry, and the corporation houses, also built of brick, running up from the river road at right angles with the mills, established that typical New England manufacturing centre which in so many townships proved to be the nucleus for all civic life. But these Meadow Brook Woollen Mills were so completely in the hands of the Clark Corporation the village never became a municipality with civic interests. Though the red-brick mills constantly increased in size and number they still remained on but one side of Meadow Brook.

On the opposite shore stretched the meadows; and close to the water's edge grew the great masses of tall alders, high blueberries, and pink hibiscus. Even hare-bells dared flaunt their tiny blue petals in the summer sun in spite of the whirring of machinery across the brown waters of the brook. And Lizzie Clark had known where every one of the wild flowers blossomed from the time she was

five years old and had been brought to the North End village.

On the hill above the red-brick village Mr. Clark had built the mansion house, and there he had ensconced his family with colored servants and fine equipages, entertaining largely, not only the members of the close corporation which controlled the manufacturing establishment, but dispensing a social paternalism throughout the township. It was that benign paternalism which existed in so many little manufacturing centres in the early days after the Civil War.

Mr. Clark had built the little chapel, and for a long time he had paid the salary of the English curate; in fact, until the laborers themselves had changed so in race and religion that an English clergyman alone could not meet the varying and divergent religious interests of the operatives. Then Mr. Clark had built a Union church, as well, and the employees had taken over their choice of minister, although the Clark gifts to the institution continued generously large. For forty years this paternalism had seemed to succeed, so much so, indeed, that the citizens of the township had been eager to re-name the North End village in honor of Mr. Clark. It seemed "a proper memorial to a man of such large-heartedness and magnanimity." Those were the words used by the platform orator at the town meeting when the North End had become Clarksville.

Mr. Clark had died on the eve of the new century. To Miss Lizzie it seemed but yesterday in so far as the thoughts of her father were concerned. She had been the oldest child. After her mother's death she had been at the head of the Clark household with Amanda and Caleb as factotums in the domestic economy of her life. There had been other maids and other men servants to help her when the boys came home from college, and when, years afterwards, they had brought their little families for the summer holidays.

The Meadow Brook Woollen Mills had been very prosperous; there was no question about that. When the property was divided, and the three sons and one daughter had received their shares in the corporation, each was rich in his or her own right. The people at the South End

of the township, which was a farming district, had always shaken their heads, sometimes they had gossiped, and now and then gasped, over the increasing wealth that had rolled up in the mansion house during Mr. Clark's most prosper-

to the West, and made good as professional men, but Miss Lizzie living on in the old mansion house remained a factor in her small way in the town. In the early eighties she had brought the people together for a Browning Society, both

the men and the women. In the early nineties she had been the first president of a woman's club. One might say of Miss Lizzie Clark that she had inherited her father's ability to organize, and his kindliness of nature; but her brothers knew that their dear sister Lizzie never had or never would have any logic. So it was that when Mr. Clark had died he had not only left Miss Lizzie's money in the hands of three executors, but he had in confidence given Caleb, faithful Caleb, an unwritten trusteeship over Miss Lizzie. Caleb was to live with her, and if things were faring ill with the good woman it was Caleb's duty to notify the brothers in the West. Caleb shared this confidence with his sister Amanda. They were her body-guard, her



"As to those Swede and Norwegian girls they ain't worth a dollar more to-day than they were five years ago."—Page 171.

ous days. Yet every farmer, if not quite every citizen, far and wide throughout the township deeply grieved the passing of this man who had been capable of developing an industry in their midst which had accumulated such unprecedented wealth in the community.

The three Clark boys had pioneered in-

protectors, and friends for the years to come. Never were there two more faithful servants, and for nineteen years Caleb had really proved a mentor, if not an adviser, in the comings and goings of his mistress.

When the war broke out Caleb had approved of Miss Lizzie taking the old bil-



"She's gut restless now the war's over. She kinder misses the knittin' and the Red Cross work."—Page 170.

liard-room for Red Cross headquarters. He and Amanda had worked hand and glove with her at the canteen shop down in the mill district. Clarksville lies ten miles east of the great cantonment at Devens, and day and night the shop had been the rendezvous for Devens men. But since the armistice, the talk of reconstruction had seemed to unsettle Miss Lizzie Clark's mind. Never a reading woman in the larger sense, at the same time she had devoured magazines as women do without attaching the various articles to any special line of investigation. On her table by her bedside, *The Nation*, *The Survey*, and the *New Republic* were the magazines that put her to sleep. The challenge of these magazines smote her heart, but never interfered with her slumber. No, Miss Lizzie was not intellectual, nor was she even literary. She skimmed her books, and then she loved to talk about them and to listen to other people talk about books. She was indeed a voluble-minded woman, and she looked her temperament. She was short and fat, with kindly blue eyes which wandered from things to things, when her

mind was not arrested by the page of a book. Her soft, pudgy little hands told the story of ease and leisure which had always been hers. She dressed in keeping with the dignity of the old home. The furnishings were heavy; big black walnut pieces which had been built in the seventies, heavily carved and highly upholstered. There were lambrequins at all the windows, red damask in the parlors, and chintzes in the chambers. Her marcelled hair assisted nature in keeping her *en rapport* with her heavy backgrounds. But Miss Lizzie had always loved her flowers, and the atrocities of the indoor architecture at the mansion house had been more or less ameliorated by the profusion of boxes and vases filled with bulbs and plants in winter, and cut flowers in summer.

As Mary Carpenter returned with Amanda, all excitement, and good-nature written over the old woman's black face, for the moment Miss Lizzie forgot the coming menu and enthusiastically sent the private secretary into the garden for flowers. "My dear Mary Carpenter, I have had the most wonderful ideas since

you have been gone. We must garnish the table with red, white, and blue; I want larkspur;—it has just begun to bloom, I saw three sprays this morning,—and a spray of the little old-fashioned roses that grow just south of the petunia bed. I want those especially, for John gave mother that rose-bush. Then there is some white phlox just opening. You see that will make a bouquet of red, white, and blue to be placed right in front of Jack at the table. We will have the flags of all nations in the centre of the table on a stand. I think that would be appropriate, don't you?" But Miss Lizzie did not wait for a reply; she drew Amanda down on the big divan with her hand in hers, as she had sat with her ever since Amanda had arrived at the mansion house to be her special maid when they were both girls of eighteen.

Miss Lizzie had meant to plan Jack's luncheon, but it ended in Amanda ruling the day and choosing everything that she remembered as Jack's special dietetic desire. To these two women Jack's power of consumption became the supreme motive. Mary Carpenter, who had been for more than a week taking dictation from Miss Lizzie for a club paper, to be entitled "The Readjustment of the Home Table Because of the High Cost of Living," smiled amusedly at the difference between the theory expressed in Miss Lizzie's paper and the practice which she was planning with Amanda as coadjutor.

Jack's arrival was so filled with short sentences, dashes, and exclamations that one cannot well set it down in narrative form. Mary Carpenter said afterwards that no moving-picture could have done justice to the scene, and no psychologist could have registered the relationship of thoughts that were crowded into the two hours between the hero's arrival and the moment when Caleb honked the announcement that the speaker of the afternoon was triumphantly approaching in the Pierce-Arrow.

"I'se pow'ful glad to see you, Mister Jack," said Caleb, as he sat in the servants' dining-room, while Jack stood in the doorway that looked into the kitchen where Amanda had been called at the last moment to make a fresh pot of black coffee for Miss Kornfield. The speaker had

announced that her luncheon in town had been "rotten," and that she could not speak before any audience without stimulation. "Fresh coffee, Miss Clark; I am rather particular, don't you know," she had added as she had made her demands.

Mary Carpenter had taken Miss Kornfield to the spare room, and had promised the black coffee as soon as possible. "Perhaps you had better bring a few cigarettes," Miss Kornfield had called out before the door closed. "My package is running short, and I may need all I have before I get back to New York."

As Jack stood in the doorway between the two rooms facing Caleb, and yet turning now and then with bantering words to Amanda, Caleb continued: "Yes, Mist'r Jack, I's pow'ful glad to see ye come, 'cause yo' know I kinder think Miss Lizzie hes gut queered up. I's been thinkin' of writin' to yo'r father. She's gut restless now the war's over. She kinder misses the knittin' and the Red Cross work. Afore the war in ole days her woman's club was kinder genteel. They were readin' papers on poets and poetries and sech things. But now they git all stirred up over this labor question, and they all talk a lot about 'Emancipation.' Why! Mist'r Jack, yo' would think these women folks had been slaves to hear 'em go on at some of the meetin's. They are all the time talkin' about the men who work in the mills, about their wages, and their hours, and the Lord knows what. Miss Lizzie's always askin' me if I'm happy in my lot, and she worrits Amanda most to death. She's so 'fraid Amanda overdoes, and asks her to keep tabs on how many hours a day she works. Now yo' know, Mist'r Jack, thet's long as I cen remember, Amanda has got up at five in the mornin' and gone to bet at 'leven at night. Yes, Mist'r Jack, and she's worked all day like a dog! But she likes to work like a dog. She ain't never complained, hev yo', Amanda?"

Amanda was removing the steaming coffee from the stove. She did not reply until she had turned it into the silver pot, placed it upon a tiny tray and passed it through the service window to Mary Carpenter, who had just asked for it. Then she turned to answer Caleb's question.

"Lor', Mist'r Jack, yo' knows I never fuss about my work, but I must say these last six months I have got real nervous about myself with Miss Lizzie talking about me all the time, and you know,



"He talks down there to the factory hands the same kind of lingo that Miss Lizzie's professors talk up here in the parlor."

Mist'r Jack, she has had all kinds of speakers here,—Tom, Dick, and Harry,—talking about the most curious things you ever heard on. Their talk don't do Miss Lizzie any harm, of course. She is so busy getting ready for the speakers, counting the chairs, and thinking about

the punch that she always serves. No, I don't agree with Caleb, I ain't worried about Miss Lizzie that way, but it has stirred up a lot of talk with other folks. Miss Swain's cook said that all the maids in town were going to strike for higher wages, and Miss Lizzie was on their side. Now you know, Mist'r Jack, that that is the last thing your grandfather would have wanted Miss Lizzie doin', helpin' along strikes, and as to those Swede and Norwegian girls they ain't worth a dollar more to-day than they were five years ago. They're just putting on airs."

Caleb, who was engrossed in gnawing a chop bone, now interrupted: "I don't know as you would call it Miss Lizzie's influence exactly, but anyway all those foremen down in the mills say if your grandfather was alive he would be pretty much excited over some of the stuff the speakers up here at the mansion house have been sayin'. You remember Bill Rousch? He was the dyer in your grandfather's chemical department. His son's come back, and they say he talks down there to the factory hands the same kind of lingo that Miss Lizzie's professors talk up here in the parlor. I told Miss Lizzie if young Rousch should bring on a strike at the Clark Mills she would stop some of this lecturin'. What do you think about it, Mist'r Jack?"

Jack was silent for a moment. Then he closed the conversation by replying to Caleb: "I don't think we need to worry, Caleb, as Amanda says. Besides, I mean to send my Aunt Lizzie up into Canada with father and mother. She needs the change, and they will just love to have her visit them at Ivy Lea."

"Lor', Mist'r Jack! If you can get Miss Lizzie out of Clarksville for a month I should jedge that you were equal to settlin' the League of Nations next. Why, your aunt has got so many irons in the fire she can't even motor into Boston. I have had to go myself with Caleb to

Stearns's to get her the little notions that she needed most awfully, but wouldn't take time to buy herself. Miss Mary Carpenter used to come here once a week to do up her accounts and answer her business letters, but now she has to come over two hours ev'ry day 'cause your Aunt Lizzie is writin' so many papers. I tell Caleb she's as busy as the President, hisself."

There were more than forty people gathered in the old Clark drawing-room when Miss Kornfield descended the stairs and took her place at the improvised reading-desk which had been placed across the threshold of the folding doors between the parlor and the spacious hall. The forty guests consisted of members of the club—women from twenty-five to seventy in years—who, with Miss Lizzie, had evolved from the Browning and Dante stage, through art and philosophy, into social service and war work. One could readily tell the guests of the afternoon from these local members. The guests had come from an adjoining town where a similar club had for twenty-five years also developed along similar lines up to the moment of the armistice. But their community had no industrial problems to solve, and they had no special investigation into labor questions, nor had they discussed the reorganization of society. There were three men in the audience. The minister of the Union Church, the superintendent of schools, and a very deaf old gentleman with an ear-trumpet. Mr. Byam had been confidential clerk of Mr. Clark until his death, and had been pensioned on account of his growing infirmity by the Clark estate.

It was a sweet June day—the longest day of the year. The fragrance of the flowers in the room and from the honeysuckle on the pergola floated everywhere. The portraits of father and mother Clark, painted by Carolus-Duran, smiled down on Miss Lizzie with benign kindness. To the townspeople Miss Lizzie always meant the past. No matter how much she might fling her naked soul into the future, to Mr. Byam and the older women of the club, at least, Miss Lizzie meant memories of stately dinners served by a butler, Caleb's father. Coming together of an afternoon to hear a lecture was the

aftermath, as it were, of annual summer entertainments for years and years long gone by; lawn parties, tennis tournaments, hospital fairs, one after another. Mr. Byam could conjure up in his mind a picture of the hospitality of the house and Miss Lizzie's gracious smile and talkative welcome.

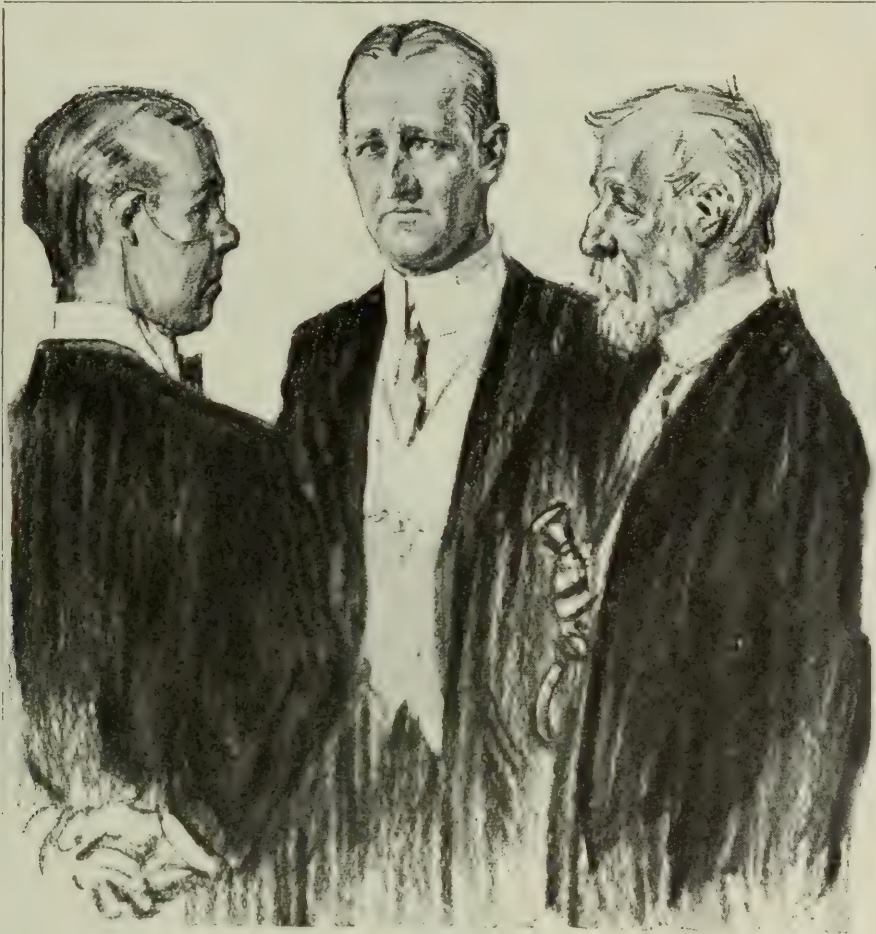
Miss Lizzie read her introductory remarks a little tremblingly. She had stepped beyond the usual province and made more of her introduction than usual. It had taken her and Mary Carpenter five full mornings to weave together the relationships between Clarksville's "Evolution in Social Progress and the World Movement for a League of Nations." She had felt that she must prepare her audience with this background in order to make a perfect setting for Miss Kornfield's presentation of the address, which, as she wrote Miss Clark, was to be entitled in want of a better term, "The Old Order Changeth."

Miss Lizzie's little, round, fat face grew flushed with her vision. Tears glistened in her eyes, as she established the thrilling fact in the well-worn slogan of to-day, that they as a Club, meant to help make the world safe for Democracy! For the moment she forgot herself and sat down in the President's chair; and then remembering that she was to present Miss Kornfield, she rose and in brief but gracious fashion presented the speaker of the afternoon.

Miss Lizzie Clark and Miss Fidelia Kornfield were the antipodes of women. The little audience must have been impressed by each type. Miss Lizzie was dressed in gray voile cut à la mode. Her beautiful gray hair marcelled, and her high color accentuating her good health and years of personal well-being. Miss Kornfield was tall and angular and very pale. She wore a rather short dark green skirt, with a long smocked lighter green tunic over it, girdled below the waist-line by a wonderful string of beads. (She had told Mary Carpenter, when she had taken the black coffee to her, that the beads were rosaries which she had bought in European cities at the doorways of cathedrals. She had clipped off the crosses to show that she had overcome all fear of ecclesiastical symbolism.) To

Mr. Byam Miss Kornfield's whole costume was a symbol, although he was not sure—not quite sure—for what it stood. Her feet, and ankles, for that matter, were encased in green silk socks, and she wore sandals strapped about with soft green leather. At her breast she wore a lily,

cut survey of the vital interests in the past history of the community. She has asked me to come before you to-day to tell you the truth as it looms before me concerning the future. Your president has graciously set forth what Clarksville has tried to do to keep pace with world



There were three men in the audience. The minister of the Union Church, the superintendent of schools, and a very deaf old gentleman with an ear-trumpet.—Page 172.

one pale green water-lily. Her hair was parted in the middle and brought down over the tips of her ears, fastened loosely at the nape of her neck by a tortoise-shell hairpin.

Evidently Fidelia Kornfield had taken lessons in voice culture. She knew the power of soft, low, even enunciation. She was very intent, very eager. She leaned forward, grasping both sides of the little table as she warmed to her subject. (Miss Lizzie removed the glass of water and the gavel in anticipation of increasing enthusiasm.)

"Your president has presented a clear-

movements, but, dear friends, world movements have been found wanting. Education, the State, and the Church have failed to establish truth. To begin with, truth is to be found in the home, in the group that perpetuates life, and the home everywhere is a failure. Men through the ages have evolved what they call the patriarchal system. Women have been ignored in the economic field, in civic life, and in the organization of the church. Let me explain briefly, but convincingly, I hope, these arguments, before I establish my final conclusion."

For over an hour Miss Fidelia Korn-



Drawn by W. E. Hill.

"Do? Miss Clark, do? We must change the pattern."—Page 175.

field did her best to establish her arguments. There was no doubt but that the audience was deeply interested. As she approached her conclusion a wave of anxiety rested on the faces of the women. The men seemed puzzled, too, and Mr. Byam shifted from his ordinary ear-trumpet to the use of a metal fan, which he held to his mouth, indefatigably.

Miss Lizzie was agitated as she attempted to add the final words which her position as president demanded, at the close of Miss Kornfield's address. "Let me not only thank Miss Kornfield for this truly remarkable, this wonderful address; but let me ask you, Miss Kornfield, what can we do about it, what can we women here in Clarksville and Westfield, and such little communities as ours, do to 'carry on,' as you say?"

Miss Kornfield arose commandingly, and turned upon Miss Lizzie with aggressive eagerness. "Do? Miss Clark, do? We must change the pattern. Change the pattern, I say! Our great psychologists tell us that the world repeats itself because of action patterns in the brain. We must overcome these action patterns. We must emancipate ourselves. Russia is emancipating herself. Labor is emancipating itself. You and I and every woman here, yes, and these three gentlemen here, all of us, each one of us, must free ourselves from creed and superstition, from the old ways of doing things! Life must not be perpetuated as it has been in the past. It has been given to women to work out a new way. Into the hands of woman has been given the gift of emancipating the psychic world. Surely now you know what I mean. Surely as I make my way back to New York to-night I can sit in the train and close my eyes and see the fruit of the seeds that I have sown here this afternoon!"

Glancing at her wrist-watch she added, "I had hoped to meet all individually, to take each of your hands in mine as an unspoken pledge that you will partake in this superwoman movement, but I have talked so intimately with you too long, I must leave the room even before you rise. Accept my spiritual fellowship as I go."

Miss Kornfield slipped from the room and mounted the broad stairway before Miss Lizzie had time to join her. Mary

Carpenter knew the need of the haste: there was one cigarette on the little tray which might be a timely comfort before Caleb drew up under the *porte-cochere*.

Of course Miss Lizzie had tea and cakes for everybody when the club met at her house. Then there was the garden to look at, as well; and Mr. Byam and Mary Carpenter were kept for dinner in order that they might hear Miss Lizzie's nephew Jack's stories of his French experiences in the early years of the war.

Not until the house was silent, with Caleb and Amanda asleep in their own quarters, did Jack have the hour with his Aunt Lizzie for which he had come on from Washington. "How did I happen to come up from Washington, auntie, when I was so busy?" He had slipped down beside her in the Gloucester hammock on the veranda. He put his arm around her and drew her quite close to his side.

"Well, you see it was this way: In examining an important report from the Boston Department of Justice I found a statement that gave me sudden anxiety. The report had to do with the people in this district up here who are being watched as dangerous persons at this time."

"Dangerous? Dangerous persons? Dangerous in what way, do you mean, Jack?" interrupted his aunt.

"Why, you see it is this way, auntie. The whole world is in a state of chaos, more or less. This great war has stirred up dragons, giants, and very devils. 'Principalities of darkness,' St. Paul called 'em. Take this woman, for instance, this afternoon. She means well, I have no doubt, but she'll do a lot of harm. She's dangerous, in one sense."

"Jack, don't tell me that she is the person you have come all the way from Washington to watch!"

"Oh, no, auntie dear, I shall not have to worry about what will happen to Miss Fidelia Kornfield. She is a public character. The government will look after her. But when father and I found the name of the one woman dearest to us next to mother as under suspicion, I asked for furlough, and here I am."

Jack Clark held his Aunt Lizzie very tightly in his arm and rubbed his cheek

against her soft, fat little face. He felt that she was taking long, deep breaths. Presently he felt a hot tear, and then another, trickle down her cheek upon his own. That was all for some time. She was a Clark. She would not let herself go at such a moment. Her volubility was after all mental superficiality. As a woman she was strong. She knew how to control herself when real things of life came to her.

They must have sat there fully five minutes without a word. Then Jack continued: "Byam says there is going to be trouble at the mills during the next month. Father is on his way to Ivy Lea this week to join mother. Lizzie will be at home from college, and they want you to go at once and stay straight through the summer. I have fixed it up with Caleb and Amanda and that nice Miss Mary Carpenter, and I have already wired to mother a night letter. Let's go to bed now, Aunt Lizzie, though I hate to leave this moon and all the sweet odors. What bully times we have had here, we children—you in your generation and Lizzie and I in ours. I wish you had never taken down that old swing under the apple tree by the stable. We would not change this pattern, would we, Aunt Lizzie—this pattern made in these last two generations?" And still Miss Lizzie did not speak, but she clung very close to her nephew's arm and made her responses by little pats on his sleeve. Presently they arose and together passed through the big black walnut doors into the hall, and pushed on into the drawing-room. Jack turned on the electricity, flooding the room with light, and drew his aunt to the family portraits, looking up into their faces as he spoke: "You know, auntie, as I sat there and listened to Kornfield this afternoon, my college biology came back to me, and the scientific tricks we performed in the laboratory. I wonder if you will understand what I mean if I put it this way: All over this big continent we have water-lilies, lovely white water-lilies, growing in ponds, and they perpetuate themselves; there are always lovely white pond-lilies, thank God. Somehow we would miss pond-lilies awfully if they had all been fixed up into

pinks and blues the way we fooled with them in the laboratory. That was rather a poor attempt at green which Miss Kornfield wore this afternoon. It takes a great man like Burbank to turn nature one side. All the time Miss Kornfield talked, and she did say a lot of things that were half true, of course, I realized how far away she was from truth herself. 'Change the pattern!' She didn't quite know what she was talking about. She was short on biology, and very short on spiritual facts that make life worth living. All the time that she was talking to your friends I recognized again what I saw so plainly over there in France in the trenches: that God's plan is stupendous, and that we must 'carry on' not by revolution, not by changing patterns, but by nobler evolution."

Just for a moment the young patriot paused, and then he continued: "I rather guess our younger generation will make good without revolution. Oh, what a splendid man Grandfather Clark was, and how sweet grandmother must have been as a girl! I rather think that you and I have had backgrounds which it would be well to evolutionize still further. Somehow or other I seem to like the effect of the action pattern on grandmother's face, don't you?"

The big fellow leaned over his aunt laughingly and kissed her on both cheeks. "I have caught French manners, auntie. There's one kiss for grandfather and one kiss for grandmother."

They walked together up the broad stairway to his Aunt Lizzie's room. As he was about to say good-night, Miss Lizzie looked up at him with a whimsical smile, though the tears were still on her lashes.

"I am rather glad you wired to your mother to-night. I think I do need a change. But, Jack, when this is all over, I do not want to have it talked about. I know your father's abnormal sense of humor. It carries him away sometimes. You will have to make me one promise before I go to Canada."

Jack stood off and held up both hands: "I'll promise."

"That you will never tell your father that I tried to be a pink lily!"

ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHNN

IV



HE little girl rose startled, but her breeding was too fine for betrayal, and she went to him with hand outstretched. The boy took it as he had taken her father's, limply and without rising. The father frowned and smiled—how could the lad have learned manners? And then he, too, saw the hole in the moccasin through which the bleeding had started again.

"You are hurt—you have walked a long way?"

The lad shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"Three days—I had to shoot horse."

"Take him into the kitchen, Barbara, and tell Hannah to wash his foot and bandage it."

The boy looked uncomfortable and shook his head, but the little girl was smiling and she told him to come with such sweet imperiousness that he rose helplessly. Old Hannah's eyes made a bewildered start!

"You go on back an' wait for yo' company, little Miss; I'll 'tend to *him*!"

And when the boy still protested, she flared up:

"Looky here, son, little Miss tell me to wash yo' foot, an' I'se gwinter do it, ef I got to tie you fust; now you keep still. Whar you come from?"

His answer was a somewhat haughty grunt that at once touched the quick instincts of the old negress and checked further question. Swiftly and silently she bound his foot, and with great respect she led him to a little room in one ell of the great house in which was a tub of warm water.

"Ole marster say you been travellin' an' mebbe you like to refresh yo'self wid a hot bath. Dar's some o' little marster's

clothes on de bed dar, an' a pair o' his shoes, an' I know dey'll jus' fit you snug. You'll find all de folks on de front po'ch when you git through."

She closed the door. Once, winter and summer, the boy had daily plunged into the river with his Indian companions, but he had never had a bath in his life, and he did not know what the word meant; yet he had learned so much at the fort that he had no trouble making out what the tub of water was for. For the same reason he felt no surprise when he picked up the clothes; he was only puzzled how to get into them. He tried, and struggling with the breeches he threw one hand out to the wall to keep from falling and caught a red cord with a bushy red tassel; whereat there was a ringing that made him spring away from it. A moment later there was a knock at his door.

"Did you ring, suh?" asked a voice. What that meant he did not know, and he made no answer. The door was opened slightly and a woolly head appeared.

"Do you want anything, suh?"

"No."

"Den I reckon hit was anudder bell—Yassuh."

The boy began putting on his own clothes.

Outside Colonel Dale and Barbara had strolled down the big path to the sundial, the colonel telling the story of the little Kentucky kinsman—the little girl listening and wide-eyed.

"Is he going to live here with us, papa?"

"Perhaps. You must be very nice to him. He has lived a rude, rough life, but I can see he is very sensitive."

At the bend of the river there was the flash of dripping oars, and the song of the black oarsmen came across the yellow flood.

"There they come!" cried Barbara.

And from his window the little Kentuckian saw the company coming up the path, brave with gay clothes and smiles and gallantries. The colonel walked with a grand lady at the head, behind were the belles and beaux, and bringing up the rear was Barbara, escorted by a youth of his own age, who carried his hat under his arm and bore himself as haughtily as his elders. No sooner did he see them mounting to the porch than there was the sound of a horn in the rear, and looking out of the other window the lad saw a coach and four dash through the gate and swing around the road that encircled the great trees, and up to the rear portico, where there was a joyous clamor of greetings. Where did all those people come from? Were they going to stay there and would he have to be among them? All the men were dressed alike and not one was dressed like him. Panic assailed him, and once more he looked at the clothes on the bed, and then without hesitation walked through the hallway, and stopped on the threshold of the front door. A quaint figure he made there, and for the moment the gay talk and laughter quite ceased. The story of him already had been told, and already was sweeping from cabin to cabin to the farthest edge of the great plantation. Mrs. General Willoughby lifted her lorgnettes to study him curiously, the young ladies turned a battery of searching but friendly rays upon him, the young men regarded him with tolerance and repressed amusement, and Barbara, already his champion, turned her eyes from one to the other of them, but always seeing him. No son of Powhatan could have stood there with more dignity, and young Harry Dale's face broke into a smile of welcome. His father being indoors he went forward with hand outstretched.

"I am your cousin Harry," he said, and taking him by the arm he led him on the round of presentation.

"Mrs. Willoughby, may I present my cousin from Kentucky?"

"This is your cousin, Miss Katherine Dale; another cousin, Miss Mary; and this is your cousin Hugh."

And the young ladies greeted him with frank, eager interest, and the young

gentlemen suddenly repressed patronizing smiles and gave him grave greeting, for if ever a rapier flashed from a human head, it flashed from the piercing black eye of that little Kentucky backwoodsman when his cousin Hugh, with a rather whimsical smile, bowed with a politeness that was a trifle too elaborate. Mrs. Willoughby still kept her lorgnettes on him as he stood leaning against a pillar. She noted the smallness of his hands and feet, the lithe, perfect body, the clean cut of his face, and she breathed:

"He is a Dale—and blood *does* tell."

Nobody, not even she, guessed how the lad's heart was thumping with the effort to conceal his embarrassment, but when a tinge of color spread on each side of his set mouth and his eyes began to waver uncertainly, Mrs. Willoughby's intuition was quick and kind.

"Barbara," she asked, "have you shown your cousin your ponies?"

The little girl saw her motive and laughed merrily:

"Why, I haven't had time to show him anything. Come on, cousin."

The boy followed her down the steps in his noiseless moccasins, along a grass path between hedges of ancient box, around an ell, and past the kitchen and toward the stables. In and behind the kitchen negroes of all ages and both sexes were hurrying or lazing around, and each turned to stare wonderingly after the strange woodland figure of the little hunter. Negroes were coming in from the fields with horses and mules, negroes were chopping and carrying wood, there were negroes everywhere, and the lad had never seen one before, but he showed no surprise. At a gate the little girl called imperiously:

"Ephraim, bring out my ponies!"

And in a moment out came a sturdy little slave whose head was all black skin, black wool, and white teeth, leading two creamy-white little horses that shook the lad's composure at last, for he knew ponies as far back as he could remember, but he had never seen the like of them. His hand almost trembled when he ran it over their sleek coats, and unconsciously he dropped into his Indian speech and did not know it until the girl asked laughingly:



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I don't want nobody to take up for me" —Page 182.

"Why, what are you saying to my ponies?"

And he blushed, for the little girl's artless prattling and friendliness were already beginning to make him quite human.

"That's Injun talk."

"Can you talk Indian—but, of course, you can."

"Better than English," he smiled.

Hugh had followed them.

"Barbara, your mother wants you," he said, and the little girl turned toward the house. The stranger was ill at ease with Hugh and the latter knew it.

"It must be very exciting where you live."

"How?"

"Oh, fighting Indians and shooting deer and turkeys and buffalo. It must be great fun."

"Nobody does it for fun—it's mighty hard work."

"My uncle—your father—used to tell us about his wonderful adventures out there."

"He had no chance to tell me."

"But yours must have been more wonderful than his."

The boy gave the little grunt that was a survival of his Indian life and turned to go back to the house.

"But all this, I suppose, is as strange to you."

"More."

Hugh was polite and apparently sincere in interest, but the lad was vaguely disturbed and he quickened his step. The porch was empty when they turned the corner of the house, but young Harry Dale came running down the steps, his honest face alight, and caught the little Kentuckian by the arm.

"Get ready for supper, Hugh—come on, cousin," he said, and led the stranger to his room and pointed to the clothes on the bed.

"Don't they fit?" he asked smiling.

"I don't know—I don't know how to git into 'em."

Young Harry laughed joyously.

"Of course not. I wouldn't know how to put yours on either. You just wait," he cried, and disappeared to return quickly with an armful of clothes.

"Take off your war-dress," he said, "and I'll show you."

With heart warming to such kindness, and helpless against it, the lad obeyed like a child and was dressed like a child.

"Now, I've got to hurry," said Harry. "I'll come back for you. Just look at yourself," he called at the door.

And the stranger did look at the wonderful vision that a great mirror as tall as himself gave back. His eyes began to sting, and he rubbed them with the back of his hand and looked at the hand curiously. It was moist. He had seen tears in a woman's eyes, but he did not know that they could come to a man, and he felt ashamed.

V

THE boy stood at a window looking out into the gathering dusk. His eye could catch the last red glow on the yellow river. Above that a purplish light rested on the green expanse stretching westward—stretching on and on through savage wilds to his own wilds beyond the lonely Cumberlands. Outside the window the multitude of flowers was drinking in the dew and drooping restfully to sleep. A multitude of strange birds called and twittered from the trees. The neighing of horses, the lowing of cattle, the piping of roosting turkeys and motherly clutter of roosting hens, the weird songs of negroes, the sounds of busy preparation through the house and from the kitchen—all were sounds of peace and plenty, security and service. And over in his own wilds at that hour they were driving cows and horses into the stockade. They were cooking their rude supper in the open. A man had gone to each of the watch-towers. From the blackening woods came the curdling cry of a panther and the hooting of owls. Away on over the still westward wilds were the wigwams of squaws, papposes, braves, the red men—red in skin, in blood, in heart, and red with hate against the whites.

Perhaps they were circling a fire at that moment in a frenzied war-dance—perhaps the hooting at that moment from the woods around the fort was not the hooting of owls at all. There all was hardship—danger; here all was comfort and peace. If they could see him now! See his room, his fire, his bed, his clothes!

They had told him to come, and yet he felt now the shame of desertion. He had come, but he would not stay long away. The door opened, he turned, and Harry Dale came eagerly in.

"Mother wants to see you."

The two boys paused in the hall and Harry pointed to a pair of crossed rapiers over the mantelpiece.

"Those were your father's," he said; "he was a wonderful fencer."

The lad shook his head in ignorance, and Harry smiled.

"I'll show you to-morrow."

At a door in the other ell Harry knocked gently, and a voice that was low and sweet but vibrant with imperiousness called:

"Come in!"

"Here he is, mother."

The lad stepped into warmth, subtle fragrance, and many candle lights. The great lady was just rising from a chair in front of her mirror, brocaded, powdered, and starred with jewels. So brilliant a vision almost stunned the little stranger and it took an effort for him to lift his eyes to hers.

"Why, *this* is not the lad you told me of," she said. "Come here! Both of you." They came and the lady scrutinized them comparingly.

"Actually you look alike—and, Harry, you have no advantage, even if you are my own son. I am glad you are here," she said with sudden soberness, and smiling tenderly she put both hands on his shoulders, drew him to her and kissed him, and again he felt in his eyes that curious sting.

"Come, Harry!" With a gallant bow Harry offered his left arm, and gathering the little Kentuckian with her left, the regal lady swept out. In the reception-room she kept the boy by her side. Every man who approached bowed, and soon the lad was bowing, too. The ladies courtesied, the room was soon filled, and amid the flash of smiles, laughter, and gay banter the lad was much bewildered, but his face showed it not at all. Barbara almost cried out her astonishment and pleasure when she saw what a handsome figure he made in his new clothing, and all her little friends were soon darting surreptitious glances at him, and

many whispered questions and pleasing comments were passed around. From under Hugh's feet the ground for the moment was quite taken away, so much to the eye, at least, do clothes make the man. Just then General Willoughby bowed with noble dignity before Mrs. Dale, and the two led the way to the dining-room.

"Harry," she said, "you and Barbara take care of your cousin."

And almost without knowing it the young Kentuckian bowed to Barbara, who courtesied and took his arm. But for his own dignity and hers, she would have liked to squeal her delight. The table flashed with silver and crystal on snowy-white damask and was brilliant with colored candles. The little woodsman saw the men draw back chairs for the ladies, and he drew back Barbara's before Hugh, on the other side of her, could forestall him. On his left was Harry, and Harry he watched keenly—but no more keenly than Hugh watched him. Every now and then he would catch a pair of interested eyes looking furtively at him, and he knew his story was going the round of the table among those who were not guests in the house. The boy had never seen so many and so mysterious-looking things to eat and drink. One glass of wine he took, and the quick dizziness that assailed him frightened him, and he did not touch it again. Beyond Barbara, Hugh leaned forward and lifted his glass to him. He shook his head and Hugh flushed.

"Our Kentucky cousin is not very polite—he is something of a barbarian—naturally."

"He doesn't understand," said Barbara quickly, who had noted the incident, and she turned to her cousin.

"Papa says you *are* going to live with us and you are going to study with Harry under Mr. Brockton."

"Our tutor," explained Harry; "there he is across there. He is an Englishman."

"Tutor?" questioned the boy.

"School-teacher," laughed Harry.

"Oh!"

"Haven't you any school-teachers at home?"

"No, I learned to read and write a little from Dave and Lyddy."

And then he had to tell who they were, and he went on to tell them about Mother Sanders and Honor and Bud and Jack and Polly Conrad and Lydia and Dave, and all the frontier folk, and the life they led, and the Indian fights which thrilled Barbara and Harry, and forced even Hugh to listen—though once he laughed incredulously, and in a way that of a sudden shut the boy's lips tight and made Barbara color and Harry look grave. Hugh then turned to his wine and began soon to look more flushed and sulky. Shortly after the ladies left, Hugh followed them, and Harry and the Kentuckian moved toward the head of the table where the men had gathered around Colonel Dale.

"Yes," said General Willoughby, "it looks as though it might come."

"With due deference to Mr. Brockton," said Colonel Dale, "it looks as though his country would soon force us to some action."

They were talking about impending war. Far away as his wilds were, the boy had heard some talk of war in them, and he listened greedily to the quick fire of question and argument directed to the Englishman, who held his own with such sturdiness that Colonel Dale, fearing the heat might become too great, laughed and skilfully shifted the theme. Through hall and doorways came now merry sounds of fiddle and banjo.

"Come on, cousin," said Harry; "can you dance?"

"If your dances are as different as everything else, I reckon not, but I can try."

Near a doorway between parlor and hall sat the fiddlers three. Gallant bows and dainty courtesying and nimble feet were tripping measures quite new to the backwoodsman. Barbara nodded, smiled, and after the dance ran up to ask him to take part, but he shook his head. Hugh had looked at him as from a superior height, and the boy noticed him frowning while Barbara was challenging him to dance. The next dance was even more of a mystery, for the dancers glided by in couples, Mr. Byron's diatribe not having prevented the importation of the waltz to the new world, but the next cleared his face and set his feet to keeping

time, for the square dance had, of course, reached the wilds.

"I know that," he said to Harry, who told Barbara, and the little girl went up to him again, and this time, flushing, he took place with her on the floor. Hugh came up.

"Cousin Barbara, this is our dance, I believe," he said a little thickly.

The girl took him aside and Hugh went surlily away. Harry saw the incident and he looked after Hugh, frowning. The backwoodsman conducted himself very well. He was lithe and graceful and at first very dignified, but as he grew in confidence he began to execute steps that were new to that polite land and rather boisterous, but Barbara looked pleased and all onlookers seemed greatly amused—all except Hugh. And when the old fiddler sang out sonorously:

"Gentlemen to right—cheat an' swing!" the boy cheated outrageously, cheated all but his little partner, to whom each time he turned with open loyalty, and Hugh was openly sneering now and genuinely angry.

"You shall have the last dance," whispered Barbara, "the Virginia reel."

"I know that dance," said the boy.

And when that dance came and the dancers were drawn in two lines, the boy who was third from the end heard Harry's low voice behind him:

"He is my cousin and my guest and you will answer to me."

The lad wheeled, saw Harry with Hugh, left his place, and went to them. He spoke to Harry, but he looked at Hugh with a sword-flash in each black eye:

"I don't want nobody to take up for me."

Again he wheeled and was in his place, but Barbara saw and looked troubled, and so did Colonel Dale. He went over to the two boys and put his arm around Hugh's shoulder.

"Tut, tut, my boys," he said, with pleasant firmness, and led Hugh away, and when General Willoughby would have followed, the colonel nodded him back with a smile, and Hugh was seen no more that night. The guests left with gayety, smiles, and laughter, and every one gave the stranger a kindly good-by.

Again Harry went with him to his room and the lad stopped again under the crossed swords.

"You fight with 'em?"

"Yes, and with pistols."

"I've never had a pistol. I want to learn how to use *them*."

Harry looked at him searchingly, but the boy's face gave hint of no more purpose than when he first asked the same question.

"All right," said Harry.

The lad blew out his candle, but he went to his window instead of his bed. The moonlight was brilliant among the trees and on the sleeping flowers and the slow run of the broad river, and it was very still out there and very lovely, but he had no wish to be out there. With wind and storm and sun, moon and stars, he had lived face to face all his life, but here they were not the same. Trees, flowers, house, people had reared some wall between him and them, and they seemed now to be very far away. Everybody had been kind to him—all but Hugh. Veiled hostility he had never known before and he could not understand. Everybody had surely been kind, and yet—he turned to his bed, and all night his brain was flashing to and fro between the reel of vivid pictures etched on it in a day and the grim background that had hitherto been his life beyond the hills.

VI

FROM pioneer habit he awoke before dawn, and for a moment the softness where he lay puzzled him. There was no sound of anybody stirring and he thought he must have waked up in the middle of the night, but he could smell the dawn and he started to spring up. But there was nothing to be done, nothing that he could do. He felt hot and stuffy, though Harry had put up his windows, and he could not lie there wide awake. He could not go out in the heavy dew in the gay clothes and fragile shoes he had taken off, so he slid into his own buckskin clothes and moccasins and out the still open front door and down the path toward the river. Instinctively he had picked up his rifle, bullet-pouch, and powder-horn. Up the river to the right

he could faintly see dark woods, and he made toward and plunged into them with his eyes on the ground for signs of game, but he saw tracks only of coon and skunk and fox, and he grunted his disgust and loped ahead for half an hour farther into the heart of the woods. An hour later he loped back on his own tracks. The cabins were awake now, and every pick-aninny who saw him showed the whites of his eyes in terror and fled back into his house. He came noiselessly behind a negro woman at the kitchen door and threw three squirrels on the steps before her. She turned, saw him, and gave a shriek, but recovered herself and picked them up. Her amazement grew as she looked them over, for there was no sign of a bullet-wound, and she went in to tell how the Injun boy must naturally just "charm 'em right out o' de trees."

At the front door Harry hailed him and Barbara came running out.

"I forgot to get you another suit of clothes last night," he said, "and we were scared this morning. We thought you had left us, and Barbara there nearly cried." Barbara blushed now and did not deny.

"Come to breakfast!" she cried.

"Did you find anything to shoot?" Harry asked.

"Nothin' but some squirrels," said the lad.

Colonel Dale soon came in.

"You've got the servants mystified," he said laughingly. "They think you're a witch. How *did* you kill those squirrels?"

"I couldn't see their heads—so I barked 'em."

"Barked?"

"I shot between the bark and the limb right under the squirrel, an' the shock kills 'em. Uncle Dan'l Boone showed me how to do that."

"Daniel Boone!" breathed Harry. "Do you know Daniel Boone?"

"Shucks, Dave can beat him shootin'."

And then Hugh came in, pale of face and looking rather ashamed. He went straight to the Kentuckian.

"I was rude to you last night and I owe you an apology."

He thrust out his hand and awkwardly the boy rose and took it.

"And you'll forgive me, too, Barbara?"

"Of course I will," she said happily, but holding up one finger of warning—should he ever do it again. The rest of the guests trooped in now, and some were going out on horseback, some for a sail, and some visiting up the river in a barge, and all were paired off, even Harry.

"I'm going to drive Cousin Erskine over the place with my ponies," said Barbara, "and——"

"I'm going back to bed," interrupted Hugh, "or read a little Latin and Greek with Mr. Brockton." There was impudence as well as humor in this, for the tutor had given up Hugh in despair long ago.

Barbara shook her head.

"You are going with us," she said.

"I want Hugh to ride with me," said Colonel Dale, "and give Firefly a little exercise. Nobody else can ride him."

The Kentucky boy turned a challenging eye, as did every young man at the table, and Hugh felt very comfortable. While every one was getting ready, Harry brought out two foils and two masks on the porch a little later.

"We fight with those," he said, pointing to the crossed rapiers on the wall, "but we practise with these. Hugh, there, is the champion fencer," he said, "and he'll show you."

Harry helped the Kentucky boy to mask and they crossed foils—Hugh giving instructions all the time and nodding approval.

"You'll learn—you'll learn fast," he said. And over his shoulder to Harry:

"Why, his wrist is as strong as mine now, and he's got an eye like a weasel."

With a twist he wrenched the foil from his antagonist's hand and clattered it on the steps. The Kentuckian was bewildered and his face flushed. He ran for the weapon.

"You can't do that again."

"I don't believe I can," laughed Hugh.

"Will you learn me some more?" asked the boy eagerly.

"I surely will."

A little later Barbara and her cousin were trotting smartly along a sandy road through the fields with the colonel and Hugh loping in front of them. Firefly was a black mettlesome gelding. He had

reared and plunged when Hugh mounted, and even now he was champing his bit and leaping playfully at times, but the lad sat him with an unconcern of his capers that held the Kentucky boy's eyes.

"Gosh," he said, "but Hugh can ride! I wonder if he could stay on him bare-back."

"I suppose so," Barbara said; "Hugh can do anything."

The summer fields of corn and grain waved away on each side under the wind, innumerable negroes were at work and song on either side, great barns and white-washed cabins dotted the rich landscape which beyond the plantation broke against woods of sombre pines. For an hour they drove, the boy's bewildered eye missing few details and understanding few, so foreign to him were all the changes wrought by the hand, and he could hardly have believed that this country was once as wild as his own—that this was to be impoverished and his own become even a richer land. Many questions the little girl asked—and some of his answers made her shudder.

"Papa said last night that several of our kinsfolk spoke of going to your country in a party, and Harry and Hugh are crazy to go with them. Papa said people would be swarming over the Cumberland Mountains before long."

"I wish you'd come along."

Barbara laughed.

"I wouldn't like to lose my hair."

"I'll watch out for that," said the boy with such confident gravity that Barbara turned to look at him.

"I believe you would," she murmured. And presently:

"What did the Indians call you?"

"White Arrow."

"White Arrow. That's lovely. Why?"

"I could outrun all the other boys."

"Then you'll have to run to-morrow when we go to the fair at Williamsburg."

"The fair?"

Barbara explained.

For an hour or more they had driven and there was no end to the fields of tobacco and grain.

"Are we still on your land?"

Barbara laughed. "Yes, we can't drive

around the plantation and get back for dinner. I think we'd better turn now."

"Plan-ta-tion," said the lad. "What's that?"

Barbara waved her whip.

"Why, all this—the land—the farm."

"Oh!"

"It's called Red Oaks—from those big trees back of the house."

"Oh. I know oaks—all of 'em."

She wheeled the ponies and with fresh zest they scampered for home. She even let them run for a while, laughing and chatting meanwhile, though the light wagon swayed from side to side perilously as the boy thought, and when, in his ignorance of the discourtesy involved, he was on the point of reaching for the reins, she spoke to them and pulled them gently into a swift trot. Everybody had gathered for the noonday dinner when they swung around the great trees and up to the back porch. The clamor of the great bell gave its summons and the guests began straggling in by couples from the garden. Just as they were starting in the Kentucky boy gave a cry and darted down the path. A towering figure in coonskin cap and hunter's garb was halted at the sun-dial and looking toward them.

"Now, I wonder who *that* is," said Colonel Dale. "Jupiter, but that boy can run!"

They saw the tall stranger stare wonderingly at the boy and throw back his head and laugh. Then the two came on together. The boy was still flushed but the hunter's face was grave.

"This is Dave," said the boy simply.

"Dave Yandell," added the stranger, smiling and taking off his cap. "I've been at Williamsburg to register some lands and I thought I'd come and see how this young man is getting along."

Colonel Dale went quickly to meet him with outstretched hand.

"I'm glad you did," he said heartily. "Erskine has already told us about you. You are just in time for dinner."

"That's mighty kind," said Dave. And the ladies, after he was presented, still looked at him with much curiosity and great interest. Truly, strange visitors were coming to Red Oaks these days.

That night the subject of Hugh and Harry going back home with the two

Kentuckians was broached to Colonel Dale, and to the wondering delight of the two boys both fathers seemed to consider it favorably. Mr. Brockton was going to England for a visit, the summer was coming on, and both fathers thought it would be a great benefit to their sons. Even Mrs. Dale, on whom the hunter had made a most agreeable impression, smiled and said she would already be willing to trust her son with their new guest anywhere.

"I shall take good care of him, madam," said Dave with a bow.

Colonel Dale, too, was greatly taken with the stranger, and he asked many questions of the new land beyond the mountains. There was dancing again that night, and the hunter, towering a head above them all, looked on with smiling interest. He even took part in a square dance with Miss Jane Willoughby, handling his great bulk with astonishing grace and lightness of foot. Then the elder gentlemen went into the drawing-room to their port and pipes, and the boy Erskine slipped after them and listened enthralled to the talk of the coming war.

Colonel Dale had been in Hanover ten years before, when one Patrick Henry voiced the first intimation of independence in Virginia; Henry, a country storekeeper—bankrupt; farmer—bankrupt; storekeeper again, and bankrupt again; an idler, hunter, fisher, and story-teller—even a "barkeeper," as Mr. Jefferson once dubbed him, because Henry had once helped his father-in-law to keep tavern. That far back Colonel Dale had heard Henry denounce the clergy, stigmatize the King as a tyrant who had forfeited all claim to obedience, and had seen the orator caught up on the shoulders of the crowd and amidst shouts of applause borne around the court-house green. He had seen the same Henry ride into Richmond two years later on a lean horse: with papers in his saddle-pockets, his expression grim, his tall figure stooping, a peculiar twinkle in his small blue eyes, his brown wig without powder, his coat peach-blossom in color, his knee-breeches of leather, and his stockings of yarn. The speaker of the Burgesses was on a dais under a red canopy supported by gilded rods, and the clerk sat beneath with a mace on the table before him, but

Henry cried for liberty or death, and the shouts of treason failed then and there to save Virginia for the King. The lad's brain whirled. What did all this mean? Who was this King and what had he done? He had known but the one from whom he had run away. And this talk of taxes and Stamp Acts; and where was that strange land, New England, whose people had made tea of the salt water in Boston Harbor? Until a few days before he had never known what tea was, and he didn't like it. When he got Dave alone he would learn and learn and learn—everything. And then the young people came quietly in and sat down quietly, and Colonel Dale, divining what they wanted, got Dave started on stories of the wild wilderness that was his home—the first chapter in the Iliad of Kentucky—the land of dark forests and cane thickets that separated Catawbas, Creeks, and Cherokees on the south from Delawares, Wyandottes, and Shawnees on the north, who fought one another, and all of whom the whites must fight. How Boone came and stayed two years in the wilderness alone, and when found by his brother was lying on his back in the woods lustily singing hymns. How hunters and surveyors followed; how the first fort was built, and the first women stood on the banks of the Kentucky River. He told of the perils and hardships of the first journeys thither—fights with wild beasts and wild men, chases, hand-to-hand combats, escapes, and massacres—and only the breathing of his listeners could be heard, save the sound of his own voice. And he came finally to the story of the attack on the fort, the raising of a small hand above the cane, palm outward, and the swift dash of a slender brown body into the fort, and then, seeing the boy's face turn scarlet, he did not tell how that same lad had slipped back into the woods even while the fight was going on, and slipped

back with the bloody scalp of his enemy, but ended with the timely coming of the Virginians, led by the lad's father, who got his death-wound at the very gate. The tense breathing of his listeners culminated now in one general deep breath.

Colonel Dale rose and turned to General Willoughby.

"And *that's* where he wants to take our boys."

"Oh, it's much safer now," said the hunter. "We have had no trouble for some time, and there's no danger inside the fort."

"I can imagine you keeping those boys inside the fort when there's so much going on outside. Still—" Colonel Dale stopped and the two boys took heart again. The ladies rose to go to bed, and Mrs. Dale was shaking her head very doubtfully, but she smiled up at the tall hunter when she bade him good night.

"I shall not take back what I said."

"Thank you, madam," said Dave, and he bent his lips to her absurdly little white hand.

Colonel Dale escorted the boy and Dave to their room. Mr. Yandell must go with them to the fair at Williamsburg next morning, and Mr. Yandell would go gladly. They would spend the night there and go to the Governor's ball. The next day there was a county fair, and perhaps Mr. Henry would speak again. Then Mr. Yandell must come back with them to Red Oaks and pay them a visit—no, the colonel would accept no excuse whatever.

The boy plied Dave with questions about the people in the wilderness and passed to sleep. Dave lay awake a long time thinking that war was sure to come. They were Americans now, said Colonel Dale—not Virginians, just as nearly a century later the same people were to say:

"We are not Americans now—we are Virginians."

(To be continued.)

SECRET HISTORY

By George Sarton

Author of "The Message of Leonardo"; Research Associate of the Carnegie Institution



OUR knowledge of history is very one-sided and superficial. Hitherto we have seen the past chiefly through the eyes of men of letters who mistook the obvious activities of the rulers and of the masses for the really progressive but less evident achievements of mankind. They did not realize that the advance of civilization is the result of a hidden process which is to a considerable extent independent of the accidents to which they attached so much importance. War, pestilence, calamities of every kind periodically upset the peaceful activity of the world; it is but natural that to the superficial observer they appear to make up its whole history. What else could happen that could at all compare with such tremendous events? Yet just as the wildest storms leave the ocean unchanged and do not in the least interrupt the life immeasurable which grows in its bosom—in the same way while kings succeed to kings, while famines or floods seem at times to spell the doom of humanity, while wars and revolutions entice men to imagine the most ingenious means of self-destruction, while the traditional historical events follow one another, a few men are steadily and unobtrusively at work trying to unravel the secrets of nature, to get a little nearer to the truth, to give us a little more beauty, to adjust social relations with a little more equity.

These men are like unto bees, which go on pursuing their life's work without seeming to be in the least concerned with the gigantic activities that surround them. Mere earthquakes or wars do not interrupt their work. These men devote all their energy to their self-imposed tasks, often with an almost shocking disregard of the conditions of their time and their very own interests. They are so persistent that they give us the impression that, after all, they have not chosen their tasks but are simply obeying mysterious but definite orders of fate. Nothing does

matter to them except the accomplishment of their mission. They spend their lives in these heroic undertakings and die happy if they can but leave behind them a little more truth, beauty, or justice.

People who are more active—or rather whose activity has more tangible results—are generally unaware that it is these quiet and meditative men who are really laying the foundations of the future. Since most historians share the prejudices and the scientific ignorance of the people and have no understanding of the constructive work which is being done almost under their own eyes, their perverted conception of the human past is natural enough. It is true, they have begun to study the history of art, of religion, of ethics; but they still entirely neglect the development of science, which is the very backbone of human progress. Indeed, they are so prejudiced that any attempt to consider the evolution of mankind from the point of view of what is most constructive and permanent in its activity seems to them to be uncongenial, and almost uncanny, and makes them feel quite uncomfortable. It is clear that the true history of civilization does not appeal to them; their histories are nothing but a superior kind of gossip.

If there be any doubts in our minds on this point, we have but to ask ourselves what is the destiny of man? I do not mean our personal destiny (which is more or less sharply defined by our natural gifts and our calling), but the destiny of man as a whole. Now, there are two ways of approaching this question. One is to study the organs and functions of man and to see in what they differ from those of other creatures. It may be safely assumed that the destiny of any creature is to use the organs with which it is naturally endowed. Such study proves that the specific function of man is to think. Man is a thinking machine and apparently the only machine of its kind in exist-

ence. All the other human activities are only means to this supreme end, to think—and that can but mean to create a higher order of realities: intellectual realities, such as beauty, truth, justice, love.

Hence, whatever a man's occupation be—baking bread, swimming, love-making—the ultimate if unconscious purpose is always the same, to make it possible for man to produce under the best conditions this specific energy—abstract thought.

We might also infer what the destiny of man is from the judgments commonly passed on the most famous of them. We may assume that the men who have been almost universally praised are those who best fulfilled the destiny of the species. It is true, the prevalence of a perverted historical sense vitiates this method. Among the heroes of the past the average man would perhaps include many, such as conquerors, vicious kings, wily statesmen, whom, if they were divested of their glamour and judged according to the same standards as we judge common men, we could but consider as wretched and despicable creatures. But, notwithstanding such prejudices, the greatest number of these popular heroes would probably be found to be men who had the ability to think more clearly and more deeply than the others. Many scientists would perhaps be forgotten, but the list would be likely to contain a large number of philosophers, religious leaders, social reformers, artists, men of letters, scholars—in a word, all people who created intellectual values. Would this not corroborate our conviction that the destiny of man is, in fact, to create such values?

In the same way, human power is essentially intellectual power. There does not seem to exist in nature any greater power than that of a clear will based upon positive knowledge. One often hears it said science is power. That is obvious enough, but such a statement is very incomplete if one thinks only of material power, for science is far more than that; it also carries the intellectual power of truth and the emotional power of beauty. Besides, power is in itself of little value. Why should we care for it if it were not used to make men better than they are and life more beautiful? Dynamite, too, is

power; but it can be used for evil purposes. It is clear that what we know matters much less than how we know it.

In other words, to fulfil his destiny it is not enough for man to advance knowledge. This knowledge must be tempered by humanity; it must be made lovable, safe, enlightening. The scientists have been fools to abandon all the educational and character-building work to men of letters; the latter do not teach a single lesson which science could not teach as well if it were explained in the right spirit. There is as much humanizing virtue in Newton's "Principia" or in "The Origin of Species" as in all the classics. And there is much more in them.

All pains must be taken to reconcile the humanistic and the scientific spirit. It is safe to say that this reconciliation is one of the greatest educational problems with which our time is confronted. When it is accomplished it will make possible a new idealism, not a faked idealism made up of cheap sentimentality and desultory dreams—than which nothing is more dangerous—but one firmly based upon positive knowledge, facing squarely all the facts, pleasant or unpleasant, and taking constantly into account the limitations of nature and of man. For the cultivation of such idealism the totality of our experience is needed, that of the whole past as well as that of to-day, and this requires the close co-operation of scientists, craftsmen, and historians.

The simplest way of attaining this ideal is to humanize scientific knowledge, and this can be best done by considering it from an historical or evolutionary point of view. Of course most people, when they think at all, think chiefly in terms of the present realities. Their past is generally limited to the reminiscences of their own childhood and the future to the prospects of their children. Beyond that they are apt not to care. The only reality that simple and primitive people can conceive is the present; they are not painfully aware of its fugitiveness. Their whole life is an immutable present. This is perhaps a happy state of mind, but it is incompatible with knowledge and wisdom.

One cannot have everything; it is impossible to be wise and careless at the

same time. The crude and disproportionate realities of the present must be illuminated, tempered, and properly measured by incessant comparison with the impersonal realities of the past. Science must be softened by humanity. And just as the present possesses its full value only when confronted with its whole past, just so does the past become richer and more pregnant when we can contemplate it from the summit of modern science.

Literary people often affect to prefer their own inspired and blessed state of ignorance to the lopsidedness and the mediocrity of the learned. It is painfully true that dead erudition takes too often the place of true inspiration. We are breeding a race of pedants overburdened by their libraries and their card indexes. A constant equilibrium must be maintained between a man's mental capacity, his formal and experimental knowledge, and his craftsmanship. If he takes in more than he can assimilate, he becomes self-centred and stupid. As most men are very quickly taught up to the saturation point, one cannot lay too much emphasis on the danger of undigested learning unsupported by practical experience. The mathematician Whitehead once very aptly said: "The second-handedness of the learned world is the secret of its mediocrity. It is tame because it has never been scared by facts." It is only fair to add, however, that some people have been scared by hard facts their whole life long and have never ceased to be dull.

It is well also to say that many people are lopsided not because of their special studies, as they would fain have us believe, but simply because their brains did not fully develop. Of course no amount of knowledge will give generosity and intelligence to a man who has none. On the contrary, it will set his pettiness in greater contrast, in the same way that wealth makes mediocrity more conspicuous.

Science can neither produce nor efface mediocrity, for this is essentially a condition of the heart. Have you ever asked yourself why some men appear small however much they may accomplish? Is it due to the blind injustice of fate, or would the reason not rather be that their

hearts are small, that they lack imagination and sympathy, that they are too self-centred, too cunning, too jealous? (Of all the symptoms of mediocrity, jealousy is perhaps the one that goes deepest.) On the contrary, a warm heart, a ready sympathy, will save any one, however small, from mediocrity. When a man has a big heart everything that he does is bigger, and he is likely to receive full credit for his smallest achievements; when his heart is shallow he manages to spoil everything, even his accidents of generosity.

When I speak of secret history I am thinking chiefly of the history of science, for the development of positive knowledge is becoming more and more esoteric. One needs a solid scientific education to follow it with profit, and even then the more technical details which often count for so much are not always intelligible except to a few specialists.

Yet this history is not necessarily secret, and it could and should be considerably less mysterious than it is. A great deal of scientific work remains unknown, not so much because of the ignorance and lethargy of the public as because of the lack of imagination and human interest of its author. But if the scientist is able to add to his explanations just a little touch of humanity, if a few words here and there impart to his reports that undefinable quality which obliges the reader to sit up and take notice, his work is not likely to be forgotten.

Of course some incorrigible pedants will be anxious to make their work appear as mediocre and unattractive as themselves. But they will never succeed entirely, because science is too interesting to all but the hopelessly ignorant and futile. That will become more true as scientific education spreads. The scientific spirit and methods have already been diffused to such an extent by the progress of trade and crafts that the men of to-day are considerably more accurate than their forefathers ever dreamed of becoming. And as exactitude and veracity increase, civilization becomes more stable and life more valuable.

Yet it may be wiser not to be too confident, because we are only beginning to

emerge from the shadows of lies and deceptions. When the majority of people have thoroughly understood that lies always act like boomerangs, when lying will, as a natural thing, have become impossible to them, only then will society be entirely stable. I do not think simply of spoken lies. There are people who would never tell a lie but who are lying to themselves all the time. Their instinctive impulse is to get rid of all the facts which are in their way; they "pretend" all the time—they live in a make-believe world. This is simply intellectual dishonesty, but they call it optimism.

A scientific education firmly founded on experiments and on live facts which have been carefully discussed would train men to be accurate, veracious, and intellectually honest. It would also reinforce, as nothing else could reinforce, their sense of duty and reverence, without which no society can endure.

When we are able to emerge from the immediate realities and try to obtain a proper sense of human values by interrogating the whole past, the necessity of an education going down to the essentials, that is based on science and craftsmanship, becomes even clearer to us. Why do we admire ancient Greece, ancient India, ancient China? Is it for anything but their achievements in the fields of thought, that is, of art and of science? The really great artists and scientists will live forever. With the passing of time their fame increases. All the rest of their contemporaries, no matter how powerful or how wealthy they once were, are nothing but a forgotten and nameless dust. If we love our country, if we wish our civilization to survive, we must see to it that pure science and art never cease to be cultivated; it is only such disinterested work that can save our people from oblivion. Prosperous Carthage is dead forever, little Athens will remain eternally young—an inexhaustible inspiration to the best men and women of all times.

It is the sacred duty of those who think of the future to keep these ideals of ancient Greece alive, with a few less perhaps, but certainly two more: one which did not fully develop until the Renaissance—the spirit of experiment; the other,

which is destined to be the flower of our own age, the spirit of truth, of allegiance to reality. Any education which fails to inculcate these ideals is simply an educational camouflage. No amount of material prosperity could save from ultimate decadence and ruin a country which would allow such camouflage to replace the real thing.

It is well to insist because young people often labor under the grossest misconceptions on this point. They seem to believe that the great bankers, the merchant princes, the kings of industry are really "the people who do things." As to the scientists and artists, they consider them in the same way that many of these modern kings do, that is, as parasites and dreamers who are not even able to exploit their own ideas but whom it is sometimes expedient to pet and keep in good humor. Now it is plain that the powerful men who believe that they are "running the whole show" are in fact nothing but stewards whose main function is to enable the scientists and artists to do their work and so to accomplish the destiny of the whole race. They are magnificently paid and high honors are showered upon them, and they deserve it all, because their stewardship is of essential importance. They wanted power, money, lifelong distinction, and popularity—they got it. They cannot expect more; undying fame cannot be theirs. It is of them that the psalmist has said: the vain people received a vain reward. The only men who cannot die are those who contributed materially to the fulfilment of man's destiny and bequeathed to future generations some new particle of truth, of beauty, of justice.

It is indeed a great pity that our children are too often brought up upon the idea that these exalted stewards are the true creators—as if the destiny of man were no other than to create wealth and comfort. They mistake the means for the end. On the other hand, can there be anything more distressing to contemplate than the intellectual inanition and the lassitude of not a few of the wealthy? That becomes especially obvious when they themselves begin to realize, too late, that they have sacrificed to their ambitions all that made life really worth living.

They seem so full of energy and optimism, and yet they break down. It is as if the spring of their impassioned activity was only their spasmodic and vain attempt to escape from the monotony of life. They work in the same way as some of their weaker brothers drug themselves. Sometimes they have ransacked the whole world to adorn their palaces, while their inner lives remained inexpressibly empty. Those who have kept up a deep and creative interest (more than a hobby) outside of their business are the exceptions.

From what I have said, the reader might be led to believe that there is no really creative work—that is, work which does not simply support and perpetuate mankind but carries it onward—outside the narrow field of scientific or artistic production. As a matter of fact that is true, but every man could and should participate in such production. Any serious attempt to understand nature or merely to be accurate is a contribution to science; any production of beauty, any disinterested effort toward greater perfection, is a work of art. The professional artists and scientists are not necessarily the purest representatives of their calling. It is not what one does that matters but how one does it.

I cannot eat a piece of good bread without being grateful to him who kneaded it. It does not occur to me that his work is of secondary importance. No, I am simply thankful to him because he did so well what he had to do. I realize that my work is not necessarily of a higher nature. I only wish that it were in its own way as good as this bread.

I shall never forget an old shoemaker whom I saw on a beautiful summer morning working in his shop at Franeker, in Friesland. Of course I do not really know him, but he is to me a living symbol. When I am meditating on perfection and wisdom, it would be natural enough to think of Socrates, of Leonardo, or of Spinoza, but invariably my mind carries me back to this old cobbler whom I saw in his red shirt hammering a shoe with the dignity and earnestness of a prophet. That is all he could do, but think of *how* he did it, with such fervor, with all his big heart, with his whole self.

Apparently he was repairing those shoes *sub specie eternitatis*, as if the fate of the universe were depending upon it. This man was a scientist because of the accuracy of his craftsmanship and an artist because of his love of perfection. Was he not really greater than the so-called scientists who think only of money or of academic honors or of any other irrelevant vanity, or those craftsmen who prostitute their art to gratify the whims of uneducated snobs?

Indeed, there are two kinds of men—an essential classification which cuts through all ranks of society, all professions, all races. On the one hand, those whose ambitions, whichever they be, big or small, are worldly, who concern themselves only with immediate and tangible advantages; on the other hand, those who cannot help thinking of later times, when only their spirit will live, and whose desires are unworldly. They know the utter emptiness of material rewards and aim at perfection and permanence. Of course such disinterestedness is not continuously possible, because the needs of life force themselves upon them, and it becomes exceedingly difficult when one is either too poor or too rich. At any rate, the points of view of these two kinds of people are so radically different that their every action reflects this difference, that their every word rings with a different accent. Though they may eat at the same table and sleep in the same bed, they actually live in different worlds.

Such unworldliness is not a thing that can be fostered; it is a gift, and one for which scarcely any mother ever prayed—but at least all pains should be taken to enhance the quality of our work. To be sure, it does not always pay to enhance it, but nothing that is really important and permanent will ever pay. To raise the standard of one's activities, to sacrifice an immediate gain to one's love of good craftsmanship and perfection, that is, indeed, the highest duty of a man to his profession, the expression of his loyalty to his destiny; in a word—his religion. It is plain enough that such a tendency is essentially aristocratic.

When I discovered that my historical studies were leading me straight to the most aristocratic conception of life, I was

at first not a little dismayed. But I soon found that there was no real contradiction between these aristocratic tendencies and the love of all men. We are constantly deceived by the words that we use. Democracy and aristocracy are not opposed to one another. They must co-exist. The aim of the former is to give the maximum of freedom, happiness, and opportunity to all; the aim of the latter to accomplish the destiny of the race by means of the devotion of a very few. These aims are complementary. The antagonism only exists when one thinks of an aristocracy which expects and eventually exacts privileges without compensation. The aristocracy of which I am thinking is not one of privileges, like the artificial aristocracies of old, founded on force; it is one of service, founded on

merit—the natural selection of the men upon whom the task of fulfilling our destiny has devolved. The only ideal of its members is to serve; they do not expect any rewards; they have no more rights than the humblest of their fellow men; but their duties are considerably greater. Democracy can only be safe and complete to the extent that such aristocratic tendencies develop.

The advance of civilization is due neither to the people nor to their ruling and dominating class of whatever kind. It is due to the untiring efforts of a small, unobtrusive, and powerless aristocracy of scientists and artists. This is an aristocracy, not of privileges, but of service. The history of man's progress is to a large extent the yet unknown and secret history of this aristocracy.

AND TO SUCH AS PLAY ONLY THE BASS VIOL

By John Finley

COULD we but hear the music of the days,
As that unfinished symphony I heard last night,
And see life's laborers as those who played,—
Each taking his own part religiously,
Knowing that if he fails in but one note
The others can not make the perfect thing
Which He the great Composer has designed!

I followed now this player and now that,
As each some clear-wrought melody led forth,
Speaking the theme for all the orchestra,
Which gave assent in changing harmonies;
Or watched this group now regnant and now that,
As when one party rising, dominant,
Bears bravely forward some great truth, and then
Another catches it and takes it on
Till all break forth in final plebiscite.

But ever I came back to one who stood
Calm in the varying moods of sound which swept
Across the stage that was to me the State,
The World.—His instrument could never lead;
Its range was narrow; and, when played alone,
It had no voice to stir or satisfy:
Only with others had its strings the power
To vibrate in immortal minstrelsy.

THE NEW FRONTIERS OF FREEDOM

II.—THE CEMETERY OF FOUR EMPIRES

By E. Alexander Powell

Author of "The Last Frontier," "Italy at War," "The Army Behind the Army," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



An Albanian of the North Epirus.



A Herzegovinian of Montenegro.

WE stood on the forward deck of the *Sirio* as she slipped southward, through the placid waters of the Adriatic, at twenty knots an hour. Less than

Montenegrin mountains rise in tiers, like the seats of an arena. We put in there unexpectedly because a *bora*, sweeping suddenly down from the northwest, had

lashed the Adriatic into an ugly mood and our destroyer, whose decks were almost as near the water as those of a submarine running awash, was not a craft that

one would choose for comfort in such weather. Nor was our feeling of security increased by the knowledge that we were skirting the edges of one of the largest mine-fields in the Adriatic. But the *Sirio* had scarcely poked her sharp nose around the end of the breakwater which provides the excuse for dignifying the exposed roadstead of Antivari (with the accent on the second syllable, so that it rhymes with "discovery") by the name of harbor before I saw that we had stumbled upon some form of trouble. There were three other Italian destroyers in the harbor but, instead of being moored snugly alongside the quay, they were strung out in a semblance of battle formation, so that their deck-guns, from which the canvas muzzle-covers had been removed, could sweep the rocky heights above and around them. A string of signal-flags broke out from our masthead and was answered in like fashion by the flag-ship of the flotilla, after which formal exchange of greetings our wireless began to crackle and splutter in an animated explanation of our unexpected appearance. Our hawsers had scarcely been made fast before a launch left the flag-ship and came

a league away the Balkan mountains, savage, mysterious, forbidding, rose in a rocky rampart against the eastern sky. "Did it ever occur to you," remarked the Italian officer who stood beside me, a noted historian in his own land, "that four great empires have died as a result of their lust for domination over the wretched lands which lie beyond those mountains? Austria coveted Serbia—and the empire of the Hapsburgs is in fragments now. Russia, seeing her influence in the peninsula imperilled, hastened to the support of her fellow Slavs—but Russia has gone down in red ruin, and the Romanoffs are dead. Germany, seeking a gateway to the warm water, and a highway to the East, seized on the excuse thus offered to launch her waiting armies—and the empire reared by the Hohenzollerns is bankrupt and broken. Turkey fought to retain her hold on such European territory as still remained under the crescent banner. To-day a post-mortem is about to be held on the Turkish Empire and the House of Osman. Think of it! Four great empires, four ancient dynasties, lie buried over there in the Balkans. It is something more than a range of mountains at which we are looking; it is the wall of a cemetery."

Rada di Antivari is a U-shaped bay, the color of a turquoise, from whose shores the

ploughing toward us, a knot of white-uniformed officers in the stern. From the blue rug with the Italian arms, which, as I could see through my glasses, was draped over the stern-sheets, I deduced that the commander of the flotilla was paying us a visit.

"You have come at rather an unfortunate moment," he said after the introductions were over. "Last night we were fired on by Jugoslavs on the mountain-side over there," indicating the heights across the harbor. "In fact, the firing has just ceased. There must have been a thousand of them or more, judging from the flashes. But I hope that madame will not be alarmed, for she is really quite safe. They are firing at long range, and the only danger is from a stray bullet. Still, it is most embarrassing. On madame's account I am sorry."

His manner was that of a host apologizing to a guest because the children of the family have measles and at the same time attempting to convince the guest that measles are hardly ever contagious. I relieved his quite obvious embarrassment by assuring him that Mrs. Powell much preferred taking chances with snipers' bullets to the discomfort of a destroyer in an ugly sea, and that, having journeyed six thousand miles for the express purpose of seeing what was happening in the Balkans, we would be disappointed if nothing happened at all.

When I left Paris for the Adriatic I carried with me the impression, as the result of conversations with members of the various peace delegations, that the people of Montenegro were almost unanimously in favor of annexation to Serbia, thereby becoming a part of the new Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. But before I had spent twenty-four hours in Montenegro itself I discovered that on the subject of the political future of their little country the Montenegrins are very far from being of the same mind. And, being a simple, primitive folk, and strong believers in the superiority of the bullet to the ballot, instead of sitting down and arguing the matter, they take cover behind a convenient rock and, when their political opponents pass by, take potshots at them.

My preconceived opinions about political conditions in Montenegro were

largely based on the knowledge that shortly after the signing of the Armistice a Montenegrin National Assembly, so called, had met at Podgoritzza, and, after declaring itself in favor of the deposition of King Nicholas and the Petrovitch dynasty, which has ruled in Montenegro since William of Orange sat on the throne of England, voted for the union of Montenegro with the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. Just how representative of the real sentiments of the nation was this assembly I do not know, but that the sentiment in favor of such a surrender of Montenegrin independence is far from being overwhelming would seem to be proved by the fact that the Serbs, in order to hold the territory thus given to them, have found it necessary to install a Serbian military governor in Cetinje, to replace by Serbs all the Montenegrin prefects, to raise a special gendarmerie recruited from men who are known to be friendly to Serbia and officered by Serbs, and to occupy this sister-state, which, it is alleged, requested union with Serbia of its own free will, with two battalions of Serbian infantry. If Montenegrin sentiment for the union is as overwhelming as Belgrade claims, then it seems to me that the Serbs are acting in a rather high-handed fashion.

I talked with a good many people while I was in Montenegro, and I was especially careful not to meet them through the medium of either Serbs or Italians. From these conversations I learned that the Montenegrins are divided into three factions. The first of these, and the smallest, desires the return of the King. It represents the old conservative element and is composed of the men who have fought under him in many wars. The second faction, which is the noisiest and at present holds the reins of power, advocates the annexation of Montenegro to Serbia and the deposition of King Nicholas in favor of the Serbian Prince-Regent Alexander. The third party, which, though it has no means of making its desires known, is, I am inclined to believe, the largest, and which numbers among its supporters the most level-headed and far-seeing men in the country, while frankly distrustful of Serbian ambitions and unwilling to submit to Serbian dictatorship, possesses sufficient vision to recognize

the political and commercial advantages which would accrue to Montenegro were she to become an equal partner in a confederation of those Yugoslav countries which claim the same racial origin. Most mean the absorption of the smaller country by the larger one. They are determined that, if such a confederation is brought about, Serbia shall not occupy the dictatorial position which Prussia did



His Majesty Nicholas I, King of Montenegro.

He has been on the throne longer than any living sovereign, he is the father-in-law of two kings, and is connected by marriage with half the royal houses of Europe.—Page 199.

thoughtful Montenegrins have always been in favor of a union of all the southern Slavs, along the general lines, perhaps, of the Germanic Confederation, but this must not be interpreted as implying that they are in favor of a union merely of Montenegro with Serbia, which would in Germany, and that the Karageorgevitches shall not play a rôle analogous to that of the Hohenzollerns. Montenegro, remember, threw off the Turkish yoke a century and three-quarters before Serbia was able to achieve her liberty, and the patriotic among her people feel that this

hard-won, long-held independence should not lightly be thrown away.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that, when Austria declared war on Serbia in August, 1914, an offensive and defensive alliance already existed between Serbia, Greece, and Montenegro. We know how highly Greece valued her signature to that treaty. Montenegro, with an area two-thirds that of New Jersey, and a population less than that of Milwaukee, could easily have used her weakness as an excuse for standing aside, like Greece. Very likely Austria would not have molested her and the little country would have been spared the horrors of a third war within two years. But King Nicholas's conception of what constituted loyalty and honor was different from Constantine's. Instead of accepting the extensive territorial compensations offered by the Austrian envoy if Montenegro would remain neutral, King Nicholas wired to the Serbian Premier, M. Pachitch: "*Serbia may rely on the brotherly and unconditional support of Montenegro in this moment, on which depends the fate of the Serbian nation, as well as on any other occasion,*" and took the field at the head of 40,000 troops—all the men able to bear arms in the little kingdom.

It has been repeatedly asserted by his enemies that King Nicholas sold out to the Austrians and that, therefore, he deserves neither sympathy nor consideration. As to this I have no *direct* knowledge. How could I? But, after talking with nearly all of the leading actors in the Montenegrin drama, it is my personal belief that the King, though guilty of many indiscretions and errors of policy, did not betray his people. I am not ignorant of the King's shortcomings in other respects. But in this case I believe that he has been grossly maligned. If he did sell out he drove an extremely poor bargain, for he is living in exile, in extremely straitened circumstances, his only luxury a car which the French Government loans him. It is difficult to believe that, had he been a traitor to the Allied cause, the British, French, and Italian governments would continue to recognize him, to pay him subventions, and to treat him as a ruling sovereign. Certain American diplomats have told me that they were

convinced that the King had a secret understanding with Austria, though they admitted quite frankly that their convictions were based on suspicions which they could not prove. To offset this, a very exalted personage, whose name for obvious reasons I cannot mention, but whose integrity and whose sources of information are beyond question, has given me his word that, to his personal knowledge, Nicholas had neither a treaty nor a secret understanding with the enemy.

"The propaganda against him had been so insidious and successful, however," my informant concluded, "that even his own soldiers were convinced that he had sold out to Austria and when the King attempted to rally them as they were falling back from the positions on Mount Lovtchen they jeered in his face, shouting that he had betrayed them. Yet I, who was on the spot and who am familiar with all the facts, give you my personal assurance that he had not."

Nor did the King give up his sword to the Austrian commander at Grahovo, as was reported in the European press. When, with three-quarters of his country overrun by the Austrians, his chief of staff, Colonel Pierre Pechitch of the Serbian Army, reported "*Henceforth all resistance and all fighting against the enemy is impossible. There is no chance of the situation improving,*" King Nicholas, in the words of Baron Sonnino, then Italian Foreign Minister, "preferred to withdraw into exile rather than sign a separate peace."

I may be wrong in my conclusions, of course; the cabinet ministers and the ambassadors and the generals in whose honor and truthfulness I believe may have deliberately deceived me, but, after a most painstaking and conscientious investigation, I am convinced that we have been misinformed and blinded by a propaganda against King Nicholas and his people which has rarely been equalled in audacity of untruth and dexterity of misrepresentation. To employ the methods used by certain Balkan politicians in their attempted elimination of Montenegro as an independent nation even Tammany Hall would be ashamed.

When, upon the occupation of Montenegro by the Austrians, the King fled to France and established his government



Antivari is one of the most fascinating little towns in all the Balkans.

From the Roman ruins above the town you can obtain a superb view of the Montenegrin mountains, their lower slopes gray with groves of ancient olive-trees.

at Neuilly, near Paris—just as the fugitive Serbian Government was established at Corfu and the Belgian at Le Havre—England, France, and Italy entered into an agreement to pay him a subvention, for the maintenance of himself and his government, until such time as the status of Montenegro was definitely settled by the Peace Conference. England ceased paying her share of this subvention early in the spring of 1919. When, a few weeks later, it was announced that King Nicholas was preparing to go to Italy to visit his daughter, Queen Elena, the French Minister to the court of Montenegro bluntly informed him that the French Government regarded his proposed visit to Italy as the first step toward his return to Montenegro, and that, should he

cross the French frontier, France would immediately break off diplomatic relations with Montenegro and cease paying her share of the subvention. This would seem to bear out the assertion, which I heard everywhere in the Balkans, that France is bending every effort toward building up a strong Yugoslavia in order to offset Italy's territorial and commercial ambitions in the peninsula. The French indignantly repudiate the suggestion that they are coercing the Montenegrin King.

"How absurd!" exclaimed the officials with whom I talked. "We holding King Nicholas a prisoner? The idea is preposterous. So far as France is concerned, he can return to Montenegro whenever he chooses."

Still, their protestations were not entirely convincing. Their attitude reminded me of the millionaire whose daughter, it was rumored, had eloped with the family chauffeur.

"Sure, she can marry him if she wants to," he told the reporters. "I have no objection. She is free, white, and twenty-one. But if she does marry him I'll stop her allowance, cut her out of my will, and never speak to her again."

men merely for the sake of being able to boast about it afterward to your friends. But because, during my travels in Jugoslavia, I heard King Nicholas repeatedly denounced by Serbian officials with far more bitterness than they employed toward their late enemies and oppressors, the Hapsburgs, I was frankly eager for an opportunity to form my own opinions about Montenegro's aged ruler. The opportunity came when, upon my return



The head men of Ljaskoviki, Albania, waiting to bid Major and Mrs. Powell farewell.

Because it has been my privilege to know many sovereigns and because I have been honored with the confidence of several of them, I have become to a certain extent immune from the spell which seems to be exercised upon the commoner by personal contact with the Lord's anointed. Save when I have had some definite mission to accomplish, I have never had any overwhelming desire "to grasp the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan." To me it seems an impertinence to take the time of busy

to Paris, I was informed that the King wished to meet me, he being desirous, I suppose, of talking with one who had come so recently from his own country.

At that time the King, with the Queen, Prince Peter, and his two unmarried daughters, was occupying a modest suite in the Hotel Meurice, in the rue de Rivoli. He received me in a large, sun-flooded room overlooking the Tuileries Gardens. The bald, broad-shouldered, rather bent old man in the blue serge suit, with a tin ear-trumpet in his hand, who rose

from behind a great flat-topped desk to greet me, was a startling contrast to the tall and vigorous figure, in the picturesque dress of a Montenegrin chieftain, whom I had seen in Cetinje before the war. I looked at him with interest, for he has been on the throne longer than any living sovereign, he is the father-in-law of two Kings, and is connected by marriage with half the royal houses of Europe, and he is the last of that long line of patriarch-rulers who, leading their armies in person, have for more than two centuries maintained the independence of the Black Mountain and its people.

King Nicholas, as is generally known, has been remarkably successful in marrying off his daughters, two of them having married Kings, two others grand dukes, while a fifth became the wife of a Battenberg prince. Remembering this, I was sorely tempted to ask the King as to the truth of a story which I had heard in Cetinje years before. An English visitor to the Montenegrin capital had been invited to lunch at the palace. During the meal the King asked his guest his impressions of Montenegro.

"Its scenery is magnificent," was the answer. "Its women are as beautiful and its men as handsome as any I have ever seen. Their costumes are marvelously picturesque. But the country appears to have no exports, your Majesty."

"Ah, my friend," replied the King, his eyes twinkling, "you forget my daughters."

Another story, which illustrates the King's quick wit, was told me by his Majesty himself. When, some years before the Great War, Emperor Francis Joseph, on a yachting cruise down the Adriatic, dropped anchor in the Bocche di Cattaro, the Montenegrin mountaineers celebrated the imperial visit by lighting bonfires on their mountain peaks, a mile above the harbor.

"I see that you dwell in the clouds," remarked Francis Joseph to Nicholas, as they stood on the deck of the yacht after dinner watching the pin-points of flame twinkling high above them.

"Where else can I live?" responded the Montenegrin ruler. "Austria holds the sea; Turkey holds the land; the sky is all that is left for Montenegro."

One of the things which the King told

me during our conversation will, I think, interest Americans. He said that when President Wilson arrived in Paris he sent him an autograph letter, congratulating him on the great part he had played in bringing peace to the world and requesting a personal interview.

"But he never granted me the interview," said the King sadly. "In fact, he never acknowledged my letter."

I attempted to bridge over the embarrassing pause by suggesting that perhaps the letter had never been received, but he waved aside the suggestion as unworthy of consideration. I gathered from what he said that royal letters do not miscarry.

"I realize that I am an old man and that my country is a very small and unimportant one," he continued, "while your President is the ruler of a great country and a very busy man. Still, we in Montenegro had heard so much of America's chivalrous attitude toward small, weak nations that I was unduly disappointed, perhaps, when my letter was ignored. I felt that my age, and the fact that I have occupied the throne of Montenegro for sixty years, entitled me to the consideration of a reply."

But we have strayed far from the road which we were travelling. Let us get back to the people of the mountains; I like them better than the politicians. Antivari, which nestles in a hollow of the hills, three or four miles inland from the port of the same name, is one of the most fascinating little towns in all the Balkans. Its narrow, winding, cobble-paved streets, shaded by canopies of grape-vines and bordered by rows of squat, red-tiled houses, their plastered walls tinted pale blue, bright pink or yellow, and the amazingly picturesque costumes of its inhabitants—slender, stately Montenegrin women in long coats of turquoise-colored broadcloth piped with crimson, Bosnians in skin-tight breeches covered with arabesques of braid and jackets heavy with embroidery, Albanians wearing the starched and pleated skirts of linen known as *fustanellas* and *comitadjis* with cartridge-filled bandoliers slung across their chests and their sashes bristling with assorted weapons, priests of the Orthodox Church with uncut hair and beards, wearing hats that look like inverted stove-

pipes, hook-nosed, white-bearded, patriarchal-looking Turks in flowing robes and snowy turbans, fierce-faced, keen-eyed mountain herdsmen in fur caps and coats of sheepskin—all these combined to make

There were two gentlemen in Antivari whose actions gave me unalloyed delight. One of them, so I was told, was the head of the local anti-Serbian faction; the other, a human arsenal with weapons

sprouting from his person like leaves from an artichoke, was the chief of a notorious band of *comitadjis*, as the Balkan guerillas are called. They walked up and down the main street of Antivari, arms over each other's shoulders, heads close together, lost in conversation, but glancing quickly over their shoulders every now and then to see if they were in danger of being overheard, exactly like the plotters in a motion-picture play. From the earnestness of their conversation, the obvious awe in which they were held by the townspeople, and the suspicious looks cast in their direction by the Serbian gendarmes, I gathered that in the near future things were going to happen in that region. Approaching them, I haltingly explained, in the few words of Serbian at my command, that I was an American and that I wished to photograph them. Upon comprehending my request they debated the question for some moments, then shook their heads decisively. It was evident that, in view of what they had in mind, they considered it imprudent to have their pictures floating around as a possible means of identification. But while they were discussing the matter I took the liberty,



Two conspirators of Antivari.

They stood lost in conversation, heads close together, exactly like the plotters in a motion-picture play.

me feel that I had intruded upon the stage of a theatre during a musical-comedy performance, and that I must find the exit and escape before I was discovered by the stage-manager. If David Belasco ever visits Antivari he will probably try to buy the place bodily and transport it to East Forty-fourth Street and write a play around it.

without their knowledge, of photographing them anyway. It was as well, perhaps, that they did not see me do it, for the *comitadji* chieftain had a long knife, two revolvers, and four hand-grenades in his belt and a rifle slung over his shoulder.

From Antivari to Valona by sea is about as far as from New York to Albany by the Hudson, so that, leaving the Mon-



Storks on a Mosque in Valona, Albania.

The stork is the sacred bird of Albania and if it makes its nest on a building which is in course of construction all work on that building ceases as long as the stork remains.—Page 202.

tenegrin port in the early morning, we had no difficulty in reaching the Albanian one before sunset. Before the war Valona—which, by the way, appears as Avlona on most American-made maps—was an insignificant fishing village, but upon Italy's occupation of Albania it became a military base of great importance. Wherever we had touched on our journey down the coast we had been warned against going to Valona because of the danger of contracting fever. The town stands on the edge of a marsh bordering the shore and, as no serious attempt has been made to drain the marsh or to clean up the town itself, about sixty per cent of the troops stationed there are constantly suffering from a peculiarly virulent form of malaria, similar to the Chagres fever of the Isthmus. The danger of contract-

ing it was apparently considered very real, for, before we had been an hour in the quarters assigned to us, officers began to arrive with safeguards of one sort or another. One brought screens for all the windows; another provided mosquito-bars for the beds; a third presented us with disinfectant cubes, which we were to burn in our rooms several times each day; a fourth made us a gift of quinine pills, two of which we were to take hourly; still another of our hosts appeared with a dozen bottles of *acqua minerale* and warned us not to drink the local water, and, finally, to ensure us against molestation by prowling natives, a couple of sentries were posted beneath our windows.

"Valona isn't a particularly healthy place to live in, I gather?" I remarked, by way of making conversation, to the

officer who was our host at dinner that evening. His face was as yellow as old parchment and he was shaking with fever.

"Well," he reluctantly admitted, "you must be careful not to be bitten by a mosquito or you will get malaria. And don't drink the water or you will contract typhoid. And keep away from the native quarter, for there is always more or less smallpox in the bazaars. And don't go wandering around the town after nightfall, for there's always a chance of some fanatic putting a knife between your shoulders. Otherwise, there isn't a healthier place in the world than Valona."

Across the street from the building in which we were quartered was a large mosque, which, judging from the scaffoldings around it, was under repair. But though it seemed to be a large and important mosque, there was no work going forward on it. I commented upon this one day to an officer with whom I was walking.

"Do you see those storks up there?" he asked, pointing to a pair of long-legged birds standing beside their nest on the dome of the mosque. "The stork is the sacred bird of Albania and if it makes its nest on a building which is in course of construction all work on that building ceases as long as the stork remains. A barracks we were erecting was held up for several months because a stork decided to make its nest in the rafters, whereupon the native workmen threw down their tools and quit."

"In my country it is just the opposite," I observed. "There, when the stork comes, instead of stopping work they usually begin building a nursery."

I had long wished to cross Albania and Macedonia, from the Adriatic to the Ægean, by motor, but the nearer we had drawn to Albania the more unlikely this project had seemed of realization. We were assured that there were no roads in the interior of the country or that such roads as existed were quite impassable for anything save ox-carts; that the country had been devastated by the fighting armies and that it would be impossible to get food en route; that the mountains we must cross were frequented by bandits and *comitadjis* and that we would be exposed to attack and capture; that, though the Italians might see us across Albania, the Serbian and Greek

frontier guards would not permit us to enter Macedonia, and, as a final argument against the undertaking, we were warned that the whole country reeked with fever. But when I told the governor-general of Albania, General Piacentini, what I wished to do every obstacle disappeared as though at the wave of a magician's wand.

"You will leave Valona early to-morrow morning," he said, after a short conference with his chief of staff. "You will be accompanied by an officer of my staff who was with the Serbian army on its retreat across Albania to the sea. The country is well garrisoned and I do not anticipate the slightest trouble, but, as a measure of precaution, a detachment of soldiers will follow your car in a motor-truck. You will spend the first night at Argirocastro, the second at Ljaskoviki, and the third at Koritza, which is occupied by the French. I will wire our diplomatic agent there to make arrangements with the Yugoslav authorities for you to cross the Serbian border to Monastir, where we still have a few troops engaged in salvage work. South of Monastir you will be in Greek territory, but I will wire the officer in command of the Italian forces at Salonika to take steps to facilitate your journey across Macedonia to the Ægean."

This journey across one of the most savage and least-known regions in all Europe was arranged as simply and matter-of-factly as a clerk in a tourist bureau would plan a motor trip through the White Mountains. With the exception of one or two alterations in the itinerary made necessary by tire trouble, the journey was made precisely as General Piacentini planned it, and so complete were the arrangements we found that meals and sleeping quarters had been prepared for us in tiny mountain hamlets whose very names we had never so much as heard before.

Until its occupation by the Italians in 1917 Albania was not only the least-known region in Europe, it was one of the least-known regions in the world. Within sight of Italy, it was less known than many portions of Central Asia or Equatorial Africa. And it is still a savage country; a land but little changed since the days of Constantine and Diocletian; a land that for more than twenty cen-

turies has acknowledged no master and, until the coming of the Italians, had known no law. Prior to the Italian occupation there was no government in Al-

The term Albanian would probably pass unrecognized by the great majority of the inhabitants, who speak of themselves as *Skipétars* and of their country as



Argirocastro, Albania.

Its streets, shaded by canopies of grape-vines and bordered by pale blue, bright pink, or yellow houses, with the picturesque costumes of its inhabitants, made me feel that I had intruded on the stage of a theatre during a musical-comedy performance.—Page 199.

bania in the sense in which that word is generally used, there being, in fact, no civil government now, the tribal organization which takes its place being comparable to that which existed in Scotland under the Stuart Kings.

Sccupnj. They are, most ethnologists agree, probably the most ancient race in Europe, there being every reason to believe that they are the lineal descendants of those adventurous Aryans who, leaving the ancestral home on the shores of

the Caspian, crossed the Caucasus and entered Europe in the earliest dawn of history. One of the tribes of this migrating host, straying into these lonely valleys, settled there with their flocks and herds, living the same life, speaking the same tongue, following the same customs as their Aryan ancestors, quite indifferent to the great changes which were taking place in the world without their mountain wall. Certain it is that Albania was already an ancient nation when Greek history began. Unlike the other primitive populations of the Balkan peninsula, who became in time either Hellenized, Latinized or Slavonicized, the Albanians have remained almost unaffected by foreign influences. It strikes me as a strange thing that the courage and determination with which this remarkable race has maintained itself in its mountain stronghold all down the ages, and the grim and unyielding front which it has shown to innumerable invaders, have evoked so little appreciation and admiration in the outside world. History contains no such epic as that of the Albanian national hero, George Castriota, better known as Scanderbeg, who, with his ill-armed mountaineers, overwhelmed twenty-three Ottoman armies, one after another.*

Picture, if you please, a country remarkably similar in its physical characteristics to the Blue Ridge region of our own South, with the same warm summers and the same brief, cold winters, peopled by the same poverty-stricken, illiterate, quarrelsome, suspicious, arms-bearing, feud-practising race of mountaineers, and you will have the best domestic parallel of Albania that I can give you. Though during the summer months extremely hot days are followed by bitterly cold nights, and though fever is prevalent along the coast and in certain of the valleys, Albania is, climatically speaking, "a white man's country." Its mountains are believed to contain iron, coal, gold, lead, and copper, but the internal condition of the country has made it quite impossible to investigate its mineral resources, much less to develop them. With the exception of Valona, which has been developed into a tolerably good harbor, there are no ports worthy of the name, Durazzo, Santi

Quaranta, and San Giovanni di Medua being mere open roadsteads, almost unprotected from the sea winds. There are no railroads in Albania, and the indifference of the Turkish Government, the corruption of the local chiefs, and the blood-feuds in which the people are almost constantly engaged, have resulted in a total absence of good roads. This condition has been remedied by the Italians, however, who, in order to facilitate their military operations, constructed a system of highways very nearly equal to those they built in the Alps. Though the greater part of the country is a stranger to the plough, the small areas which are under cultivation produce excellent olive-oil, wine of a tolerable quality, a strong but moderately good tobacco, and considerable grain; Albania, in spite of its primitive agricultural methods, furnishing most of the corn supply of the Dalmatian coast.

Albania, so far as I am aware, is the only country where you can buy a wife on the instalment plan, just as you would buy a piano or an encyclopædia or a phonograph. It is quite true that there are plenty of countries where women can be purchased—in Circassia, for example, and in China, and in the Solomon Group—but in those places the prospective bridegroom is compelled to pay down the purchase price in cash, not being afforded the convenience of opening an account. In Albania, however, such things are better done, a partial payment on the purchase price of the girl being paid to her parents when the engagement takes place, after which she is no longer offered for sale, but is set aside, like an article on which a deposit has been made, until the final instalment has been paid, when she is delivered to her future husband.

Albania is likewise the only country that I know of where every one concerned becomes indignant if a murderer is sent to prison. The relatives of the dear departed resent it because they feel that the judge has cheated them out of their revenge, which they would probably obtain, were the murderer at large, by putting a knife or a pistol bullet between his shoulders. The murderer, of course, objects to the sentence both because he does not like imprisonment and because he believes that he could escape from the relatives of his victim were he given his freedom.

* Portions of this sketch of the Albanians are drawn from an article which I wrote some years ago for *The Independent*.—E. A. P.

If he or his friends have any money, however, the affair is usually settled on a financial basis, the feud is called off, the murderer is pardoned, and every one concerned, save only the dead man, is as pleased and friendly as though nothing had ever happened to interrupt their friendly relations. A quaint people, the Albanians.

In order to develop the resources of the country and to transform its present poverty into prosperity, Italy has already inaugurated an extensive scheme of public works, which includes the reclamation of the marshes, the reforestation of the mountains, the reconstruction of the highways, the improvement of the ports, and the construction of a railway straight across Albania, from the coast at Durazzo to Monastir, in Serbian Macedonia, where it will connect with the line from Belgrade to Salonika. This railway will follow the route of one of the most important arteries of the Roman Empire, the Via Egnatia, that mighty military and commercial highway, a trans-Adriatic continuation of the Via Appia, which, starting from Dyracchium, the modern Durazzo, crossed the Cavaia plain to the Skumbi, climbed the slopes of the Candavian range, and traversing Macedonia and Thrace, ended at the Bosphorus, thus linking the capitals of the western and the eastern empires. We travelled this age-old highway, down which the four-horse chariots of the Cæsars had rumbled two thousand years ago, in another sort of chariot, with the power of twenty times four horses beneath its sloping hood. This will entitle us in future years to listen with the condescension of pioneers to the tales of the tourists who make the same trans-Balkan journey in a comfortable *wagon-lit*, with hot and cold running water and electric lights and a dining-car ahead. It is a great thing to have seen a country in the pioneer stage of its existence.

In that portion of Southern Albania known as North Epirus we motored for an entire day through a region dotted with what had been, apparently, fairly prosperous towns and villages but which are now heaps of fire-blackened ruins. This wholesale devastation, I learned to my astonishment, was the work of the Greeks, who, at about the time the Germans were horrifying the civilized world by their conduct in Belgium, were doing

precisely the same thing, but on a far more extensive scale, in Albania. As a result of these atrocities, perpetrated by a so-called Christian and professedly civilized nation, upward of 200 Albanian towns and villages were destroyed by fire or dynamite. Though I have been unable to obtain any reliable figures, the consensus of opinion among the Albanians, the French and Italian officials, and the American missionaries and relief workers with whom I talked is that between 10,000 and 12,000 men, women, and children were shot, bayoneted or burned to death, at least double that number died from exposure and starvation, and an enormous number—I have heard the figure placed as high as 200,000—were rendered homeless. The number of women and girls who were outraged by the Greek soldiery is beyond computation. The stories which I heard of the treatment to which the Albanian women were subjected are so revolting as to be unprintable. We spent a night at Ljaskoviki (also spelled Gliascovich, Leskovik and Liascovik), three-quarters of which had been destroyed. Out of a population which, I was told, originally numbered about 8,000, only 1,200 remain.

Though the great majority of the victims were Mohammedans, the outrages were not directly due to religious causes but were inspired by Greece's greed for territory. When, upon the erection of Albania into an independent kingdom in 1913, the Greeks were ordered by the Powers to withdraw from North Epirus, on which they had been steadily encroaching and which they had come to look upon as inalienably their own, there began a systematic series of outrages upon the civil population of the region for which a fitting parallel can be found only in the Turkish massacres in Armenia or the horrors of Bolshevik rule in Russia. In their determination to secure Southern Albania for themselves, the Greeks apparently adopted the policy followed with such success in Armenia by the Turks, who asserted cynically that "one cannot make a state without inhabitants." Compared to what the Greeks did in Albania in the spring and summer of 1914, the behavior of the Germans in Belgium was considerate and kind.

I do not think that the Greeks attempt

to deny these atrocities—the evidence is far too conclusive for that—but even as great a Greek as M. Venezelos justifies them on the ground that they were provoked by the Albanians. That the Albanians are a warlike and turbulent people their stoutest defenders must admit, but that is no justification for thousands of men being burned alive or shot, for the wholesale raping of women and young girls, and for children, many of

opinion as to the moral fitness of the Greeks to be intrusted with mandates over backward peoples.

Though Albania is an Italian protectorate, the Albanians, in spite of all that Italy is doing toward the development of the country, do not want Italian protection. This is scarcely to be wondered at, however, in view of the attitude of another untutored people, the Egyptians, who, though they owe their amazing pros-



On the road to Monastir.

Macedonian peasants driving droves of buffalo, black, ungainly, broad-horned beasts, their elephant-like hides caked with yellow mud.

them babies in arms, being clubbed to death or bayoneted. That such things as these could happen without arousing horror and condemnation throughout the civilized world is due to the fact that in the summer of 1914 the attention of the world was focussed on events in France and Belgium. I have no quarrel with the Greeks and nothing is further from my desire than to engage in what used to be known as "muck-raking," but I am reporting what I saw and heard in Albania because I believe that the American people ought to know it. Taken in conjunction with the behavior of the Greek troops in Smyrna in the spring of 1918, it should better enable us to form an

perity solely to British rule, would oust the British at the first opportunity which offered. Though the Italians are distrusted because the Albanians question their administrative ability and because they fear that they will attempt to denationalize them, the French are regarded with a hatred which I have seldom seen equalled. This is due, I imagine, to the belief that the French are allied with their hereditary enemies, the Greeks and the Serbs, and to France's iron-handed rule, which was exemplified when General Sarraïl, commanding the army of the Orient, ordered the execution of the President of the short-lived Albanian Republic which was established at Koritza. As a

matter of fact, the Albanians, though quite unfitted for independence, are violently opposed to being placed under the protection of any nation, unless it be the United States or England, in both of which they place implicit trust. I was astonished to learn that the few Americans who have penetrated Albania since the war—missionaries, Red Cross workers, and one or two investigators for the Peace Conference—have encouraged the natives in the belief that the United States would probably accept a mandate for Albania. Whether they did this in order to make themselves popular and thereby facilitate their missions, or because of an abysmal ignorance of American public sentiment, I do not know, but the fact remains that they have raised hopes in the breasts of thousands of Albanians which can never be realized. Everything considered, I think that the Albanians might do worse than to intrust their political future to the guidance of the Italians, who, in addition to having brought law, order, justice, and the beginnings of prosperity to a country which never had so much as a bowing acquaintance with any one of them before, seem to have the best interests of the people genuinely at heart.

Leaving Koritza, a clean, well-kept town of perhaps 10,000 people, which was occupied when we were there by a battalion of black troops from the French Sudan and some Moroccans, we went snorting up the Peristeri Range by an appallingly steep and narrow road, higher, higher, always higher, until, to paraphrase Kipling, we had

“One wheel on the Horns o’ the Mornin’,
An’ one on the edge o’ the Pit,
An’ a drop into nothin’ beneath us
As straight as a beggar could spit.”

But at last, when I was beginning to wonder whether our wheels could find traction if the grade grew much steeper, we topped the summit of the pass and looked down on Macedonia. Below us the forested slopes of the mountains ran down, like the folds of a great green rug lying rumpled on an oaken floor, to meet the bare brown plains of that historic land where marched and fought the hosts of Philip of Macedonia, and of Alexander, his son. There are few more splendid panoramas in the

world; there is none over which history has cast so magic a spell, for this barren, dusty land has been the arena in which the races of eastern Europe have battled since history began. Within its borders are represented all the peoples who are disputing the reversion of the Turkish possessions in Europe. Macedonia might be described, indeed, as the very quintessence of the Near Eastern question.

With brakes a-squeal we slipped down the long, steep gradients to Florina, where Greek gendarmes in British sun-helmets and khaki lounged at the street-crossings and patronizingly waved us past. Thence north by the ancient highway which leads to Monastir, the parched and yellow fields on either side still littered with the débris of war—broken *camions* and wagons, shattered cannon, pyramids of ammunition-cases, vast quantities of barbed wire—and sprinkled with white crosses, thousands and thousands of them, marking the places where sleep the youths from Britain, France, Italy, Russia, Serbia, Canada, India, Australia, Africa, who fell in the Last Crusade.

Monastir is a filthy, ill-paved, characteristically Turkish town, which, before its decimation by the war, was credited with having some 60,000 inhabitants. Of these about one-half were Turks and one-quarter Greeks, the remaining quarter of the inhabitants being composed of Serbs, Jews, Albanians, and Bulgars. Those of its buildings which escaped the great conflagration which destroyed half the town were terribly shattered by the long series of bombardments, so that to-day the place looks like San Francisco after the earthquake and Baltimore after the fire. In the suburbs are immense supplies of war *matériel* of all sorts, mostly going to waste. I saw thousands of *camions*, ambulances, caissons, and wagons literally falling apart from neglect, and this in a country which is almost destitute of transport. Though the town was packed with Serbian troops, most of whom are sleeping and eating in the open, no attempt was being made, so far as I could see, to repair the shell-torn buildings, to clean the refuse-littered streets, or to afford the inhabitants even the most nominal police protection. The crack of rifles and revolvers is as frequent in the



A hill-town in Albania.

White-cloaked Moslem women slip silently through the steep and narrow streets like sheeted ghosts.

streets of Monastir as the bang of bursting tires on Fifth Avenue. A Serbian sentry, on duty outside the house in which I was sleeping, suddenly loosed off a clip of cartridges in the street, for no reason in the world, it seemed, than because he liked to hear the noise! Dead bodies are found nearly every morning. Murders are so common that they do not provoke even passing comment. In the night there comes the sharp bark of an automatic or the shattering roar of a hand-grenade (which, since the war proved its efficacy, has become the most *recherché* weapon for private use in these regions), a clatter of feet, and a "Hello! Another killing." That is all. Life is the cheapest thing there is in the Balkans.

The only really clean place we found in Monastir was the American Red Cross Hospital, an extremely well-managed and efficient institution, which was under the direction of a young American woman, Dr. Frances Flood, who, with a single woman companion, Miss Jessup, pluckily remained at her post throughout the greater part of the war. The officers who during the war achieved rows of ribbons for having acted as messenger boys between the War Department and the foreign military missions in Washington, would feel a trifle embarrassed, I imagine, if they knew what this little American woman did to win *her* decorations.

It is in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty miles from Monastir to Sa-

lonika across the Macedonian plain and the road is one of the very worst in Europe. Deep ruts, into which the car sometimes slipped almost to its hubs, and frequent gullies made driving, save at the most moderate speed, impossible, while, as many of the bridges were broken, and without signs to warn the traveller of their condition, we more than once barely saved ourselves from plunging through the gaping openings to disaster. The vast traffic of the fighting armies had ground the roads into yellow dust which rose in clouds as dense as a London fog, while the waves of heat from the sun-scorched plains beat against our faces like the blast from an open furnace door. Despite its abominable condition, the road was alive with traffic: droves of buffalo, black, ungainly, broad-horned beasts, their elephant-like hides caked with yellow mud; woolly waves of sheep and goats driven by wild mountain herdsmen in high fur caps and gaudy sashes; caravans of camels, swinging superciliously past on padded feet, laden with supplies for the interior or salvaged war material for the coast; clumsy carts, painted in strange designs and screaming colors, with great sharpened stakes which looked as though they were intended for purposes of torture, but whose real duty is to keep the top-heavy loads in place.

Though the slopes of the Rhodope and the Pindus are clothed with splendid forests, it is for the most part a flat and treeless land, dotted with clusters of filthy hovels made of sun-dried brick and with patches of discouraged-looking vegetation. As Macedonia (its inhabitants pronounce it as though the first syllable were *mack*) was once the granary of the East, I had expected to see illimitable fields of waving grain, but such fields as we did see were generally small and poor. Guarding them against the hovering swarms of blackbirds were many scarecrows, rigged out in the uniforms and topped by the helmets of the men whose bones bleach amid the grain. In Switzerland they make a very excellent red wine called *Schweizerblut*, because the grapes from which it is made are grown on soil reddened by the blood of the Swiss who fell on the battle-field of Morat. If blood

makes fine wine, then the best wine in all the world should come from these Macedonian plains, for they have been soaked with blood since ever time began.

Our half-way town was Vodena, which seemed, after the heat and dust of the journey, like an oasis in the desert. Scores of streams, issuing from the steep slopes of the encircling hills, race through the town in a network of little canals and fling themselves from a cliff, in a series of superb cascades, into the wooded valley below. Philip of Macedon was born near Vodena, and there, in accordance with his wishes, he was buried. You can see the tomb, flanked by ever-burning candles, though you may not enter it, should you happen to pass that way. He chose his last resting-place well, did the great soldier, for the overarching boughs of ancient plane-trees turn the cobbled streets of the little town into leafy naves, the air is heavy with the scent of orange and oleander, and the place murmurs with the pleasant sound of plashing water.

Beyond Vodena the road improved for a time and we fled southward at greater speed, the telegraph-poles leaping at us out of the yellow dust-haze like the pikes of giant sentinels. At Alexander's Well, an ancient cistern built from marble blocks and filled with crystal-clear water, we paused to refill our boiling radiator, and paused again, a few miles farther on, at the wretched, mud-walled village which, according to local tradition, is the birthplace of the man who made himself master of three continents, changed the face of the world, and died at thirty-three.

Then south again, south again, across the seemingly illimitable plains, until, topping a range of bare brown hills, there lay spread before us the gleaming walls and minarets of that city where Paul preached to the Thessalonians. To the westward Olympus seemed to verify the assertions of the ancient Greeks that its summit touched the sky. To the east, outlined against the Ægean's blue, I could see the peninsula of Chalkis, with its three gaunt capes, Cassandra, Longos, and Athos, reaching toward Thrace, the Hellespont and Asia Minor, like the claw of a vulture stretched out to snatch the quarry which the eagles killed.

[The third of Mr. Powell's articles, "Will the Sick Man of Europe Recover?" will appear in the March number.]

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

II—MISCELLANEOUS (*Continued*)

CHARLES THOMAS NEWTON



THIS is not a name known far and wide, like the others I am recalling in the present pages; nor was its bearer in the full sense of the word a man of genius. That is to say he had not the intensity of being, the radiating fire of the spirit, which gives to the personality of genius its power to dominate and enthrall. But he had a character, and a very marked character, of his own: his actual achievement was a considerable one in the history of English, nay, of general Western culture, and in the absence of any full or formal biography it is right that some picture of him, as living as may be however brief, should be attempted by one who like myself enjoyed the honor of his regard and the advantage of his teaching. He was my senior by all but thirty years, and I first knew him when I came to London fresh from my Cambridge degree in 1867-68 and threw myself—among other studies which I did my best at the same time to master and to expound in popular reviews and journals—into the special study of classical archæology. Newton had then already been for seven years Keeper of the Department of Classical Antiquities at the British Museum. He had served in a subordinate post in the same institution for twelve years after his Oxford degree (1840-52), and then for a spell of seven years had held consular office in the Levant, first at Mytilene and then at Rhodes, being charged at the same time with representing the interests of the British Museum in Asiatic Turkey and the islands. With the strong backing of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, our all-powerful ambassador at Constantinople ("the great Elchi") he had during the years of the Crimean war and those next following been able to carry out the most

systematic and successful excavations which had ever been undertaken in those parts in search of Greek antiquities and inscriptions. He had been fitted above other men for the task by a natural instinct,—a natural affinity, one might almost put it, with the objects of his pursuit,—as well as by the most careful training and preparation. A fully equipped Oxford scholar from Shrewsbury and Christchurch, he possessed besides what it had been too much the habit and defect of English scholarship to lack, a strong and well-instructed love for the extant remains of Greek art; while the records of Greek public and private life preserved in lapidary inscriptions at all times interested him and exercised his faculties even more than those preserved in books.

Both these classes of material were capable of being augmented from hour to hour by investigation on the sites of ancient cities and burial-places, and to augment them by such means had been the passion of Newton's life. The result of his labors during those responsible years on the coasts and in the islands of the Levant had been to rescue for the study and admiration of the after world, and secure for the enrichment of his museum, all those remains of the renowned Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, the master-work of the second great school of Athenian sculptors and architects in the fourth century B. C., which lay buried under the buildings of the Turkish town of Budrum; the two noble colossal portrait figures, shattered but restorable, of Mausolos himself and his wife Artemisia; headless riders on great fragments of rearing horses; the unbroken head and forehead of another and huger horse standing with the bronze bit intact in its mouth; many mutilated great guardian lions; many exquisite frieze-fragments of fighting Amazon and Centaur and racing charioteer; beautifully wrought blocks of column,

cornice, architrave, and capital,—Newton's work had been to rescue and secure these, besides such an unique and moving masterpiece of the antique genius as the seated statue of the sorrowing Demeter from Knidos, and the series of solemn semi-Egyptian seated figures from the great temple-avenue at Branchidæ, with many treasures more not here to be recounted. After his return from these labors and appointment as Keeper at the museum, Newton by his authority and influence, though no longer by explorations of his own conducting, continued on a great scale the enrichment of his department. Other researchers under his impulse and suggestion discovered and sent home precious remains from Ephesus, Priene, Cyrene, from Sicily and Cyprus: and concurrently with these gains a parsimonious treasury was induced to provide funds for the purchase one after another, of nearly all the chief collections formed by Continental amateurs and dealers; the Pourtalès collection; the Blacas collection; from the great Italian dealer Castellani several collections in succession, besides single acquisitions of any one of which was apt to be an event and an excitement in itself; as for instance that magnificent, all but uninjured, bronze colossal head of a goddess found in the farther parts of Armenia, which has been conjectured to have been broken from some famous work, or replica of a work, by Praxiteles, and which stands scarcely rivalled in its kind in any museum of the world.

I have said that Newton had the passion for these things; but in spite of his achievement the word seems hardly suitable to a man of his temperament. Stanch and even tender in kindness toward those he cared for and had learned to trust, he was of a reserved and rather austere habit in ordinary intercourse, and by experience and training had acquired a degree of caution and mistrustfulness with strangers which might easily have been mistaken for cynicism. As he moved about with a somewhat shuffling or flinching gait (for his feet did not in later years carry him very well) among the noble damaged marbles at the British Museum, the kinship between him and them seemed to strike obviously upon the

eye. True, his tall figure was too spare for that of a rightly proportioned Hellenic god or demigod or sage, but his head was truly Olympian. The hair grew outward from the parting in rich and waving grizzled masses, to which corresponded a square grizzled beard somewhat roughly kempt: the brow was intent and deeply corrugated, the features severely handsome save for a broken nose, the result of a fall; but this seemed only to complete his facial likeness to a Greek Zeus injured and imperfectly restored. A great scholar and a great gentleman, he was in all companies a distinguished presence and in all the best was made welcome. His style, in conversation as in writing and lecturing, was marked by a certain old-fashioned dryness and dignity scarcely less telling in its way than the richer coloring of more expansive or more imaginative talkers; and in dealing with pretension whether social or intellectual he had a vein of irony the more effective for being kept scrupulously within the bounds of formal courtesy.

When I first knew him he was only lately beginning to come into the world again after an overwhelming sorrow which left its mark on all his after-life. At the close of his labors in the Levant he had been for a short while British consul at Rome, and had there met Ann Mary Severn, the daughter of Joseph Severn, the devoted painter-friend of Keats. This lady was herself an artist of truly sensitive hand and eye, and by all accounts a person of the utmost charm and sweetness. She and Newton were married in 1860 and lived a life of perfect harmony, she entering helpfully into all his interests and studies, until six years later she was suddenly carried away by an illness of a peculiarly painful and tragic character. He could never bring himself to speak of her afterward, but those who knew him best were conscious that his innermost thoughts were always of his lost happiness. Come into the world again, however, he did, and I used to meet him at many places besides the scene of his official duties in the museum; among others at the periodical dinners of the Dilettante, an ancient aristocratic and convivial society dating from the year 1732, which had in its day combined the habit of high

carouse with much good work in anti-quarian discovery and publication, and still kept up its reputation in the latter kind and some of its quaint rites and usages, though not its excesses, in the former.

Newton's discoveries in the 50's and his position at the museum afterward had placed him first by common consent among the working classical archaeologists of his time in Europe. But that branch of study had since the days of Winckelmann been much more generally followed and understood among German scholars than among English; and after their triumph and the establishment of their empire in 1870 the Germans,—keen, to their credit be it said, in the pursuit and organization of every other science no less than of the sciences of conquest and spoliation,—were determined to take a practical lead in archaeological research on classic ground. Their first great undertaking was the excavation, by arrangement with the Greek Government, of the site of the ancient temple and sacred enclosure of Zeus at Olympia, which had been tentatively scratched by the French under General Maison many years before. By the winter of 1874-75 this undertaking was in full swing. I was eager to visit and watch it, and with some difficulty persuaded Newton to meet me toward the end of March at Athens in order that we might arrange to travel thence to Olympia together. Some years had gone by since he had last been in the Levant. It was my own first visit to Greek soil. I shall not dwell on the incomparable thrill—for such it must be to every scholar not having a soul of putty—of my first sight of Athens and first days spent there, but shall only recall a few traits of my elder companion during our trip. Travel in Greece was then very different from what it is now. The isthmus of Corinth had not then been cut by a canal but had to be crossed by coach. There were no railways in the Peloponnese, and all travel was either by coasting steamer, or by carriage where there existed anything like a road, or else on horseback. The town nearest to the site of Olympia, from which the excavations were approached and supplied, was Pyrgos. Thither we had arranged to go by a coasting steamer from

Corinth. We were pacing the shingle of the beach in readiness for the boat's early start when to my discomfiture a cold fit fell suddenly upon the spirits of my companion. He began conjuring up a vision of imaginary troubles and treacheries awaiting us on our projected trip, and actually proposed that we should give it up and go back to Athens. I knew him to have shown in the course of his career abundant coolness and resource in the presence of real danger, and guessed that there had come upon him in the morning chill a mood which is best explained by a passage in his book of "Travels and Discoveries," telling how he once surprised a Greek servant in the act of robbing him:—

"I have not seen so livid and hideous a complexion since the day when Timoleon Pericles Vlastò was detected stealing coins from the British Museum. This man came to me from Smyrna with an excellent character. He had most engaging manners, and was always thanking me for my goodness to him, and telling me that I was better than a father to him. I have little doubt that he would have cut my throat with the same pleasant smile on his face. People in England wonder how it is that, after a long residence in the East, Europeans become so suspicious, jealous, and generally cantankerous; but they forget that an Englishman in the Levant is doomed to pass his life surrounded by people who may be described by the ever-recurring phrase applied by Darius to his enemies in the Behistun inscription, 'And he was a liar.' The very air we breathe in Turkey is impregnated with lies."

It turned out not difficult, however, to talk him out of this momentary mood. We pursued our journey, were landed at Katacolo, the port of Pyrgos, rode to the village of Druva, where the German scientific expedition was installed, were hospitably received, and spent some days studying with intense interest the results of the excavations so far as they had then been carried. From the mere configuration of the ground, with the brook Kladeos, its course marked at that season by flowering Judas-trees, running at right angles into the broad shingle-bed of the Alpheios near the foot of the hill Kronion,

it was easy enough to recognize the general plan of the site, the great common centre of ancient Greek Zeus-worship and of athletic and poetic contests and glories. It was not too difficult to reconstruct in the mind's eye the aspect of the walled and consecrated precinct of the Altis, dominant within whose boundaries had stood the great temple of the god, besides his open-air altar and the hundred other temples and altars of Olympia, together with the innumerable multitude of votive and memorial statues, a forest of bronze and marble, which had crowded the intervening spaces. Nay, looking out over the windings of the Alpheios, marked here by clouds of drifting dust and here by the shimmer of water, away to the gleaming level of the sea itself, it was hard not in your mind's eye to break the solitude of that sea-line, and to descry sails converging from the west, and throngs marshalling themselves beside the river-mouth, as when the sons of Hellas were wont to gather in their galleys for the great anniversary from every state of the mainland and every colony overseas. . . .

But the immediate daily fruits of the excavation were such as to leave little time for dreaming, and to raise in trained minds a hundred absorbing problems. Fragments of sculpture and architecture were coming up as thick as potatoes under the spade,—the flying Victory of Paionios, duly identified by its inscribed pedestal; many drums of the columns of the great temple lying regularly in rows as they had fallen outward; the sculptured figures, one after another and all more or less shattered, of the east pediment of the same temple. Some of these finds seemed to confirm, some very perplexingly to contradict, anticipations formed on the strength of ancient guide-books and histories. Naturally Newton had in his guarded way much to say and to suggest on these antiquarian problems as each presented itself to us, and naturally his words were received with respectful attention. But it is not these which after the lapse of four-and-forty years remain in my mind. What remains perversely and indelibly fixed there is a trifling little scene which occurred on our way back to Athens. Instead of taking boat again from Katacolo we drove from Pyrgos

across the plain of Elis, by such rough, less than half-made apology for a road as then existed, as far as Patras, the chief port of Northern Peloponnese. About half-way we stopped for a meal at a little hostelry in the village of Ali Tchelebi, near the lakelet of the same name, then beautifully fringed with flowering oleander scrub. As we sat out after the meal we noticed a great hairy caterpillar some five inches long crawling perseveringly across the yard on some errand of its own. We were watching its progress with a mild interest when suddenly from a shed at one side a lean long-legged hen came scurrying after it with outstretched neck, and in another moment had with a greedy chuckle gobbled it up. The event tickled the cynical fibres in my old friend's nature, and in a rare vein of smiling, disillusioned worldly wisdom he fell to moralizing upon it as a symbol of the predatory scheme of life in general and human life in particular. As such he would often humorously return to it in talk during after years in London.

These were for Newton years of gradually declining strength, during which his services having tardily received the reward of a public honor, he continued for a while with usefulness and dignity his work both as Keeper at the museum and lecturer at the University of London. The last years before his death were spent in retirement and much needed rest; not without solace from the grateful affection of those of us who had known, under his guarded exterior a spirit the most zealous in research and teaching and a heart the best to be trusted in friendship.

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY

It was in Newton's company, in the month of February, 1881, that I had my only meeting with this remarkable survivor of the great days and great men of the opening century. To us of a later generation, or rather of several successive generations, Trelawny had become a personage legendary while he yet lived. In him, more than in any other single man, had been incarnated two of the main active impulses which were stirring in men's minds in the days of the romantic movement of 1790-1820: the impulse to social rebellion and the impulse to remote travel

and adventure. The younger son of an old Cornish stock, endowed by nature with an ungovernable spirit and extraordinary bodily strength and hardihood, he had in boyhood been first expelled from school and then a runaway from the King's Navy; then a comrade and leader of privateers, scarcely to be distinguished from pirates, in the Eastern seas: then the associate of Shelley and Byron in Tuscany, and of Shelley in especial the ardent admirer and friend,—the man who last spoke to the poet in life and who snatched his heart out of the pyre which consumed his remains: then the companion of Byron on his expedition in aid of Greek liberty, and both before and after Byron's death the trusted lieutenant of the famous Greek chieftain Odysseus, a partisan at war equally with the Turk and with the provisional native government at Athens: the victim of an attempted assassination while left in charge of that chieftain's treasure in a cavern fortress on Mount Olympus: then, after his recovery and a few years spent in the Ionian Islands, settled as a man of leisure and letters at Florence, the most confidential friend of Shelley's widow and bent himself upon writing Shelley's life: then, when he was foiled in that hope, turning to weave the story of his own wild early life into a thrilling, inextricable, ultra-romantic blend of fact and fiction in his book "The Adventures of a Younger Son": next, a traveller again, performing unrecorded or vaguely recorded feats of strength and endurance in the wilder regions of America both North and South: then for some seasons a conspicuous member of London society, made much of by fashionable folk in spite—or perhaps because—of his scorn of social rules and conventions: then living alternately in the suburbs as something of a recluse and in South Wales as a country gentleman and hard-working practical farmer and gardener, but never for very long without some scandal attending his name, for of all laws the marriage laws were those he respected least: then for a second time an author, recounting his relations with Shelley and Byron and his experience in Greece with a masterly gift of human presentment and in a style much less tumultuous and overstrained than that of his

earlier adventure book: and thereafter living on and on, for the most part in retirement in the country, until of his own memorable age he had become almost the last survivor, and an object of curiosity and pilgrimage to successions of younger men and women seeking in their minds or writings to reconstruct it.

Naturally I had always had the wish to see this veteran, and at the date I have mentioned the opportunity came. Newton and I were the guests for a winter week-end of our friends Captain and Lady Alice Gaisford in their Sussex home, distant about a mile from the cottage in the village of Sompting where Trelawny had then long been living. Our host, a brother Dilettante of Newton's and mine, was a son of the once famous Greek scholar and dean of Christ Church, Thomas Gaisford, and was himself a fine type of handsome, chivalrous, cultivated English gentleman. He was on terms of friendly regard and intercourse,—under some degree of protest, if I remember right, from Lady Alice,—with the old rebel his neighbor, and by previous arrangement walked over with us and introduced us. The house where Trelawny lived was a large cottage painted red and set back a little way on the left-hand side of the road, not far from the entrance to the village. The veteran received us in a small, old-fashioned room on the ground floor, where he sat in an arm-chair with a couple of black-and-tan terriers playing at his feet. I had been accustomed to hear much of his extraordinary vigor. He had always been of abstemious habits, and although past eighty-eight, and a water-drinker, and although he had still inside him one of the two bullets which had been lodged there by the assassin Fenton and his accomplice during the Greek war of liberation, he was nevertheless, it was said, so strong that he had only lately given up the habit of bathing in the sea in all seasons, and of warming himself on the coldest mornings, not at the fire, which he refused to have lighted before noon, but by the exercise of chopping wood. I was therefore somewhat surprised to perceive in him at first sight all the appearances of decrepitude. He scarcely moved himself in his chair on our entrance, but sat in a shrunk attitude, with his hands on his

knees, speaking little, and as if he could only fix his attention by an effort. He wore an embroidered red cap, of the unbecoming shape in use in Byron's day, with a stiff projecting peak. His head thus appeared to no advantage; nevertheless in the ashen color of the face, the rough gray hair and beard and firmly modelled mouth set slightly awry, in the hard, clear, handsome aquiline profile (for the nose, though not long, was of marked aquiline shape), and in the masterful, scowling gray eye, there were traces of something both more distinguished and more formidable than is seen in Sir John Millais's well-known likeness of him, as an old seaman in his picture "The North-West Passage,"—a likeness with which the sitter himself was much dissatisfied.

The talk ran at first on commonplace matters and mutual acquaintances. In its course the downright old man denounced as "lies" the ordinary formulas of social politeness and solicitude. His voice was at first weak and muffled; at the same time his scorn of conventions seemed to declare itself in a certain bluntness and bluntness of utterance, and in tricks of pronunciation such as the sounding of "put" with the vowel short as in "shut." Was this ruggedness of speech and manner, I could not help asking myself, quite genuine and natural in a gentleman born, who, rough as had been his early experiences, had nevertheless lived familiarly among equals whenever he chose: or had it been at first wilfully adopted and become by degrees a second nature? By and by he began to rouse himself, and then his conversation became, at least at intervals, curiously impressive. His moral and social recklessness, his defiance of current opinions, his turbulent energy, his sure eye for character and his no less sure instinct for literature, all made themselves felt, along with the extraordinary interest of his experiences. From time to time he would rise, almost bound, up in his chair, with his eyes fastened on yours like a vice, and in tones of incredible power would roar what he had to say into your face. I never heard from human lungs a voice so energetic as that which burst from the old man in these explosions; explosions which subsided

quickly, and in the intervals of which his accents were quiet and muffled as before. When the personal preliminaries were over we talked of current politics. It was the hour when the long negotiations between the British generals and administrators and the Boer leaders had failed, and the operations of the Transvaal war were in full swing. Trelawny defiantly declared his hope that the English would be beaten. "If I were a younger man," he shouted in a strong crescendo, "I would go and fight for the Boers—fight for the Boers—fight for the Boers."

There was seeming imminent at the same hour another war nearer home though not touching us so deeply. Greece had been pressing for the fulfilment by Turkey of those clauses of the Treaty of Berlin which handed over to her the provinces of Thessaly and Epirus. Turkish diplomacy had resisted by all the devices of obstinacy and cunning known to it; and the great Powers, each afraid of throwing Turkey into the arms of the other, had failed to insist, and striven, so far vainly, to effect a settlement by compromise. Greece was preparing for war,—and if war broke out, which side of the two, one of us asked, did Trelawny think would win? Who could tell? he said; the Greeks had never, for two thousand years, faced an enemy in the open field. All their successes in the war of liberation had been won in guerilla fighting: the Turkish squadrons used to march in column along the plains, when the Greek sharpshooters would line the hills and harass or destroy them without exposing themselves. I had lately been re-reading Trelawny's "Records of Shelley, Byron," etc., and this answer reminded me of one of its most striking passages, and showed me how entirely the old man was thinking in the light of his own experiences during the war of liberation some fifty-five years earlier. Here is the passage in question:—

"On our way to Corinth, we passed through the defiles of Dervenakia; our road was a mere mule-path for about two leagues, winding along in the bed of a brook, flanked by rugged precipices. In this gorge, and a more rugged path above it, a large Ottoman force, principally cavalry, had been stopped, in the previous

autumn, by barricades of rocks and trees, and slaughtered like droves of cattle by the wild and exasperated Greeks. It was a perfect picture of the war, and told its own story; the sagacity of the nimble-footed Greeks, and the hopeless stupidity of the Turkish commanders, were palpable: detached from the heaps of dead, we saw the skeletons of some bold riders who had attempted to scale the acclivities, still astride the skeletons of their horses, and in the rear, as if in the attempt to back out of the fray, the bleached bones of the negroes' hands still holding the hair ropes attached to the skulls of their camels—death like sleep is a strange posture-master. There were grouped in a narrow space five thousand or more skeletons of men, horses, camels, and mules; vultures had eaten their flesh, and the sun had bleached their bones."

Continuing on the same subject, one of us asked, would not Mr. Trelawny like to go and fight for Greece now, as he had fought for her before? No, if after leaving Greece he had ever gone back there again he would without doubt have been assassinated. Why? For the sake of plunder; because he, and he alone, knew the caves and hiding-places where the chief Odysseus had deposited his treasure. Here again the veteran was evidently thinking in terms of his bygone experience. It was by the fabulous accounts of the wealth accumulated by Odysseus in his cavern that the Scotsman Fenton and his accomplice had been lured to their act of treachery. But granting Trelawny to be the only man possessing the secret of those hoards, in what way an assassin in later times could possibly have profited by his death was not apparent; neither did we press the point. Speaking of the actual attempt made on his life in 1825, Trelawny described how his Hungarian servant, standing on guard at the mouth of the cave, confronted and shot the would-be assassin Fenton, who was attempting to escape under the pretext that what had happened within was a dreadful accident. One of us, referring to the shot with which Fenton wounded Trelawny, not to that with which the Hungarian servant killed Fenton, asked if it had not been in the back, which as a matter of fact it was; whereupon Trelawny,

misunderstanding the question and still thinking of the action of the Hungarian, rose with a roar and a flash, and shouted, "No, in the face, in the face."

Passing to the circumstances of Shelley's death in 1822, Trelawny, after showing us the scar where he had burned his hand in plucking the poet's heart out of the ashes, detailed at length his reasons for believing that the capsizing of Shelley's boat, the *Don Juan* (rechristened the *Ariel*), in the squall after she had left Leghorn Harbor, was due to foul play. He dwelt particularly on the circumstance that he had been himself prevented from putting out in company with his friends in Byron's schooner *The Bolivar* by warnings of the quarantine to which he would thereby make himself liable, addressed to him from the pier by men affecting to be custom-house officers but who turned out not to be custom-house officers after all. This belief that the *Ariel* had not gone down by accident in the squall but been deliberately run down, was one which had by degrees gained complete possession of Trelawny's mind, but is not shared by those who have inquired most carefully into the evidences.

Being then, as always, especially interested in all that concerns either Keats or Landor, I tried to lead the old man's thoughts toward the days (about 1828-30) when he was living at Florence in the intimacy of Keats's friend Charles Brown, and on friendly terms with Landor himself. Knowing that it was by a hint of Trelawny's that Brown had been induced to adopt a second Christian name, Armitage, so that he might be better distinguished from the general tribe of Browns, and that on the other hand it was by Brown's suggestion and permission that Trelawny had prefixed to many of the chapters of his "Adventures of a Younger Son" mottoes from Keats's poetry both published and unpublished, I had hoped to get from the old man a more living image of Brown's person and character than I had yet been able to form. I was very desirous also to learn how Trelawny had agreed with that other stiff-backed and strong-lunged type of haughty British independence and self-will, Walter Savage Landor, his senior by some two and twenty years. Would his talk, I

further asked myself, yield me any side-light on his opinion of Landor's highly idealized and idyllic treatment, in one of the most beautiful of the "Imaginary Conversations," of his own, Trelawny's, relations as lover and husband with Ter-sitza, the girl-sister of the Greek chief Odysseus? But of Brown he had nothing to say; and concerning Landor,—“a remarkable man, a remarkable man,” he repeated several times, but would not be drawn into further comment except in regard to the mistake Landor had made in overrating Southey. Some general remarks on poets and poetry ensuing, Trelawny declared his great admiration for William Blake, whose work, unread and ignored among the associates of his youth, had only in later years become known to him through the publication of Gilchrist's "Life" and Rossetti's reprints. He proceeded to recite standing, with the full force of his tremendous voice, some stanzas of the poem "London" from the "Songs of Experience":—

“In every cry of every man,
In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear,”—

and so forth.

By this time we had sat with our entertainer a long while; and I could see by the impatient demeanor of the two terriers that we had outstayed the hour at which they expected their master to take them out walking. When we rose to go he accompanied us into the hall. Newton, in shaking hands, congratulated him on looking so very well considering his age, and then turned to put on his coat: whereupon I could hear the old man, standing behind him, and conscious no doubt of his own fast declining health, growl to himself “S'very well, s'very well”; that's the kind o' lies I was talking of: lies, lies, lies.” His last words to us were nevertheless kindly. It did not need the notes, which on this single exceptional occasion I took at the time, to keep vivid in my mind the image of this hard-bitten, keen-visaged, bull-voiced, rich-memored veteran as he stood grumbling, but not unfriendly, on his door-step. Scarcely more than six months later he died, and his remains were removed to Rome to be

buried in the grave he had long ago secured for himself beside Shelley's. In like manner Joseph Severn, dying at Rome some thirteen months before, had after an interval of all but sixty years been laid to rest beside his own poet friend, Keats: and with the deaths of these two, Trelawny and Severn, the great romantic age seemed to many of us to have receded out of living touch and reach into a past newly intangible and remote.

VICTOR HUGO

With this chief poet and romance-writer of his nation and generation, this world-famous great master of the sublime and tender and (for the word must out) of the preposterous, it was my privilege to be allowed one or two private conversations within a few years of his return from exile and the calamities of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71. I used to be often in Paris in those days, and principally through my friend Phillippe Burty, the art-critic, had access to the most interesting circles in literature and politics. Burty was a man of exquisite perceptions and sensibilities, with a purring and coaxing softness of manner under which lay much genuine affectionateness as well as an enthusiastic and discriminating love of art: and not only these but a stanch courage, proved throughout the horrors of the siege and Commune and the tense political struggle which followed them. In the days of the reactionary Bordeaux Assembly and the *république militante* he was a warm adherent of the liberal causes and of their leaders, and was held in equal regard by the poet-seer Hugo and the fiery parliamentary champion Gambetta. Hence his recommendation secured me a welcome in the quarters where I most desired it. I had at his suggestion left at Victor Hugo's home a magazine article of mine reviewing Hugo's recently published poem, "l'Année Terrible." Though the great man could not well have read it (for his notions of the English language were as vague and weird as one would expect from the author of "L'Homme qui rit" and "Les Travailleurs de la Mer") he was polite enough to praise and thank me for it both in speech and writing. Accordingly in

1873 or 1874 (I think it must have been in January, 1874) I was asked to some of his evening receptions in the Rue Clichy. He had just turned his seventieth year, and his strength of body and mind showed no sign of abatement; while his aureole as poet and prophet home from exile was still almost undimmed, the various phases of the coming anti-romantic reaction not having gained much strength till later. At these evening gatherings the ex-actress and ex-beauty Madame Drouet, the housemate and companion of all Hugo's later life even from before his wife's death, used to do the honors. The poet had a gracious and not too self-conscious patriarchal courtesy and cordiality of manner in receiving his guests; but I thought that their demeanor toward him was somewhat too submissive in homage, that the silence for which those nearest him gave sign when the master was about to speak was inconsistent with social ease; and from a couple of these evenings of formal reception I did not carry away a wholly pleasant impression. But on two other evenings it happened that Madame Drouet was ailing. The ordinary receptions were put off; but for some reason or by some means, I know not what, I was admitted, and on each occasion the poet came in from the patient's bedside, slippered and evidently anxious, and with a manner of the kindest courtesy gave me the best part of an hour to myself. I had wondered beforehand whether his talk would have in it much or any of that blend of grandiose idealist patriotism, optimism, and theism commingled which permeates so much of his work and reaches its climax in "*l'Année Terrible*." Some of the spirit of that poem I had lately been trying my best to interpret and condense in English. The reader knows the kind of strain:—

"Paris is the city of destiny and of the dawn, the seat of future and of light, the travelling mother of the To Be; she has loved much and suffered much; envied be her calamities; fair is her fate, for she bleeds for mankind, and her crown of thorns shall turn in the fulness of time to an undying aureole in the sight of the nations. . . . I believe in God the Spirit of Justice, who is one with the Ideal, Conscience, Liberty; who is the Soul of our

soul, the vast Unknown behind all religions, the highest Right, the universal Law, the supreme Immovable, the dazzling incomprehensible All. And I believe in Paris, which is the city of God, the champion of Justice, the seat of Conscience, the martyr of Liberty, the lamp of Reason, the inextinguishable hearth of the Soul. . . . When Paris founders, faith turns to doubt; zero is the sum of things; the goal of our journeying is naught. But once more—no; the heart beats high again; the city shall survive, shall mew her mighty youth; creation shall not prove a mockery; the pillar of light shall not be a gibbet of shame; there shall not be poison in the fields, the woods, the flowers; history shall not be a frantic and furious chaos of fatalities; the world shall not be a dismal indictment against its Maker; comets shall not need to wring their hair. *I* to doubt the issue! *I* to deny the human progress which is the pivot of the vast movement of the welded universe! *I*, the watcher for the day-spring, to despond because the night is long! Nay, I have done my duty: I suffer and am glad: I march on, knowing that naught of all is false, knowing that my hope is sure, and steadfast is the firmament. And I bid ye hope with me, all ye that love and are cast down; and I bear ye witness that the unknown Being who scatters abroad splendors, flowers, universes, and takes no count; who pours forth stars, winds, and seasons as from ever-open granaries; who gives forth everlastingly to sky-piercing mountains and dyke-devouring seas the gifts of azure and lightning and daylight and the sky; who floods space with the torrents of light, life, and love—I bear ye witness that He who dieth not and passeth not away, who spread the book of the world which priests mis-spell, who gave beauty for the vesture of the Absolute, who is real despite of doubt and true despite of tales—I bear ye witness that He, the Eternal, the Infinite, is not as a riddle having no key."

Ideas much to this effect, though of course in a lower key, did in point of fact fall from him in those evenings' talks, both the semi-public and the private. Nor much less like one's preconceived expectation was his mention of his proposed

title (never in point of fact used) for a new volume of poetry to come;—"Les Colères Justes." When I ventured to wonder whether the author of "Les Châtiments," the lifelong fulminator against kings and priests and conquerors and oppressors, and all the cruelties and tyrannies and treacheries of the world, could have left many things that deserved his anger still uncourged, he assured me yes, there remained plenty, and descending to a lower scale began to talk scathingly, first of the reactionary Assembly of Bordeaux, and next of some of the errors and blunders of the military defense of Paris. General Trochu ("Participe passé du verbe trop choir," as by a ponderous enough pun he has somewhere called him) came in for a full share of contempt: and then the poet went on to dilate on a scheme of defense that should and would have been tried had he had his way. What should have been done, he declared, was to send up a vast number of captive balloons from the beleaguered city to the greatest height possible above the Prussian lines: platforms should have been swung in the air from between pairs or groups of such balloons; and from those platforms the best scientific chemists of the city should have poured down deadly corrosive compounds upon the enemy's lines which should have caused his hosts to burn up and shrivel and be no more.

The progress of lethal invention in the last fifty years has so far outstripped the dream of the poet-prophet as to make his imagined expedient sound primitive and futile enough; yet his manner and language in describing it combined, I remember, the apocalyptic with the familiar in a style which seemed impressive enough to his hearer at the time.

But on both evenings one special subject was uppermost in his talk and evidently in his mind, and that was the contrast between himself and the last great world-poet and sage before him, Goethe, in the matter of patriotism. A feeling of rivalry against Goethe, a jealousy of Goethe's fame, was never far,—so I have since heard from those who knew him best,—from Victor Hugo's mind. For much in the historic and romantic past of Germany he had (as a fine section in "l'Année Terrible" abundantly shows) a generous admiration; nor had

his furious and well-justified hatred of nineteenth-century Prussia and her rulers extinguished it. But for Goethe, who in his view was a German without being a German patriot, he had no toleration. His quarrel with him was not for being too much, but for being too little, of a German. Love of humanity, he vowed, which did not begin at home was worth nothing. Cosmopolitan good-will was a fine thing, but to love one's own country best was the essential virtue of man. That while Germany lay trampled under the heel of Napoleon Bonaparte, Goethe should have gone as a guest to the camp of the conqueror at Erfurt was for him a sin unpardonable. Dilating on it and comparing his own frame of mind on such matters, he wound up by saying, with his hand at his heart, "Moi, je regarde Goethe comme Jeanne d'Arc aurait regardé Messaline." I have ever since carried with me the memory of this typical Hugonian pronouncement, and of the full, soft, authoritative and serenely unchallengeable tone in which he uttered it.

The master lived and wrote for some fifteen years after that date; and naturally I had from time to time work to do and friends to see in Paris; but for I know not what reason, or for none, I failed to seek his hospitality again. I wonder whether his appeased spirit may now be hovering over his beloved city, confirmed in all his transcendental faiths and foresights by the retribution, outdoing his own direst imprecations and most exulting prophecies, which in the fulness of time has overtaken her victorious enemies of the Year Terrible.

GAMBETTA

In old days I used to be careless about the keeping of letters, even from the most interesting correspondents, and the letter from the great French patriot and statesman which I print below most likely owes its preservation to the fact that I gave it, soon after it was written, to a friend for her collection of autographs. A recent renewed sight of it has brought back to my memory some incidents of the acquaintance, not intimate but cordial and by me much prized, which I had with the writer in the mid 'seventies of the last century. Those were the years,

as every one knows, during which Gambetta waged and won, against the two extremes of monarchical or imperialist reaction on the one side and ultraradical *intransigence* on the other, his fiercely arduous, long-fluctuating, up-hill fight for the establishment of a sane and moderate republic in France. It was in the winter of 1873-4 that I first met him, going by appointment to call on him at his modest quarters in the rue Montaigne. I had till then never seen him either in the tribune or elsewhere. From his reputation as the most impassioned of combatant political orators and leaders—or, as his enemies had it, the wildest of demagogues,—I had expected to find in him a typical, high-strung, restlessly excitable and volatile son of the South. It was therefore with some surprise that I found, instead, a substantial rubicund person, occupying solidly the middle of a broad settee, who welcomed me with quiet geniality and proceeded at once to discuss gravely a question which was then deeply agitating France, that of the freedom of the press. Within the previous six or eight months Gambetta had fought two tremendous battles in the Chamber on this subject, one after the suppression of the *Corsaire* newspaper, the other after a special gagging law introduced and passed by the reactionary government in July. But in his own rooms and to his English visitor he talked of these matters without heat or rhetoric, as though for the moment his interest in them were historical and abstract. He referred much and particularly to Milton's famous "Areopagitica" (or "Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing") as known to him in Châteaubriand's translation. Thence the talk passed to divers matters of non-political literature and of art, including the English school of painting as he had just been studying it in a recent exhibition at Brussels; and I came away realizing what I had not at all known when I went in, that here was a man who, intense as might be the strain thrown on the energies and resources of his being by the daily strife of politics, had also outside of politics a richly furnished mind and interests unusually keen and varied. For the next four years or more I seldom passed any time in Paris without seeking opportunity to know him better. Once

or twice I heard him speak in public debate at Versailles, once or twice at semi-private political gatherings of his supporters. More often, that is perhaps four or five times, I saw him in the character of host at his own breakfast-table, and about as many times as chief guest at the evening parties of that most zealous and cordial of political entertainers, Madame Edmond Adam.

At Versailles, looking down from the gallery on to the floor of the Chamber and watching him shoulder his way, genially and at the same time commandingly, among the crowd of his supporters, taking one by the arm, leaning upon the shoulder of the next, addressing one after another with a different persuasiveness or impressiveness or familiarity of gesture and accost, I am not sure but that I have been more impressed with the sense of born, instinctive leadership in him thus conveyed than even by the overwhelming power shown by him in set orations from the tribune. For the latter kind of exhibition report had pretty fully prepared one. It was great, but it was not unexpected, to observe how he would begin hoarsely and heavily; how the hostile majority would at first interrupt and challenge and seek to silence him with bitter gibes and taunts; how presently that mass of a man would take fire and seem to be all enkindled and transformed, how the great head and mane of hair would be flung back, the hand be thrust forth in sweeping, dominating gestures of denunciation or command, the voice roll out rich and clear in thundering periods of prophecy or argument or appeal or menace, till the ranks of his enemies would seem visibly to quiver before the storm like a field of corn before the gale.

As to its actual matter, the speech of his which I remember as striking me most was at some sort of private political or press gathering (can it have been of the staff of the *République Française*?). When toasts were in progress some one rose and volunteered a proposal to drink to the Universal Republic. Gambetta would not have it at any price. He leapt to his feet and shouted, "Qui donc entend-je parler de la république universelle? N'avons-nous pas assez de peine à fonder notre république à nous?" And he went on to insist how it was the para-

mount duty and need of Frenchmen to sink their own differences, to found their own republic firmly, and in so doing to avoid above all things bringing fresh dangers on themselves by interfering with the politics of their neighbors. To enforce these two joint contentions had become, with experience and responsibility, the master motive of Gambetta's political life. History provides scarcely a stronger instance of the way in which time's teachings, to quote Shakespeare,

"Divert strong minds to the course of altering things,"

than the transformation of Gambetta within a couple of years from a furiously impetuous preacher of revenge against Germany into an inculcator, even more impassioned and reiterant yet, of France's need to live on terms of peace and respect with all her neighbors, her late despoiler included, until such time as she should be herself again. The wisdom and statesmanship as well as the moral courage of this change of course in Gambetta have come, in most minds, to be beyond question now; but at the time the change was the cause of much calumnious bitterness on the part of his enemies and of painful estrangement from some of his friends. But of this more anon.

At Gambetta's breakfasts in the rue Montaigne, and afterward in the rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, politics were of course always in the air, and from time to time one of his special lieutenants, de Freycinet or Spuller or Challemel-Lacour or Ranc, might be noticed going up to the head of the table for a confidential word aside with the chief. But the social atmosphere was almost as much literary and artistic as political. Both by taste and knowledge Gambetta could hold his own well and eloquently upon such subjects. He had in youth been both a greedy reader and a careful note-taker, and his memory was vigorous and well stored. In modern literature he loved both the great classics and the great romantics, but had little appetite for the then new and aggressive school of realists. One of the best dissections of Zola and his work I ever heard was at Gambetta's table. It was one of the guests, if I remember aright, and not the chief himself, who

struck me as hitting the nail precisely on the head when he declared that Zola was under a mere delusion in imagining himself a realist; that he was in truth a perverted ultraromantic, the essential note of whose work was the *lyrisme effréné* with which he emphasized and piled up and exaggerated the squalid and loathsome. Among the habitual guests at these breakfasts, and one of the host's most intimate and trusted friends, was the famous actor Coquelin, whom I knew independently. I have a lively recollection of a day when, after the meal was over and cigarettes lighted, Coquelin, seated straddlewise and talking over the back of his chair, held forth on the manner in which, if he had the chance, he would wish to play the part of Alceste in Molière's "Misanthrope." "On peut être distingué quand on veut," he interjected of himself, with a gesture meant to indicate as much: but the idea that such a part could fit him only showed that an artist incomparable within his range, and brilliantly intelligent to boot, could be very imperfectly conscious of his own physical limitations. He did, I believe, attempt the part afterward in England (did he also in America?) but never at the Comédie Française.

At the salon of Madame Adam in the Boulevard Poissonnière Gambetta's special gift and steadfast purpose of closing cleavages in his party, of bringing and keeping together the divers dissentient and mutually suspicious groups which it included, were seconded to admiration by the sagacious and single-minded goodwill of the host, and still more by the social charm and tact of his wife, a woman as cultivated as she was handsome and gracious. There too the atmosphere, though mainly political, was literary and artistic as well. My own chief passport to the lady's notice and hospitality had been my interest in Greek art and literature. I was grateful to her for the opportunities her invitations gave me of watching her at her woman's work of putting one after the other into good humor now some fossilized doctrinaire of the Left Centre, now some fiery young ultraradical from the south, and now some moody waverer between several camps, and so predisposing all manner of discordant male tempers to yield to the

persuasions and arguments by which the chief should induce them to sink differences and work together. But she had her own unsubduable and passionately impatient emotions of patriotism, and could not prevent *La Revanche* from being the continual cry not only of her heart but of her tongue. After a while Gambetta's policy of never letting the word be uttered, however deeply the mind might cherish the purpose, wore out and alienated this headstrong feminine spirit. His reasoned conviction was that France was bound to live on terms of respect and international courtesy, if not amity, with Germany until time should bring her strength and opportunity to stand up on equal terms and demand restitution of the lost provinces or compensation for them. She crudely and blindly denounced this policy as "Bismarckism," and not only their political co-operation but their friendship, despite loyal efforts on both parts to preserve it, came to an end. This happened within a year or two after her husband's death in 1877; and by 1879 she was devoting her whole energies to the foundation and conduct of a great literary enterprise of her own, the *Nouvelle Revue*.

Here is a document, hitherto unpublished, which may serve to illustrate that attitude of Gambetta toward Germany and the *Revanche* which was one of the chief causes of estrangement between this friend and himself. To account for its existence I must explain that when I was in Greece in 1876 the German minister there was Herr von Radowitz (the Monsieur de R. of the letter), a brilliant and still young diplomatist who had been until lately Bismarck's secretary and stood especially high in the great Chancellor's favor. He and I saw much of each other at Athens, and were companions on several excursions and for the time being great friends. He having to depart for Berlin and I for London about the same time, we had agreed to come away together by one of the Austrian Lloyd mail-boats proceeding round Cape Malea to Trieste. An invitation to dinner for both of us at the English Legation coming for the night on which we should have started, we decided to change our plans, stay for the dinner, which we knew was bound to be pleasant, and travel from

Athens to Corinth and via Patras, a short cut which would enable us to reach Corfu before the arrival of the Austrian mail-boat and be picked up there by her. Carrying out this plan, we came to Corfu accordingly, and after a few hours' rest went down to the harbor for the mail-steamer at the hour when she was due. The hour passed and she did not appear; and then another hour and another and another, until late in the afternoon there came the news that she had been in collision with an English cargo ship at three o'clock in the morning and gone down like a stone with absolutely every soul on board. Thus we two had had as narrow an escape for our lives as was possible to have without the least touch or thrill of adventure in it. Inasmuch as the change of plan which had brought it about was of my proposal, Herr von Radowitz, and afterward his family, chose to look upon me as having saved his life, and made much of me accordingly when I went to carry out some studies at Berlin the next year. Talking incidentally of Gambetta and of his position and aims in France, von Radowitz said how very highly his moderation and good sense were coming to be appreciated in Germany. I have never been a meddler in politics; but this time, fancying from my friend's manner that his words were meant to be repeated, I wrote to Gambetta and quoted them. It was one of the busiest and most trying moments of Gambetta's whole career, but he took the trouble to answer me with his own hand, saying how much he valued such an expression of opinion, and how one of his main objects was and would be that France should convince her neighbors beyond the Rhine of her own stability and moderation:—

"MON CHER MONSIEUR COLVIN,

"Je vous suis extrêmement reconnaissant de la lettre si intéressante que vous avez bien voulu m'écrire. J'avais depuis déjà longtemps le pressentiment très vif qu'au delà des Vosges on savait voir et juger sainement et notre conduite et notre sincérité. Mais rien ne pouvait plus opportunément me confirmer dans mes espérances et mes vues que les déclarations si nettes et si fermes de votre éminent interlocuteur.

"Toutefois je dois dire, pour ne rien

laisser dans l'ombre, qu'il me faut toute la confiance légitime que m'inspire le bon sens de mon pays, pour ne pas trembler devant les conséquences possibles de la monstrueuse aventure du 16 Mai. Heureusement nous vaincrons et alors il sera donné aux hommes de bonne volonté, animés de sages idées libérales et progressives, de donner à tous ceux qui au delà de nos frontières observent l'évolution de la France, des preuves et des gages de leur politique de paix et de modération au dedans et au dehors. Veuillez croire à mes sentiments dévoués,

LEON GAMBETTA

35, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin,
Paris, 11 Oct., 1877."

In writing to Gambetta as I did I had not at all realized the extent to which he was making it his own duty and business to inform himself at first hand of the state of political and military affairs in Germany. In his reply he naturally does not give me the least hint of the fact, which has since come out, that he had actually himself, barely a month before the date of my letter, spent a fortnight incognito in the enemy's country observing and studying these matters for himself.* His reference in the second paragraph to the pending crisis in France relates of course to the consequences of Marshal MacMahon's action, on the 16th of the previous May, in arbitrarily dismissing the ministry of Jules Simon and forming, in the teeth of Republican majorities both in Chamber and Senate, a ministry of violent reaction under de Broglie and Fourtou. Differences among the various reactionary parties, and perhaps some bed-rock strain of soldierly honesty in the Marshal himself, had saved France from the military *coup d'état* and attempt at monarchical restoration which had been generally expected to follow. The Chamber had been legally dissolved and elections for a new Chamber held. The declaration of the result, so decisive for the whole future history of France,

*The circumstances of this tour are fully related by Gambetta in a letter to Madame Adam dated September 20th and published in the sixth volume of her "Souvenirs" ("Nos Amitiés Politiques avant l'abandon de la Revanche," Paris, 1908, pp. 388-393). In the course of the next year, 1878, pourparlers for a formal and public meeting of Gambetta and Bismarck were set on foot, but afterward broken off by Gambetta lest such a meeting should be misinterpreted.

was due on October 14, only three days after the date of Gambetta's letter to me printed above. A large although diminished Republican majority was in fact returned, confirming Gambetta's prophetic threat that the Marshal would have either to submit or resign (*se soumettre ou se démettre*). He first submitted to the extent of appointing a ministry from the Left Centre and Left, and about a year later resigned. By this time Gambetta had become in all men's eyes incontestably the chief personage in France. But wisely or unwisely, he did not think the time ripe for him to assume the office of Chief of the State. First as president of the budget commission, then for nearly two years as president of the Chamber, then for a short while as prime minister, then as president of the army commission, he continued to be involved in incessant struggles on behalf of the domestic and foreign policies he thought wise. Meanwhile every kind of rancorous jealousy and ingratitude was unchained in endeavors by his enemies and false friends to blacken him in the sight of France as a would-be dictator; and the worst of the obloquy thus aroused was only beginning to pass away when death overtook him (December 31, 1882).

During those last four years I was much less in France than previously, and saw little of him. Indeed I cannot remember that I ever spoke with him after he had become president of the Chamber; or shared his hospitality under its new, more sumptuous and ceremonious conditions at the Palais Bourbon. Certainly I never saw nor suspected—but in this I was practically at one with all except the very nearest of his intimates—the existence of the tie which had been through all those strenuous years the governing fact and secret inspiration of his life. Since one of his friends* has made public the story of his relations with Mademoiselle Léonie Leon, and the determined self-abnegation which kept that devoted woman from consenting, until almost the very end, openly to share his life, the new halo of a great romantic passion has been added to Gambetta's ever-growing fame as a statesman.

* Francis Laur, "Le Cœur de Gambetta," Paris, 1907.



"Shall we go take a little walk?"—Page 226.

A STRONG ARM

By Jane Grey Potter

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. R. WEED



IHAD launched out, determined to be a useful citizen and act as man to man among human beings, quite without sex-consciousness. My father, after opposing my determination for a while, had finally given way, and, like an angel, had allowed me to leave the family nest and to take a secretarial job—also a couple of rooms in town.

A friend of mine in one of the big hospitals had long been urging me to sing in the wards for the patients. I had heard of women volunteers who had won for themselves halos—in their own eyes—by stroking fevered brows "for the twenty-fifth time," and when finally on my first afternoon off I arranged to spend an hour singing at the hospital, I took a wicked delight in choosing for my "repertoire" everything as far as possible from a Rock-of-Ages effect.

In the women's medical ward I sang some darky songs—beams and smiles.

In the men's medical I sang the latest ragtime snatch—clapping and cheers. In the men's surgical I gave them more "rag," and ended with a whistling-song—frantic applause, beating on the floor with crutches, whoops, shouts—in short, a riot!

The hospital missionary chuckled. "Your idea was evidently a success," she said, as she accompanied me toward the entrance.

As we passed along the corridor, the door of a private room stood ajar and a man's dark head against the pillow caught my eye. I stopped short, looked in in surprise, and continued looking. In a moment he turned restlessly and saw me. I heard "Anne!" as he sat straight up. I walked into the room. It was Mac Dean.

"What are you doing here?" I said impulsively.

"Anne! was that you I heard singing? Suppose that door hadn't been open!"

I turned to the missionary. "May I have a few minutes' talk with him?" I

asked, nodding toward the bed. "He's an old friend of my family"—I felt my cheeks warm a little under the significant look from the patient.

"I'll ask the nurse," said the mission-

knee up under his chin and clasping it round, quilt and all.

"I'm not, and I don't," said I hastily, "as far as the first part of your remarks are concerned. Mac, you're thirty years



A man's dark head against the pillow caught my eye.—Page 224.

ary. "I think she'll let you." And she went out, leaving us alone.

"Anne, you're as mean as a little boy," spoke up the patient. "You love to make people suffer. But it's becoming to you!" He looked at me steadily, drawing one

old and you ought to be reasonable, but you're ill, so I suppose you're not."

"I'm not ill," he answered quickly. "I slipped on the squash-court at the club yesterday playing a game with Bill Jarvis. I sprang a ligament in my knee. They

have to push it around every day so I'm here till they get through."

"I don't know Bill Jarvis. But I'm sorry he put you in a hospital."

"I suppose you're trying out your scheme, dear plucky one?"

"Yes, I am, and it's working beautifully. It all depends on the women. I knew it did," I said triumphantly.

He looked at me a bit sadly. "And you're not lonely?"

"Well," I admitted, "there are days I'd love to go to a baseball game with you like two cronies—but, Mac, I could never make you behave."

"Will you let me try it?" he asked eagerly. "When this confounded knee gets straight?"

I shook a finger at him. "Remember the decree," I admonished.

"Oh, hang the decree!" he said softly. "Anne, will you marry me?"

"There! you see," cried I. "I can never trust you!" and I got up. "I'm going. Good-by."

"Good-by," he said quietly. "It isn't my fault, you know. I didn't make you so sweet and then put diabolical ideas into your little noddle to torture men with." He laughed a little, half soberly, too. "Man to man—you can't do it!"

"Good-by," I said again. "I can!" and I walked out in my most dignified manner, but with a sinking sort of feeling inside of me. Thank goodness nobody can see inside!

I took up my little bundle of music, bade my adieux to the cordial and most enthusiastic missionary, and departed.

My one afternoon off had been eventful. When would I have another? After two weeks of steady work from nine to five-thirty with a hasty snatch for luncheon, I began to think the only disability of the working system was its monotony. If the world, now, should just knock off one day in the middle of the week, besides Sunday, how much better things would go!

The long shadows of an October day found me leaving the office with a quick tread and wending my way out to a certain favorite bench in the park. Here there was always a procession of interesting-looking persons, strolling or sitting or stopping to watch the schoolboys' sports which were usually in full swing on the acres of greensward. I found much en-

joyment in fitting the casual comers into imaginary backgrounds.

As I approached the bench to which I had come to feel a proprietary right, I saw that it was occupied. A young man was sitting on one end of it. Should I take the other end? Why not? I took it.

The boys were having a snappy football practice.

I looked squarely at the young man on the bench. He was clean-shaven, light-haired—a decent-looking chap. Why shouldn't I fit him into a real background instead of an imaginary one? What keeps a girl from opening a conversation with a casual man, just as with a casual woman, if she choose to, except the crust of century-old convention?

In my turned-down black sailor hat, my flat-heeled shoes, my tailored serge, I felt that I looked discreet. Surely a discreet-looking person might open a conversation with impunity. I broke through the crust.

"Those boys seem to be getting their money's worth," I volunteered.

"Do you like football?" he asked, turning round to me with enthusiasm.

"Yes."

A man drove by us crouched behind the wheel of a low car built for speed.

I glanced after him. "He looks as if he meant business."

"He does," he replied. "He's one of the champion racers. He can drive a car at a hundred per—and that's some speed. I'm a chauffeur and I know."

We were both silent a few minutes, having apparently nothing further to say.

"Now isn't this a lark," I meditated. "A man—a chauffeur and myself conversing together on a park bench, and not a grain of anything between us more than between two men."

Then he spoilt it. He edged toward me. "Shall we go take a little walk?"

I glanced at him sharply. He was smiling with what I should call a fatuous smile. I got up.

"No, thank you," I remarked dryly and walked quickly away. He did not follow.

I returned to my little apartment in a baffled mood. "Pride goeth before a fall," I thought with a laugh as I got out the chafing-dish and began to cook my oysters. But there's nothing the matter with my theory. I'll prove it yet."



Drawn by C. R. Weed.

In pounded the winning run and the crowd went mad.—Page 228.

I took the picture of my father from its place on the bureau. "You think I'm clean wrong—and so does Mac Dean. Well, we shall see."

Two days afterward the town fell into the fever of the World's Series.

Everything was agog. Our office was utterly unable to keep its mind on business. By three in the afternoon the demoralization was complete. Everybody from the chiefs down to the office-boy faded away.

Catching the fever, I made my way down the street toward the bulletin-board where the game was being "played." Men, men, men, not a woman in sight. I was a "fan"—why shouldn't I join the crowd if I wanted to?

I found myself wedged into a rabble hundreds strong, watching intently the runners, the batters, the fielders, which to the initiated go flashing about the board as vividly as they do on the diamond.

The eighth inning—the score even—excitement ran high. A stocky man in a brown suit quietly elbowed a place for me on the curb. I murmured my thanks.

The crowd was evidently anxious. One man on second. I glanced at the batting-order. Two men on bases. The next men up were our weakest! The man beside me groaned.

"Wait for a pinch-hitter," I said.

"Good girl," he laughed. And that moment the numerals shifted and the next man up was the most famous slugger on the team!

There was a twinkle on the board—a row of flashes—and a shout from the crowd as we all saw the batter knock one man to third and land himself on second.

There was a lull—some dispute over the umpire's decision. My stocky friend and I discussed the prospects of a victory, also of the weather, for gathering clouds threatened a shower. He seemed a good sport.

"You're a real fan, aren't you?" he said. "Do you go to all the games here?"

"Well, I go whenever I can."

"Your watch has stopped," he said. His eyes were evidently not glued to the board.

I wound my watch rather hurriedly. The game went on.

Another moment and there was a flash

of lightning and a flash on the board. A hit!—in pounded the winning run and the crowd went mad. The skies echoed the thunder of their roars.

I walked quickly up the avenue toward home. A few drops began to fall. I had had a thrilling hour, had joined a crowd of men-fans and had been treated like one. "Satisfactory," I thought. "Why don't more women do it?"

A voice sounded at my ear. "Say, little girl, wouldn't you like to go get a glass of beer?"

I turned. It was my stocky friend.

"No!" I thundered.

"But why not?" he urged.

"Because!" I shouted back as the rain began to pelt down.

He took hold of my elbow in a friendly way. "It's going to be wet," he said amiably.

My eye fell on a passing automobile which seemed to linger near the curb as if seeking a customer. I dashed out to it. The driver, muffled in mackintosh and hood, leaned out.

"Quick!—I'll hire you!" I said, and gave him my address.

Off we flew. The stocky man stood staring through slanting lines of rain.

As we slipped along the shining streets, I touched the driver's sleeve. The man was not going the direct route.

He turned about. There was something vaguely familiar in the curve of his shoulder. He pulled down the mackintosh collar from about his ears and laughed. It was the chauffeur of the park bench. His eyes were twinkling wickedly.

"Oh," I said, remembering the end of our conversation of a few days before. "It's you! But you're not going to my street the right way. To the left——"

"I'll turn up here," he answered, and swung the car directly to the right.

Was the man deaf? "I said the *left*," I repeated.

"Why shouldn't we take a little spin? The shower's over—look!" The sky was breaking in the west.

"But I *hired* you to take me home."

"Well, I won't charge you. You wouldn't take a walk with me the other day—so we might take a little drive now instead." Again that wicked twinkle.

If I had had a stamping place for my

feet, I would have stamped with anger. "You're not a chauffeur. You're a bandit! Take me where I told you," I insisted. "Do you want me to jump out?"

He speeded the car. "Yes—jump out at the place I'll show you and we'll have some chicken and waffles."

We were racing out toward the river. The sun had burst through the clouds in a final wave of glory, and had gone down as it were, cheering.

A vision of the stocky man and the glass of beer swam before me. "Out of the frying-pan," I ruminated.

I gazed steadfastly at the speedometer. It was nearing thirty-five when the chug of a motor-cycle sounded in our ears—a blur of blue flashed by us and our car slowed down and came to a stop before the insistent arm of a policeman.

"Confound it," said my bandit.

Leaving me in the car he went to one side of the road where he and the policeman talked with some heat. The request was made that my presence be not required if it came to a court and a fine. The policeman was obdurate. He had bagged his game. As witness, or *particeps criminis*, I knew not which, I must stay by.

We trailed back into town and were haled into the nearest police-court. I took a seat in the back of the Star Chamber. The magistrate heard the case. Justice put the price of liberty at forty-five dollars! The bandit drew a long face and withdrew to an outer room to telephone. I kept my seat—and also my own counsel.

In a few minutes my rash acquaintance came back with the information that the forty-five dollars was on the way. He seemed to have no further interest in me. He walked to the back of the room and sat down apparently much crestfallen, on the extreme end of the bench I occupied. Thus we sat in silence.

This affair was ceasing to be either fun or funny if it ever had been. My theory seemed to have a monkey-wrench in its gear—it was growing late—and I was frightfully hungry.

"Thank goodness it was an arrest and not an accident," I thought. "Nobody need ever know—" I had reached that point when there was a sound of footsteps outside and the door opened upon Mac Dean.

He cast a glance at the figure at the other end of the bench, then came straight to me. He did not seem at all surprised at my being there. "Anne, how are you?" he said, with the old beam in his eye that I had run away from.

"Oh, Mac!" I began weakly.

"Wait!" he said and walked across the room to the bandit.

I gasped. "What do you mean?" I said. But he only laughed.

"Come along and we'll fix this up." The bandit grinned and the two of them went up to the magistrate's desk, talked with the motor-policeman—a roll of bills was handed over to the magistrate, something was entered by him in a big book—the case was dismissed.

I watched the proceedings stupidly. Where had Mac Dean come from? And what was he doing paying wild men's fines?

Then to my consternation, Mac, after a moment's talk with the bandit, took him chummily by the arm and led him toward me.

"Anne," he said. "You may not think it, but this man is really a good, safe driver."

"I'm not looking for a chauffeur, thank you," I replied.

"But chauffeurs are looking for you," he said wickedly. "Anne, this is my friend Bill Jarvis."

"Bill Jarvis!" I echoed, looking into the bandit's now sheepish face. "Bill Jarvis! The man who put you in the hospital! Then you're not a bandit! I—what!" I collapsed.

He held out his hand with a twinkle that recalled the park bench. "I really ought to beg your pardon, Miss Gordon, but Mac—"

"That's right," interrupted Mac. "It's time you two were introduced. Shake hands on it and be friends."

I felt my hand grasped strongly.

"Now, Anne," said Mac, "if you're as ravenous as I am, we'll have some supper. My runabout's outside."

"We went down the police-court steps to the waiting automobiles."

"Good-by, Bill," said Mac. "Sorry you can't join us."

But I intervened. "Mr. Jarvis, I'd like to explain—"

"So would I, but Mac won't let me,"



Mac helped me out of the car, then came close, and put his arms about me.—Page 231.

he laughed. We shook hands again, he jumped in his car and was off.

I gave my shoulders a little shake. "Mac Dean, my safest plan is to *walk* home."

"Dear little Anne," he said. "It's supper now. What shall it be?"

"Oh! Oh! chicken and waffles!" I answered, and got into the car obediently.

When we were purring along in the cool starlight, I leaned around Mac's big shoulder and looked in his face.

"You put Bill Jarvis up to picking me up—and then to *kidnapping* me—why?"

He chuckled. "I wanted you to come a cropper on that little theory of man to man. That day after I saw you in the

hospital I made a plan. I had a talk with Bill Jarvis and got him to stick by your office in the afternoons and follow you around. He found your bench—and then you up and ran away!"

"Because he didn't play fair," I returned hotly. "I talked common sense with him and then he began to—philander."

"Anne, we all do—that's why your scheme won't work."

"Did you 'plant' that man at the baseball board, too?" I demanded.

He grew serious. "No!" he exclaimed. "What man? Tell me!"

I told him. "And it would serve you right," I finished, "if I were drinking beer à deux this minute in a chop suey joint!"

"Oh, times! Oh, customs!" he groaned.

For a few minutes we rolled along in silence.

"What weapon has a girl, then?" I burst out. "Just silence?"

"Somebody's strong arm," he answered primitively.

We drew into the shadows of the trees outside the driveway of a club-house. Lights twinkling behind it showed deep porches where late diners could still be seen at small tables.

Mac helped me out of the car, then came close, and put his arms about me.

"Anne, will you be my wife? I love you."

I tried to say something but he kissed me and patted my hair and I found myself trembling.

"Mac, if I weren't so *hungry*——"

"Anne—blessed girl! Chicken and waffles! Come." As we started toward the club-house he said joyfully, "We'll have old Bill Jarvis for best man."

"And the hospital missionary for maid of honor!" I replied.

THE BEREAVED

By Louis Untermeyer

RICH in your grief, I watch you go
 Wearing the perfume and the pomp of woe;
 Deprived of nothing half so much
 As of the things you will not see or touch.
 Your pale and half-transparent thought
 Is, even in its simple strictures, caught
 By all the platitudes of pride
 And self-indulgence that you cannot hide.
 You have bereaved yourself of many things
 Besides the bird-like, childish joy that sings
 Within your spirit, that which loves
 Whatever runs and leaps or merely moves. . . .
 Forget this self-inflicted hurt
 And find yourself in all the sharp, alert
 Business of living. Join once more
 The human stream that surges past your door.
 Go, leave your books and live again
 In the miraculous, laughing world of men.
 See how this shop-girl's hunger thrills
 With romance walking on the painted hills;
 Or watch her dull and wooden boy
 Burn with a livelier fire than levelled Troy.
 For you a thousand points of light
 Pierce through the funeral draperies of night;
 For you, Time scorns its cenotaph
 And in your blood all ages leap and laugh.
 For you the sun goes riding by
 Over the flaming ridges of the sky,
 And every swift, adventuring day
 Jeers at your dark, ridiculous display.
 Let these things have you till you grow
 Ashamed of your denial, and you go,
 Shedding your truant airs, like one
 Who finds, instead of death and life undone,
 Only the promise of a thing begun.

THE PANJORUM BUCKET

By Armistead C. Gordon

Author of "Ommirandy," "Pharzy," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER BIGGS



THE old man came around the corner of the smoke-house. He walked slowly as though in contemplation, leaning on his crook-handled walking-stick and carrying in his left hand a small, covered tin bucket.

It was in a summer-time of Mr. Sinjinn's visit at Kingsmill, when Tiberius was in the flower of his precocious and prank-playing boyhood. The August sunlight was radiant, and dew-spangled morning-glories of varied hues decked the tall corn in the river low grounds whose silk had turned brittle and brown as the ears lengthened and whose tassels were gray with silver bloom.

In the kitchen Ommirandy and the Adnys, Eva and Ary, were exchanging pleasantries with Philadelphia, in anticipation of the morning's meal. The hour was nine, and Uncle Jonas had timed his visit to accord with the return, on the big "waiter," to the kitchen, from the Great House, of the remnants left from the "white folks'" breakfast.

Ommirandy and Delphy had been discussing the frustrated efforts of a turkey-hen to enter the room through an open window, which had been met by hostile demonstrations from the cook.

"She tryin' fur ter git in here ter make a nes' in dat hominy-mortar," said Delphy. "Dat what she projickin' arfter. I been notice all my life dat a turkey ruther lay in a mortar dan anywhar's else on de plantation."

The desired goal of the clumsy fowl was a huge log, set on end, with a deep excavation in its upper part, wherein it had been the wont of more than one generation of cooks at Kingsmill to crack, with the wooden pestle which lay on the shelf near it, the corn that furnished the family's "big hominy." The housewives of the old mansion would have deemed some-

thing lacking on the winter's breakfast-table without the "big hominy," fried to a crisp, as a companion dish to the brown and savory sausages, which both Old Mars' and young Mars' Jeems always demanded.

"She gwi git dar yit," said Ommirandy, "ef you don't shet her out. She p'int'ly pugnishious."

"'Mornin', ladies all," said Uncle Jonas, entering with great deliberation and with an assumption of unusual dignity. He walked across the kitchen floor and proceeded to hang his hat and stick upon their accustomed nail. Then he seated himself in a chair by the open window.

The old woman eyed him with a look of suspicion, which grew into malevolence, as, without waiting to learn what the company had been talking about, he broke into the conversation.

"I been thinkin', ez I come along, 'bout dat man which de vest'ymen o' Christ Church dey collected him ter be de preacher de year arfter de s'render. I done furgit his name; but he was some kin ter Mars' Paul Burrell, down de ribber. He didn' stay mo'n a few mont's."

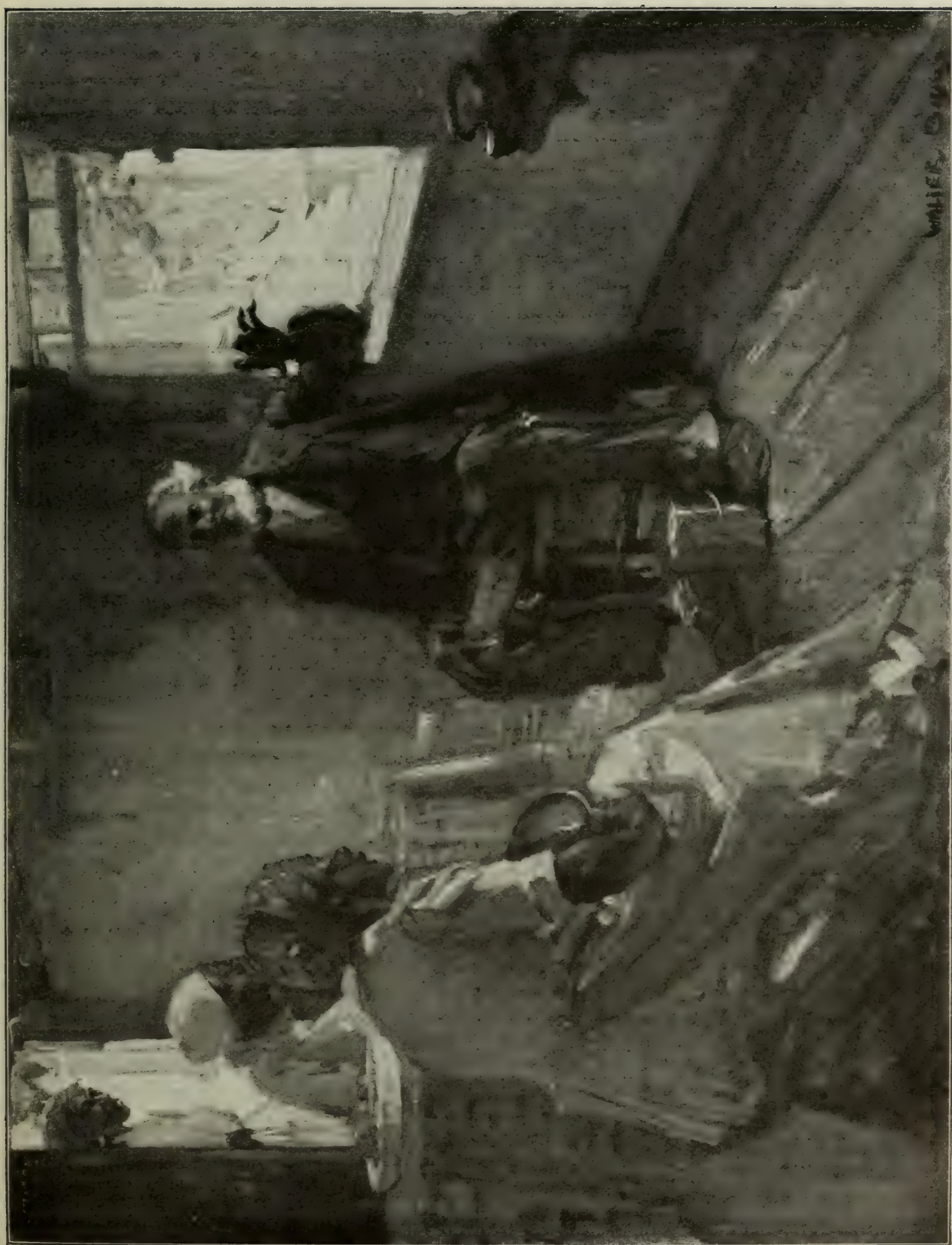
"He gen'ully full o' hisse'f when he busts in like dat," said the old woman in a low voice to Delphy. "You wudden see young Mars' Jeems ur Mr. Sinjinn carry on dat-a-way, when ladies wuz talkin'."

Uncle Jonas had deposited the covered tin bucket on the floor in front of his chair, and was now guarding it with a jealous foot on each side.

"What you got in dat bucket, Jonas?" queried Ommirandy, with visible impatience of his incipient reminiscences. "You look like you 'feared somebody gwi take it 'way f'om you."

He pretended not to hear her.

"Dat preacher useter buy his butter fur his wife an' chilluns, which he possess'



Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"Jes' ez he tuk his tex', 'Rasmus come, an' stopped right plum' in de front do'."—Page 234.

six o' seben uv' 'em; an' he got it f'om his cousin Paul. He done come out o' de War purty hard up, Mars' Paul is, which he sells him de butter, jes' like we-all is done; an' he got ter sell anything he kin off'n his plantashun fur ter make his buckle an' tongue meet. What *wuz* dat preacher name', Sister M'randy?"

The old woman glowered at him and made no reply.

"Dem vest'yemen didn' pay de man his 'lowance ez peart ez dey mought 'a' done, ef dey been had plenty o' money in dem days, which dey didn' have it; an' de preacher was 'bleedge fur ter wait on 'em fur ter git his celery; an' sometime his cousin Paul had ter wait on him fur ter git his sheer uv it, too."

"Celery!" ejaculated Ommirandy scornfully. "Celery! Ise knowed niggers dat deir folks belong' in dis fam'bly fur hunnerds o' years, an' been wait on ladies an' gent'mun, dat keeps a-talkin' Gumbo-nigger talk all dey life like dey jes' come out o' Affigy."

The patriarch paid no attention to the caustic criticism.

"Some folks acks like dey deaf an' dum'," whispered Delphy to the old woman.

"He deaf when he wanter be," she replied audibly. "I ain't nuver seed him dum' yit. Mis' Nancy say he got de gif' o' de gab."

"One Sunday," continued Uncle Jonas, "which it was in de summer-time, like dis is, whence de do's an' de winders o' de church was all open like dese is, de preacher he tuk'n went up in de pilput, dressed up in his black nightgown, fur ter preach de gospil ter de cong'egashun. I been hear Mars' Jeems tell Mr. Sinjinn 'bout it, bein' ez how Mr. Sinjinn ain't come here in dem days, de year arfter de War. De preacher is done got one o' de Old Town niggers, which Mars' Jeems done loant him ter him, fur ter wuk his gyarden an' do fur him; an' dat speshul Sunday mornin' he done sont dis here 'Rasmus nigger over ter his cousin Paul, 'fo' breakfus', fur de day's butter. 'Rasmus nuver did have no sense, nohow. Dar dey all wuz, de ladies an' de gent'muns all wid dey Sunday furbelows on, an' de preacher in his righteous robes up dar, ready fur ter preach ter 'em.

"Jes' ez he tuk his tex', 'Rasmus come, an' stopped right plum' in de front do'. De preacher didn' see him. He tuk his tex', an' he look' aroun', an' he say: 'Fus' Depistle o' de 'postle ter de Corinthicums, seben' chapter, twenty-nine' verse.' Den he stop, an' he gaze' down at his paper, which he got it dar on de pilput befo' him, fur ter read off'n it. De ladies was a-fannin' deyselves, an' de gent'muns, which dey ain't yit got ready fur ter go ter sleep, was lookin' out de winders. All de time dis here 'Rasmus was stan'in' dar in de do', waitin' fur ter put in his mouf, which he done so."

Delphy and the Adnys listened attentively while the old man talked. Ommirandy, with scornful face, affected a contemptuous indifference.

"What did Paul say?' de preacher axed 'em, arfter he done gi'n out de tex', which he was wukin' up ter it. 'What did Paul say?' Den an' dar dat 'Rasmus call out, so evvybody in de church could hear him: 'Mars' Paul say you ain't gwi' git no mo' butter ontwel you pays him fur dat what you already done got.'

"When Mars' Jeems tell Mr. Sinjinn dat tale, which Mr. Sinjinn don't larf out loud much, he larf out loud when he heerd it. Den he ax Mars' Jeems fur ter fetch de dominoes."

"Jonas," said Ommirandy, yawning and regarding the bucket which the old man continued to keep between his feet, "what dat you got in dat tin bucket?"

"Is you-all uver been notice' 'bout pigs, how much sense dey's got?" he queried, looking around at the assemblage.

Delphy, who, with sleeves rolled up, was stirring the batter in a big yellow bowl with blue stripes around the top of it, preparatory to making the corn dodgers which were intended to supplement the remnants of the Great House breakfast, glanced at Ommirandy and whispered to Evadne, who sat next to her:

"He better quit his foolishness. He gwi' git hisse'f inter trouble pres'n'y. She done ax him two times what he got in dat bucket, an' dat's enough."

No one made reply to Uncle Jonas's query.

"I always is knowed dat hawgs could smell de win', an' tell when a thunder-

storm is comin'," he continued, "but dat ain't all. Hawgs an' pigs kin onderstan' what folks sez ter 'em."

Ommirandy maintained an ominous silence, with a face like a graven image.

"Little while ago, whence I come up f'om Ole Town wid dis here bucket," he continued, "I heerd a mighty gruntin' an' a-squealin' gwine on behime me, jes' ez I turned inter de yard. I tuk'n look back, an' dat little red-spotty pig o' Janey's is done crope thoo a crack in de pen an' been foll'in' me up de main road. I done leety-moty got ter de smoke-house, an' I didn' want no pig runnin' roun' in dis Kingsmill yard arfter me. So I turn 'roun', I did, an' I looks at de pig. Whence de pig see me stop an' look at him, de pig stop an' look at me.

"I sez ter de pig: 'Pig, ain't you got good sense?'

"Dat pig done quit holl'in' jes' ez soon ez I turn 'roun' an' sez dem words ter him.

"I sez ter de pig: 'Pig, don't you know you ain't got no biz'ness up here in dis here Gre't House yard? Mars' Jeems ketch you up here, 'way f'om yo' quarters, an' he gwi' w'ar you out!'

"I ain't mo'n say dem words ter de pig, whence dat pig turn' right 'roun' an' run back down de road, wid his tail quirked up like a bow-knot, jes' ez dum' ez a sheep. He nuber eben grunt'. Dat pig done smack back at Janey's 'fo' now."

"Lor', Unc' Jonas," said Delphy, "de pig was foll'in' you fur ter fine out what you got in dat bucket. Dat what de matter wid de pig."

"Well, den," said the old man, with a malicious chuckle, "he ain't done foun' it out yit; an' dey's some dat ain't pigs dat w'u'd like fur ter know what's in dar, an' dey don't know it yit."

He paused and regarded the bucket. Then he turned it around with his feet.

"Dis here is a Panjorum bucket," he said significantly.

Mingled curiosity and apprehension took possession of the Adnys, who tittered, holding their heads down, with open hands before their faces, and peered between their fingers at Ommirandy.

Wrath sat throned on the old woman's rugged features.

"What sort o' bucket is dat what you

mention, Unc' Jonas?" ventured Delphy, deferentially.

As she spoke, she deposited in swift succession a series of "scratch-backs" in the spider on the hearth, with the iron spoon from the yellow bowl of corn-meal batter.

"I gwi' tell you 'bout it, Sister Philadelphia," he replied, crossing his knees and assuming an air of mysterious importance. "Ole Mars' been tell me 'bout it 'fo' de War."

Ommirandy sniffed. During most of his monologue, he had kept his face averted from hers. Now he threw his head back, after a fashion that he had when he felt especially complacent, and fixed his gaze on the kitchen ceiling.

"Way back yonder, Ole Mars' say, 'long 'bout de time whence his white folks fus' come ter Kingsmill, which it was hunnerds an' hunnerds o' years ago, dar was one cullud 'oman lived somewhars here on dis ribber, which her name was Panjorum. Ole Mars' is been 'splain ter me, whence he tell me 'bout her, jes' adzackly which plantashun 'twas dat de 'oman live on—somewhars down below de Cote-House, I disremembrance now whar it was. But she live dar, an' dat was de 'oman's name. Her daddy was a cunjer-man, which all de folks on de ribber, white an' black, rich an' po', high an' low, dey come an' gi'n de 'oman evvy kind o' present an' gif' in de worl' whence she was a baby. Dey was skeered not ter, 'long uv her daddy, 'scusin' he mought put de cunjer on ter 'em. De nigger-wimmen, which dey didn' have no fine gif's fur ter give her, fotch her bowls uv cush-cush; but she like' dat, 'case you-all knows dey ain't nothin' dat nigger-babies loves better'n cush-cush."

"An' white chillun, too," commented Philadelphia, listening with keen interest, as she raked some live coals out of the fireplace with the long-handled shovel, and adjusted them under the spider. "Dat dey duz."

"Well, sir," continued Uncle Jonas, still exploring the kitchen-ceiling, "dat Panjorum 'oman's gran'-daddy, what live down to'des Richmon', tuk'n sont her his gif', whence all de t'others was sendin' their'n. He was a cunjer-man, likewise an' also; an' he sont his gran'-chile a

present, which Ole Mars' say it always is been knowed sense den, down ter dis here day, by de name an' entitle uv de Panjorum-box, beca'se dat was de name uv de cullud 'oman, which her gran'-pa sont it ter her. Whence he sont her dat box, he say she ain't got ter open de box, under no circumspicion, ontwel he come, an' dat he gwi' be along in a few weeks, an' den dey all is gwine ter fine out what is in de Panjorum-box whence he come. An' dey was sump'n' in dat box, too, Ise here fur ter tell you!"

He withdrew his gaze from the ceiling and looked from Delphy to the Adnys with an expression of triumph at the visible impression made by his story of the mysterious box.

Ommirandy arose.

"I ain' got no time fur ter listen ter all dis here foolishness, an' jaw," she said. "Mis' Nancy want me. Delphy, you jes' set my breakfas' ter one side dar on de table. I gwi' come back later an' git it when dey's mo' room an' smaller talk in dis kitchen."

Uncle Jonas smiled significantly as she departed, and went on with his story.

"Dat Panjorum 'oman, bein' ez how she warn't nothin' but a baby, she cudden open de box, which her gran'-pa had done sont it ter her. 'Co'se she cudden. But her ma, she boun' fur ter fine out what in dat box. She jes' ez full o' cur'osity ez a dawg is o' fleas. She jes' 'bleedge ter. Ole Mars' say de Panjorum 'oman's mammy tuk'n open de box, fur ter see what gwi' come out'n it; an' a whole raft o' bugs an' varmints come out'n it, which it made de chile's pa, dat was de cunjer-man, so mad wid her, dat he den an' dar turn' her inter a baboon. Ole Mars' say dey tell him dat she look jes' ez much like a baboon ez one o' dese big gu-rillas which you sees 'em at de circus."

"What was dem things dat come out o' de Panjorum-box, Unc' Jonas?" queried Delphy in an awed undertone.

"You better git dem dodgers out o' dat spider," said the old man. "Dey's burnin'."

Delphy rescued the "scratch-backs," and set his breakfast for him on the long deal table. The others awaited Ommirandy's return.

"When duz she say she comin' back?"

he asked superciliously, as he took his pipe and tobacco-poke from his coat-pocket. After he had filled the pipe, he scooped up a coal with his fingers from the embers, and laid it on the bowl of the pipe.

There was no reply to his question. He leaned back in his chair with the contented air of one who has eaten his fill, and puffed forth volumes of smoke.

Delphy and Evadne and Ariadne were all excited by Uncle Jonas's rendition of the ancient story of Pandora's Box to learn what manner of things had come out of it; but they were afraid to question him further.

"Dat tale Ole Mars' been tell me 'bout de Panjorum-box remine me o' dis here bucket, and what I got in it; an' dis here bucket remine me o' dat little red-spotty pig foll'in' me up here; an' dat little pig an' dis here bucket fundermo' remines me uv some pigs an' some buckets, befo' de War," he said reminiscently, between the puffs of smoke. "Dat thing tickle' Ole Mars' pow'ful, arfter he done got over it."

The women listened with mingled feelings of eagerness and reluctance. They were half-resentful at his lingering in the kitchen and keeping them from their breakfast with Ommirandy, who they knew would not return from the Great House until she saw him go out of the yard. At the same time they were keenly desirous of learning what the mysterious creatures were which had come out of the Panjorum-box, when it was opened; and they also felt a characteristic curiosity to hear the story of the pigs and the buckets that had "tickled Ole Mars'."

"What was de tale 'bout de pigs an' de buckets, Unc' Jonas?" inquired Evadne, as the old man sat silently smoking. "Ain't you gwi' tell us?"

"Bein' ez how you axes fur it, Sister Philadelphy," he said, addressing the cook and ignoring Evadne, "I gwi' tell it ter you-all, marm."

He paused and pondered, as though searching his memory.

"Befo' de War, Ole Mars' had a steer-driver, which his name was Pheeschun. I reck'n you remembrance him, sister Philadelphy?"

Delphy recalled Hephaestion as a little, old, squat, bow-legged negro, with a very black face and very long arms, whom she always associated with his yoke of oxen and creaking cart, that in her childhood she had often seen him driving to and from the Wharf.

"Dat I duz, Unc' Jonas," she replied, as she removed the plate and cup from which he had eaten to the end of the kitchen-table. "Dat I duz. An' Buck an' Brack—'pears ter me like I kin hear Unc' Pheeschun talkin' ter dem two steers dis minute. 'Gee! Haw! Whoa! Come here, Buck! Whoa! Come here, Brack!' Dat de way he make 'em go de way he want 'em."

She imitated the ox-driver's commands in a deep voice. Uncle Jonas was delighted.

"I been hear Ole Mars' say, arfter dis thing happen, which I gwi' tell you-all 'bout it, dat Pheeschun mus' be some kin ter de Panjorum 'oman. He look' so much like her. He was samer'n a baboon hisse'f, dat little ole nigger wuz. Ole Mars' purchas' dem two steers f'om a man down de ribber, endurin' o' de days whence dar was dem two Presidents in de country, name' Buck and Brack, 'fo' de War, an' Ole Mars' name' 'em dat."

An odd clucking chuckle came through the open window.

"What dat?" queried the old man suspiciously, listening as if to catch its repetition. He arose and looked out of the window.

"Dat de ole bob-tail turkey-hen," responded Delphy, pouring some water into the kettle on the hearth. "She always tryin' ter git in here thoo dat winder, fur ter make a nes' in de hominy-mortar."

"Dat don't soun' ter me like no turkey-hen," he said. "Dat soun' ter me like Tibe."

"Dar she now!" replied the cook.

The turkey-hen flew up to the window-sill, and was immediately shooed off by Delphy, with a flaunt of her big checked-ingham apron.

Uncle Jonas resumed his seat.

"Dat turkey comin' in here 'mines me o' de piece o' po'try Ole Mars' useter tell, 'bout Mr. Hopkinses gell, Scuddy McGee Hopkins, which she live' up in de pines

beyant Christ Church," he said, forgetting for the moment Hephaestion and the oxen. "She was one freckle-face', strop-pin' big white gell, which Mis' useter buy berries f'om her—huckles, and straws, an' jews, an' blacks—in dem days; an' a Orrishman what live' down at de Cote-House useter be a-co'tin' uv Scuddy McGee. Ole Mars' made up dat piece o' po'try 'bout 'em hisse'f, whence de man tuk'n run off an' lef' her. Ole Mars' say:

"*'Far'well! far'well ter dee, Hopkinses' daughter,
Dus wobble McGuire ter Scuddy McGee:
'Nary turkey are lay in a hominy-mortar
A specklerer egg dan dee!'*"

The kitchen company laughed in chorus.

"But I comin' back ter Pheeschun," he continued. "One time de dairy-'oman here at Kingsmill, in dem days befo' de War, tuk sick wid de feber, an' dey warn't nobody on de place dat knowed how ter milk de cows, 'scusin' Pheeschun. De cows was in de pastur'-fiel', an' in de nex' fiel' was a passel o' big hawgs, which dey was all de time a-rootin' an' a-trampoosin' all over de place. Dem hawgs gi'n Ole Mars' a heap o' trubble, wid bustin' thoo de fences an' gittin' inter de gyarden an' inter de corn-fiel'. He jes' cudden keep 'em up, nohow. Dey went evvywhars, an' he wudden put no rings in dey snoots, nuther, like some o' de gent'muns on de ribber duz. Ole Mars' say: 'Damn 'em! Let 'em root!'

"Dar was some seben ur eight cows in dat pastur'-fiel', which Pheeschun had ter milk 'em dat time; an' Pheeschun, he went out dar in de fiel' whar dem cows was, an' he was loaded down wid tin buckets on bofe his arms. Dem cows gi'n a slew o' milk, an' it tuk six ur seben o' dem buckets fur ter hole de milk. De buckets was dese here straight up-an'-down gallon-buckets, wid wire han'les ter 'em.

"Well, sir, dat Pheeschun went inter de pastur'-fiel', an' he walk up ter de fus' cow, an' he milk' her. Den he sot dat bucket down on de groun', full o' milk, an' he lef' it dar. He went up ter de nex' cow, over yonder, an' he milk her, an' he sot dat bucket down on de groun', whar he milk de cow, an' he lef' it dar. He was

gwine ter go roun' arfter he done milk all de cows, an' gether up his buckets o' milk, an' tote 'em ter de dairy.

"Den he went up ter de nex' cow, an' he milk her, an' sot down dat bucket. He went up ter de nex' cow, but she didn' full up de bucket; so he tuk it along, wid de t'other empty buckets, 'twel he come ter de lars' cow, 'way off yonder in de fiel'. He been settin' down buckets, full o' milk, all over dat fiel', evvy which way, soon ez he milk 'em full; an' dar dey was, like water-million hills, all over de pastur'-fiel'. 'Bout de time he milk dat lars' cow, 'way over yonder, an' was strippin' uv her, he hear a curisome racket behime him, an' he turn' 'roun' an' look. Den an' dar he see a sight. Six ur seben o' dem hawgs in de nex' fiel' done bus' thoo de fence, an' git in dar whar de cows was, an' been foll'in' Pheeschun up, an' drinkin' all de milk out o' de buckets, which he been sot 'em, evvy which way, over de pastur'-fiel'. Dey jes' been 'bout finish' dey drinks, dem hawgs is, whence Pheeschun was strippin' dat lars' cow; an' dey been so greedy fur ter git all de milk dat was in de bottom o' dem buckets, an' not leave none, dat dey git dey heads wedged inter dem up-an'-down buckets, so ez dey cudden git 'em out. Evvy one o' dem hawgs done 'tack dem sebral buckets 'bout de same time, an' done finish up dey drinks tergedder, an' done git dey heads wedge' tight in de buckets. Whence Pheeschun done strip de cow, de hawgs begin ter git skeered, 'long o' havin' dey heads stuck in dem buckets, an' cudden git 'em out, an here dey comes an' here dey goes, bline ez bull-bats, all over de fiel', 'mongst de cows, in an' out, an' evvywhar, all wid de tin buckets on dey heads. Dey try fur ter squeal, like hawgs duz when dey gits kotch betwix' de fence-rails, ur under a gate, ur anywhars. But dem hawgs cudden squeal much, 'long o' dey moufs bein' fasten' up in de buckets, an' dey cudden see whar dey was gwine, 'long o' de buckets over dey eyes. Dey jes' cudden do nothin' but run; an' when Pheeschun turn roun' an' look at 'em, dey was runnin' some, dem hawgs was.

"Ole Mars' done come down ter de pastur'-fiel', a-sa'n'terin' along, 'bout dat time, fur ter see how Pheeschun gittin' on wid de milkin', whence de dairy-oman

was laid up. He git dar jes' 'bout de time Pheeschun turn 'roun' an' see de hawgs. Ole Mars' say he been seed hawgs carry-on befo' dat, but he ain't nuver see no hawgs ack like dem hawgs was doin'. He say 'twas de damndes' curioses' fuss dey was makin' inside o' dem tin buckets he uver been listen ter, an' dat he ain't nuver see no hawgs run like dem hawgs run. De hawgs was dat skeered when dey fine dey cudden git deyse'ves on-tangled f'om out o' dem buckets, dey done got plum' crazy.

"When Pheeschun see dem hawgs in dat fix, an' see Ole Mars' stop dar in de fiel', a-lookin' at 'em, he sot down de lars' bucket, which he been milkin' in it, an' tuk out arfter one o' de hawgs fur ter chase him, an' git de bucket 'way f'om him. No sooner said dan done. 'Bout de time he sot dat lars' bucket down, here come another new hawg thoo de fence, dat ain't got none o' de milk yit. He knowed sump'n' was gwine on, so he runs up an' gits his head inter dat lars' one o' de tin-buckets, which de bucket sticks on ter dat hawg likewise. De cows sees dem hawgs runnin' 'roun' in de 'mongst uv 'em, an' dey dunno what ter make uv it. So dey h'ists dey tails up in de a'r, an' starts ter tarin' roun' de pastur'-fiel' samer'n de hawgs. Dar dey was, wid de cows a-rampagin' 'roun', an' Pheeschun chasin' de one hawg an' all de hawgs carryin'-on like dey tryin' ter break dey necks, an' Ole Mars' stan'in' up dar in de 'mongst uv 'em, cussin' Pheeschun an' de hawgs an' de cows.

"O' co'se dem hawgs wid de buckets over dey faces, which dey cudden git 'em off, was jes' ez bline ez moles. Dey cud-den see whar dey was gwine. All dey knowed was, dey was gwine somewhars, an' dey was tryin' dey bes' ter git dar quick. Den de hawg Pheeschun was a-chasin', whence he hear somebody runnin' arfter him, an' dunno whar he was gwine, he tuk'n' t'ar, straight ez a buck-shot, cross de pastur'-fiel', right to'des whar Ole Mars' was stan'in' up dar cussin' uv 'em, an' he hit Ole Mars' wid de tin-bucket like somebody done flung a rock at him. Ole Mars' drapped, samer'n he been shot; an' down come de hawg on top o' him, an' down come Pheeschun, which he was a-chasin' uv de hawg, on top

o' Ole Mars' an' de hawg, an' dey all roll over dar on de green-sod tergedder. De hawg, he unquirled hisse'f, de quickes' uv' 'em, an' start ter runnin' harder'n uver; an' den Pheeschun riz, an' den Ole Mars' riz. Ole Mars' hat is done flew 'way over yonder, an' his side-whiskers an' his jaws was puffed out like a bull-toad when you stirs him up wid a stick.

"'You damn black roscal!' Ole Mars' say ter Pheeschun. 'What de debble you chase dat hawg inter me fur, sir?'"

"'Fo' Gord, Ole Mars', Pheeschun say, 'I ain't been chase de hawg inter you. De hawg chase hisse'f.'"

"Ole Mars' say: 'Dey ain't no nigger uver been wolopped on dis here plantation yit, but I got a mine ter wollop you dis minute.'"

"Ole Mars' tell Mis' whence he git back ter de Gre't House, dat he ain't nuver sell none o' de Kingsmill niggers yit, nuther he nur his pa, nur his antcestors, but he got a damn seer'ous notion ter sell dat little bow-leg steer-cart driver. But he ain't nuver solt him. Nor, sir.' Ole Mars' furgive Pheeschun an' de hawg, like a gent'mun. He kep' Pheeschun, an' kilt de hawg de foll'in' Chris'mus. He eat some o' dat hawg fur his Chris'mus breakfas'."

"How did dey git de buckets off'n de hawgs, Unc' Jonas?" queried Delphy, forgetful of her own delayed breakfast in her absorbed interest in the old man's story.

He laughed gleefully at the success of his narrative.

"Lord, honey," he replied. "It tuk mighty nigh all de niggers on de plantashun fur ter ketch dem hawgs dat day. Dey bus' back thoo de fence, an' run up an' down on de ribber bank, an' back'ards an' forruds, an' one uv 'em fall in de ribber an' got drowned wid de bucket on him. Mo'n dat, de cows was dat skeered-up, 'long o' de way dem hawgs ack, dey didn' let down no mo' milk fur two milkin's, whence Pheeschun went back dar fur ter milk 'em agin. An' fundermo', Ole Mars' walk' lame, wid his shins all skint up, fur mo'n a week, whar de hawg done hit him wid de tin-bucket. Ef he had'n been a gent'mun, Ole Mars' wud ha' solt Pheeschun, but he nuver eben hired him out."

Again the singular chuckle was audible from without the window.

The old man arose deliberately, took down his hat and walking-stick from the nail, and apparently oblivious of the bucket which he had been nursing between his feet, said:

"Y'-all don't 'pear ter know de diff'unce 'twix' a turkey-hen an' Tibe. I gwi' git him!"

He went out of the kitchen, and a few moments afterward Ommirandy, watching from the back porch of the Great House, saw him re-enter the door alone.

"Dem niggers been havin' high jinks in de kitchen dis mornin'," said the old woman to Mis' Nancy, when she returned from her breakfast. "Yas'm, dey sutny is."

Her face wore an unusual expression of pleasure; and Mis' Nancy asked:

"What was going on, Mirandy?"

"Dat ole scound'el, Jonas, been dar, a-gwine on wid some o' his yarns. He always got sump'n' ur 'nuther ter tell dem twin gells 'bout sump'n' Ole Mars' been tell him befo' de War. Ef you was ter listen ter Jonas, you gwi' think Ole Mars' is tole him evvything he knowed. Dis mornin' he come up ter de kitchen f'om Ole Town 'bout breakfus' time. Dat is gennully de time he gits here, summer mornin's, fur ter git sump'n' ter eat, an' fur ter hear hisse'f talk. He been tellin' 'em 'bout de time Pheeschun milk' de cows, an' let de pigs git all de milk. Ise heerd Ole Mars' tell Mis' dat tale many's de time, an' I done tell it ter Delphy long ago. But Eva-Adny an' Ary-Adny ain't nuver heerd it befo'; an' all Jonas axes is ter show-off 'fo' dem two gells. Befo' he tells 'em dis tale, he tells 'em another one, 'bout what he call a Panjorum-bucket. When he come, he fotch a quart-bucket along wid him, an' he made a great 'miration 'bout it, an' look' like he thought I wanted ter fine out what was in de bucket. I got w'ared out wid his foolishness, an' quit. Dat howcome I was late gittin' my breakfas'."

She was industriously dusting the room with a feather duster, while she discoursed:

"He got Delphy an' dem gells pow'ful wukked up 'bout what was in his Pan-

jorum-bucket, while I was dar; an' arfter I lef', Delphy say he tole 'em dis tale 'bout de hawgs gittin' de milk. Whilst he was talkin', he gits a notion inter his old punkin-skull dat Tibe is outside de kitchen, listenin' by de winder. He goes out ter look fur him, but Tibe ain't in sight. Den he begins agin about his Panjorum-bucket, dat he fotch up f'om Ole Town, dat was settin' dar on de kitchen-flo' betwix' his legs, an' he gits dem niggers pow'ful keyed-up fur ter fine out what wuz in it. Delphy say, Eva-Adny want ter take de top off'n de bucket whilst Jonas was outside huntin' Tibe, but she wuz 'feared fur ter try 'it, 'long o' de tale he been tell 'bout de cunjer-man's wife what open de Panjorum-box he been tellin' 'bout. So dey waits 'twel he come back, an' den dey gits arfter him agin fur ter fine out what's in de bucket. You know Delphy's got a 'quirin' turn o' mine, Mis' Nancy. She always want to know evvything dat's gwine on."

Mis' Nancy smiled.

"Dey kep' on arfter Jonas 'bout de bucket, 'twel he tell Delphy ter take de top off, an' let 'em see fur deyse'ves what was in it. But dey wuz all skeered ter open it, 'long o' dat tale he done tole 'em 'bout what happen ter de 'oman dat open de Panjorum-box. Den he say dat ef dey was 'feared ter open de bucket, he warn't. So he takes his Panjorum-bucket off'n de kitchen flo', an' sets it up on de table like it was sump'n' turrible, an' dey all gethers 'roun' an' cranes dey necks fur ter see what gwi' come out uv it.

"Jonas warn't lookin' fur nuthin' ter come out o' dat bucket, Mis' Nancy. He thought he was jes' foolin' dem niggers. But sump'n' come!"

She chuckled to think of it.

"What?" queried Mis' Nancy, with interest.

"A hawnet," she replied. "Soon ez he tuk de top off de bucket, de hawnet sailed out o' de Panjorum-bucket, an' hit Jonas under de eye. Delphy ax' me ef we didn' hear him holler smack up here ter de Gre't House. Delphy say dat yaller-jacket ain't mo'n hit him when his eye swolt up bigger'n a goose-egg; an' when he goes out de kitchen, arfter she done put some cole water on it, he look like he been mixed up in a fight."

"Poor old man!" said Mis' Nancy. "I'm sorry."

"Po' ole nuthin'!" ejaculated the old woman. "I'se p'int'ly glad it happen'. Dat what he git fur bein' so biggity an' pomponious. Delphy say she lay he ain't gwi' come back up here fur no breakfas', nur supper nuther, 'twel dat eye o' his'n open up. He done walk home ter Ole Town by de sight o' one eye, dis day!"

"How in the world did the hornet happen to be in the bucket, Mirandy?" queried Mis' Nancy.

"He didn' happen ter be," she replied. "Tibe put him in dar! Delphy say Tibe come in, when his gran'-pā done lef' wid his bunged-up eye, an' say he seen de bucket at Janey's arfter Jonas done fix it up fur ter fetch it up here, an' Jonas was gwine ter give it ter you. So Tibe takes out o' de bucket what his gran'-pa done put in it, an' den he full de Panjorum-bucket harf full o' san', so it weigh 'bout de same, an' he put in de hawnet. Gord knows how he got him in dar, but he done so."

"For me?" asked Mis' Nancy. "Why, what on earth could Jonas have had in the bucket for me?"

"Butty-beans," said the old woman, with a grim smile, as she went on dusting.



LEADER OF MEN

By Robert Gordon Anderson

"ROOSEVELT is dead." Why should that line
Strike to my heart as if it told
The death of some close kin of mine,
Father or brother, friend of old?

I never saw him face to face—
Just once some fourteen years ago
Outside the crowded meeting place,
When he addressed the overflow,

The fearless eyes, the firm-set chin,
A man who loved the nobler fight—
The short swift gestures driving in
The things he knew were just and right;

A newer, deeper reverence
For things that never can grow old;
Judgments so filled with common sense
Fools did not realize their gold.

And things which statesmen scorn to preach,—
The love of children, home and wife;
Old-fashioned laws yet ones whose breach
May sap the proudest nation's life.

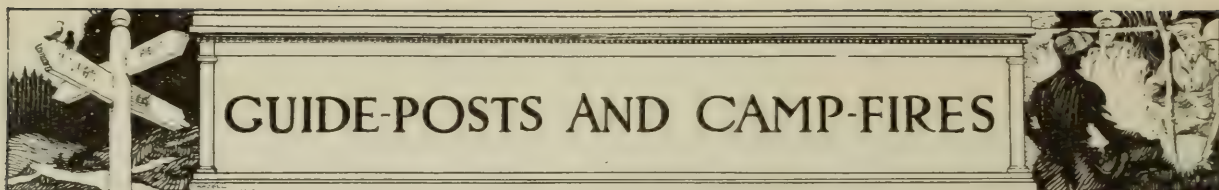
So with his passing now it seems
The old, old order too is dead,
The new with all its restless dreams,
Revolt and chaos lowers ahead.

Th' oncoming storm in rage assaults
The rocks that bulwarked all our past.
And yet that age with all its faults
Held things to which we must hold fast.

The outworn temples we thought good,
False gods may well be overthrown—
The broad foundations where he stood
We still will cherish as our own.

"Roosevelt is dead." Our leader gone!
To-day there stands his vacant chair
Not in that island home alone—
By myriad firesides everywhere.

He loved us! Swift our torches light
With the bright fire his courage gives.
We shall not falter in the fight—
Roosevelt is dead. His spirit lives!



GUIDE-POSTS AND CAMP-FIRES

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

ON A CERTAIN INSULARITY OF ISLANDERS

[THE SECOND OF TWELVE PAPERS]

THIS curious quality of human nature first attracted my notice some forty years ago, when I went to work in Newport, an ancient little city (from the American point of view) situate on the island of Rhode Island, in the State of Rhode Island.

There, in the centre of Touro Park, stands the round stone tower which the romanticists revere as a relic of the discovery of America by the Norsemen centuries before Columbus sailed, and which the factualists regard as the remains of a windmill built in the seventeenth century to grind Indian corn.

But you are mistaken if you suppose that a mere archæological dispute like this made any difference in the insular feeling of the native Newporters.

Was the tower built by Lief the Viking when he founded his colony of Vinland? That only shows how well the old adventurer "knew his way about," when he picked out the island of Rhode Island as the most beautiful and salubrious spot in a whole new world,—an island abundant in the wild fox-grapes with which Nature fills her loving-cup for man, and blessed with a douce climate in which the Gulf Stream tempers alike the rigors of winter and the ardors of summer to an enjoyable though relaxing suavity.

Was the tower erected by a prudent and prosperous English colonist to triturate his maize in the days of Roger Williams? That only illustrates the well-known fact that the corn-meal, of Rhode Island,—white, minutely granular, and highly nutrititious,—was, and still is the finest on earth, and positively the only cereal fit for the making of the succulent Johnny-cake, unexcelled among the foods of mankind.

I found the insularity of these islanders

absolutely correct about the superiority of their corn-meal; also about the supremacy of the Rhode Island turkey as a "*pièce de résistance*" in a banquet.

But I found much more than this. Rhode Island was not, as I in my Knickerbocker ignorance had supposed, a fraction of New England, supine between Massachusetts and Connecticut. It was an independent and sovereign, though diminutive, State. It had its own traditions and its own ideals, inherited from the Founder, that best of Puritans,—who held that the freedom of his own conscience implied an equal liberty for others.

The magic names of Massachusetts,—Adams, Endicott, Quincy, Cabot, Lodge, Hallowell, Hancock, and so on,—carried no spell with them in Rhode Island. There Arnold, Greene, Coggeshall, Codding, Clarke, Easton, Vernon, Buffum, Hammett, Sheffield, and so on,—forgive me if I forget a few,—were the names of insular renown. Their inheritors, no matter whether they were now engaged in commerce, carpentry, or agriculture, or living quietly on diminished estates in gambrel-roofed houses, belonged to the first families.

The old retired sea-captains,—portly, ruddy men, who had a trace of profanity in their speech even when they argued for the orthodox religion,—formed a class of their own. Like Ulysses they could say:

"Much have I seen and known: cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments."

But unlike that insatiable old wanderer, they preferred the climate of their own sea-girt isle to any other in the world. Its ways and manners, councils and traditions, contented them to the core. They had sailed abroad, come home to

the best, and settled down. They were conserved conservatives.

This was the atmosphere and spirit of the old town, with its narrow streets, gambrel roofs, house-doors opening directly upon the side-walk, square chimneys, and small-paned windows. The new Newport, which was at that time just beginning to expand its million-dollar "cottages" along the Cliffs, and to display its expensive and much-divorced social luxuriance along the misnamed Bellevue Avenue, made little impression on the real islanders. They regarded it mainly as a "passing show," and incidentally as an opportunity of increased gains from real estate and retail trade.

I recall an observation made by my father when he was walking with me and one of my Newport deacons on the Avenue. Gilded youths passed us in gorgeous equipages, and were pointed out and identified. That was so-and-so, or such-a-one, who had married this-or-the-other millionaire's daughter. "Well," said my governor, smiling under his brown beard, "I think this part of Newport ought to be called 'Son-in-Law City.'" The remark passed into a proverb in the old town.

They were pleasant people to live and work with, those native Newporters and the folks who had settled in with them. Their self-content, not being bump-tious, sweetened their ways and made them easy-going. Many friends I found among them: a gentle, lame bookseller, who knew both men and books; a school-master whose latinity was as admirable as his natural wit; a cabinet-maker whose hand-wrought furniture was without a flaw; a shoemaker whose soles were as honest as his soul; a retired gentleman whose chief luxuries were good literature, good music, and good talk; and most of all, my predecessor in the pastorate, the old Dominie, learned and humorous, a famous story-teller, whose favorite doctrine was that the first of the virtues is humility,—of which he had plenty and was very proud.

In fact the insularity of the place, as I grew to comprehend it, gave me sincere pleasure. The only point on which it irked me was that these island-people seemed to know little and care less about the distinguished position in American

history of *my own particular island*,—Long Island, with its famous metropolis of Brooklyn, then a large New England village, which has since been absorbed into the cosmopolis of New York. This indifference to the claims of Brooklyn chafed me a bit; but I accepted it with the generous superiority of youth. So I had four happy years in Newport.

The next time I had occasion to consider the true meaning of insularity was when I began to make acquaintance with the island of Great Britain, including its local divisions of England, Scotland and Wales. Here is a wonderful bit of "land surrounded by water," situate off the western coast of Europe, which has a more distinct individuality and has exercised a more powerful influence on the history of the modern world than any country of the continent.

Now what do you find in contact with the Briton, social, intellectual, political, as the basis of his thought and feeling? The conviction that his island is central and superior, and that his own way of looking at things and of doing things is the right way.

"Every Englishman," wrote Novalis in a spirit of German mockery, "is an island." Yes, beloved philosopher; but at least he is separate from the mainland of Prussia; and he regards the surrounding sea not merely as his protection, but also as his means of communication with the rest of the world. He is the most widely travelled of provincials. But he never forgets where he came from.

The Englishman is that member of the human family who regards his personal habits as sacred rites. His morning tub accompanies him into Thibet. His afternoon tea is a function in India. His pale ale is placarded on the Pyramids.

The thing that an American notices on first meeting an Englishman, at home or abroad, is his high coast-line. If you pass that chalk cliff, you discover the richness, fertility, hospitality of the island. Nowhere do you feel more a foreigner (except for the language) than on your new arrival in England; and nowhere more at home, when you have lived through the first shocks into a friendly intimacy.

The notable social quality of England is the distinction between classes and the simplicity within them. George Wash-

ington would have understood this better than we do. But even now it is disappearing a little as the House of Lords is periodically enlarged from the ranks of brewers and makers of newspapers and of soap. All honors to them! But they are still expected to conform in manners, to say nothing of religion, if they wish to find their place in the blessed British insularity.

Often in England have I met with frankness, bluntness, even brusqueness; but only twice with rudeness. Once it was from a duchess of plebeian birth; which was not astonishing. The other time it was from a shrivelled curator in a university library; which gave me a shiver of surprise.

But since then, what courtesy and hospitality have I found in English and Scotch houses, and the most ancient of British universities, gray home of the golden dream! What friendly and fruitful talk in mellow voices, cheered by sound wine around an open fire! What intimate understanding of the best meaning of culture! What sincere disregard of the pratings of publicity! What good fellowship, based on the ideals of fine literature and fair morals, shown in Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and their followers!

The only difficulty I had was to persuade some of those modern Englishmen that the supposed Americanism, "I guess," was a direct inheritance from Spenser and Shakespeare; and that our pronunciation of "been" to rhyme with "bin," and our habit of saying "different from" instead of "different to" had good old English authority behind them. My friends were delightfully insular, but they did not go far enough back in the history of their *insula*. Finally I gave up the persuasion and settled down comfortably with my "Americanisms."

I had many opportunities to observe the course of the American Rhodes Scholars in Oxford. It appeared to divide itself into three periods. First, *irritation*, when they rebelled against English customs. Second, *imitation*, when they vainly endeavored to acquire an Oxford accent and manner. Third (but this only for the finest of them), *assimilation*, when they took in the best of English culture and sweetened their inborn, inbred Americanism with it.

Emerson wrote in 1856: "I am afraid

that English nature is so rank and aggressive as to be a little incompatible with any other. The world is not wide enough for two."

Hawthorne, a little later, wrote: "An American is not apt to love the English people as a whole, on whatever length of acquaintance. I fancy that they would value our regard, and even reciprocate it in their ungracious way, if we could give it to them in spite of all rebuffs; but they are beset by a curious and inevitable infelicity, which compels them, as it were, to keep up what they consider a wholesome bitterness of feeling between themselves and all other nationalities, especially that of America."

These were comments marked by asperity more than by urbanity. But it must be remembered that they were made about the period of our Civil War, which was not precisely the golden age of Anglo-American relations. I think the earlier remarks of Irving and the later observations of Lowell were more to the point.

The English took unfavorable criticisms from this side of the water ill, yet with far less perturbation and indignation than we Americans showed at the caustic caricatures of Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens. We knew that some of our people were rude and crude; but why tell us so rudely and crudely? We were furiously angry and we let the world know it. The English may have been equally vexed, but they made less fuss about it, perhaps because of their more perfect insularity.

The man whose good opinion of himself is solid can afford to be imperturbable. It is when vanity is insecure that it grows touchy.

Is not English the only great language in which the pronoun of the first person singular is capitalized? How monumentally imposing is that upper case "I"! If a writer is egoistic the capitals stretch across his page like a colonnade. When he writes "we" he descends to the lower case. But this orthographic solipsism, mark you, is shared by Americans, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders,—all who use the English tongue. It is therefore not to be set down to insularity, but to individualism,—a stark, ineradicable, valuable quality of these various folks whose thoughts and feelings have been nourished by the same language.

It comes to its philosophic climax in the Yankee Emerson who held the infinity and sufficiency of the private man, and declared, "I wish to say what I think and feel to-day, with the proviso that perhaps to-morrow I shall contradict it all." No Briton, not even Carlyle, could beat that.

It is all very well to have confidence in yourself, but when it passes into contempt for the rest of mankind it becomes a different matter. Plato said: "Self-will is a companion of solitude."

There are some men who consider comment on the faults of others equivalent to an exhibition of their own virtues. Self-complacency of that kind is seldom shared by the neighbors.

Once in a while a Briton, otherwise of good disposition and temperament, falls into that extravagance of insularity. Sidney Smith gave an illustration of it when he wrote in 1820, "Who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue?"

Well, at that very time, a noted English poet, Thomas Campbell, had read the poems of Philip Freneau of New Jersey closely enough to steal a fine verse from one of them,—

"The hunter and the deer, a shade,"—

and embody it in his own poem *O'Connor's Child*. At that very time Lamb was praising the *Journal* of the American Quaker, John Woolman; and Walter Scott was admiring Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*. At that very time an American painter, Benjamin West of Philadelphia, was, and had been for twenty-seven years, president of the Royal Academy in London. Nay, it is reported that Sidney Smith himself jokingly threatened to disinherit his daughter if she did not like the writings of Benjamin Franklin. So you see his supercilious comment in the *Review* was of the nature of an aberration.

Something of the same nature I noted in Matthew Arnold, the apostle of sweetness and light, when he visited this country some thirty odd years ago. A genial Scotch-American, a *bon-vivant* of the old school, made a feast for him, at which there was excellent company and delicate fare, including, of course, canvas-back ducks, done to a turn,—just twenty min-

utes,—and a small bottle with each bird. The distinguished guest looked at his plate, seemed at a loss, and then leaning across the table said to an American bishop in a tone rather more audible than he used in his lectures: "Bishop, how is it that you *neva* know how to cook birds in your country?" The bishop blushed, and confessed that he could not quite explain it.

It was what the French call "*une gaffe*," of course: but it was not ill-natured, and therefore not really rude. Who would not pardon a little thing like that to the man who had written *Essays in Criticism*, and *Sohrab and Rustem*, and *Rugby Chapel*, and all the rest of Arnold's fine and noble works?

The truth is there is a mental and moral kinship between Great Britain and America which makes little differences in manners and occasional infelicities seem of small account. We have the same classics in literature, from the English Bible down. We have been nourished on the same conceptions of self-reliance and fair-play, individual liberty and social order. We have the same respect for practical efficiency, though I think the British lay more stress on solidity, the Americans on rapidity, of work. We feel the same aversion to autocracy and disgust with lawlessness. We like to deal with hard facts; but

"We live by admiration, hope, and love."

We resemble each other enough in great things, and differ enough in small, to make a mutual understanding easy, profitable, and durable,—provided we do not suffer the petty politicians to spoil it by frivolous pranks.

Who can doubt that this good understanding has been increasing and deepening through the hundred and five years of peace between Britain and America? We have had disputes, but they have been settled by the method of reason and justice. A thousand ties of grateful friendship have been woven between British and American homes. The best book on the American Commonwealth has been written by Viscount Bryce, a North Briton; and the best book on the British Constitution by President Lowell of Harvard. Of course there are still things in American humor which the average Brit-

isher does not catch until the next day, and things in British humor which the average Yankee hardly ever gets. But upon the whole we have learned to "swap jokes" with reciprocal enjoyment. Since the common experience of our soldiers in the great war, fighting side by side in the same cause with France, we have learned that the British are not "a nation of shop-keepers," and they have learned that the Americans are not "a tribe of dollar-worshippers."

Yes, I think they even understand what we mean when we join heartily with them in singing *God Save the King* but refrain from *Rule Britannia* on the ground that "the tune is unfamiliar."

But there is no reserve nor coolness in our love and admiration for their sea-girt home where our forefathers once lived,—

"A right little, tight little island."

No wonder they are proud of it. From Land's End to John O'Groat's House, from the white cliffs of the Channel to the black crags of Devon and Wales, from the broads of Lincolnshire to the firths and sounds of Argyle and Ross, from the rolling Downs to the misty Highlands, Earth has nothing better in the way of an island,—

"A precious stone set in the silver sea."

How varied, how rich, how abundant! It is full of shrines and monuments, yet not crammed with them. The sober splendor of the cathedrals, the sense of solid power in the cities, the opulent verdure and bloom of the countryside, the air of permanence and security alike in castle and cottage, the long intimacy and fresh vigor with which Nature responds to the touch of man,—all these things steal upon your heart quietly and irresistibly and make you feel that Great Britain is the most wonderful country in the world next to your own.

Ireland also is an island,—a very beautiful one,—and it has its own insularity. In fact it has two insularities, one to the north, and one to the south. When they are harmonized to desire the same thing it will be a fine day for the Green Isle.

There is a very pretty illustration both of the defects and of the virtues of insularity, in a precious old book. It seems that a certain vessel was wrecked long ago on an island called Malta. The

ship was acting, in a way, as a government transport, for she carried a prisoner of state, named Paul, with his military guard. Now their *Guide-post* was marked "Rome." But by reason of the present rain and the cold they had urgent need of a *Camp-fire*. This the islanders kindled, Paul helping them. As he was laying sticks on the flame, a little poison-snake sprang out and fastened on his hand. Whereupon the islanders concluded that he was a murderer pursued by the divine Nemesis. But when he shook off the deadly worm and felt no harm, they promptly changed their minds and said that he was a god. These superstitions and extreme judgments belong to the dangerous side of insularity. But the good side came out when the islanders took the castaways into comfortable winter quarters, entertained them hospitably for three months, and loaded them with useful gifts at their departure.

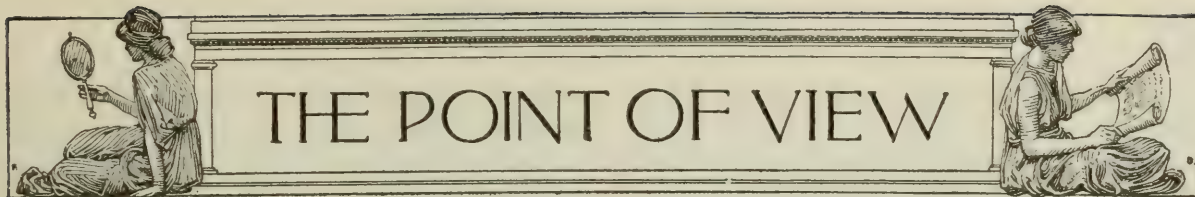
I have been struck of late by the multitude of unsuspected islands in the world.

Regions supposed to be continental turn out to be surrounded by water. Princeton, New Jersey, where I live, is discovered to have an insular quality, being enclosed by two rivers, a canal, and the Atlantic Ocean. The completion of the Panama Canal places the United States on an island. Rather a large one, it is true, but perhaps the subtle influence of this geographical circumstance may have had something to do with a recent acute attack of insularity in the Senate.

In fact, reader, you can make an island out of almost anything, if you wish to. An exclusive creed, an arbitrary taste, a political dogmatism, a closed mind, a dislike for children and dogs, yes, even a passion for musk as a personal perfume, will serve well enough to cut you off from other people if that is what you wish. But that is certainly the wrong kind of insularity. You might as well be cast away on an uninhabited atoll.

The best islanders, it seems to me, are those who live on their islands not as hermits, nor as pirates, but as good and hospitable neighbors; pleased with their own, trying to improve it, and keeping up communications with the rest of the archipelago.

There is a vital difference between insularity and isolation.



IT seems to be the fashion just now to argue about Chicago. She is become a sort of symbol—a rallying-point and a bone of contention. More and more, since Moody first pictured her, sitting

“—at the northwest gates,
With restless violent hands and casual tongue
Molding her mighty fates,”

The One
City

down to these days, when her chief singer has changed her gender and celebrated her as the “city of the big shoulders,” she has come to be thought of as the typical American city. And she wears serenely, it must be admitted, the ambiguous crown of glory and opprobrium which appertains to that distinction. Yesterday she smiled at the accusation that she is “the idiot-child of cities”; to-day, at somebody’s modest intimation that she is the potential artistic centre of the English-speaking world.

It is far from my purpose to attempt to put Chicago in her place among the cities of the earth. Most of them are familiar only to my dreams. My only excuse for testifying is that my testimony is of a special kind. Thoreau truly says that a man “can attend but one funeral in his life”; and, in the same sense, I say that a man can see but one city. Chicago is my one. Perhaps, if you should go there looking for it, you could no more find *my* Chicago than I can find Zretazoola, the city of Sombelene—“Zretazoola of the climbing ways”—or that other city of Thalanna on the edge of the desert, at whose gates Aoob and Bel-Narb sit and argue as to whether cities are lovelier at dusk or at day-break. For my Chicago existed only in the eye and brain of a young pilgrim who had but just set out; and who stopped there—mostly in a little high room with one window—during the last two or three years of the century that died before the present one was born.

To begin with, no other city has ever had for me so mighty a voice. Since then, when I have come from my quiet places into these howling bedlams, I have always been able to see Bottom’s body below the lion’s head, and to realize that the great sham-monster

had no especial grudge against me. But this that greeted me when I was first precipitated into Chicago was the real lion roaring. The whole incredible outburst of menacing thunder was provoked precisely by my insignificant intrusion. It is curious how we come to love the roar of cities—those of us, at least, who have the cast of mind that can love modern cities at all. For, although the sophisticated urban soul may smile, there is no doubt that for the traveller from the villages or the open places, the natural first effect of the city is terror. The only question is, Will he run away, or stay and conquer? A certain number of timorous souls always hurry through their errands and scuttle incontinently back to safety; some, of stubborner fibre, not caring for that sort of conquest, withdraw with dignity; but the others feel that first thrill of terror as a challenge, and rise with a strange exhilaration to meet it. It is they who are the true, unreasoning lovers of cities. And in learning to love this splendid, savage something at the heart of cities they feel as if they were learning to play a great organ, or to direct a tremendous orchestra. Let him who chooses be content, hereafter, with his oaten quill, or his flute, or his mere village string-quartette: this is a mightier music, calling for more masterful hands!

It was thus that that young dreamer came to feel the thrill of down-town Chicago, and to acquire a taste for that peculiarly profound and energizing solitude which is to be found at the core of such maelstroms. A city is not the place for a really gregarious person; a village is his right habitat. With all due allowance for their mitigating and even endearing qualities, villages are the slums of the mind. For the human spirit, they are the congested districts. The city is the place to build your ivory tower. There, veiled by the smoke of your neighbor’s nocturnal lamp or grimy foundry, it will be invisible, if so you choose to have it: as remote as a lighthouse on a rock-bound coast. But in a village your ivory tower is the most conspicuous feature of the landscape; they come from miles around to bring you rope-ladders, and to hold your

skirts aside for you while you clamber down.

There was a certain down-town corner in Chicago to which, for years afterward, my thoughts used to return with homesick longing—a gray, cold, roaring, forbidding corner, for which no sane person, one would think, could have the dimmest hankering. Overhead, the elevated pounded and belowed; below, the cable-car jerked and clanged, and hour after hour, at wailing intervals, came the whistle of the traffic policeman, that stolid conductor of the city's thundering music. But there was a flower-stand on the corner where they sold—always, it seems to me now—rose-colored carnations. I have only to close my eyes and I can see them again, in all their glowing, softly-dazzling splendor against the grayness; and I can smell the spice of them upon the tingling, acrid air. Life itself was like that to a young dreamer—flame and ashes, beauty and terror, cold steel and soft blossom—without gradations, wholly lacking in the neutral tones that grow visible to life-adapted eyes. And that corner came to epitomize just that naked intensity of experience—like a sword in the gray sheath of a stern young solitude that had the leisure to taste it to the full.

But that is only one Chicago; the other lies along the shore of the lake. The lake is the secret of Chicago, of that Chicago which is spiritual and not industrial. He who would find her soul must look for it at the bottom of her lake, where, swaying among the white pebbles, the future dreams and sings. Not even New York, mistress of the sea-ways that she is, is so possessed by her waters as Chicago—or at least not in the same way. New York is a latter-day barbarian princess sitting upon a cliff, watching with bright eyes the coming and going of her ships; speculating upon their cargoes, bidding welcome and farewell to her numberless guests. She misses half the mystery of her great waters, because she keeps them so busy; they are always bringing her something, or taking something else away to be refilled. But Chicago is a young prairie wife, dreaming some mighty fate for her unborn hopes: behind her an ocean of wheat and corn and blue lupine, and at her doorstep this boundless, ever-changing wonder. Chicago's lake has all the brooding vastness of the sea. Much traffic it brings her, doubtless; but from the bit of her shore

where she bargains and barter with it, it stretches miles away on either side, thundering at her doors, whispering at her feet, a challenge, a solace, a self-chained freedom, a familiar mystery. It differentiates Michigan Avenue from Riverside Drive; the one looks down upon a river of Time, sparkling with jewelled Hours; the other feels Infinity at its elbow, and scarcely dares to look. It redeems the populousness of parks; if you will only go close, and listen, it will vindicate your right to have lofty and lonely thoughts, though all the world chatter. Below the Convent of La Rabida, among the rocks, you may dream yourself undisturbed back into the Spain of Columbus, or to the "little island shaped like the new moon"; for few have any desire to disturb your solitude, spraying their dresses and scuffing their shoes. You may sit on the rocks with your friend of twenty years (as I did), and reread the poems you loved together in your aching youth; and no one will be any more curious than the gulls are, or the white sail so far out that it looks like a phantom, or the sombre lady who has stopped her limousine in front of the convent on the drive far above your head to stare out over the dim vastness, motionless.

But there is still another Chicago—not far from the lake, it is true, and borrowing a touch of glamour from the sense of its nearness. This is a city of the mind; a capital, as it were, of that one ultimate kingdom. It is our present fashion to denounce our colleges and universities as strongholds of sloth and superstition, and to belabor with scornful epithets all who foregather therein. Perhaps; but I speak now not as a duly anxious citizen of this our strenuous age of reconstruction, but as a young dreamer who fell in love with a city twenty years ago. For its core was a city of the mind: a shimmering, bodiless, ineffable thing whose outward symbol was a spacious group of dear gray walls and red roofs and quiet towers. All about it there were wide white streets and many vacant lots, crossed, village-fashion, by diagonal paths and graced by flowering weeds; and there were buildings with innumerable little rooms and high windows, where numberless souls, some young, some older, but all poor, lived like strange, unsocial bees in their close-set honey-cells. Sometimes the bees were drones, doubtless, and sometimes the honey was bitter—but ah, that bitter honey of youth!

And snow was a mark of my city. Its beauty was a novelty to me—ecstatic, shivering Southron that I was; I was never used to the wonder of it. I shall never forget how I ploughed my way to vespers one afternoon through piling drifts, and was so exhausted by the unexpected effort that I could scarcely plough my way home again—though the way was short.

Yet I loved the snow; and when, after so many years, I went back to visit that distant place, and found the snow was come also, it seemed most fitting. All through the intervening years I had seen that city through the veil the heart draws about its loved and unforgotten things; and now, when I actually once more walked the cloisters, and looked out of the oriel windows, I was not to see it in its mere everyday aspect, but through the incredible beauty of the snow. So gray and dim was the air, that at four o'clock the lights came on, long pencils of misty gold; and then one searched out looming shadows, and knew them for the familiar walls in their remembered places. Helped by the snow-muffled chimes that told where the towers were. . . . It was as lovely as memory, real to the heart as only dreams are real. Not often is a return so fortunate.

A Soliloquy
on Sorting

HAVE any of us forgotten those far-off springtimes when we, small eager people in pinafore or kilts, observed the adults of our household, as they hauled forth the winter's accumulation from the closets, and laboriously discarded, rearranged, retied, and returned it to the soapy-smelling shelves? In our memories the fragrance of soap mingles with the fragrance of violets, both connoting April. The call of spring is so subtly compounded of energy and enervation that it seems strange that it is always the energy that prevails, making April the date for house-cleaning. Perhaps we share with Nature her instinct to clear away the winter's clutter, retaining only so much as may be needed in the new life of spring, throwing aside all that might impede the pushing of fresh blade and blossom. There is in us more of vegetable impulse than we recognize, and they are sadly desiccated mortals whose spirits do not burgeon immortally in every spring, and who do not, with the spirit's stirring, feel once more the need to sift and rearrange all the body's

stored impedimenta, food-supplies and furniture, books and clothes, fripperies and fineries. How eagerly, when we were tiny, we used to watch for those riches of rubbish, discarded by our elders, with which we might ourselves begin to store and sort and stow away! Comic and crude our childish standard of selection and arrangement, to which each little budding personality held the clew. Imitative as baby beavers we thrilled to our first sorting, instinctively aware that the classification of the treasures earth flings us is the sole enduring imprint the evanescent self can leave upon its surroundings.

The zest of life is in its successive sortings as we travel from decade to decade, from place to place, from faith to faith. Life is an endless battle against clutter. No sooner do we get through one job of assortment than some unobserved mounting heap of something else challenges our sense of order and analysis. Most of us, at any given moment, are conscious of a pile of something somewhere in our lives that needs sorting—it may be a mass of old books or old boots, or merely old motives. There is hardly any peace of mind so deep as that one experiences just after one has satisfactorily sorted something. Yet always inexorably, insidiously, a fresh inchoate pile is mounting somewhere on our spirit's premises, demanding arrangement.

True there are people who evade the burden by never pausing long enough on any experience to discover where it belongs in the soul's store of noble and less noble. Such people move from apartment to apartment, all ready furnished, all without closets, all too public to afford any privacy for personal hoards. But somehow those others are more interesting whose spirits have cubby holes containing bags and boxes quaintly labelled perhaps, but inviting. These never outgrow the childish ardor for examining the trinkets others throw aside, as being perhaps for their own humbler selves significant. These long for room enough and leisure enough to overhaul life's fleeting opinions, its flashing visions, and arrange them into ordered piles, for useful application. Some of us long for an old-fashioned garret, such as our fathers possessed both in their heads and in their houses, where crowding conglomerate impressions may be safely stored until we have time to arrange them, and where, after such selection, we may keep our neatly

ticketed solutions for handy reference. By means of garrets the wisdom of our ancestors was preserved, mellow with experience, rich with romance. Like a child bent on adventure one might steal "up attic" and live for a while in one's grandfather's soul, all quick with life beneath the dust and cobwebs.

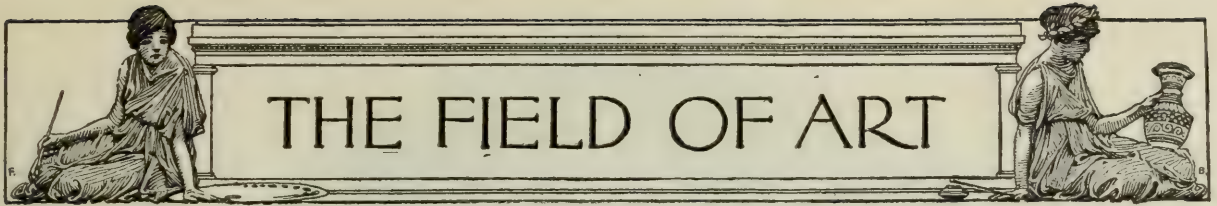
Perhaps those old garrets were musty, or perhaps, on the other hand, they held inviolate the aroma of tradition. Perhaps modern homes and modern heads, empty of storage room, are more sanitary, or perhaps they are more barren than those of our fathers, but certain it is that in this present there is small provision for storing or for sorting. We fight for mere breathing space as events piling up too fast for all our efforts to appraise them, encroach from every corner upon our serenity. Shall we be utterly swamped while we struggle to formulate an ordered creed and conduct from out this chaos? Yet there is stimulus and sting in the effort to master whatever portion of contemporary clutter to-day invades even the humblest home. After a long winter of discontent social forces stir in some strange springtime of hope, and we must sift and sort and throw away all accumulation that would retard even the shyest blossom of aspiration, must retain whatever may give vitality to even the faintest blade of human progress. We must up, each one of us, and at our spring sorting. The effect may leave us beaten and breathless, but better than not to have tried to understand.

Perhaps life is meant to be merely a lesson in sorting. Perhaps we are set down before our variegated experiences as children are put to a task of selecting colored threads from a heap. The threads are as worthless as our transient opinions, but the color perception gained is an asset for all the child's life to come. Perhaps the pedagogical purpose that overwhelms us continually with new knowledge, new experience, new sensation, is to make our spirit's eyes sharp, our spirit's selection deft and sure, in order that we may recognize unerringly whatsoever things are lovely when we move hence to that new abode where is being stored all earth's evanescent loveliness for our eternal enjoyment. There are some who have conceived heaven as a supernal attic where we may forever delight in reviewing and revaluing all the garnered treasures of earth. He had but scant time for any mortal hoard-

ing, that finely discriminating young poet who wrote:

"Still may time hold some golden space
Where I'll unpack that scented store
Of song and flower and sky and face,
And count and touch and turn them o'er,
Musing upon them; as a mother, who
Has watched her children all the rich day through
Sits quiet-handed, in the fading light,
When children sleep, ere night."

There is homely wisdom in that phrase, "putting one's house in order," as euphemism of preparation for our final flitting. Putting our house in order means that we shall leave no clutter for others to sort, that for our successor our memory shall be an orderly place where he may enter and ponder our arrangement, that arrangement being the only enduring impress the human soul may make upon its transitory possessions. Perhaps we shall have travelled far from our babyhood's springtime when we watched the grown-ups sorting the winter's accumulation, our eagerness all a-tiptoe to secure some rubbish to dominate with our own ownership and arrangement. On some quiet day securely stored in the future, we shall be called to do our last sorting; however faint our hands and dull our eyes, we shall rally once more to springtime energy, overhaul our cramped closets, discard the unessential, pack away, neatly labelled, the piles that we deem of abiding value. Yet even on that last day, we shall not know securely whether our standards of selection are the true ones. Have we not so many times thought we had discovered the final verities, only to recatalogue on another day, tossing past treasures on the trash-pile, or running to the ash-heap to reclaim some prize our earlier stupidity had repudiated? Yet we never lost the lifelong zest of arrangement. Only those people outgrow the delight of sorting whose spirits have forgotten all April bourgeoning. We know that even in our last spring sorting we shall be but fallible in our selection. Not even then shall we know what it were best to take with us. Mercifully, we need not decide, for the celestial escort, having gently blindfolded our eyes the more securely to lead us over, will look at our little piles with divine amusement at our crude baby valuations, and then will select, better than mortal wisdom could, those earthly treasures best fitted to keep a little child, in a strange new house, from being homesick.



INMAN'S PORTRAIT OF WORDSWORTH

By Esther Cloudman Dunn

THE portrait of William Wordsworth which hangs in the library of the University of Pennsylvania stands among the real beginnings of an intellectual union between England and America which has done much for the fortunes of both countries. It was painted by Henry Inman, the foremost American portrait-painter of his time, at Rydal Mount, the home of the Laureate and England's most venerated literary shrine. Wordsworth sat for the portrait at the request of his friend, Professor Henry Reed, of the University of Pennsylvania, who had sent Inman on a special mission to England to paint the picture.

The relations between Professor Reed and the great English poet had been marked by a sincere admiration and faithful discipleship on the part of Reed, and by a cordial appreciation on the part of Wordsworth, who realized that the spiritual influence of his poetry was being fostered and disseminated in this country by the efforts of his friend. No other American scholar had, up to that time, so keenly appreciated the practical significance of Wordsworth's poetry in human affairs and the effect it was to have upon the lives of the English-speaking nations. Professor Reed, in his splendid enthusiasm for the spreading of the Wordsworthian philosophy in this country, was not content with the publication under his own able editorship of an American edition of Wordsworth's poems (1837) and his own interpretation of the poet's genius in his

classroom; but he desired, also, that the poet's features should have an American interpretation at the hands of one of the country's most capable and famous artists. Thus it came about that Henry Inman

made the long journey overseas to Rydal in 1844, where he was an honored guest of the venerable poet, studying his every mood and movement, and painting a living portrait which stands as one of the truest presentments of Wordsworth as he was.

The particular quality of truth in this portrait is, if we are to trust the judgment of those who knew the poet, its photographic accuracy. One might romance a bit and imagine that a kind of directness which is



Henry Inman.

essentially American aided the artist in making this accurate likeness which contrasts so clearly with such a conception as Haydon's portrait of "Wordsworth Upon Helvellyn." One might go further and claim that the so-called "poetical" quality of Haydon's portrait was beyond the simplicity of American concept and manner. Be the cause what it may, in the realistic likeness of the portrait lies its peculiar value. Mr. Ellis Yarnall, who knew the poet and who was also very familiar with the portrait, says: "The other portraits are more or less *conventional*—while the true man, Wordsworth as he was, as he lived and moved among the sons of men—not perhaps the ideal poet, but the somewhat rustic dweller among the hills—speaks in the picture. To my mind its simplicity is its

charm." If one needs a more authoritative word, it comes in a letter from Mrs. Wordsworth to an American friend: "I can have no hesitation in saying that in my opinion, and (what is of more value) to my feelings, the portrait of my husband is the best likeness that has been taken of him."

In spite of this emphasis upon the reality of the likeness, we have to remember that Inman's subject was a poet, and that by one of those nice adjustments of nature which rarely occur, he looked a poet. The peculiar quality of his eyes has been often remarked. "The light," says De Quincey, "which resides in them is at no time a superficial light, but under favorable accidents, it is the light which seems to come from unfathomed depths: in fact, it is more truly entitled to be held, 'The light that never was on land or sea'—a light radiating from some far spiritual world, than any the most idealizing that ever yet a painter's hand created." It is a matter of interest in this connection to find that all contemporary criticism of Inman's art as a portrait-painter praises his skill in reproducing the eye. "Perhaps we have never had a painter who could paint a better eye than Inman—few so well," says one critic. "They are all looking at you more than you at them." While in this portrait of Wordsworth the pose prevents us from getting the direct glance of the eyes, there is about them a piercing yet mellow light, the forward-looking gleam of a benevolent sage and prophet. One might, indeed, apply to Inman's portrait the lines which Mrs. Browning wrote upon seeing Haydon's picture of the poet atop Helvellyn:

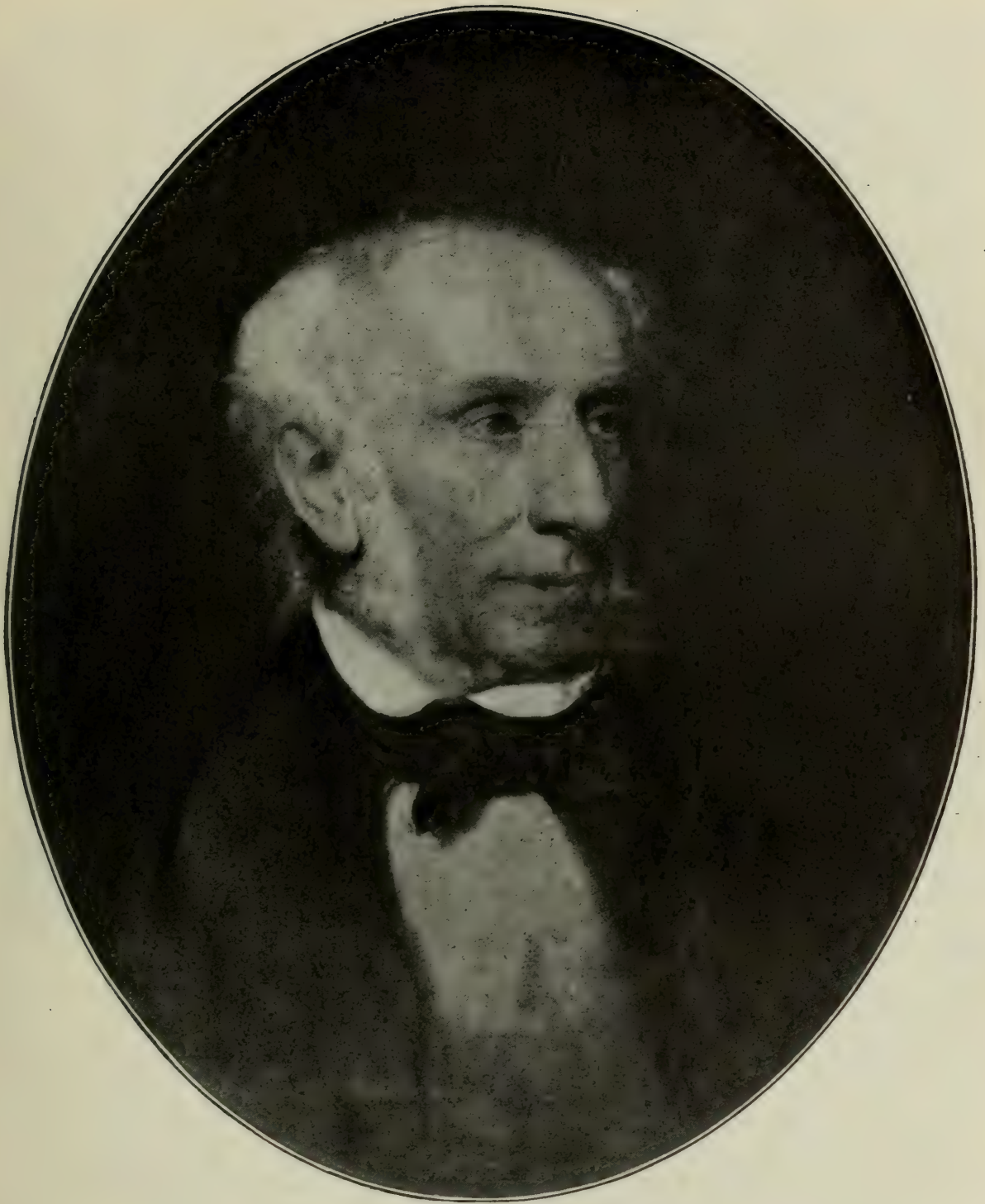
No portrait this with academic air,
This is the poet and his poetry.

The story of the circumstances out of which the artist made his visit to Rydal Mount in 1844 throws a pleasant light upon the American academic and literary life of that time. Professor Reed was no common figure. He was a scholar of parts, who had the vision to turn his attainments to meet the peculiar demands of the American intellectual interests of his day. We needed transmitters of the Old World culture. In response to this need he took upon himself, in addition to the regular duties of a professorship in English rhetoric and literature, several series of extra-curricula lectures for

the benefit of the interested public of Philadelphia. In 1844 he was delivering such a course in one of the college halls upon "English Literature from Chaucer to Tennyson." His interest in the cultivation of literary taste continued through the next decade in open lectures on the various periods and phases of English literature.

But he did something more specific than this for the dissemination of English letters and literary traditions in America. Before 1837 he had published a little volume of "Poems from the Poetical Works of William Wordsworth," and in that year he offered to the American public a handsome royal octavo volume of "The Poetical Works." It was a lovely piece of book-making and brought him quick and full recognition from the great poet who he revered so much. Wordsworth immediately upon receipt of a copy from Reed, wrote him from London with a warmth and a kind of stiff grace which are not frequently found in his letters. He pays a tribute to the book itself: "The book, which has been shown to several persons of taste, Mr. Rogers in particular, is allowed to be by far the handsomest specimen in printing in double columns which they have seen." The idea of an edition of his poems being printed across the seas in America brought a particular satisfaction to the poet, who in his early days had looked to this country as a sort of El Dorado, and might well have shared the dreams of Coleridge and his group, who had contemplated the establishment of a new Utopia upon the banks of the Susquehanna.

With this volume and Reed's introduction through it to Wordsworth began a long friendship between the American professor and the English poet, which was continued until the poet's death in 1850. During all that time Reed's duties kept him in this country, but some of his friends who, through him, had come to know the great bard of Rydal Mount, brought back to him most friendly personal accounts. Reed's own opportunity to go to England came four years after the poet's death; but the real warmth with which he was received and entertained by Mrs. Wordsworth and by various members of the families of Wordsworth, Arnold, and Coleridge, must have made him very happy, and must have assured him of the high esteem in which he had been held by Wordsworth himself. The



The Inman portrait of Wordsworth.

correspondence between Reed and Wordsworth is full of significant facts for the history of Wordsworth's poems and for the state of English letters over here and of American letters in England at that time. Some of Wordsworth's later poems were written on American subjects at Reed's suggestion. But more important than any of these specific things is the fact that through their sympathetic correspondence there was

being established a transatlantic interchange of national and literary ideals which did much for the mutual understanding of intellectual life in both countries.

I have dwelt thus much on the story of the friendship between Reed and Wordsworth by way of showing how an American professor came to know him so well that in 1844 he could presume to send over a portrait painter and ask that he be allowed to

stay at Rydal Mount and have the poet sit for him.

Inman was a typical product of the new world in many ways. His parents had been settlers in the Mohawk Valley, and the boy had grown up in the midst of the privations and the keennesses of pioneer life. According to the picturesque tradition which surrounded this American prodigy, he was taken to New York at the age of thirteen and brought to Jarvis's studio. The great man, upon seeing the star-destined strippling, is reported to have exclaimed: "By heavens, the very head of a painter!"

Whether this story is true or not, we do not need to inquire; but as early as 1834 the young artist had opened a studio in New York and was achieving considerable fame as a portrait-painter. Lester, who published a little book about American artists in 1846, the year of Inman's death, gives an interesting account of the share his personal charm had in the success of his portraiture. "The frank and winning address of Inman, united to conversational powers of a rare order, always gave him an advantage with

sitters, which he used with the happiest effect. He rarely failed to beguile them with his talk of the consciousness that they were sitting for a portrait, when he would seize upon the most natural and characteristic expression of the countenance from which he had thus banished the formality and restraint." This pleasing account of his personality is gratifying. It was important for us that persons who went to England in such a capacity as his should represent the best American type. He was appreciated, if we are to believe the testimony of Wordsworth and the household of Rydal Mount.

Inman's letter to Reed, written to him from New York immediately after his return to America, gives a pleasant glimpse of the stay at Rydal Mount. "On a fine morning (I think it was the 20th of August,

1844) I made my first visit to Rydal Mount. . . . Mr. Wordsworth received me with unaffected courtesy, and my first close and technical observation of him did not fail to note the peculiarly genial smile which lights up a face full of intelligence and good nature. I took sittings of him nearly every day, and in the presence of Mrs. Wordsworth and his daughter and son. . . . It was delightful to mark the sympathy that seemed to bind the aged poet and his wife together. . . . She sat close at his side when the sittings were taken, and the good old man frequently in the course of a conversation mainly addressed to myself,

turned to her with an affectionate inquiry for her opinion respecting the sentiment he had just expressed, and listened with interest for her replies." In addition to the intimate picture of the household that this letter gives us, there is in it an indirect suggestion of the happy circumstances under which the portrait was made and of the kindly way in which the American artist was treated.

In regard to the satisfaction of the sitter and his family

with the portrait, Inman writes: "When the picture was finished he said all that should satisfy my anxious desire for a successful termination to my labors. His wife, son, and daughter all expressed their approval of my work. He told me he had sat twenty-seven times to various artists, and that my picture was the best likeness of them all." There might have been in this statement merely the conventionally polite remarks of the Wordsworths to a foreign artist, but their letters to Reed in regard to the matter show that their statements were entirely sincere. Mrs. Wordsworth, writing to Reed in the autumn following the summer sittings at Rydal, praises the portrait most warmly. "I am happy on this occasion to congratulate you and Mrs. Reed upon the possession of so valuable a treasure. At the same time I must



Henry Reed.



*Residence of Wm. Wordsworth
Rydal Mount.
Sept. 1844*

Inman's study of Wordsworth's residence from which a painting was later made.

express the obligation I feel to the painter for having produced so faithful a record. To this testimony I may add that my daughter and her younger brother (the elder is abroad and has not seen it) are as much satisfied with the portrait of their father as I am."

To that devotee of Wordsworth, whose admiration has led to the painstaking labor of editing the poems, and who had thought so much of the value of the Wordsworth tradition in America that he had sent an American artist to paint the portrait, this must have been a very gratifying letter; and through it the American professor and the English Laureate were coming closer together.

The matter did not end there. Over a year later, in September, 1845, Wordsworth was writing Reed again about the portrait. "This reminds me of Mr. Inman and a promise which he made that he would send us a copy of your portrait of myself. I say a promise, though it scarcely amounted to that absolutely, but it was little short of it. Do you think he could find time to act upon his own wish in this matter? I feel interested in it on Mrs. Wordsworth's account, who reckons that portrait much the best, both as to likeness and execution, of all that have been made of me, and she is an excellent judge. In adverting to this subject I,

of course, presume that you would have no objection to the picture being copied, if the artist were inclined to do it." The Reeds were not slow in complying with this wish. A replica was made by Inman and sent as a gift from Reed to Wordsworth. When James T. Fields was at Rydal Mount in 1847 he noticed the copy and says that Wordsworth "seemed to regard it with veneration as we stood before it." It was on this same visit of Fields to Wordsworth that his host asked kindly after Inman and his daughter. "The painter's daughter," says Fields, "who accompanied her father, made a marked impression on Wordsworth, and both he and his wife joined in the question, 'Are all the girls in America as pretty as she?' I thought it an honor Mary Inman might well be proud of to be so complimented by the old bard."

All the friendly little incidents of that visit of Inman to Rydal Mount are interesting. We like to know that Wordsworth is reported to have pronounced him "the most decided man of genius he has ever seen from America." We like to think that his daughter's pretty self and graceful manners had made a good impression upon the family of the poet. While Inman was there he made some sketches, one of Rydal Falls, which

was listed in a catalogue of Inman's New York exhibition and is now in the possession of the University of Pennsylvania. The notice of another sketch, one of Rydal Water, is accompanied in the catalogue by a quotation from one of Inman's letters: "Mr. Wordsworth pointed out the view and went with me when I made the sketch." It is pleasant to picture the old Laureate and the young painter, sent by a zealous professor from a western land, strolling about the grounds of Rydal Mount together. If we need proof of the charm of Inman's personality we have it in these amiable expeditions. "The poet accompanied me twice," he says in a letter to Reed, "on my sketching excursions, and indicated various points of view which seemed favorable as subjects for the pencil."

There was pleasant talk between them on these sketching tours. Reed, in a little note to his American edition of the "Memoirs of Wordsworth," records the story of one of these conversations. "During one of his days at Rydal Mount," says Reed, "Inman's eye (sensitive to delicately beautiful appearances of nature) caught the fine effect of light and shade produced by sunshine and the glancing shadows of leaves upon the lawn. He remarked it to Mr. W. who repeated the lines he had composed on the same phenomenon—the stanzas beginning:

This lawn a carpet all alive
With shadows flung from leaves—

Mr. Inman indicated the poem to me by his recollection of one phrase which appeared to have impressed itself by its poetic beauty deeply on his fancy: 'a press of sunshine' was, he said, an expression which still clung to his memory." Apparently Reed located the poem from this phrase and then sent it to Inman. Inman wrote in reply to Reed: "The poem you quote is the one I heard as breathed from the lips of the venerable poet, while the same quivering sunshine that first inspired his Muse with these fine reflections, played in restless lustre over his cheeks and temples."

One of the most tangible memorials of these pleasant sketching tours of the Laureate and his American artist, is a pen-and-ink drawing of the house made from an advantageous place in the garden. The hospitable roof-tree and snuggling chimney-pots

and the long row of windows with their sunny southern exposure, rise from a mass of luxuriant English shrubbery. This precious memento of the English tour was brought home by Inman to Reed and is still in the possession of his descendants. It is inscribed with the name of H. Inman and underneath the sketch, in a fine hand (probably Inman's) is the title and date: "Residence of Mr. Wordsworth, Rydal Mount, Sept. 1844." There is about this bit of paper, with its painstakingly fine strokes and its faded brown ink, a romantic charm; for it is more than probable that the picturesque old bard sat by as the sketch was made, and I have no doubt that "the shadows flung from" the leaves of venerable trees quivered across the page as Inman drew. There flashed across his mind, perhaps, a sense of the divergence, and, at the same time, of the similarity between America, with its pioneer flavor, and this English house and garden where lived a poet-laureate to a queen.

The story of this little sketch was not to end with its making. The year after his visit to England, Inman, again in America, painted from this pen-and-ink drawing a landscape which is now in the University of Pennsylvania. Perhaps a warm reminiscence of that sunny morning at Rydal led him to introduce into this copy of the sketch two small figures—"one of the poet and the other of the painter making his sketch." He has introduced color into the garden borders, scarlet blossoms, poppies perhaps, as he remembered them in his mind's eye, burning in the sunlight of that September day. If we are to believe Reed, this happy memory was the last thing to which Inman was to give permanence on canvas. He had been ill and was destined to be cut off in mid-career. In a foot-note in the American edition of Bishop Wordsworth's "Memoirs" of the poet in a very unobtrusive place and in very small type, Reed inserts this brief statement: "After painting the two small figures in the foreground—one of the poet and the other of the painter making his sketch—Inman retired (as he said to a friend) to his chamber to die." It was, no doubt, his pleasure to commemorate in these last days an episode that may well have seemed to him one of the most rewarding experiences in his career and in his life.



UNCERTAINTIES OF THE NEW YEAR

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IN the very considerable number of individual forecasts of the financial and economic outlook for 1920, published at the beginning of the new year, there was striking unanimity of judgment on two

**Forecasts
of the New
Year**

or three considerations, and unusual conflict or uncertainty on the rest. That industrial activity in the United

States cannot continue throughout the present year at the pace of 1919, and, in particular, that the prodigious expansion of our export trade, out of all proportion to our imports, cannot possibly be repeated—on these points, opinion of experienced financial experts was in full agreement.

It agreed also on the facts that Europe's industrial recuperation will proceed this year at a far more rapid rate than in the first year after Germany's surrender; that continuance of our own prosperity is bound up intimately with this foreign recovery, and that therefore, quite as much in the interest of our own economic security and welfare as in that of Europe, the United States will be compelled, from its own overflowing wealth, to grant credit facilities with the utmost liberality to foreign countries. But beyond these three conclusions, opinion among the prophets of the coming year diverged almost irreconcilably.

No unanimity appeared in regard to the probable movement of prices and the cost of living; against a respectable body of opinion which predicted inevitable reduction, there were equally weighty prophecies of even a further rise. Such hopes as were expressed regarding the attitude of labor—and the general drift of sentiment was not unhopeful—were qualified by cautious reservation. Being Americans, the financiers and business men who gave their judgment, based it

largely upon their faith in the United States on general principles. But most of them admitted that the course which events should take in such unprecedented experiments as the solution of the present railway problem, with its relation to the welfare of fiduciary institutions and of the whole investing community, was bound to affect the general situation profoundly.

The attitude of perplexity and uncertainty was not at all unnatural. Experience and observation are usually safe guides to judgment of the future. Even inferences from experience depend, however, on the assumption that certain principles, and the relation of cause and effect in the application of them, will

The Present and the Past

operate in the future as in the past. There is no reason to suppose that they will not. But the tremendous force of the recent political and economic upheaval has swept away so many landmarks, has affected so deeply even the people's way of thinking on such questions, that it is far more difficult for even the keenest mind to be sure how the old-time principles apply to the phenomena of to-day.

The situation is crowded with anomalies. Politically, we have a Europe whose map is even now not clearly determined; the relation between whose constituent states has for more than a year been neither that of peace nor that of war; whose governments are in half a dozen instances admittedly experimental; one of whose provinces has been constitutionally governed by a pianist and musical composer, another unconstitutionally by a decadent poet. With this we have an American situation in which the traditional party of political expansion has been made to struggle for

political isolation; in which the nation that intervened to end the war is refusing to ratify the peace; in which the party that expects to carry the Presidential election is breaking into factions while the other party is a unit, and in which groups of men and women seemingly in possession of their faculties as regards other things in life, are holding up Russia's Bolshevik despotism as a form of government superior to that set forth in the United States Constitution.

ECONOMICALLY, we are confronted with the storehouses of one continent crowded with food and fuel while the people of another continent are starving and freezing. While the wheat crop of 1919 in the United States has sold, by the Agricultural Department's estimate and wholly apart from the government's guarantee, for \$2,000,000,000 as against a maximum of \$670,000,000 for any crop before the war, our farmers have reduced their planting of winter wheat from the last crop's fifty million acres to thirty-eight millions—the smaller figure being much less than in any year since the war began. Every community, our own included, is watching a social reversal in which the income of ordinary laborers, indifferently skilled, runs beyond the average income of teachers, clergymen, and a great mass of professional men.

We have seen prices pushed to exorbitant heights with the result of actually stimulating purchases of the highest-priced goods; and, in the field of housing, a situation in which not only have rents advanced unconscionably but in which the well-to-do tenant, if he has relinquished an existing lease, is not unlikely to find himself without the prospect of a home. In the markets themselves, one encounters such bewildering paradoxes as United States bonds selling at a price which, with the interest rate, will net 5 per cent to the investor, and bonds of the British government, on the same basis of calculation, yielding $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. While the price of silver bullion has risen with the price of other things, its own advance has had curiously bewildering consequences; the market value of the

metal in our silver dollar, which was only $45\frac{3}{4}$ cents in 1894, having risen this year to 103 cents. In Europe, the result of the rise has been disappearance even of small silver coin into the export market, and only by prohibiting export of silver save under governmental license, and by gradually melting up our silver dollars under governmental auspices, has a similar result, so far as the dollar is concerned, been prevented in this country.

Back of all stands the amazing depreciation of New York exchange rates on the European markets—a depreciation without precedent in history; yet, in the face of that phenomenon, such a balance of trade against the United States in its trade with Asia and South America, and such movement of their exchange markets against us, that we have had to export \$300,000,000 gold. It is not strange that, in the face of this jumble of financial and political paradox, even the wisest economist should hesitate to make precise deductions as to the economic future.

IN due course, all of us will discover what the real and abiding principle is, which underlies these confusing movements of the day. It will be found, as always, through holding fast to ascertained facts and refusing to be led aside by theories which construct the facts to suit the ideas of those who hold them. There are two outstanding questions which have greatly bewildered the public mind during the past year, which are certain to occupy it constantly during the coming year, and regarding which very general ignorance and misconception prevail. I am referring, first, to the prevalent idea regarding the American paper currency—in its relation to the gold standard, in the matter of rising prices and to the whole problem of expansion and contraction,—and, second, to the question which is commonly stated as the “bankruptcy of Europe.”

The general public's view of our currency is natural enough. Seeing by the official figures that the amount of Federal Reserve notes in circulation, of which there were none at all when the war began,

**Economic
Paradox of
the Day**

**Two Questions of
Economic
Dispute**

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Roosevelt and Royalties

IN all the Roosevelt Letters there has been nothing more striking than this correspondence with the Kings of the earth. Here are Roosevelt's own letters to them and their remarkable, cordial letters to him. Facsimiles are shown in their own handwriting of letters from the Emperor William, King Edward, the Emperor of Russia, King Alfonso, the Mikado, and Albert of Belgium.

There are also reproductions of the photographs presented by the Kaiser to Colonel Roosevelt showing them both on horseback at the great review in Colonel Roosevelt's honor. On the back of each the Kaiser has written a facetious inscription which is reproduced in facsimile. The photographs themselves were published at the time in Germany.

Henry James and Edmund Gosse were friends for many years, and Mr. Gosse has taken the occasion of the early publication of Mr. James's Letters to review in an intimate manner his whole career. It is a sympathetic presentation of the man and the author. The first paper appears in this number.

General Charles H. Sherrill has recently visited the Philippines and expresses his dissent from the view of those who would make it an independent Republic.

"What the Peace-Makers Have Done on the Danube" is explained by Major E. Alexander Powell in his trip along "The New Frontiers of Freedom."

Maitland Armstrong, known so many years as an artist and maker of stained glass, left a volume of interesting Reminiscences soon to be published. His account of artistic life in Rome a generation ago is here published.

Henry van Dyke's subject this month in "Guide-Posts and Camp-Fires" is "*Sympathetic Antipathies*"—a defense of certain reasoned prejudices.

John Fox's serial, "*Erskine Dale—Pioneer*," increases in dramatic interest. It is a tale of patriotic fervor and real romance

Short Stories — "Devilled Sweetbreads," by Maxwell Struthers Burt, a story of a ranch near the Three Tetons; "A Chinese Interlude," by Harriet Welles, the story of the subtlety of the Chinese as opposed to American hustle; "His Job," by Grace Sartwell Mason, the story of an engineer and his responsibilities.

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SCRIBNER'S *for* April



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"FOUR MORE DAYS," HE CRIED, "AND WE'LL BE THERE!"

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVII

MARCH, 1920

NO. 3

ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHNSON

VII



It was a merry cavalcade that swung around the great oaks that spring morning in 1774. Two coaches with outriders and postilions led the way with their precious freight—the elder ladies in the first coach and the second blossoming with flower-like faces and starred with dancing eyes. Booted and spurred, the gentlemen rode behind and after them rolled the baggage wagons drawn by mules in jingling harness. Harry on a chestnut sorrel, and the young Kentuckian, on a high-stepping gray, followed the second coach—Hugh on Firefly champed the length of the column. Colonel Dale and Dave brought up the rear. The road was of sand and there was little sound of hoof or wheel—only the hum of voices, occasional sallies when a neighbor joined them and laughter from the second coach as happy and care-free as the singing of birds from trees by the roadside.

The capital had been moved from Jamestown to the spot where Bacon had taken the oath against England—then called Middle-Plantation, and now Williamsburg. The cavalcade wheeled into Gloucester Street and Colonel Dale pointed out to Dave the old capitol at one end and William and Mary College at the other. Mr. Henry had thundered in the old capitol, the burgesses had their council chamber there, and in the hall there would be a ball that night. Near the street was a great building which the

colonel pointed out as the governor's palace, surrounded by pleasure-grounds of full three hundred acres and planted thick with linden trees. My Lord Dunmore lived there. Back at the plantation Dave had read in an old copy of *The Virginia Gazette*, amid advertisements of shopkeepers, the arrival and departure of ships and poetical bits that sang of Myrtilla, Florella, and other colonial belles, how the town had made an illumination in honor of the recent arrival of the elegant Lady Dunmore and her three fine, sprightly daughters from whose every look flashed goodness of heart. For them the gentlemen of the burgesses were to give a ball the next night. At this season the planters came with their families to the capitol and the street was as brilliant as a fancy dress parade would be to us now. It was filled with coaches-and-fours. Maidens moved daintily along in silk and lace, high-heeled shoes and clocked stockings. Youths passed on spirited horses, college students in academic dress swaggered through the throng and from his serene excellency's coach, drawn by six milk-white horses, my lord bowed grimly to the grave lifting of hats on either side of the street.

The cavalcade halted before a building with a leaden bust of Sir Walter Raleigh over the main doorway, the old Raleigh Tavern, in the Apollo Room of which Mr. Jefferson had rapturously danced with his Belinda, and which was to become the Faneuil Hall of Virginia. Both coaches were quickly surrounded by bowing gentlemen, young gallants, and frolicsome

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students. Dave, the young Kentuckian and Harry would be put up at the tavern, and, for his own reasons, Hugh elected to stay with them. With an *au revoir* of white hands from the coaches, the rest went on to the house of relatives and friends.

Inside the tavern Hugh was soon surrounded by fellow-students and boon-companions. He pressed Dave and the boy to drink with them but Dave laughingly declined and took the lad up to their room. Below they could hear Hugh's merriment going on and when he came up-stairs a while later his face was flushed, he was in great spirits and was full of enthusiasm over a horse-race and cock-fight that he had arranged for the afternoon. With him came a youth of his own age with daredevil eyes and a suave manner, one Dane Grey, to whom Harry gave scant greeting. One patronizing look from the stranger toward the Kentucky boy and within the latter a fire of antagonism was instantly kindled. With a word after the two went out, Harry snorted his explanation:

"Tory!"

In the early afternoon coach and horseman moved out to an "old field." Hugh was missing from the Dale party and General Willoughby frowned when he noted his son's absence. When they arrived a most extraordinary concert of sounds was filling the air. On a platform stood twenty fiddlers in contest for a fiddle—each sawing away for dear life and each playing a different tune—a custom that still survives in our own hills. After this a "quire of ballads" was sung for. Then a crowd of boys gathered to run one hundred and twelve yards for a hat worth twelve shillings, and Dave nudged his young friend. A moment later Harry cried to Barbara:

"Look there!"

There was their young Indian lining up with the runners, his face calm, but an eager light in his eyes. At the word he started off almost leisurely until the whole crowd was nearly ten yards ahead of him, and then a yell of astonishment rose from the crowd. The boy was skimming the grounds on wings. Past one after another he flew and laughing and hardly out of breath he bounded over the

finish with the first of the rest laboring with bursting lungs ten yards behind. Hugh and Dane Grey had appeared arm in arm and were moving through the crowd with great gayety and some boisterousness, and when the boy appeared with his hat Grey shouted:

"Good for the little savage!" Erskine wheeled furiously but Dave caught him by the arm and led him back to Harry and Barbara who looked so pleased that the lad's ill-humor passed at once.

"Whut you reckon I c'n do with this hat?"

"Put it on!" smiled Barbara but it was so ludicrous surmounting his hunter's garb that she couldn't help laughing aloud. Harry looked uneasy but it was evident that the girl was the one person who could laugh at the sensitive little woodsman with no offense.

"I reckon you're right," he said and gravely he handed it to Harry and gravely Harry accepted it. Hugh and his friend had not approached them for Hugh had seen the frown on his father's face, but Erskine saw Grey look long at Barbara, turn to question Hugh and again he began to burn within.

The wrestlers had now stepped forth to battle for a pair of silver buckles and the boy in turn nudged Dave, but unavailingly. The wrestling was good and Dave watched it with keen interest. One huge bull-necked fellow was easily the winner, but when the silver buckles were in his hand, he boastfully challenged anybody in the crowd. Dave shouldered through the crowd and faced the victor:

"I'll try you once," he said, and a shout of approval rose.

The Dale party crowded close and my lord's coach appeared on the outskirts and stopped.

"Backholts or catch as catch can?" asked the victor sneeringly.

"As you please," said Dave.

The bully rushed. Dave caught him around the neck with his left arm, his right swinging low, the bully was lifted from the ground, crushed against Dave's breast, the wind went out of him with a grunt, and Dave with a smile began swinging him to and fro as though he were putting a child to sleep. The spectators yelled their laughter and the bully

roared like a bull. Then Dave reached around with his left hand, caught the bully's left wrist, pulled loose his hold and with a leftward twist of his own body tossed his antagonist some several feet away. The bully turned once in the air and lighted resoundingly on his back. He got up dazed and sullen but breaking into a good-natured laugh, shook his head and held forth the buckles to Dave.

"You won 'em," Dave said. "They're yours. I wasn't wrastling for them. You challenged. We'll shake hands."

Then my Lord Dunmore sent for Dave and asked him where he was from.

"And do you know the Indian country on this side of the Cumberland?" asked his lordship.

"Very well."

His lordship smiled thoughtfully.

"I may have need of you."

Dave bowed:

"I am an American, my lord."

His lordship flamed but he controlled himself.

"You are at least an open enemy," he said and gave orders to move on.

The horse-race was now on and meanwhile a pair of silk stockings, of one pistol's value, was yet to be conferred. Colonel Dale had given Hugh permission to ride Firefly in the race, but when he saw the lad's condition he peremptorily refused.

"And nobody else can ride him," he said, with much disappointment.

"Let me try!" cried Erskine.

"You!" Colonel Dale started to laugh but he caught Dave's eye.

"Surely," said Dave. The colonel hesitated.

"Very well—I will."

At once the three went to the horse and the negro groom rolled his eyes when he learned what his purpose was.

"Dis hoss'll kill dat boy," he muttered, but the horse had already submitted his haughty head to the lad's hand and was standing quietly. Even Colonel Dale showed amazement and concern when the boy insisted that the saddle be taken off, as he wanted to ride bareback, and again Dave overcame his scruples with a word of full confidence. The boy had been riding pony races bareback, he explained, among the Indians, as long as he had been able to sit a horse. The astonish-

ment of the crowd when they saw Colonel Dale's favorite horse enter the course with a young Indian apparently on him bareback will have to be imagined, but when they recognized the rider as the lad who had won the race, the betting through psychological perversity was stronger than ever on Firefly. Hugh even took an additional bet with his friend Grey who was quite openly scornful.

"You bet on the horse now," he said.

"On both," said Hugh.

It was a pretty and a close race between Firefly and a white-starred bay mare, and they came down the course neck and neck like two whirlwinds. A war-whoop so Indian like and curdling that it startled every old frontiersman who heard it came suddenly from one of the riders. Then Firefly stretched ahead inch by inch, and another triumphant savage yell heralded victory as the black horse swept over the line a length ahead. Dane Grey swore quite fearfully for it was a bet that he could ill afford to lose. He was talking with Barbara when the boy came back to the Dales, and something he was saying made the girl color resentfully and the lad heard her say sharply:

"He is my cousin," and she turned away from the young gallant and gave the youthful winner a glad smile. Just then a group of four men stopped near, looked closely at the little girl and held a short consultation. One of them came forward with a pair of silk stockings in his hand.

"These are for the loveliest maiden present here. The committee chooses you."

And later he reported to his fellow members:

"It was like a red rose curtseying and breathing thanks."

Again Hugh and Dane Grey were missing when the party started back to the town—they were gone to bet on "Bacon's Thunderbolts" in a cock-fight. That night they still were missing when the party went to see the Virginia Comedians in a play by one Mr. Congreve—they were gaming that night—and next morning when the Kentucky lad rose, he and Dave through his window saw the two young roisterers approaching the porch of the hotel—much dishevelled and all but staggering with drink.

"I don't like that young man," said

Dave, "and he has a bad influence on Hugh."

That morning news came from New England that set the town a-quiver. England's answer to the Boston tea-party had been the closing of Boston harbor. In the House of Burgesses, the news was met with a burst of indignation. The first of June was straightway set apart as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer that God would avert the calamity threatening the civil rights of America. In the middle of the afternoon my lord's coach and six white horses swung from his great yard and made for the capitol—my lord sitting erect and haughty—his lips set with the resolution to crush the spirit of the rebellion. It must have been a notable scene, for Nicholas, Bland, Lee, Harrison, Pendleton, Henry, and Jefferson, and perhaps Washington, were there. And my lord was far from popular. He had hitherto girded himself with all the trappings of etiquette, had a court herald prescribe rules for the guidance of Virginians in approaching his excellency, had entertained little and unlike his predecessors, made no effort to establish cordial relations with the people of the capitol. The burgesses were to give a great ball in his honor that very night, and now he was come to dissolve them. And dissolve them he did. They bowed gravely and with no protest. Shaking with anger my lord stalked to his coach and six while they repaired to the Apollo Room to prohibit the use of tea and propose a general Congress of the colonies. And that ball came to pass. Haughty hosts received their haughty guest with the finest and gravest courtesy, bent low over my lady's hand, danced with her daughters, and wrung from my lord's reluctant lips the one grudging word of comment:

"Gentlemen!"

And the ladies of his family bobbed their heads sadly in confirmation, for the steel-like barrier between them was so palpable that it could have been touched that night, it seemed, by the hand.

The two backwoodsmen had been dazzled by the brilliance of it all, for the boy had stood with Barbara who had been allowed to look on for a while. Again my lord had summoned Dave to him and asked many questions about the

wilderness beyond the Cumberland, and he even had the boy to come up and shake hands and asked him where he had learned to ride so well. He lifted his eyebrows when Dave answered for him and murmured with surprise and interest:

"So—so!"

Before Barbara was sent home Hugh and Dane Grey dressed with great care came in, with an exaggeration of dignity and politeness that fooled few others than themselves. Hugh catching Barbara's sad and reproachful glance did not dare go near her but Dane made straight for her side when he entered the room—and bowed with great gallantry. To the boy he paid no attention whatever and the latter fired with indignation and hate turned hastily away. But in a corner unseen he could not withhold watching the two closely, and he felt vaguely that he was watching a frightened bird and a snake. The little girl's self-composure seemed quite to vanish, her face flushed, her eyes were downcast and her whole attitude had a mature embarrassment that was far beyond her years. The lad wondered and was deeply disturbed. The half overlooking and wholly contemptuous glance that Grey had shot over his head had stung him like a knife-cut, so like an actual knife indeed that without knowing it his right hand was then fumbling at his belt. Dave too was noticing and so was Barbara's mother and her father who knew very well that this smooth, suave, bold young daredevil was deliberately leading Hugh into all the mischief he could find. Nor did he leave the girl's side until she was taken home. Erskine, too, left then and went back to the tavern and up to his room. Then with his knife in his belt he went down again and waited on the porch. Already guests were coming back from the party and it was not long before he saw Hugh and Dane Grey half stumbling up the steps. Erskine rose. Grey confronted the lad dully for a moment and then straightened.

"Here's anuzzer one wants to fight," he said thickly. "My young friend, I will oblige you anywhere with anything, at any time—except to-night. You must regard zhat as great honor for I am not accustomed to fight with savages."

And he waved the boy away with such an insolent gesture that the lad, knowing no other desire with an enemy than to kill in any way possible, snatched his knife from his belt. He heard a cry of surprise and horror from Hugh and a huge hand caught his upraised wrist.

"Put it back!" said Dave sternly.

The dazed boy obeyed and Dave led him up-stairs.

VIII

DAVE talked to the lad about the enormity of his offense but to Dave he was inclined to defend himself and his action. Next morning, however, when the party started back to Red Oaks, Erskine felt a difference in the atmosphere that made him uneasy. Barbara alone seemed unchanged and he was quick to guess that she had not been told of the incident. Hugh was distinctly distant and surly for another reason as well. He had wanted to ask young Grey to become one of their party and his father had decisively forbidden him—for another reason too than his influence over Hugh: Grey and his family were Tories and in high favor with Lord Dunmore.

As yet Dave had made no explanation or excuse for his young friend, but he soon made up his mind that it would be wise to offer the best extenuation as soon as possible; which was simply that the lad knew no better, had not yet had the chance to learn, and on the rage of impulse had acted just as he would have done among the Indians, whose code alone he knew.

The matter came to a head shortly after their arrival at Red Oaks when Colonel Dale, Harry, Hugh, and Dave were on the front porch. The boy was standing behind the box-hedge near the steps and Barbara had just appeared in the doorway.

"Well, what was the trouble?" Colonel Dale had just asked.

"He tried to stab Grey unarmed and without warning," said Hugh shortly.

At the moment, the boy caught sight of Barbara. Her eyes filled with scorn, met his in one long, sad, withering look, and she turned noiselessly back into the house. Noiselessly too he melted into the

garden, slipped down to the river bank and dropped to the ground. He knew at last what he had done. Nothing was said to him when he came back to the house and that night he scarcely opened his lips. In silence he went to bed and next morning he was gone.

The mystery was explained when Barbara told how the boy too must have overheard Hugh.

"He's hurt," said Dave, "and he's gone home."

"On foot?" asked Colonel Dale incredulously.

"He can trot all day and make almost as good time as a horse."

"Why, he'll starve."

Dave laughed.

"He could get there on roots and herbs and wild honey, but he'll have fresh meat every day. Still I'll have to try to overtake him. I must go anyhow."

And he asked for his horse and went to get ready for the journey. Ten minutes later Hugh and Harry rushed joyously to his room.

"We're going with you!" they cried, and Dave was greatly pleased. An hour later all were ready and at the last moment Firefly was led in, saddled and bridled and with a leading halter around around his neck.

"Harry," said Colonel Dale, "carry your cousin my apologies and give him Firefly on condition that he ride him back some day. Tell him this home is his"—the speaker halted, but went on gravely and firmly—"whenever he pleases."

"And give him my love," said Barbara, holding back her tears.

At the river gate they turned to wave a last good-by and disappeared in the woods. At that hour the boy far over in the wilderness ahead of them had cooked a squirrel that he had shot for his breakfast and was gnawing it to the bones. Soon he rose and at a trot sped on toward his home beyond the Cumberland. And with him, etched with acid on the steel of his brain sped two images—Barbara's face as he last saw it, and the face of young Dane Grey.

The boy's tracks were easily to be seen in the sandy road and from them Dave judged that he must have left long before daylight. And he was travelling rapidly.

They too went as fast as they could but Firefly led badly and delayed them a good deal. Nobody whom they questioned had laid eyes on the boy and apparently he had been slipping into the bushes to avoid being seen. At sunset Dave knew that they were not far behind him but when darkness hid the lad's tracks Dave stopped for the night. Again Erskine had got the start by going on before day, and it was the middle of the forenoon before Dave, missing the tracks for a hundred yards, halted and turned back to where a little stream crossed the road and dismounted leading his horse and scrutinizing the ground.

"Ah," he said, "just what I expected. He turned off here to make a bee-line for the fort. He's not far away now." An hour later he dismounted again and smiled: "We're pretty close now."

Meanwhile Harry and Hugh were getting little lessons in woodcraft. Dave pointed out where the lad had broken a twig climbing over a log, where the loose covering of another log had been detached when he leaped to it and where he had entered the creek, the toe of one moccasin pointing down-stream.

Then Dave laughed aloud:

"He's seen us tracking him and he's doubled on us and is tracking us. I expect he's looking at us from somewhere around here." And he hallooed at the top of his voice which rang down the forest aisles. A war-whoop answered almost in their ears that made the blood leap in both the boys. Even Dave wheeled with cocked rifle and the lad stepped from behind a bush scarcely ten feet behind them.

"Well, by gum," shouted Dave, "fooled us after all."

A faint grin of triumph was on the lad's lips, but in his eyes was a waiting inquiry directed at Harry and Hugh. They sprang forward both of them with their hands outstretched:

"We're sorry!"

A few minutes later Hugh was transferring his saddle from Firefly to his own horse which had gone a trifle lame. On Firefly Harry buckled the boy's saddle and motioned for him to climb up. The bewildered lad turned to Dave who laughed:

"It's all right."

"He's your horse, cousin," said Harry. "My father sent him to you and says his home is yours whenever you please. And Barbara sent her love."

At almost the same hour in the great house on the James the old negress was carrying from the boy's room to Colonel Dale in the library a kingly deed that the lad had left behind him. It was a rude scrawl on a sheet of paper, signed by the boy's Indian name and his totem mark—a buffalo pierced by an arrow.

"It make me laugh. I have no use. I give hole dam plantashun Barbara."

Thus read the scrawl!

IX

LED by Dave, sometimes by the boy, the four followed the course of rivers, upward, always except when they descended some mountain which they had to cross, and then it was soon upward again. The two Virginia lads found themselves, much to their chagrin, as helpless as children, but they were apt pupils and soon learned to make a fire with flint and even with dry sticks of wood. On the second day Harry brought down a buck and the swiftness and skill with which Dave and the Kentucky boy skinned and cleaned it greatly astonished the two young gentlemen from the James. There Erskine had been helpless, here these two were, and they were as modest over the transposition as was the Kentucky lad in the environment he had just left. Once they saw a herd of buffalo and they tied their horses and slipped toward them. In his excitement Harry fired too soon and the frightened herd thundered toward them.

"Climb a tree!" shouted Erskine dropping his rifle and skinning up a young hickory. Like squirrels they obeyed and from their perches they saw Dave in an open space ahead of them dart for a tree too late.

The buffalo were making straight for them through no purpose but to get away, and to their horror they saw the big hunter squeezing his huge body sideways against a small tree and the herd dashing under them and past him. They could not see him for the shaggy bodies rushing by, but when they passed, there was Dave

unhurt, though the tree on both sides of him had been skinned of its bark by their horns.

"Don't do that again," said Dave, and then seeing the crestfallen terror on Harry's face he smiled and patted the boy on the shoulder:

"You won't again. You didn't know. You will next time."

Three days later they reached the broad, beautiful Holston River, passing over the pine-crested, white-rocked summit of Clinch Mountain, and came to the last outlying fort of the western frontier. Next day they started on the long, long wilderness trail toward the Cumberland range. In the lowland they found much holly and laurel and rhododendron. Over Wallen's Ridge they followed a buffalo trail to a river that had been called Bear-grass because it was fringed with spikes of white umbelliferous flowers four feet high that were laden with honey and beloved by Bruin of the sweet tooth. The land was level down the valley. On the third day therefrom the gray wall of the Cumberland that ran with frowning inaccessibility on their right gathered its flanks into steep gray cliffs and dipped suddenly into Cumberland Gap. Up this they climbed. On the summit they went into camp, and next morning Dave swept a long arm toward the wild expanse to the west:

"Four more days," he cried, "and we'll be there!"

The two boys looked with awe on the limitless stretch of wooded wilds. It was still Virginia to be sure, but they felt that once they started down they would be leaving their own beloved State for a strange land of unknown beasts and red men who peopled that "dark and bloody ground."

Before sunrise next morning they were dropping down the steep and rocky trail. Before noon they reached the beautiful Cumberland River, and Dave told them that below it ran over a great rocky cliff tumbling into foam and spray over mighty boulders around which the Indians had to carry their bark canoes. As they rode along the bank of the stream the hills got lower and were densely thicketed with laurel and rhododendron and impenetrable masses of canebrake

filled every little valley curve. That night they slept amid the rocky foothills of the range, and next morning looked upon a vast wilderness stretch of woods that undulated to the gentle slopes of the hills, and that night they were on the edge of the blue-grass land.

Toward sunset Dave, through a sixth sense, had the uneasy feeling that he was not only being followed but watched from the cliffs alongside, and he observed that Erskine too had more than once turned in his saddle or lifted his eyes searchingly to the shaggy flanks of the hills. Neither spoke to the other, but that night when the hoot of an owl raised Dave from his blanket Erskine too was upright with his rifle in his hand. For half an hour they waited, and lay down again, only to be awakened again by the snort of a horse, when both sprang to their feet and crawled out toward the sound. But the heavy silence lay unbroken and they brought the horses closer to the fire.

"Now I *know* it was Indians," said Dave, "that hoss o' mine can smell one further'n a rattlesnake." The boy nodded and they took turns on watch while the two boys slept on till daylight. The trail was broad enough next morning for them to ride two abreast—Dave and Erskine in advance. They had scarcely gone a hundred yards when an Indian stepped into the path twenty yards ahead. Instinctively Dave threw his rifle up, but Erskine caught his arm. The Indian had lifted his hand—palm upward. "Shawnee!" said the lad, as two more appeared from the bushes. The eyes of the two tide-water boys grew large, and both clinched their guns convulsively. The Indian spokesman paid no heed except to Erskine—and only from the lad's face, in which surprise was succeeded by sorrow and then deep thoughtfulness, could they guess what the guttural speech meant, until Erskine turned to them.

They were not on the war-path against the whites, he explained. His foster-father—Kahtoo, the big chief, the king—was very ill and his message brought by them was that Erskine should come back to the tribe and become chief as the chief's only daughter was dead and his only son had been killed by the palefaces. They knew that in the fight at the fort

Erskine had killed the Shawnee, his tormentor, for they knew the arrow which Erskine had not had time to withdraw. The dead Shawnee's brother—Crooked Lightning—was with them. He it was who had recognized the boy the day before and they had kept him from killing Erskine from the bushes. At that moment a gigantic savage stepped from the brush. The boy's frame quivered, straightened, grew rigid, but he met the malevolent glare turned on him with emotionless face and himself quietly began to speak while Harry and Hugh and even Dave watched him enthralled; for the lad was Indian now and the old chief's mantle was about his shoulders. He sat his horse like a king and spoke as a king. He thanked them for holding back Crooked Lightning's evil hand, but—contemptuously he spat toward the huge savage—he was not to die by that hand. He was a paleface and the Indians had slain his white mother. He had forgiven that, for he loved the old chief and his foster-mother and brother and sister, and the tribe had always been kind to him. Then they had killed his white father and he had gone to visit his kindred by the big waters and now he loved *them*. He had fled from the Shawnees because of the cruelty of Crooked Lightning's brother whom he had slain. But if the Indians were falling into evil ways and following evil counsels his heart was sad.

"I will come when the leaves fall," he concluded, "but Crooked Lightning must pitch his lodge in the wilderness and be an outcast from the tribe until he could show that his heart was good." And then with an imperious gesture he waved his hand toward the west.

"Now go!"

It was hard even for Dave to realize that the lad, to all purposes, was actually then the chief of a powerful tribe and even he was a little awed by the instant obedience of the savages who without a word melted into the bushes and disappeared. Harry wished that Barbara had been there to see and Hugh was open-mouthed with astonishment and wonder and Dave recovered himself with a little chuckle only when without a word Erskine clucked Firefly forward, quite unconsciously taking the lead. And Dave

humored him; nor was it many hours before the lad ceased to be chief, although he did not wholly become himself again until they were near the fort. It was nearing sunset and from a little hill Dave pointed to a thin blue wisp of smoke rising far ahead from the green expanse.

"There it is, boys!" he cried. All the horses were tired except Firefly and with a whoop Erskine darted forward and disappeared. They followed as fast as they could and they heard the report of the boy's rifle and the series of war-whoops with which he was heralding his approach. Nobody in the fort was fearful, for plainly it was no unfriendly coming. All were gathered at the big gate and there were many yells and cries of welcome and wonder when the boy swept into the clearing on a run, brandishing his rifle above his head and pulled his fiery black horse up in front of them.

"Whar'd you steal that hoss?" shouted Bud.

"Look at them clothes!" cried Jack Sanders. And the women—Mother Sanders, Mother Noe, and Lydia and Honor and Polly Conrad—gathered about him, laughing, welcoming, shaking hands and asking questions.

"Where's Dave?" That was the chief question and asked by several voices at the same time. The boy looked grave.

"Dave ain't comin' back," he said, and then seeing the look on Lydia's face, he smiled: "Dave—" he had no further to go for Dave's rifle cracked and his voice rose from the woods, and he and Harry and Hugh galloped into the clearing. Then were there more whoopings and greetings, and Lydia's starting tears turned to smiles.

Healthy, husky, rude and crude these people were, but hearty, kind, wholesome and hospitable to the last they had. Naturally the young people and the two boys from the James were mutually shy but it was plain that the shyness would soon wear off. Before dark the men came in: old Jerome and the Noe brothers and others who were strangers even to Dave, for in his absence many adventurers had come along the wilderness trail and were arriving all the time. Already Erskine and Bud had shown the two stranger boys around the fort; had told them of the last

fight with the Indians and pointed out the outer walls pockmarked with bullet-holes. Supper was in the open—the women serving and the men seated about on buffalo skins and deer hides. Several times Hugh or Harry would spring up to help serve until Polly turned on Hugh sharply:

“You set still!” and then she smiled at him.

“You’ll spile us—but I know a lot o’ folks that might learn manners from you two boys.”

Both were embarrassed. Dave laughed, Bud Sanders grunted and Erskine paid no heed. All the time the interchange of news and experiences was going on. Dave had to tell about his trip and Erskine’s races—for the lad would say nothing—and in turn followed stories of killing buffalo, deer, panther, and wildcat during

his absence. Early the women disappeared, soon the men began to yawn and stretch and the sentinels went to the watch-towers for there had been Indian signs that day. This news thrilled the eastern lads, and they too turned into the same bed built out from the wall of one of the cabins and covered with bear-skins. And Harry, just before his eyes closed, saw through the open door Erskine seated alone by the dying fire in deep thought—Erskine, the connecting link between the tide-water aristocrats and these rude pioneers, between these backwoodsmen and the savage enemies out in the black encircling wilderness. And that boy’s brain was in a turmoil—what was to be his fate, there, here, or out there where he had promised to go at the next falling of the leaves?

(To be continued.)

IN THE HILLS

By Badger Clark

THE shadow crawls up canyon walls; the rim rocks flush to pink.

A sleepy night hawk lurches up between the pines to soar,
And we can hear a thirsty deer tiptoeing down to drink

Among the glimmering birches on the hazy canyon floor.

Sister, sister, it seems a staring pity—

Somewhere there is a city, and one time there was a war.

Around the bend the thickets end at field and garden spot,

And little ranches lifting smokes that make the twilight sweet.

Beneath the smokes the women folks are watching pan and pot,

While joking men are drifting in to smell the sizzling meat.

Sister, sister, and is it truth or lying,

That somewhere folks are dying for the want of things to eat?

Along the hill the winds are still, and still, blue shadows rise,

And quiet bats are winging out, but down the canyon floor

The swift creek purls in dusky swirls that mind me of your eyes,

And keeps the stillness singing here for ever, evermore.

Sister, sister, and is it true, I wonder—

Somewhere the loud streets thunder, and one time there was a war.

PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF HIS TRIP FROM KHARTOUM TO LONDON

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WRITTEN TO SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN

SEVENTH PAPER IN "THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME—
SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS"

Edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop



HE concluding portion of Roosevelt's personal account of his travels in Egypt and Europe, written in the form of a letter to Sir George Otto Trevelyan, on October 1, 1911, the first half of which was published in the February number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, is given herewith. Writing about the passages in it which refer to the Kaiser and to the tour of the American Navy around the world in 1908, Sir George said in a letter to Roosevelt, on October 21, 1911:

"I own to be rather alarmed by what you saw and heard in Germany. The whole account of the relation of the Emperor to his people is most exceedingly important, and quite bears out my own outside conclusions. He acceded to the throne at the age of 28—the age of Frederic the Great; and, before three months were over, Frederic had all Europe in a blaze, and William has kept the peace already for above a quarter of a century. There is a very serious tendency in the German mind; and I await with real anxiety the forthcoming election for the Reichstag. A *very great* weakening of the Junker predominance might have a good effect; but the powers that are may stick at nothing to avert that result.

"We were extraordinarily interested by your policy about the sailing of the United States Fleet. It was a glimpse of '*la plus haute politique*' which told much of your methods as a ruler."

THE LETTER (*Continued*)

There was a sequel to my visit to Vienna which was rather amusing. By appointment I called on the Prime Minister. He was a statesman and diplomat of the old school, very polished and cultivated, with real power, and entirely cynical. Down at bottom he had no more sympathy with me than Merry del Val, but unlike Merry del Val he recognised the fact that the world had moved; and went out of his way, as did the Emperor, to thank me for what I had done at Rome, saying that it made their task a little easier; and I think he was instrumental in having the Papal Nuncio call on me when our Ambassador, who is himself a Catholic, gave me a reception at the Embassy—a fact which drove the ultras of the Vati-

can nearly crazy. He speedily brought the subject round to the question of universal peace and disarmament, and cautiously tried to draw me out as to what my attitude would be on these subjects when I saw the Kaiser in Berlin. Carnegie, personally and through Root, my one-time Secretary of State, had been asking me to try to get the Emperor committed to universal arbitration and disarmament, and had been unwary enough to let something leak into the papers about what he had proposed. Root was under obligations to Carnegie for the way that Carnegie had helped him in connection with the Pan-American movement, and he had also helped the Smithsonian in fitting out the scientific people who went



Ex-President Roosevelt, General Gallieni (later the defender of Paris in the Great War), Kermit Roosevelt (behind Gallieni), and Ambassador Robert Bacon, in Paris, 1910.

with me on my African trip; and Carnegie's purposes as regards international peace are good; and so I told him that I would see whether I could speak to the Emperor or not, but that I did not believe any good would come of it.

From America, I suppose through some inadvertence on Mr. Carnegie's part, it got into the newspapers that I was to speak to the Emperor about peace; whereupon all the well-meaning and unspeakably foolish busybodies who, partly from sincere interest and partly from fussiness and vanity, like to identify themselves with large reforms, and whose identification therewith always does damage to the said reforms, began to write to me and to the papers. Evidently this had much alarmed the German foreign office people, and probably the German Kaiser himself. Those responsible for Germany's policies at the present day are most ardent disciples of, and believers in, Frederick the Great and Bismarck, and not unnaturally have an intense contempt for the mock altruism of so many worthy people who will not face facts—a contempt which Bismarck showed for Motley when Motley very foolishly thrust upon him advice about how to deal with conquered France. Having been trained to believe only in loyalty to the national welfare, and in the kind of international morality characteristic of one pirate among his fellow pirates, they are unable to understand or appreciate the standards of international morality which men like Washington and Lincoln genuinely believed in, which have been practised on a very large scale for two or three generations by your people in India, and latterly in Egypt and which are now being applied by our own people on a smaller scale in the Philippines and the West Indies.

Evidently the German foreign office availed themselves of the very close relations between Austria and Germany, and got the Austrian Prime Minister to sound me as to my intentions. He took advantage of a question I put to him anent a remark to me by the Duke of Abruzzi, who had told me that in Europe they firmly believed that two wars were certain, one between Japan and ourselves, one between you and Germany. After repeating this remark, I said that I did

not believe war would ever come between Japan and ourselves, certainly not if we kept up a sufficiently efficient navy, and fortified Hawaii and the Canal; and I asked the Prime Minister whether such a calamity as a war between England and Germany would really be provoked by Germany. He at once answered that he had first-hand information which made him sure that Germany had no intention whatever of provoking a war, but that she did not intend to be at the mercy of any power; and that as her trade was growing, and her overseas interests growing, she believed it necessary to build up a big fleet. I mentioned that while President I had sounded, unofficially and informally, Germany and England as well as other powers to see if we could not limit the size of armaments, at least by limiting the size of ships; but had found that while all the other powers were willing, Germany and England would not consent; Germany taking the ground that the *status quo* put her at an improper disadvantage, and England saying—as I believe quite properly—that naval superiority was vital to her existence and that if Germany intended to alter the *status quo* she could not agree under any consideration to refrain from a policy of shipbuilding which would prevent such alteration from coming into effect. I added that while I had no proposition to make myself I did wish that the German authorities would seriously consider whether it was worth while for them to keep on with a building programme which was the real cause why other nations were forced into the very great expense attendant upon modern naval preparation.

The minister asked me if I intended to speak about this in Berlin. I answered that I did not know, that I could not tell whether or not the chance would arise. I of course expected him to inform the Berlin foreign office of what I had said, and indeed desired him to do so; but I had not expected what followed. Two days later the Berlin papers came out with semi-official statements to the effect that the Berlin foreign office had been informed that I wished to talk to them on the subject of universal peace and disarmament, but that they did not believe for a moment that I would be so lacking

in understanding of the requirements of the situation as to take advantage of my friendly personal visit to broach a subject which would be very distasteful and which the government authorities would have to refuse to discuss.

I was really grateful, not only to the Austrian for what he had done, but to the Berlin Government for taking such public action. Not only Mr. Carnegie, but a multitude of well-meaning and ignorant people, had wrought themselves into the belief that if I chose I could do something with the Emperor for peace; and I was glad to be able to point out to them this announcement from the German foreign office in advance of my visit, which saved me the necessity of trying to explain why I could accomplish nothing. On the other hand it did give me exactly the chance that I wished with both the Emperor and the Chancellor in Berlin. To each of them I pointed out these statements in the German papers, and stated that I had had no intention of broaching the subject unless it had become evident that they were willing to have me speak; but after such a publication, obviously inspired by my conversation with the Austrian Prime Minister, it was due to myself that I should tell them at first-hand just what that conversation had been; and I accordingly repeated it to them, ending by saying that I knew perfectly well not only from what had appeared in the press but from other information I had received, that they were reluctant to discuss the matter, that I hoped they understood that I was a practical man and in no sense a peace-at-any-price man, and that all I had felt was that the subject was of such importance as to warrant consideration as to whether or not it was feasible to do something practical toward limiting expense and putting difficulties in the way of war.

The Emperor was very courteous, and said that he really had no control over the matter, that it was something which affected the German people, and that the German people, or at least that section of the German people upon whom he relied and in whom he believed, would never consent to Germany's failing to keep herself able to enforce her rights either on land or at sea. The Chancellor was ob-

viously a good deal taken aback at my remarks, and at first started to deny that they had inspired the articles in the press, whereupon I laughed and told him not to bother about denying it because I had not minded in the least. He then laughed too, and said that he had become sorry that the articles were ever published, and had not personally approved of their being published. The Austrian Ambassador in Berlin was very anxious to see me and was wholly unable to resist asking whether I had spoken to the Emperor and the Foreign Office about peace and disarmament; so I replied by asking him whether the publication in question had been made by him prior to communicating the matters to the German Foreign Office, or by the German Foreign Office after he had communicated my conversation with his chief; and I added that I did not mind in the least, that while I thought the publication in the papers unnecessary, it had given me the chance to say what I had to say, a chance which otherwise I probably would not have had. He nearly choked in trying to invent some appropriate remark in response; but failed.

INCIDENTS OF THE PARIS VISIT

From Vienna I went to Paris, where I joined Mrs. Roosevelt at the Bacons. Bacon, old college friend of mine, was then, and is now, Ambassador to Paris. He and his wife are dear people, and staying with them was an oasis in a desert of hurry and confusion. I thoroughly enjoyed my visit to Paris, but by the end I began to feel jaded. Jusserand had come across the ocean to meet me. We are very fond of him. Frenchmen, thank heavens! do understand a liking for the things in life that are most interesting, and though official deputations accompanied me round to the three or four museums or picture galleries which I insisted on visiting, the officials differed markedly from the corresponding type in most other countries and were pleasant companions. The Royalist press, being Catholic, was inclined to receive me coldly because of the Vatican incident, but my Sorbonne speech delighted them; and, curiously enough, it also delighted the Republicans who were getting very uneasy over the

Socialist propaganda, or at least over the mob work and general sinister destruction in which Socialist propaganda was beginning to take practical form. Accordingly, all the Republican leaders hailed what I said because it came from a radical republican, whose utterances they could applaud and hold up as an excuse for strong action on their part, without its being possible for their foes to taunt them with being royalists and reactionaries in disguise.

Besides various formal functions such as dinners and receptions by the municipal government and by the Institute (of which I had been made a member and where, by the way, I genuinely enjoyed myself), I was also given two or three private breakfasts and dinners at which I met Briand, and various other members of the Government and the Opposition, in intimate and informal fashion. These I especially liked. Neither the President nor the ex-president was interesting; they were good honest respectable figure-heads; but the members of the various ministries were thoroughly competent men, of much ability. It shows my own complacent Anglo-Saxon ignorance that I had hitherto rather looked down upon French public men, and have thought of them as people of marked levity. When I met them I found that they had just as solid characters as English and American public men, although with the attractiveness which to my mind makes the able and cultivated Frenchman really unique. I speedily realized that it was not they who were guilty of levity, it was the French nation, or rather the combination of the French national character with the English parliamentary system; a system admirable for England, taking into account the English national character, the customs and ways of looking at things inherited generation after generation by both the English people and their public men, and especially the fact that there are in England two parties; but a system which has not worked well in a government by groups, where the people do not mind changing their leaders continually, and are so afraid of themselves that, unlike the English and Americans, they do not dare trust any one man with a temporary exercise of large power for fear

they will be weak enough to let him assume it permanently.

Of course in talking with these French republicans, who are absorbed in the questions that affect all of us under popular government, I had a sense of kinship that it was impossible to feel with men, however high-minded and well-meaning, whose whole attitude of mind towards these problems was different from mine. With the French republicans I could on the whole, and in spite of certain points on which we radically differed, feel a sympathy somewhat akin to that which I felt in talking with English Liberals. Of course there are plenty of French republicans, just as there are plenty of English radicals and American progressives, with whom I am as completely out of sympathy as with any ecclesiastic or royalist reactionary. But fundamentally it is the radical liberal in all three countries with whom I sympathise. He is at least working toward the end for which I think we should all of us strive; and when he adds sanity and moderation to courage and enthusiasm for high ideals he develops into the kind of statesman whom alone I can whole-heartedly support. In France I also met a number of men of letters whom I had really wished to see, men like Victor Berard and De la Gorce and Boutroux. What a charming man a charming Frenchman is!

There was one incident which interested me. The French were bound that I should see some of their troops. I had at first refused to accept a review, simply because I did not have the time; but Jusserand finally told me that they understood that the German Emperor would have a big review in my honor, and that the French people would take it amiss if I so acted as to give the impression that while I believed France had charm and refinement, so that it was worth while seeing her museums and picture galleries, her salons, her doctors of the Sorbonne and the Institute, yet I did not take her military power seriously, nor deem her soldiers worth seeing; for, said Jusserand, the French pride themselves upon being a military nation, and admit no military inferiority to any people, no matter how much they may also pride themselves upon proficiency in all that tells for

the grace and refinement of life. Of course I hastily withdrew my declination, saying with entire sincerity that I was a very great admirer of the French soldiers; and so off I went and saw a sham battle.

I was in the usual dreadful dress of the "visiting statesman," with frock coat and top hat; but when the colonel of the cavalry regiment asked me if I would not ride I said I would if they gave me a pair of leggings, having first hastily consulted Jusserand to find if there would be objection. For reasons which I never quite clearly understood, they were all, officers and men, very much pleased at my riding, and a couple of days later I received a letter written by the senior non-commissioned officer on behalf of the enlisted men of the squadron to which the horse belonged, thanking me and saying they would always take special care of the horse and commemorate in their company records the fact that I had ridden it. I wrote them back telling them that when I got back home I would send them a photograph of myself in my uniform as colonel of the cavalry regiment with which I had served in Cuba; and this I accordingly did, and they hung it in their caserne. I was a good deal struck by the fact that this was done by the enlisted men, as I found out, without consultation with their officers. It was the kind of thing that our own enlisted men would have done; the kind of thing that the men of the battleship *Louisiana* did when Mrs. Roosevelt and I went down to Panama, when, after our return the Jackies, purely on their own initiative, subscribed a fund with which to have Tiffany make a huge loving cup, which they then sent to Mrs. Roosevelt by a deputation of four of their number. All bursting with pride and so clean that they looked as if they had been holy-stoned.

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND

From Paris I went to Brussels, where we were only able to stay twenty-four hours. I made an address at the Brussels Exposition, the king presiding over the meeting. The American Minister had made a point of my accepting the invitation to make this address because he was heartily ashamed, as was I, of the fact

that Congress had failed to make any appropriation for an American exhibit—one of the many exasperating features of Congressional action being a tendency continually to pass resolutions asking nations to send exhibits to our own Expositions, and a bland disregard of requests sent by foreign countries for us in return to make exhibits at their expositions. The Belgian officials and leading men whom I met impressed me very favorably, and their women seemed to me to have the domestic qualities developed much more like our women in England and America than was the case in France, and yet to have the charm and attractiveness of the Frenchwomen. The king was a huge fair young man, evidently a thoroughly good fellow, with excellent manners, and not a touch of pretension. I slipped off for an hour or two to see a couple of things which I wished to see, and at one place he suddenly came across me and instantly took me in his carriage, driving me through the streets as if he had been one of his own subjects, and being greeted by the people in cordial democratic fashion. He afterwards drove me out to the palace, where I dressed for dinner, as he wished to show me some things beforehand. The queen proved really delightful, really cultivated and intellectual, so much so that we made especial inquiries about her; it proved that she was the daughter of a German prince, who was a great oculist, a man who had done first-class work as such; and evidently she had inherited her father's ability. Every evening, as she informed us, she read aloud to the king books in which they were both interested; and altogether they led a thoroughly wholesome life.

Next day we went to Holland, and on our way to The Hague stopped for lunch at Het Loo with the Queen Wilhelmina. The Hollanders had shown so strong a feeling of pride in having a prominent American President who was of Dutch blood visit them that I had naturally appreciated it.

I thoroughly enjoyed my stay in Holland, both at The Hague and Amsterdam. The people were charming, and the crowd behaved exactly as if I was still President and home in America; and we got a few hours to ourselves in which to see one or

two of the picture galleries, one or two villages, and the tomb of William the Silent and de Ruyter. I was surprised to find how widely English was understood and even spoken. I had to make a speech in a church, which was crowded, and evidently a very large proportion of the audience followed me carefully and understood practically all that I said, not only applauding but laughing at the points I made. There was one thing I found really consoling about Holland. After the beginning of the eighteenth century it had gone steadily downhill, and was very low indeed at the close of the Napoleonic wars. Since then it has steadily risen, and though the nation itself is small I was struck by the power and alertness and live spirit of the people as individuals and collectively. They had completely recovered themselves. When I feel melancholy about some of the tendencies in England and the United States, I like to think that they probably only represent temporary maladies, and that ultimately our people will recover themselves and achieve more than they have ever achieved; and Holland shows that national recovery can really take place.

A CLOTHES INCIDENT IN DENMARK

From Holland we went to Denmark, where we stayed at the palace. This much upset all the diplomats, and especially the Russian representative, who complained to our representative—a close friend of ours and a delightful fellow, Maurice Egan—"Why! they have never before had a private citizen in the palace. I understand Mr. Roosevelt is now nothing in his own country. He is not even an Excellency; and yet he and his family are staying in the rooms the Czar occupied last Summer." The king was somewhere in South Europe, and I did not meet him until I went to London, but his son the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess received us, and also a couple of delightful brothers or uncles, really fine old gentlemen. Through some mistake our trunks did not come on the same train with us. By wire we found they would reach us at about seven thirty. The crown prince then came to Mrs. Roosevelt and said that they had

asked some people to dinner (it was a formal court dinner) at seven, and there was to be a reception immediately afterwards; that if we waited for the trunks and then got dressed, instead of getting dressed for the reception as soon as the dinner was over, everything would be delayed; and so he wished to know whether she would mind our all coming in our traveling clothes—fortunately we had clean linen in our handbags. The Hof-Mareschal, a Baron somebody, described the incident afterwards to Egan, who wrote to us: "The baron was immensely impressed with Mrs. Roosevelt's indifference on the subject of clothes. He said: 'His Highness asked her if she would mind coming in her traveling dress, and she said certainly not, and came at once, and evidently never thought of the matter at all.' Then, holding up both hands, '*C'Etait vraiment royale!*'"

I was interested in the Old Age homes, and in the co-operative farming, although I could only get a glimpse of both; but I was rather puzzled to find that the very great growth of what I should call the wise and democratic use of the powers of the State toward helping raise the individual standard of social and economic well-being had not made the people more contented. It seems to me that the way Denmark has handled the problem of agricultural well-being, and the problem of dealing with the wage-workers who do manual labor, and of securing them against want in their old age, represents a higher and more intelligent social and governmental action than we have begun to have in America; yet I encountered much bitterness towards the national government among the large and growing Socialistic party. This party had control of the municipality of Copenhagen, and the mayor, or official corresponding to the mayor, who sat by me at the municipal dinner was a Socialist. He was a Jew banker, and I was much interested in finding such a man occupying such a position; he stated that as long as individualism persisted he would be foolish not himself to be a banker or other business man, but that he hoped for the advent of Socialism in such form as to destroy the very kind of individualistic business in which he was engaged.

SIMPLE ROYAL LIFE IN NORWAY

At Christiania we were taken at once to the palace, where we stayed; and I could hardly speak too strongly of King Haakon, Queen Maud, and little Olaf. They were dears; we were genuinely sorry, when we left them, to think that we would never see them again; if ever Norway decides to turn Republic we should love to have them come to live near Sagamore Hill.

Of course Norway is as funny a kingdom as was ever imagined outside of opera bouffe—although it isn't opera bouffe at all, for the Norwegians are a fine, serious, powerful lot of men and women. But they have the most genuinely democratic society to be found in Europe, not excepting Switzerland; there are only two or three states in the American Union which are as real democracies. They have no nobles, hardly even gentry; they are peasants and small townspeople—farmers, sailors, fisherfolk, mechanics, small traders. On this community a royal family is suddenly plumped down. It is much as if Vermont should off hand try the experiment of having a king. Yet it certainly seemed as if the experiment were entirely successful.

I was interested to find that the Norwegians in America had on the whole advised a constitutional kingdom rather than a republic, on the ground that the king would not in any way interfere with the people having complete self-government and yet would give an element of stability to the government, preventing changes from being too violent and making a rallying point; one philosophic leader pointing out that this was not necessary in America, where people had grown to accept the republic as a historic ideal, in itself a symbol and pledge of continuity, but that in Norway the republic would not stand for any such ideal of historic continuity, and moreover would be looked down on by its monarchic neighbors—the last being a touch of apprehension on the score of possible international social inequality which was both amusing and interesting.

For such a kingdom, constituted of such materials and with such theories, the entire royal family, king, queen, and

prince, were just exactly what was needed. They were as simple and unpretentious as they were good and charming. Olaf was a dear little boy, and the people at large were immensely pleased with him. The King was a trump, privately and publicly; he took a keen and intelligent interest in every question affecting his people, treated them and was treated by them, with a curiously simple democracy of attitude which was free from make-believe on either side, and therefore free from the offensive and unpleasant characteristics that were evident in, for instance, the relations of Louis Philippe and the Parisian populace, and while he unhesitatingly and openly discussed questions with his ministers, never in the slightest way sought to interfere with or hamper their free action.

In such a monarchy formal state and ceremonial at the court would have been absurd. Staying at the palace was like staying at any gentleman's house with exceptionally charming and friendly hosts. On the first afternoon, shortly after arriving, I was in the sitting room, when in came the King and Queen with Olaf. Mrs. Roosevelt was in her room, dressing. I gave Olaf various bits of blood-curdling information about lions and elephants; and after a while his mother and father rose, and said: "Come, Olaf, we must go." Olaf's face fell. "But am I not to see the wife?" he said. We assured him he should see the wife at tea. He was not a bit spoiled; his delight was a romp with his father, and he speedily pressed Kermit and Ethel, whom he adored, into the games. In the end I too succumbed and romped with him as I used to romp with my own children when they were small. Outside of his own father and mother we were apparently the only persons who had ever really played with him in a fashion which he considered adequate; and he loudly bewailed our departure.

When we reached London, where he had been brought by his father and mother to attend his grandfather's funeral, Princess Beatrice brightened up for a moment as she told me that Olaf had announced to her: "I would like to marry Ethel; but I know I never shall!" Later, after the funeral, when I called to

pay my respects to Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace, after being received by her I was taken to see her sister the Dowager-Empress of Russia. She was a very intelligent woman, and kept me nearly an hour discussing all kinds of subjects. Towards the end I began to hear little squeals in the hall, and when I left the Empress, there was Olaf patiently waiting outside the door. He had heard I was in the Palace, and had refused to go down to his dinner until he could see me—with the obvious belief that I would have a game of romps with him. I tossed him in the air, and rolled him on the floor while he shouted with delight; then happening to glance up, I saw that the noise had attracted the Empress, who had opened the door to look on; I paused for a moment, whereupon Olaf exclaimed with a woe-begone face "but aren't you going on with the play?"

At Christiania I saw Nansen the arctic explorer; he reminded me that a dozen years before, when he had dined with me while in America, he had told me that Peary was the best man among the living arctic explorers, and that he had a first class chance to reach the pole. I had to speak to the Nobel Committee, at the University, at a huge "Banquet" of the canonical—and unspeakably awful type—and thoroughly enjoyed seeing the vigorous, self-reliant people; they lined the streets in dense masses, and had a peculiar barking cheer, unlike any I ever heard elsewhere. But we enjoyed most the family life—it was real family life—of our host and hostess; it was not only very pleasant, but restful, in the palace; we felt as if we were visiting friends, who were interesting and interested, and who wished us to be comfortable in any way we chose. They both frankly commiserated us because we were to stay in the palace at Berlin, for they looked back with lively horror to the way the Kaiser had drilled them when they were at the palace. Said Queen Maud: "I was so frightened that finally I grew afraid to speak to any of them; and when I tried to speak to the servants, I found that they were just as much afraid of me!" They were much interested when I told them my experience about the invitation the Emperor had sent me. This was at

Cairo; and the invitation to stay at the palace was to me only. I saw Count Hatzfeld, the German diplomatic agent, an old friend, and told him that I was sure that this was a mistake, and that the Emperor did not know that Mrs. Roosevelt was with me; because of course I could not accept if Mrs. Roosevelt was not included. A couple of days later he came to see me, told me that he had cabled to Berlin, that, as I had supposed, it was simply a mistake, and that we would at once receive an invitation for both of us; which came immediately afterwards.

In Norway I got an attack of bronchitis, which nearly destroyed my voice, and I had to do a good deal of doctoring for the rest of the trip; but I managed to meet every engagement, though in Sweden and Germany I had some hard times.

SWEDEN AND THE GRAND DUKE BORIS INCIDENT

Sweden was delightful! We stayed at the Palace, and the Crown Prince and Princess were our hosts, as the king was in the South of Europe. There was a serious-minded uncle, a very strong Y. M. C. A. man, and another uncle, of the hussar colonel type. The Crown Prince himself was a thoroughly good fellow, very serious and honest, the kind of man who, if he were in England, would have made a good, rather radical, Liberal Member of Parliament, and I am sure would on the whole have backed up your son. His wife was physically, mentally and morally a thoroughly healthy and charming woman, and their three little children were evidently being brought up well in all respects, and were as attractive, busy, vigorous small souls as one could wish to see; the elder couple playing with steam-engine-like energy, and the baby crowing with lusty delight. We lunched with a younger brother, Prince Wilhelm. He had lunched with me in America, but as at that time there had been nothing specially to identify him, it had entirely slipped my mind, and I nearly got into a scrape by asking his wife if I had not met him before. She, by the way, was a Russian princess, rather a young girl with a pretty mutinous face, very fond of her baby. She was a curi-

ously Russian type; one of the things that amused me with all these royalties was the way that they resembled the types of their respective countries, although of course they were all of mixed blood, and, in all of them, the predominant strain was German—this quite as much out of Germany as within it. The princess in question was intelligent and cultivated.

There was one little incident in connection with our host and hostess which quite amused me. We breakfasted and dined with them either alone or with only other members of the family present, owing to the court being in mourning for the King of England. This was a great relief to us. They were thoroughly nice people, and we enjoyed being with them, as it was interesting to get their ideas; although we found that there was no use trying to talk of books with these or any other of the royalties, excepting the Italians and the Queen of Belgium. At dinner the Crown Princess turned to me and said: "Will you let me ask a question which I have no right to ask?" I answered: "Certainly," and she said: "Is it true that Mrs. Roosevelt would not meet the Grand Duke Boris when he was in America; and why?" I laughed and told her I had not the slightest objection to answering; that the Grand Duke in question had led a scandalous life in America, quite openly taking women whose character was not even questionable to public places, and behaving in restaurants and elsewhere so that the police would have been warranted in interfering. We were not at the White House but at Sagamore Hill at the time, and the Russian Ambassador asked permission to bring the Grand Duke to see me, coming over from Newport in a yacht. The request, coming in such a way, I did not feel I could refuse, and told the Ambassador to bring the Grand Duke to lunch; but I made up my mind that I would make the meeting as obviously formal as possible; and Mrs. Roosevelt who more than shared my feelings, and regarded his presence in our private house as both a scandal and an insult, said that she intended to go out, as she saw no necessity why she should meet him, and her absence would emphasise

the entirely formal character of the reception. Accordingly out she went. The Ambassador and the Grand Duke were both disturbed by her absence and the former asked me if she would not return in time to meet the Grand Duke, and when I did not answer, repeated the question, whereupon I merely said: "Mrs. Roosevelt has gone out to lunch and is not in the house, Mr. Ambassador." Neither Mrs. Roosevelt nor I ever said anything on the subject; but apparently the Ambassador and the Grand Duke were not able to conceal their feelings, and expressed their chagrin to a sufficient number of people to insure the matter getting into the papers, which it accordingly did. The Crown Princess listened with great interest to my story, and then called across the table to her husband, speaking to him by his first name, which I forget, and said: "There! I was right. I told you that Mrs. Roosevelt had refused to meet Boris because of his conduct," and then turning to me said: "I was so pleased that Mrs. Roosevelt would not meet him because my father and mother would never allow him to be presented to me, his conduct had been so disgraceful." I rather wished that the Newport set who had entertained the Grand Duke could have heard her; mean snobbery, and worship of a title where the bearer is worse than unworthy, are unattractive in any society, but they are especially so in a society which is supposed to pride itself on being part of a democratic Republic.

Stockholm was a delightful city, and the Swedes fine people. Sven Hedin was among the many interesting people whom I met, and I went to the museum and saw the collection of battleflags—German, Danish, Spanish, Russian—gained in the great days from Gustavus Adolphus to Charles the Twelfth, when for a century this little nation stood on the perilous heights of greatness and waged war on equal terms with the Titans of the day. I was saddened to see how Socialism had grown among the people, and in a very ugly form; for one of the Socialist tracts was an elaborate appeal to stop having children; the Socialists being so bitter in their class hatred as to welcome race destruction as a means of slaking it. Personally, as Sweden practically has not

only free but almost democratic institutions, I could not understand the extreme bitterness of the Socialist attitude, and in view of what at that very moment the Russians were doing in Finland, I felt that any weakening of Sweden in Russia's face came pretty near being a crime against all real progress and civilization. In Sweden, as in Hungary and France, the reception given me was not merely one of general friendliness, but a reception coming from people who felt that they were jeopardized alike by the apostles of reaction, and by the preachers of license under the guise of liberty, and who clutched at any leadership which could be regarded as genuinely popular and yet genuinely sane.

GERMAN DISLIKE OF AMERICA

From Sweden we crossed to Germany. The Emperor had been much upset by the King's death, and I found was very much concerned as to whether, if he had me at the palace, it would not look as if, while the king was still unburied, he was showing levity and lack of consideration; and yet was afraid he might hurt my feelings by withdrawing his invitation. I had guessed this and made inquiries by wire through our ambassador, and, evidently to the Emperor's relief, asked him whether in view of the circumstances he would not permit us to stay at the Embassy; which he accordingly did.

At Berlin and in Germany I was well received, that is, the Emperor and all the people high up were more than cordial. So were the professors and the people of the university and the scientific men generally; and the crowds were civil. But it was curious and interesting to notice the contrast between my reception in Germany and my reception in the other countries of Europe which I had already visited or visited afterwards. Everywhere else I was received, as I have said, with practically as much enthusiasm as in my own country when I was President. In Germany I was treated with proper civility, all the civility which I had a right to demand and expect; and no more. In Paris the streets were decorated with French and American flags in my honor, and when I went to the theatre at the Français every one rose and applauded so

that I had to get up in the box and bow repeatedly, first to the actors, who had stopped the piece, and then to the audience. In Berlin the authorities showed me every courtesy, and the people all proper civility. But excepting the university folk, they really did not want to see me. When I left Sweden I left a country where tens of thousands of people gathered on every occasion to see me; every station was jammed with them. When I came into Germany a few hundred might be at each station, or might not be. They were courteous, decorously enthusiastic, and that was all. It was just the same on our trip from Berlin to London. We were given the royal carriage, and every attention shown us by the officials; at each station there were a few score or a few hundred people, polite and mildly curious. Late in the evening we crossed into Holland; and at the first place we stopped there was a wildly enthusiastic mob of ten thousand people cheering and calling. The Swedes and Hollanders, and indeed as I have said the people of all the other countries I visited, felt a quite unwarranted feeling of interest in and liking for me, because to them I symbolized my country, and my country symbolized something that stirred them.

The Germans did not like me, and did not like my country; and under the circumstances they behaved entirely correctly, showing me every civility and making no pretense of an enthusiasm which was not present. I do not know quite what the reason of the contrast was; but it was evident that, next to England, America was very unpopular in Germany. The upper classes, stiff, domineering, formal, with the organized army, the organized bureaucracy, the organized industry of their great, highly-civilized and admirably-administered country behind them, regarded America with a dislike which was all the greater because they could not make it merely contempt. They felt that we were entirely unorganized, that we had no business to be formidable rivals at all in view of our loose democratic governmental methods, and that it was exasperating to feel that our great territory, great natural resources, and strength of individual initiative enabled us in spite of our manifold short-

comings to be formidable industrial rivals of Germany; and, more incredible still, that thanks to our Navy and our ocean protected position, we were in a military sense wholly independent and slightly defiant; and they felt that I typified the nation they disliked, and, more especially, that as a volunteer soldier and an adventurer who had fought for his own hand and had risen in irregular ways, I typified the very qualities to which they objected.

Moreover, the German upper classes, alone among the European upper classes—so far as I knew—really did not like the social type I represented. All the other people of the upper classes in Europe whom I met, even the extremely aristocratic Austrians, seemed eager to see me, just because I did represent something new to them. They regarded me as a characteristically American type, which however had nothing in common with the conventional American millionaire; to them it was interesting to meet a man who was certainly a democrat—a real, not a sham, democrat—both politically and socially, who yet was a gentleman, who had his own standards, and did not look down upon or feel defiant toward, or desire to offend, them, but who did not feel that his standards or position were in any way dependent upon their views and goodwill. For instance, the different sovereigns, and the men like the Austrians whom I met in the Vienna Jockey Club, were very anxious, so far as good breeding permitted, to make inquiries as to my life and the lives that my sons were to lead. They thoroughly understood the part I had played in politics, my having been the colonel of a good cavalry regiment in a war, and my finding amusement in hunting big game during a year's trip in Africa—all of this they would have much liked to do themselves. They would have much liked to have held such positions as I had held. Also they all of them immediately fraternized with Kermit, feeling at home with him at once, and much admiring the fact that before he was twenty he had killed lion and elephants, that he could ride and shoot, that he was very quiet and modest, and yet entirely self-confident, and had his own ideals, which were alien to theirs.

Men who had done these things they could understand; and they also understood men who did the things that their own bourgeois class did; but what puzzled them was to find the two characters combined. They would often write to one another from one capital to another about this, and ask in one place questions as to what I had said in another. I told them, for instance, that Ted was a better shot and rider than either Kermit or myself, and if any war occurred I should start him to raise a cavalry troop at once, and would guarantee that he would acquit himself well in handling his men on the march and in battle; that as soon as he had left Harvard he had gone into a mill, had worked with blouse and tin dinner pail, exactly like any other workman for a year, and when he had graduated from the mill had gone out for the same firm to San Francisco, where he was selling carpets; and I added that after finishing his course at Harvard Kermit would do something precisely the same kind, and that I should regard it as an unspeakable disgrace if either of them failed to work hard at any honest occupation for his livelihood, while at the same time keeping himself in such trim that he would be able to perform a freeman's duty and fight as efficiently as anyone if the need arose.

All this, while very puzzling, was interesting to most of the people whom I met outside of Germany, and while they would most certainly have objected to their own sons having such ideals they were rather attracted by the fact that my sons and I had them. But in Germany, while of course there were exceptions, most of the upper classes regarded such theories of life as irregular, unnatural, and debasing, and were rendered uncomfortable by them. The lower classes, on the other hand, were Socialists who felt that I was really an enemy rather than a friend, and my ideals were just as alien to them as to the upper classes. The middle class looked on me as a representative of an America which was all middle class, and which consisted of their business rivals, whose manners of life and ways of thought they regarded with profound dislike, and whose business rivalry was irritating and obnoxious.

Of course I do not mean that this was the universal feeling. I never had a pleasanter experience than with Schillings, the African naturalist and explorer, and a number of other African explorers and scientific men whom I met while in Berlin. I thoroughly enjoyed being at the university, and meeting the professors there; and I became much attached to Major Korner, who was specially appointed as my aide because they knew how fond I was of the poet Korner, his collateral ancestor; and I thoroughly enjoyed meeting the able men who were at the head of politics and the Administration.

INTERESTING VIEWS OF VON TIRPITZ

Von Tirpitz, the Secretary of War, I had seen when he was with Prince Henry in America. He is an exceedingly able man. He remarked one night at dinner to Mrs. Roosevelt that he had always heard that the Emperor and I were alike, that he now saw the resemblance, but of course I had had to take responsibilities and win my own way and do things for myself, which naturally made much difference between us! Indeed I was not a little surprised to find that the Emperor was by no means as great a character in Berlin as outsiders supposed him to be, and that both the men highest in politics and the Administration, and the people at large, took evident pleasure in having him understand that he was not supreme, and that he must yield to the will of the Nation on any point as to which the Nation had decided views. Von Tirpitz was particularly interested in the voyage of the battlefleet round the world, and he told me frankly that he had not believed we could do it successfully, and added that your (the English) Naval Office and Foreign Office had felt the same way—which I told him I knew. He then said that he expected that Japan would attack us while the fleet was on its way round, and asked me if I had not also expected this. I told him that I had not expected such an attack, but that I had thought it possible; in other words, that I thought the chances were against it, but there was a chance for it.

My point of view at the time the fleet sailed, was that if the Japanese attacked

it, it was a certain sign that they were intending to attack us at the first favorable opportunity. I had been doing my best to be polite to the Japanese, and had finally become uncomfortably conscious of a very, very slight undertone of veiled truculence in their communications in connection with things that happened on the Pacific Slope; and I finally made up my mind that they thought I was afraid of them. Through an ex-member of the Dutch Cabinet, and, rather curiously, through two of the Austrian secretaries of Embassy—all at or from Tokio—I found that the Japanese war party firmly believed that they could beat us, and, unlike the Elder Statesmen, thought I also believed this. Then Ian Hamilton (whose "Staff Officer's Note Book" I think particularly valuable) wrote me congratulating me upon my efforts to keep the peace, and adjuring me by all means to do so, and not under any circumstances to let America get drawn into war with Japan until industrialism had had time to eat out the Japanese military fiber. On receipt of this letter I definitely came to the conclusion that, if this was the way a friend of ours felt who had ample opportunities of knowing, the Japanese undoubtedly also felt that they were our superiors; and that it was time for a show down. I had great confidence in the fleet; I went over everything connected with it and found that the administrative officers on shore were calmly confident that they could keep everything in first class shape, while the officers afloat, from the battleship commanders to the lieutenants in charge of the torpedo boats, were straining like hounds in a leash, and the enlisted men were at least as eager, all desertions stopping and the ships becoming for the first time overmanned as soon as there was a rumor that we might have trouble with Japan, and that the fleet might move round to the Pacific. I felt that, in any event, if the fleet was not able to get to the Pacific in first class shape, we had better find it out; and if Japan intended to have war it was infinitely better that we should gain two or three months necessary to prepare our fleet to start to the Pacific, instead of having to take those two or three months after war began.

Accordingly, in answer to the question of Von Tirpitz, I told him that when the fleet had once started, it meant that we had gained three months anyhow, and that the fleet was doing what it would have to do in any event if the Japanese went to war; and so that if they did make war it would be proof positive that I had followed exactly the right course; and that if they did not go to war, but became peaceful, it would also be proof positive that I had followed exactly the right course. The latter was what actually happened; and every particle of trouble with the Japanese Government and the Japanese press stopped like magic as soon as they found that our fleet had actually sailed, and was obviously in good trim. As I told Von Tirpitz, I thought it a good thing that the Japanese should know that there were fleets of the white races which were totally different from the fleet of poor Rodjestvensky. He said to me, as did the Emperor, that he regarded this voyage of the battlefleet as having done more for peace in the Orient than anything else that could possibly have happened.

I enjoyed meeting the various other ministers—the Chancellor, the Minister of War, and others. I hope it is not ungallant of me to say that the North German women of the upper classes were less attractive than the corresponding women of any country I visited. They have fine domestic qualities, and if only they keep these qualities, then the question of their attractiveness is from the standpoint of the race, of altogether minor importance. But these domestic virtues seem to have been acquired at the cost of other attributes, which many other women which are at least as good wives and mothers as the German women, do not find it necessary to sacrifice. Perhaps they are cowed in their home life. Their husbands, who also have fine qualities, not only wish to domineer over the rest of mankind—which is not always possible—but wish to, and do, domineer over their own wives. Whether because of this, or for some other reason, these same wives certainly did not seem attractive in the sense not only that their more southern neighbors were, but their more northern neighbors, like the Swedes.

TALKS WITH THE KAISER

Of course my chief interest at Berlin was in the Emperor himself. He is an able and powerful man. The first day we went out to take lunch with him. Afterwards he drove us to Potsdam, and showed us over Sans Souci. He also held army manœuvres at which I was present. On this occasion I rode with him for about five hours, and he talked steadily; and on another afternoon we spent three hours together. He was much interested to find how he was looked at by outsiders, and finally put a practically direct question to me as to how he was regarded in America; and I answered: "Well! your Majesty, I don't know whether you will understand our political terminology; but in America we think that if you lived on our side of the water you would carry your ward and turn up at the convention with your delegation behind you—and I cannot say as much for most of your fellow sovereigns!" Of course this needed a little explanation, but he was immensely pleased and amused with it when he understood it. He has a real sense of humor, as is shown by the comments he wrote on the backs of the photographs he sent me, which had been taken of us while we were at the manœuvres by his court photographer. Moreover, he is entirely modest about the many things which he thoroughly knows, such as the industrial and military conditions and needs of Germany. But he lacks all sense of humor when he comes to discuss the things that he does not know, and which he prides himself upon knowing, such as matters artistic and scientific.

In the fundamentals of domestic morality, and as regards all that side of religion which is moral, we agreed heartily; but there is a good deal of dogmatic theology which to him means much and to me is entirely meaningless; and on the other hand, as is inevitable with a man brought up in the school of Frederick the Great and Bismarck—in contrast to any one whose heroes are men like Timoleon, John Hampden, Washington, and Lincoln—there were many points in international morality where he and I were completely asunder. But at least we agreed in a cordial dislike of shams and of pretence,

and therefore in a cordial dislike of the kind of washy movement for international peace with which Carnegie's name has become so closely associated. The Emperor, as was natural and proper, took a certain sardonic amusement in the fact that the Czar had started the two international peace congresses at The Hague, and between times had fought a needless and unsuccessful war, had seen his country indulge in most revolting massacres of the Jews, had kept Poland under his heel, and had shamefully broken faith with, and prepared for the infamous subjection of, poor little Finland. I do not wonder that cynics take unalloyed enjoyment out of the antics of those professional peace people who have discovered in Russia their champion and ideal.

The Emperor, as everyone knows, talks with the utmost freedom with almost everyone. I especially desired to talk with him about the relations of Germany with England, and these he discussed eagerly and at great length. Moreover, I believe he spoke exactly his mind. He is not down at bottom anything like as hostile to England as his brother Prince Henry, of whom he is rather jealous, by the way. Prince Henry is, I believe, a more really powerful man than the Kaiser, and a more cold-blooded man; and talking with him afterwards I was by no means sure that he did not have clearly in mind the chance of some day using the German fleet against England if exactly the right opportunity arose, simply on the theory that might rules, and that the one capital crime in international matters is weakness. The Kaiser, however, I am confident, never postulates to himself such an idea as the conquest of England. This does not mean that I regard his attitude toward England as free from menace. I do not believe that Germany consciously and of set purpose proposes to herself the idea of a conquest of England, but Germany has the arrogance of a very strong power, as yet almost untouched by that feeble aspiration towards international equity which one or two other strong powers, notably England and America, do at least begin to feel. Germany would like to have a strong navy so that whenever England does something she does not like she could at once assume towards England

the tone she has assumed towards France. The Morocco incident shows how far Germany is willing to go in doing what she believes her interest and her destiny demand, in disregard of her own engagements and of the equities of other peoples. If she had a Navy as strong as that of England, I do not believe that she would *intend* to use it for the destruction of England; but I do believe that incidents would be very likely to occur which might make her so use it.

THE KAISER'S FEELING TOWARD ENGLAND

I said to the Emperor that it seemed to me that a war between England and Germany would be an unspeakable calamity. He answered eagerly that he quite agreed with me, that such a war he regarded as unthinkable; and he continued: "I was brought up in England, very largely; I feel myself partly an Englishman. Next to Germany I care more for England than for any other country." Then with intense emphasis: "I ADORE ENGLAND!" I said that this was a stronger statement than I myself would be willing quite to make, but that I was very glad he felt so, because I believed that the English, Germans and Americans ought to be fundamentally in accord; and that nothing would so make for the peace and progress of the world. He answered that he entirely agreed with me; and then continued to speak of England with a curious mixture of admiration and resentment. From an experience I had had with him at the time of the Russo-Japanese peace, of which I think I wrote to you, I had grown to realize, very much to my astonishment, that he, the head of the greatest military empire of the day, was as jealously sensitive to English opinion as if he were some parvenu multi-millionaire trying to break into the London social world; and this feeling was evident in his talk. He complained bitterly that Englishmen of high social position never visited Berlin, but, when they came to the Continent, always went to Paris, or some watering place, or else to the Mediterranean. I could not well answer by telling my real thoughts, which were that Berlin, though admirable in the same sense that Chicago and Glasgow are admirable, was not much more attractive than either to the people of whom he

spoke. I am convinced that it would make a real difference in the Emperor's feelings if occasionally some man like Londonderry, who has done something, at least, titularly, in politics, and possesses great wealth and high social position, would take a house in Berlin for six weeks during the season. Evidently the Emperor, and indeed the leaders of the North Germans generally, feel towards the English and at times even towards the French, much as the Romans of the Second Punic War felt towards Greece—a mixture of overbearing pride in their own strength, and of uneasiness as to whether they really are regarded by cultivated and well-bred people as having the social position which they ought to have. The Emperor actually listens to gossip as to what is said of him in the London clubs even to what he is told quite untruthfully, that King George says of him.

I was especially interested in the Emperor, at seeing developed in him, to a much greater degree, what I had already seen traces of in some of the kings, that is, a kind of curious dual consciousness of events, a dual way of looking at them in relation to himself and his fellow sovereigns. Down at the bottom of his heart, he knew perfectly well that he himself was not an absolute sovereign. He had never had a chance to try. Taking into account the curious combination of power, energy, egotism, and restless desire to do, and to seem to do, things, which his character shows, it is rather interesting to speculate on what he would have done as a really absolute sovereign, a Roman Emperor. On the contrary whenever Germany made up its mind to go in a given direction he could only stay at the head of affairs by scampering to take the lead in going in that direction. Down at bottom he realized this, and he also knew that even this rather shorn power, but still a genuine power, which he possessed was not shared by the great majority of his fellow sovereigns, and that they really had no marked influence in shaping the action of their respective countries in spite of their great social importance and prestige. But together with this underlying consciousness of the real facts of the situation went a curious make believe to himself that each sovereign did represent his country in the sense that would have

been true two or three centuries ago. In speaking of the late and the present kings of England, he would alternately show both of these attitudes. He evidently had a real affection and respect for King Edward, and also a very active and jealous dislike for him; first one feeling and then the other coming uppermost in his mind, and therefore in his conversation. He complained bitterly that King Edward had always been intriguing against Germany, and hated Germany. He spoke of King George, however, in entirely different terms, saying: "He is a very nice boy. He is a thorough Englishman and hates all foreigners; but I do not mind that at all, as long as he does not hate Germans more than other foreigners, and this I do not think he does. He is merely like other Englishmen and dislikes all people who are not Englishmen, and I don't object to that." This, by the way, amusingly illustrates what I think I have already spoken to you of; the way that each sovereign somehow felt himself of the same stock as his subjects, although of course all the sovereigns were of practically the same stock, and none of them of the blood of their countrymen. Moreover, I think that the Emperor was quite right in the idea he had of King George's attitude, although it was a little exaggerated.

I spoke with the Emperor as to the possibility of putting a stop to the ever-increasing naval expenditures of the nations. This, however, he said, there was no use of his discussing, because the element in Germany which he represented was bound to be powerful on the ocean. I told him that if I were an Englishman I should feel that naval supremacy was a vital matter to England, and that under no circumstances would I permit the fleet to sink to such a position that its mastery of the ocean could be threatened. A little to my surprise he at once answered that he entirely agreed with me, and that if he were an Englishman he would feel just as I had said I would. He went on to say that he did not object at all to England's keeping up her fleet relatively to all other powers, but that he did complain because English Statesmen kept holding up Germany as the nation against whom they were to prepare; and he was particularly bitter about Balfour's having

taken such an attitude, because he said that Balfour "was a gentleman" and not the ordinary type of politician, and that he knew better, and ought not to be willing to excite national hostility for partisan ends. I asked him if he did not think that some of his German statesmen had acted in similar fashion, as American politicians I was sorry to say frequently acted; he admitted that this might be true. He earnestly asked me to say to any of the British leaders whom I had a chance to meet just what he had said to me, namely, that he was not hostile to England, and on the contrary admired England and did not believe for a moment that there would be war between England and Germany, that he did not in the least object to the English keeping their Navy supreme above all other navies, but that he did very strongly feel that it was wrong for Englishmen publicly to hold Germany up as the power against whom they were building their navy, because this excited the worst feelings both in England and Germany.

I talked with him over the agricultural conditions in Germany, over Germany's extraordinary industrial progress, and especially over what Germany had done to protect its wage-workers in old age, and when they are crippled by accidents, and when through no fault of their own, they are thrown out of employment; and on most of these matters he was most intelligent and took advanced views. He kept saying that he thought it was the business of those who believe in monarchical government to draw the teeth of the Socialists by remedying all real abuses. I went over the problems at length with him from this standpoint. Of course it was not necessary or advisable that I should speak to him about one thing that had struck me much in Germany, namely, that the discontent was primarily political rather than economic; in other words, that the very real unrest among the lower classes sprung not from a sense that they were treated badly economically, but from the knowledge that it rested not with themselves, but with others as to how they should be treated, whether well or ill, and that this was galling to them.

The Emperor showed an astonishing

familiarity with all contemporary and recent history of the political and economic kind. The Japanese were much on his mind. This I was rather glad to see, for I have always felt that it would be a serious situation if Germany, which, industrially and from the military standpoint, is the only white power as well organized as Japan, should strike hands with Japan. The thing that prevents it is Germany's desire to stand well with Russia. The Emperor was sure that Japan intended to organize China, and then, at the head of the Mongolian race, threaten the white dominance of the world. I told him that I thought it very possible that the white race had hard times ahead of it, and that there were evident movements of hostility among the peoples alike of Africa and Asia, but that at this moment if China did develop an army her first use of it would be against Japan, and this Japan well knew. I could not forbear asking him why, as he felt so keenly that the Christian powers should stand as one against the Yellow Peril, he did not feel the same way about Turkey; of course he could make no real answer, except to say that in the past England also had encouraged Turkey against Christian powers, for her own purposes; which I had to admit.

I liked the Empress and the Princess Royale and the Crown Princess, and I thought the family relations of the Emperor's family good. But it is very possible that the same spirit which makes the Emperor like to hector small kings also makes him dictatorial in his family. In public affairs, experience has taught him as far as his own people are concerned that he must be very careful in going too far in making believe that he is an all-powerful monarch by divine right, and I think he likes to relieve himself by acting the part where it is safer. In international affairs he at times acts as a bully, and moreover as a bully who bluffs and then backs down; I would not regard him nor Germany—as a pleasant national neighbor. Yet again and again, and I think sincerely for the moment at least, he dwelt to me on his desire to see England, Germany and the United States act together in all matters of world policy.

THE NEW FRONTIERS OF FREEDOM

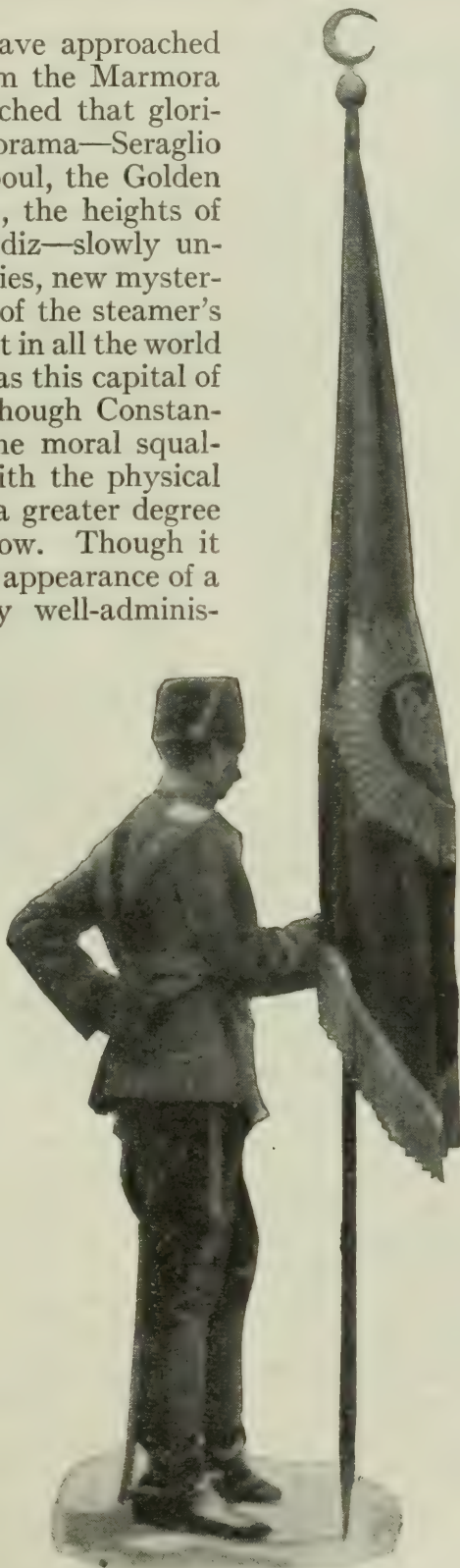
III.—WILL THE SICK MAN OF EUROPE RECOVER?

By E. Alexander Powell

Author of "The End of the Trail," "Vive La France!" "Fighting in Flanders," "The Army Behind the Army," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

EACH time that I have approached Constantinople from the Marmora Sea, and have watched that glorious and fascinating panorama—Seraglio Point, St. Sophia, Stamboul, the Golden Horn, the Galata Bridge, the heights of Pera, Dolmabagtche, Yildiz—slowly unfold, revealing new beauties, new mysteries, with each revolution of the steamer's screw, I have declared that in all the world there is no city so lovely as this capital of caliphs. Yet, beautiful though Constantinople is, it combines the moral squalor of Southern Europe with the physical squalor of the Orient to a greater degree than any city that I know. Though it has assumed the outward appearance of a well-organized and fairly well-administered modern city since its occupation by the Allies, one has but to scratch this thin veneer to discover that the filth and vice and corruption and misgovernment, which characterized it under Ottoman rule still flourish. Barring a few municipal improvements which were made in the European quarter of Pera and in the fashionable residential districts between Dolmabagtche and Yildiz, the Turkish capital has scarcely a bowing acquaintance with modern sanitation, the windows of some of the finest residences in Stamboul looking out on open sewers down which refuse of every description floats slowly



The flag of the head of Islam, the Imperial Ottoman standard.

to the sea or takes lodgment on the banks, where the masses of decaying matter breed great swarms of flies; to drink unfiltered water is to shake dice with Death; the streets are thronged with women whose virtue is as easy as an old shoe, attracted by the presence of the armies as vultures are attracted by the smell of carrion; venereal diseases abound; saloons, brothels, dives, and gambling hells run wide open and virtually unrestricted, though the British military authorities, in order to protect their men, have put the more notorious resorts "out of bounds," and to take their place have opened "military gardens"; despite the British, French, Italian, and Turkish military police who are on duty in the streets, stabbing affrays, shootings, and robberies are so common that they scarcely evoke comment. The German, African, and Asiatic troops which have occupied the city for various periods during the past five years brought with them their favorite forms of vice, with

some of which even the Constantinopolitans were unfamiliar. Should you experience difficulty in finding some particular brand of iniquity, do not get the impression that it is not practised, for it is. All you need to do is to ask your hotel porter; he will direct you. Advanced cases of leprosy stroll unmolested and unnoticed in the narrow byways of the Turkish quarter. Thievery is universal. Hats, coats, canes, umbrellas disappear from beside one's chair. The Pera Palace Hotel has notices posted in its corridors warning the guests that it is no longer safe to place their shoes outside their doors. The streets, always wretchedly paved, have been ground to pieces by the unending procession of army motor-lorries, and, as they are never by any chance repaired, the first rain transforms them into a series of hog-wallows. The prices of necessities are fantastic and of luxuries fabulous. The cost of everything has advanced from 200 to 1,200 per cent. The price of a meal is no longer reckoned in piastres but in Turkish pounds. Quite a modest dinner for two at such places as Tokatlian's, the Pera Gardens, or the Pera Palace, costs from fifteen to twenty dollars. Everything else is in proportion. From the "Little Club" in Pera to the Galata Bridge is about a seven minutes' drive by carriage. Before the war the standard tariff for the trip was twenty-five cents. Now the cabmen refuse to turn a wheel for less than two dollars. Speaking of money, in the Balkans one is always exchanging the currency of one country for that of another: lire into dinars, dinars into drachmæ, drachmæ into piastres, piastres into leva, leva into lei, lei into roubles (though no one ever exchanges his money for roubles if he can possibly help it), roubles into kronen, and kronen into lire again. The idea is to leave a country with as little as possible of that country's currency in your possession. It is like playing that card-game in which you are penalized for every heart you have left in your hand.

When I was in Constantinople I was very unfavorably impressed by the great number of young Americans, both men and girls, wearing the uniforms of the various relief organizations operating in the Near East, whom I saw strolling in the streets, dining in the gayer of the

restaurants and summer gardens, or joy-riding in the environs. A few of these youngsters saw service with the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., or the A. E. F. in France or Italy, but most of them have come straight out from the United States, attracted, I imagine, quite as much by the adventure and excitement of a trip to the Orient, to say nothing of the pay they receive, as by any sense of duty. Some of them have been sent into the provinces to assist in relief work and are rendering excellent service, I understand. But an entirely disproportionate number of them remain in the capital, where they are not needed, where they are performing no useful service, and where they are exposed to temptation in almost every form. Many of them are temperamentally unfitted for relief work and should be sent home at once; all of the younger ones, particularly the girls, should be removed from the artificial and unwholesome atmosphere of Constantinople with the least possible delay.

The very high order of efficiency which made the American Red Cross the admiration of every nation in Europe has not, I am sorry to say, characterized the work of certain of the American relief organizations which are operating in the Near East. I am speaking not merely as a result of my own observations which were necessarily more or less limited, but on the authority of those in whose judgment I have implicit confidence, when I assert that the vast sums which have been raised in the United States for relief in the Near East have been expended in a fashion which has provoked wide-spread criticism, to put it very mildly, by the Europeans as well as the Americans resident in Constantinople. The American people have made countless sacrifices in order to raise the enormous funds which have been asked for to carry on this relief work, and for that reason, if for no other, the operations of the relief committees should be conducted with the same intelligence, efficiency, and caution as the affairs of a business house or a trust company. It is one of our boasts that we are an open-handed, easy-going people, but we likewise pride ourselves on getting value received for our money, whether we spend it in commerce, in pleasure, or in

charity. By this I do not mean to imply that further funds are not needed for Near Eastern relief, *for they are*. More than that, they are needed desperately. Indeed, I feel certain that the American people would give even more generously than they already have if they could see, as I have seen, the misery and hunger which prevail throughout these regions. Nor am I questioning in the slightest degree the integrity and conscientiousness of the persons who have been intrusted with the administration of these relief funds. But I am questioning whether the organization for the distribution of relief is as efficient in every respect as it should be and whether all of its officials possess the qualities which are required to obtain the maximum results: in short, whether the starving, shivering, homeless natives are receiving one hundred cents' worth of relief for every dollar contributed by the charitable in America. There may have been a radical improvement in the system of distributing relief since I left Turkey, but unless there are more relief workers feeding the starving in Armenia and Syria and less feeding themselves in Tokatlían's and the Pera Palace; unless the scores of big gray touring-cars are being used for delivering supplies instead of for excursion purposes, then my attitude toward further appeals for funds for Near Eastern relief work will be that of a hard-headed American business man who was once a fellow passenger on a P. & O. boat going out to the East. A missionary who was on board made a fervent appeal one evening for funds to carry on his work in India.

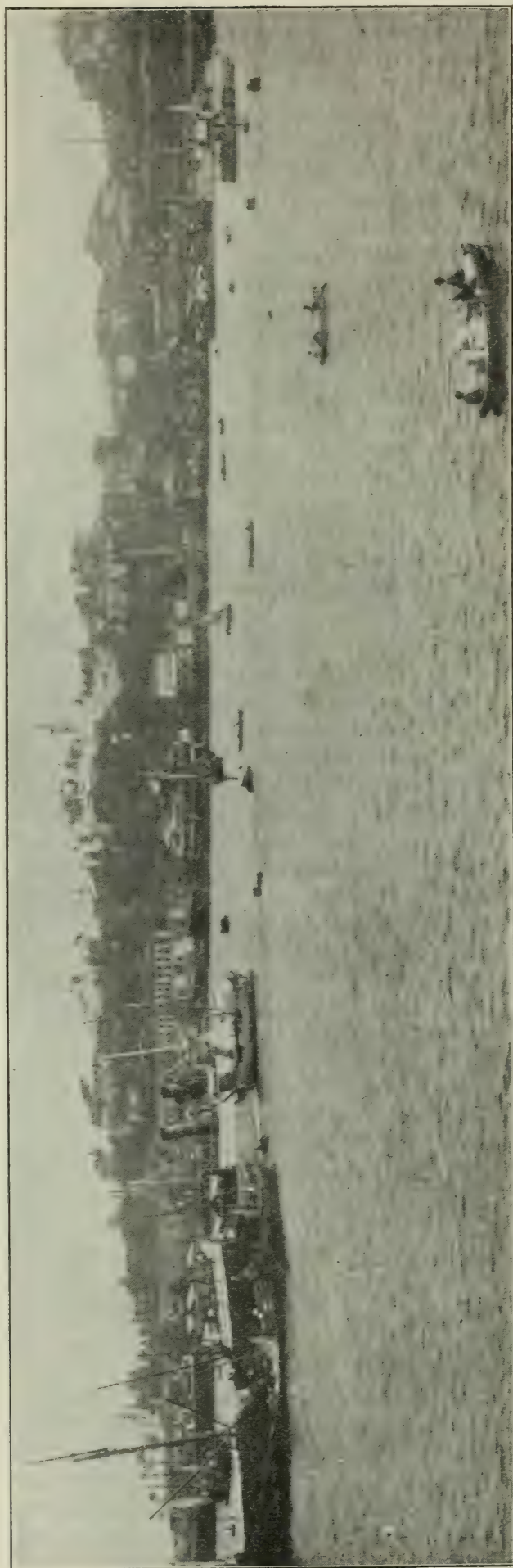
"Here is a dollar for your heathen," said the American, when the hat was passed around. "And here are five more dollars to get that dollar there."

"But how is the Sick Man?" I hear you ask.

He is doing very nicely, thank you. In fact, he appears to be steadily improving. There was a time, shortly after the Armistice, when it seemed certain that he would have to submit to an operation, which he probably would not have survived, but the surgeons disagreed as to the method of operating, and now it looks as though he would get well in spite of

them. He has a chill every time they hold a consultation, of course, but he will probably escape the operation altogether, though he may have to take some extremely unpleasant medicine and be kept on a diet for several years to come. But he has remarkable recuperative powers, and his friends expect to see him up and about before long.

That may sound flippant, as it is, but it sums up in a single paragraph the extraordinary political situation which exists in Turkey to-day. Little more than a year ago Turkey surrendered in defeat, her resources exhausted, her armies destroyed or scattered. If anything in the world seemed certain at that time it was that the bloody empire, whose very name has for centuries been a synonym for cruelty and oppression, would disappear from the map of Europe, if not from the map of the world, at the behest of an outraged civilization. The Turkish Government committed the most outrageous crime of the entire war when it organized the systematic extermination of the Armenians. The utter callousness of its attitude is well exemplified in the remark attributed to the former minister of war, Enver Pasha who has been quoted as cynically saying: "If there are no more Armenians there can be no Armenian question." A people capable of such barbarity ought no longer to be permitted to sully Europe with their presence: they ought to be driven back into those savage Anatolian regions whence they came and kept there, just as those suffering from a less objectionable form of leprosy are confined on Molokai. But the fervor of a year ago for expelling the Turks from Europe is rapidly dying down. In the spring of 1919, Turkey could have been partitioned by the Allies with comparatively little friction. No one expected it more than Turkey herself. Whenever she heard a step on the floor, a knock at the door, she keyed herself for the ordeal of the anæsthetic and the operating-table. But the ancient jealousies and rivalries of the Entente nations, which had been forgotten during the war, returned with peace, and now it looks as though, as a result of these nations' distrust and suspicion of each other, the Turks would win back by diplomacy what they lost in battle. How history



Constantinople from the Marmora Sea.

"Each time that I have watched that glorious and fascinating panorama unfold, I have declared that in all the world there is no city so lovely as this capital of the caliphs."—Page 283.

repeats itself! The Turks have often been unlucky in war, and then had a return of luck at the peace-table. It was so after the Russo-Turkish War, when the Congress of Berlin tore up the Treaty of San Stefano. It was so to a lesser extent after the Balkan wars, when the interference of the European concert enabled Turkey to recover Adrianople and a portion of the Thracian territory which she had lost to Bulgaria. And now it looks as though she were once again to escape the punishment she so richly merits. If she does, then history will chronicle few more shameful miscarriages of justice.

If the people of the United States could know for a surety of the avarice, the selfishness, the cynicism which have marked every step of the negotiations relative to the settlement of the Near Eastern question, if they were aware of the chicanery and the deceit and the low cunning practised by the European diplomatists, I am convinced that there would be an irresistible demand that we withdraw instantly from participation in the affairs of southeastern Europe and of western Asia. Why not look the facts in the face? Why not admit that these affairs are, after all, none of our concern, and that, by every one save the Turks and the Armenians, our attempted dictation is resented. In the language of the frontier, we have butted into a game in which we are not wanted. It is no game for uplifters or amateurs. England, France, Italy, and Greece are not in this game to bring order out of chaos but to establish "spheres of influence." They are not thinking about self-

determination and the rights of little peoples and making the world safe for Democracy; they are thinking in terms of future commercial and territorial advantage. They are playing for the richest stakes in the history of the world: for the control of the Bosphorus and the Bagdad Railway—

in Asia Minor, there is in British politics a shrewd and powerful element which is strongly opposed to a complete dismemberment of Turkey or the expulsion of the Sultan from Constantinople. This is a complete *volte face* from the sentiment in England immediately after the war, but



Going back to Blighty.

British soldiers in Constantinople stocking up with Turkish cigarettes before embarking for England.

for whoever controls them, controls the trade routes to India, Persia, and the vast, untouched regions of Transcaspia; the commercial domination of western Asia and the overlordship of that city which stands at the cross-roads of the Eastern world and is the political capital of Islam.

In order better to appreciate the subtleties of the game which they are playing, let us glance over the shoulders of the players and get a glimpse of their hands. Take England to begin with. Notwithstanding the assertions of Lloyd George that Constantinople is to be internationalized and the Turkish capital established

during the interim she has heard in no uncertain terms from her 100,000,000 Mohammedan subjects in India, who look on the Turkish Sultan as the head of their religion and who would resent his humiliation as deeply, and probably much more violently, than the Roman Catholics would resent the humiliation of the Pope. British rule in India, as those who are in touch with Oriental affairs know, is none too stable, and the last thing in the world England wants to do is to arouse the hostility of her Moslem subjects by affronting the head of their faith. England will unquestionably retain Mesopotamia for the sake of the oil-wells at the head of the

Persian Gulf, the control which it gives her of the eastern section of the Bagdad Railway, and because of her belief that scientific irrigation will once more transform the plains of Babylonia into one of the greatest wheat-producing regions in the world. She may, and probably will, keep her oft-repeated promises to the Jews by erecting Palestine into a Hebrew kingdom under British protection, if for no other reason than its value as a buffer state to protect Egypt. She will also, I assume, continue to foster the policy of Pan-Arabism, as expressed in the new Kingdom of the Hedjaz, not alone for the reason that control of the Arabian peninsula gives her complete command of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf as well as a highroad from Egypt to her new protectorate of Persia, but because she hopes, I imagine, that her protégé, the King of the Hedjaz, as Sherif of Mecca, will eventually supplant the Sultan as the religious head of Islam. (It is interesting to note, in passing, that, as a result of the protectorates which she has proclaimed over Mesopotamia, Palestine, Arabia, and Persia, England has, as a direct result of the war, obtained control of new territories in Asia alone having an area greater than that of all the states east of the Mississippi put together, with a population of some 20,000,000.) Though England would unquestionably welcome the acceptance by the United States of a mandate for Constantinople, which would insure the neutrality of the Bosphorus, and for Armenia, which, under American protection, would form a stabilized buffer state on Mesopotamia's northern border, I am convinced that, even if the United States refuses such mandates, the British Government will oppose the serious humiliation of the Sultan-Khalif or the complete dismemberment of his dominions.

The latest French plan is to establish an independent Turkey from Adrianople to the Taurus Mountains, lopping off Syria, which will become a French protectorate, and Mesopotamia and Palestine, which will remain under British control. The Sultan should be permitted to remain in Constantinople, according to the French view, though, of course, the freedom of the straits would be assured by some form of international control.

France is not particularly enthusiastic about the establishment of an independent Armenia, for many French politicians believe that the interests of the Armenians can be safeguarded while permitting them to remain under the nominal suzerainty of Turkey, but she will oppose no active objections to Armenian independence. But I doubt if France would consent to a campaign against the Turkish Nationalists who are operating in Asia Minor, as such a move would almost certainly result in Nationalist massacres of Greeks and Armenians and possibly in disorders in other parts of the Moslem world. And the Sultan must retain the Khalifate and his capital in Constantinople, for, according to the French view, it is far better for the interests of France, who has nearly 30,000,000 Moslem subjects of her own, to have an independent head of Islam at Constantinople, where he would be to a certain extent under French influence, than to have a British-controlled one at Mecca. The truth of the matter is that France is desperately anxious to protect and increase her financial interests in Turkey, which are already enormous, and she knows perfectly well that her commercial and financial ascendancy on the Bosphorus would suddenly wane if the empire should be dismembered. That is the real reason why she is cuddling up to the Sick Man. Being perfectly aware that neither England nor Italy would consent to her becoming the mandatary for Constantinople, she proposes to do the next best thing and rule Turkey in the future, as in the past, through the medium of her diplomats and her financiers. Sophisticated men who have noted the friendly tone of the articles on Turkey which have been appearing in the French press, have been aware that something was afoot, but only those who have been on the inside of recent events realize how shrewd and subtle a game France is playing, and how enormous are the stakes.

Strictly speaking, Italy is not one of the claimants to Constantinople. Not that she does not want it, mind you, but because she knows that there is about as much chance of her being awarded such a mandate as there is of her obtaining French Savoy, which she likewise covets.



Turkish soldiers taking up their positions for the ceremony of Selamlik.
In the foreground are the lancers of the Imperial Guard, at the right Anatolian infantry.

Under no conceivable conditions would France consent to the Bosphorus passing under Italian control; according to French views, indeed, Italy is already far too powerful in the Balkans. Recognizing the hopelessness of attempting to overcome French opposition, Italy has confined her claims to the great rich region bordering the Gulf of Adalia, on the southern coast of Asia Minor and while the peacemakers at Paris have been discussing the question, she has been pouring her troops into this region,

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having already penetrated a considerable distance into the hinterland. Italy's sole claim to this region is that she wants it and that she is going to take it while the taking is good. There are, it is true, a few Italians along the coast, there are some Italian banks, and considerable Italian money has been invested in various local projects, but the population is overwhelmingly Turkish. But, as the Italians point out in justifying their military occupation of this region, Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations

expressly states that the wishes of people not yet civilized need not be considered. So far as the best interests of the inhabitants are concerned, there can be no question they are far more certain of justice and progress under the rule of Rome than under that of Constantinople.

Let us now consider the claims of Greece as a reversionary of the Sick Man's estate. Considering their attitude during the early part of the war (for it is no secret that General Sarrail's operations in Macedonia were seriously hampered by his fear that Greece might attack him in the rear), and the paucity of their losses in battle, the Greeks have done reasonably well in the game of territory grabbing. Do you realize, I wonder, the full extent of the Hellenic claims? Greece asks for (1) the southern portion of Albania, known as North Epirus; (2) for the whole of Bulgarian Thrace, thus completely barring Bulgaria from the Ægean; (3) for the whole of European Turkey, though she generously offers not to press her claims to the Dardanelles and Constantinople; (4) for the province of Trebizond, on the southern shore of the Black Sea, the Greek inhabitants of which attempted to establish the so-called Pontus Republic; (5) the great seaport of Smyrna, with its 400,000 inhabitants, and a considerable portion of the hinterland, which she has already occupied; (6) the Dodecannessus Islands, of which the largest is Rhodes, off the western coast of Asia Minor, which the Italians occupied during the Turco-Italian War and which they have not evacuated; (7) the cession of Cyprus by England, which has administered it since 1878. The modesty of Greece's demands remind me of a song which was popular in the United States a dozen years ago:

"All I want is fifty million dollars,
A champagne fountain flowing at my feet;
J. Pierpont Morgan waiting at the table,
And Sousa's band a-playing while I eat."

I will be quite candid in saying that I have small sympathy for Greece's claims to these territories, not because she is not entitled to them on the ground of nationality—for there is no denying that, in all of the regions in question, save only Albania and Thrace, Greeks form a

majority of the Christian inhabitants—but because she is not herself sufficiently advanced to be intrusted with authority over other races, particularly over Mohammedans. The atrocities committed by Greek troops on the Moslems of Albania and of Smyrna, to say nothing of the behavior of the Greek bands in Macedonia during the Balkan wars, should be sufficient proof of her unfitness to govern an alien race. In the second article of this series I have spoken in some detail of the Greek outrages in Albania. But this was not an isolated instance of the methods employed in "hellenizing" Moslem populations. In the spring of 1919 the Peace Conference, hypnotized, apparently, by M. Venezelos, who is by far the ablest diplomat the war has produced, made the mistake of permitting Greek forces, unaccompanied by other troops, to land at Smyrna. Almost immediately there began an indiscriminate slaughter of Turkish officials and civilians, in retaliation, so the Greeks assert, for the massacre of Greeks by Turks in the outlying districts. The obvious answer to this is that, while the Greeks claim that they are a civilized race, they assert that the Turks are not. The outcry against the Greeks on this occasion was so great that an interallied commission, including American representatives, was appointed to make a thorough investigation. This commission unanimously found the Greeks guilty of the unprovoked massacre of 800 Turkish men, women, and children, who were shot down in cold blood while being marched along the Smyrna water-front, those who were not killed instantly being thrown by Greek soldiers into the sea. High-handed and outrageous conduct by Greek troops in the towns and villages back of Smyrna was also proved. I do not require any further testimony as to the unwisdom of placing Mohammedans under Greek control, but, if I did, I have the evidence of Mr. Hamlin, the son of the founder of Robert College, who was born in the Levant, who speaks both Turkish and Greek, and who was sent to Smyrna by the Greek Government as an investigator and adviser. He told me that the Greek attitude toward the Moslems was highly provocative and overbearing and that the Allies were guilty of criminal negligence



Yildiz Kiosk, the favorite palace of Abdul-Hamid and his successors on the throne of Osman.

The building in the foreground, known as the Ambassador's Pavilion, is only a small portion of the great Palace which in Abdul-Hamid's time housed upward of 10,000 persons.

when they permitted the Greeks to land at Smyrna alone.

Though they know that their dream of restoring Hellenic rule over Byzantium cannot be realized, the Greeks are bitterly opposed to the United States receiving a mandate for Constantinople. The extent of Greek hostility toward the United States is not appreciated in America, yet I found traces of it everywhere in the Levant. A wide-spread Greek propaganda has laid the responsibility for Greece's failure to get the whole of Thrace at the door of the United States. To this accusation has been added the charge that Americans were foremost in creating sentiment against the Greek massacres in Smyrna, which, the Greeks contend, was merely an unfortunate incident and should be overlooked. All sorts of extraordinary reasons are advanced for America's alleged hostility to Greek claims, ranging from the charge that our attitude is inspired by the missionaries (for the Orthodox Church has always opposed the presence of American missionaries in Greek lands) to commercial ambition. As one leading Greek paper put it: "Alongside of America's greed and schemes for commercial expansion since the war, Germany's imperialism was pure idealism."

And now a few words as to the attitude of Turkey herself, for she has, after all, a certain interest in the matter. The Turks are perfectly resigned to accepting either America, England, or France as mandatory, though they would much prefer America, provided that European Turkey, Anatolia, and Armenia are kept together, for they realize that Syria, Mesopotamia, and Arabia, whose populations are overwhelmingly Arab, are lost to them forever. What they would most eagerly welcome would be an American mandate for European Turkey and the whole of Asia Minor, including Armenia. This would keep out the Greeks, whom they hate, and the Italians, whom they distrust, and it would keep intact the most valuable portion of the empire and the part for which they have the deepest sentimental attachment. Most Turks believe that, with America as the mandatory Power, the country would not only benefit enormously through the railways,

roads, harbor works, agricultural projects, sanitary improvements, and financial reforms which would be carried out at American expense, as in the Philippines, but that, should the Turks behave themselves and demonstrate an ability for self-government, America would eventually restore their complete independence, as she has promised to restore that of the Filipinos. But if they find that Constantinople and Armenia are to be taken away from them, then I imagine that they will vigorously oppose any mandatory whatsoever. And they could make a far more effective opposition than is generally believed, for, though Constantinople is admittedly at the mercy of the Allied fleet in the Bosphorus, the Nationalists have recruited a force said to total 300,000 men, composed of well-trained and moderately well-equipped veterans of the Gallipoli campaign, which is concentrated in the almost inaccessible regions of Central Anatolia. Moreover, Enver Pasha, the former minister of war and leader of the Young Turk party, has recently proclaimed himself King of Kurdistan and has raised a considerable force of Turks, Kurds, and Georgians for the avowed purpose of ending the troublesome Armenian question by exterminating what is left of the Armenians. Enver has a far greater scheme in mind than the extermination of the Armenians, however, for he is working to bring about a union of the Turks, the Kurds, the Mohammedans of the Caucasus, the Persians, the Tartars, and the Turkomans into a vast Turanian Empire, which would stretch from the shores of the Mediterranean to the borders of China. Though the realization of such a scheme is exceedingly improbable, it is by no means as far-fetched or chimerical as it sounds, for Enver is bold, shrewd, highly intelligent and utterly unscrupulous and to weld the various races of his proposed empire he is utilizing an enormously effective agency—the fanatical faith of all Moslems in the future of Islam.

I have tried to make it clear that there is nothing which the Turks so urgently desire as for the United States to take a mandate for the whole of Turkey. Those who are in touch with public opinion in this country realize, of course, that the

people of the United States would never approve of, and that Congress would never give its assent to, such an adventure, yet there are a considerable number of well-informed, able and conscientious men—former Ambassador Henry Morgenthau and President Henry King of Oberlin, for example—who give it their enthusiastic support. And they are backed up by a host of missionaries, commercial representatives, concessionaires, and special commissioners of one sort and another. When I was in Constantinople the European colony in that city was watching with interest and amusement the manoeuvres of the Turks to bring the American officials around to accepting this view of the matter. They “rushed” the rear-admiral who was acting as American high commissioner and his wife as the members of a college fraternity “rush” a desirable freshman. And, come to think of it, most of the American officials who were sent out to investigate and report on conditions in Turkey are freshmen when it comes to the complexities of Near Eastern affairs. This does not apply, of course, to such men as Consul-General Ravndal at Constantinople, Consul-General Horton at Smyrna, Doctor Howard Bliss, president of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, and certain others, who have lived in the Levant for many years and are intimately familiar with the intricacies of its politics and the characters of its peoples. But it does apply to those officials who, after hasty and personally conducted tours through Asiatic Turkey, or a few months’ residence in the Turkish capital, are accepted as “experts” by the Peace Conference and by the government at Washington. When I listen to their dogmatic opinions on subjects of which most of them were in abysmal ignorance prior to the Armistice, I am always reminded of a remark once made to me by Sir Edwin Pears, the celebrated historian and authority on Turkish affairs. “I don’t pretend to understand the Turkish character,” Sir Edwin remarked dryly, “but, you see, I have lived here only forty years.”

It is an interesting and altruistic scheme, this proposed regeneration at American expense of a corrupt and decadent empire, but in their enthusiasm

its supporters seem to have overlooked several obvious objections. In the first place, though both England and France are perfectly willing to have the United States accept a mandate for European Turkey, Armenia, and even Anatolia, I doubt if England would welcome with enthusiasm a proposal that she should evacuate Palestine and Mesopotamia, the conquest of which has cost her so much in blood and gold, or whether France would consent to renounce her claims to Syria, of which she has always considered herself the legatee. As for Italy and Greece, I imagine that it would prove as difficult to oust the one from Adalia and the other from Smyrna as it has been to oust the Poet from Fiume. Secondly, such a mandate would mean the end of Armenia’s dream of independence, for, though she might be given a certain measure of autonomy, and though she would, of course, no longer be exposed to Turkish massacres, she would enjoy about as much real independence under such an arrangement as the native states of India enjoy under the British Raj. Lastly, nothing is further from our intention, if I know the temper of my countrymen, than to assume any responsibility in order to resurrect the Turk, nor are we interested in preserving the integrity of Turkey in any guise, shape, or form. Instead of perpetuating the unspeakable rule of the Osmanli, we should assist in ending it forever.

And now we come to the question of accepting a mandate for Armenia. In order to get a mental picture of this foundling which we are asked to rear you must imagine a country about the size of Wyoming, with Wyoming’s cold winters and scorching summers, consisting of a dreary, monotonous, mile-high plateau with grass-covered, treeless mountains and watered by many rivers, whose valleys form wide strips of arable land. Rising above the general level of this Armenian table-land are barren and forbidding ranges, broken by many gloomy gorges, which culminate, on the extreme northeast, in the mighty peak of Ararat, the traditional resting-place of the Ark. Armenia is completely hemmed in by alien and potentially hostile races. On the northeast are the wild tribes of the



The Commander of the Faithful goes to prayer.
Mohammed VI, Sultar of Turkey (seated in carriage, at right), attending the ceremony of Sclamlık.

Caucasus; on the east are the Persians, who, though not hostile to Armenian aspirations, are of the faith of Islam; along Armenia's southern border are the Kurds, a race as savage, as cruel and as relentless as were the Apaches of our own West; on the east is Anatolia, with its overwhelmingly Ottoman population. Before the war the Armenians in the six Turkish vilayets—Trebizond, Erzeroum, Van, Bitlis, Mamuret-el-Aziz, and Diarbekir—numbered perhaps 2,000,000, as compared with about 700,000 Turks. But there is no saying how many Armenians remain, for during the past five years the Turks have perpetrated a series of wholesale massacres in order to be able to tell the Christian Powers, as a Turkish official cynically remarked, that "one cannot make a state without inhabitants."

As just and accurate an estimate of the Armenian character as any I have read is that written by Sir Charles William Wilson, perhaps the foremost authority on the subject, for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*: "The Armenians are essentially an Oriental people, possessing, like the Jews, whom they resemble in their exclusiveness and wide-spread dispersion, a remarkable tenacity of race and faculty of adaption to circumstances. They are frugal, sober, industrious and intelligent, and their sturdiness of character has enabled them to preserve their nationality and religion under the sorest trials. They are strongly attached to old manners and customs but have also a real desire for progress which is full of promise. On the other hand they are greedy of gain, quarrelsome in small matters, self-seeking, and wanting in stability; and they are gifted with a tendency to exaggeration and a love of intrigue which has had an unfortunate effect on their history. They are deeply separated by religious differences and their mutual jealousies, their inordinate vanity, their versatility, and their cosmopolitan character must always be an obstacle to a realization of the dreams of the nationalists. The want of courage and self-reliance, the deficiency in truth and honesty sometimes noticed in connection with them, are doubtless due to long servitude under an unsympathetic government."

It seems to me that it is time to sub-

ordinate sentiment to common sense in discussing the question of Armenia. I have known many Armenians and I have the deepest sympathy for the woes of that tragic race, but if the Armenians are in danger of extermination their fate is a matter for the Allies as a whole, or for the League of Nations, if there ever is one, but not for the United States alone. To administer and police Armenia would probably require an army corps, or upward of 50,000 men, and I doubt if a force of such size could be raised for service in so remote and inhospitable a region without great difficulty. My personal opinion is that the Armenians, if given the necessary encouragement and assistance, are capable of governing themselves. Certainly they could not govern themselves more wretchedly than the Mexicans, yet there has been no serious proposal that the United States should take a mandate for Mexico. Everything considered, I am convinced that the highest interests of Armenia, of America, and of civilization would be best served by making Armenia an independent state, having much the same relation to the United States as Cuba. Let us finance the Armenian Republic by all means, let us lend it officers to organize its gendarmerie and teachers for its schools, let us send it agricultural and sanitary and building and financial experts, and let us give the rest of the world, particularly the Turks, to understand that we will tolerate no infringement of its sovereignty. Do that, set the Armenians on their feet, safeguard them politically and financially, and then leave them to work out their own salvation.

Though prophesying is a dangerous business, and likely to lead to embarrassment and chagrin for the prophet, I am willing to hazard a guess that the future maps of what was once the Ottoman Dominions will be laid out something after this fashion: Mesopotamia will be tinted red, because it will be British. Palestine will also be under Britain's ægis—a little independent Hebrew state, not much larger than Connecticut. Under the word "Syria" will appear the inscription "French Protectorate." The Adalia region will be designated "Italian Sphere of Influence," while Smyrna and



On the wharves of Galata.
Unloading woolly waves of sheep from Anatolia.

its immediate hinterland will probably be labelled "Greek Sphere." Across the northeastern corner of Asia Minor will be spread the words "Republic of Armenia," and beneath, in parenthesis, "Independence guaranteed by the United States." The whole of Anatolia, save the Greek and Italian fringes just mentioned, will be occupied and ruled by the Turks, for it is their ancestral home. The fortifications along the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus will be levelled and they, with Constantinople, will be under some form of inter-

national control, with equal rights for all nations. But, unless I am very much mistaken, the Turks will *not* be driven out of Europe, as has so long been predicted; the Ottoman Government will not retire to Asia Minor, but will continue to function in Stamboul, and the Sultan, as the religious head of Islam, will still dwell in the great white palace atop of Yildiz hill.

Yes, I think that the Sick Man is going to live, but he will never be his old self again.

[The fourth of Mr. Powell's articles, "What the Peacemakers Have Done on the Danube," will appear in the April number.]

MRS. TREDICK'S HUSBAND

By Ralph D. Paine

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. AYLWARD



HE vastly admired his wife and was even more afraid of her. This, in a word, was the situation whenever Captain Charles Tredick came home from sea and briefly tarried between voyages in the neat white house on an upper reach of the Penobscot. He was a little man, shy and reticent, who had plodded up and down in the coastwise trade for years as master of schooners owned in Bath. They were old vessels, of no great size, but he sailed them on shares and managed to earn a modest profit even when freights were low.

At forty he had offered himself and his worldly goods to a blooming, vigorous spinster, somewhat younger, who was tired of teaching elocution in the endowed academy. She regarded the mariner as a proper husband because he was so seldom under foot. Contentedly she lived alone and dominated the Civic League and the Ladies' Aid of the highly organized village community.

A meeting of which she was chairman had detained her one autumn afternoon when Captain Tredick swung briskly into a quiet street from whose arching trees the last brown leaves had drifted. This vista was never bleak to him and he gazed in hope of seeing his wife, who was too busy, no doubt, to come to the station. Scrupulously well dressed, the clipped mustache just turning gray, he suggested rather the competent merchant than the veteran seafarer as he turned in at his own gate and set down the suitcase.

At finding the door locked he trudged around to the wood-shed, methodically raised the lid of the ice-box, and discovered a key with which he entered the kitchen and passed through into the front of the house. It was so immaculate and so lonely that he retreated like an intruder, lighting his pipe and strolling in

the garden until he sighted the stately Mrs. Tredick in the offing. His bronzed face glowed with the ardor of youth as he kissed her cheek, homage which she graciously accepted as her due.

"Your telegram from Portland came at noon, Charles," said she, in her measured manner, "but an election of officers made it necessary——"

"Of course; I understand, Sadie Marion," he interrupted, a little nervously. "A fine run from Norfolk, with a regular snoozer of a fair wind, brought us in two or three days earlier than I had reckoned."

"Isn't that nice! I must rest a few minutes while you tell me about it. You are looking *so* well, Charles."

"Why not? Just twiddled my thumbs and let the *James K. Haskell* jam her cargo of coal along. You are a very handsome woman, my dear, and growing more so. This being away from you makes me mighty unhappy."

This was an unusual display of feeling, but Sadie Marion ignored its tragic aspect, responding with a shade of criticism.

"But you cannot retire and live ashore. That is out of the question unless you can lay up money faster than this. With more push and ambition, Charles, would you be so resigned to remaining in a small four-master?"

This silenced him, and his wife relaxed to recover strength in a favorite chair. He had often tried to persuade her to live aboard the vessel with him, or at least make a voyage now and then, but her refusal was absolute. He followed a life apart, solitary, detached, of which she had not the slightest comprehension, in which she manifested no sympathetic interest. With a sigh he went into the kitchen and filled the wood-box, swept up the chips, and performed other routine tasks with habitual deftness.

At supper Sadie Marion, her mood refreshed, talked of her own engrossing af-

fairs while he listened with reverent attention. Social aspirations disquieted her. She desired a house more pretentious, a hired girl, and had visions of driving her own runabout.

"I have done pretty well with the *James K. Haskell*," observed Captain Tredick, in mild extenuation; "better than the other skippers that had her. But she can't earn us a fortune, that's a fact. I own a sixteenth of her and I guess I can sell it to raise ready cash if you really need it."

"That is an investment, Charles, and I do not propose to spend our capital," she curtly replied. "You say the schooner is slow and leaky, and needs repairs so often that it seriously reduces her earnings. Have you honestly tried to find another position?"

"Owners know me and my reputation," was the patient answer. "They don't seem to tumble over themselves to snatch me out of the *Haskell*. So you are actually invited to read a paper at the woman's State convention, Sadie Marion! Well, I call it wonderful, and I am prouder of you than ever."

"I consider it *my* duty to grasp at opportunity," she roundly informed him, again the elocutionist. "My subject is to be 'The Problem of the Home.' I shall be writing until quite late this evening, Charles. If you will get breakfast——"

"Certainly, Sadie Marion," he replied with a smile. "Eggs and toast and coffee? And I plan to tackle the wood-pile and rake up the yard while I'm home."

"Thank you. Please run over to the post-office before it closes. You will have to go right away."

He bolted a cup of tea, caught up his hat, and vanished at a trot, a zealous, unresentful errand-boy who expected no thanks. As a problem of the home he was the negligible factor. The postmaster, greeting him warmly, hastened to add:

"Your 'phone is out of order, Cap'n Charles, tho' mebbe you don't know it yet, and central has been ringin' up the line off an' on since sundown. I was about to step over and tell you that Portland seems powerful anxious to get hold of you."

"Portland?" cried the shipmaster, instantly alert. "Something wrong aboard my vessel?"

"Better ask for a connection from here," advised the other.

Behind the partition Captain Tredick cocked his head and blinked incredulously when, at length, there came to his ear a resonant voice which announced itself to be that of Marvin Ellsworth, the patriarch of coastwise shipping, managing owner of the Ellsworth fleet of great schooners, the noblest sailing craft that survived to fly the Stars and Stripes. He was saying:

"Can't you hear me, Captain Tredick? Her master has quit to go in steam. Get that? The *Fannie Ellsworth*! Yes, she is here now, discharging. What's the matter? Repeat it? I want you to take her, customary wages and primage, five per cent of the gross freight. We can talk details if you will be in Portland to-morrow morning."

Captain Charles Tredick backed away from the instrument, still clutching the receiver, and mopped a dripping brow. He was breathing hard with excitement and needed a moment's respite. The *Fannie Ellsworth*, six-master, one of the finest of the fleet, stowing five thousand tons of coal beneath her hatches, the envy of a hundred skippers! Honestly believing himself unworthy of this singular distinction, he returned to the interview and unsteadily exclaimed:

"Are you sure it's me you have in mind, Mr. Ellsworth? Tredick of the *James K. Haskell*?"

"What kind of a fool do you think I am?" shouted the lord of sail. "I know all about you and your record for twenty years. Oh, damn the rotten old basket of a *James K. Haskell*! You are too conscientious. You won't be leaving her in the lurch. I fixed that up with your owners to-day. They are delighted to see you shove ahead and they've found a man to go in her. You accept? All right. At my office, nine o'clock sharp to-morrow. Good-night, Captain Tredick."

Disregarding the curious postmaster, he hurried into the darkness and halted to collect his thoughts. This would be great news for Sadie Marion, but his native



"If you have finished eating, Mr. Staunton, suppose you relieve the second mate."—Page 304.

caution warned him to withhold it until confirmed beyond a chance of doubt. Marvin Ellsworth was a tyrant with a sudden temper and there were matters to discuss. Already, however, it was like a revelation that he was a better man in the eyes of others than he had ever dreamed possible. It colored his feeling for Sadie Marion, who held him in such low esteem. When he entered the house with less timidity than usual, she spoke up.

"You knew I was waiting for the mail, Charles. Where have you been all this time?"

"I stopped to talk. I have friends who

are glad to see me ashore," he answered. "There were no letters."

"Are you sure? Where is *The Lewiston Journal*?"

"By George, I clean forgot it, my dear. I am afraid Silas has shut up shop."

With an impatient gesture she turned to the desk in the sitting-room, while Charles tiptoed into the kitchen and washed the dishes. Later he sat by an open fire and meditatively sucked at an empty pipe, for smoking annoyed Sadie Marion. The bonds of his loving servitude chafed him and the sensation was so novel that it painfully absorbed his attention. He perceived a glimpse of the

truth—that the most admirable of women, whose companionship he craved, had never tried to understand him.

At daylight next morning he stole down-stairs without awakening her and wrote this note:

"I have to catch the early train for Portland to look after some business. Very sorry about breakfast, but the fire is ready to light. Hope to be home again before sailing.

"Your loving
CHARLES."

With an hour to spare when he reached the city, he steered for the coal wharf where the six topmasts of the *Fannie Ellsworth* soared skyward. A boyish elation made his heart beat faster as he climbed aboard and surveyed three hundred feet of deck that swept in a mighty sheer from bow to stern. All her proportions seemed colossal. Undismayed, however, he walked aft and encountered the first mate, a tall, deep-chested figure of a sailor with a powerful voice. He was in the prime of middle age, ruddy and genial, and his smile suggested a tolerant amusement as he looked down at little Captain Tredick and exclaimed:

"Good morning! What can I do for you? The old man has gone ashore. Something from the office?"

The visitor stiffened and his chin went up as he crisply replied:

"Show me the ship, if you please. I expect to go as master. Your name?"

The mate stepped back, his rich complexion mottled with angry surprise, his disappointment betraying itself as he ejaculated:

"You take the *Fannie Ellsworth*? This is the first I've heard of it. I—I am Mr. Staunton."

"Figured on getting her yourself, did you, Mr. Staunton? Well, you guessed wrong. You can stay if you like. I'll try you out for a voyage, anyhow."

Slightly dazed, the mate gulped and rubbed his cheek while Captain Tredick entered the after-house. The cabin, with its mahogany finish and leather chairs, the cosey dining-room, the spare state-rooms, the tiled bath and steam heat, his own spacious sleeping-quarters and

carved four-poster fairly dazzled his simple tastes and instantly appealed to him as a home afloat fitted for and worthy of his queenly Sadie Marion. In a day-dream he forgot the presence of the crestfallen mate and reluctantly went on deck to scrutinize the sails and rigging.

At nine o'clock old Marvin Ellsworth, rumpling his white beard and roaring at his clerks, clapped a hand on Captain Tredick's shoulder and rammed him into a chair, inquiring:

"Dodged aboard to look her over, did you? I saw you cross the street. Sure you can handle such a wallop of a schooner?"

"Yes, sir," quietly said the shipmaster, "but you will have to spend some money before she goes to sea—new canvas and running-gear."

"Humph! So that's your style," snorted the owner. "I am hiring you to *make* money in her. The other man found no fault."

"He let her run down, Mr. Ellsworth. Winter is coming on and I take no chances with worn-out stuff. Quick passages mean dividends, and I understand she hasn't been earning them."

"What if I tell you to go to the devil with your extravagant nonsense, Captain Tredick?"

"Then you can look for another skipper, sir," was the sharp retort.

"You'll do," boomed Marvin Ellsworth. "A bantam with spurs, hey? Just between us, coastwise freights will soon feel this European war. They're bound to jump, and you'll see two-dollar coal from Norfolk before Christmas. So go to it, and clean up six or seven hundred a month for yourself. Married, are you?"

"Yes, Mr. Ellsworth," pensively answered Charles. "I wish I could coax my wife to go with me. Any objection?"

"Not a bit. Now let's get things under way as fast as the Lord will let us. I have a charter-party waiting."

Anxious to supervise the work, Captain Tredick remained three days with his vessel before he was satisfied to return to Sadie Marion. He wrote, but reserved the glad tidings as a surprise. It was strange how his buoyant spirits ebbed and his courage lost its fine edge as the

train drew near the village. With the old timidity he walked into his own house and found his wife at the piano. The crashing chords subsided and she said abruptly:

"You made such a mystery of going to Portland, Charles, that I hope you are ready to explain. Why didn't you tell me the night before instead of leaving that silly note?"

He beamed with honest delight as he laughed and replied:

"It sounded too good to be true. I really didn't dare give it away. You can have the hired girl and the automobile, my dear. I am promoted to the *Fannie Ellsworth* and there's no Yankee skipper afloat that has the best of me. What do you think of that?"

"Why, how perfectly absurd it is!" she started to exclaim, but repented of the cruel slur and lamely concluded: "I mean, I took it for granted you would have to stay in the *Haskell* and—and I couldn't believe my ears. I have heard you mention the Ellsworth vessels, of course. How in the world did it happen?"

This thoughtless assumption that there was no merit in him, that his splendid fortune was undeserved cut him to the heart. It was the saddest moment of his married life. His lip quivered and his eyes were suffused as he gently told her:

"A man in my trade has to win such an honor without any pull or favor. I was hoping you'd like to run down with me in the morning and look the ship over. And she is so elegant and comfortable that a trip to Norfolk would be a regular holiday for us."

"Go to sea in a coal-schooner? Why, Charles, how can you suggest it? Think of the discomforts!"

"This isn't a bit like the *Haskell*," he persisted. "It's more like living aboard a liner. And we are liable to have a fine spell of weather in November."

Stubbornly unheeding his affectionate argument, Sadie Marion exclaimed:

"I dislike the sea, Charles. As for going to Portland to-morrow, have you forgotten the State convention and my paper?"

"Sure enough! 'The Problem of the

Home,'" murmured the skipper unconsciously ironical. "Well, it seems as if we had charted separate courses. Too bad; I'll say no more about it."

He drifted out and sauntered to the post-office, where a dozen neighbors shook his hand in congratulation. The evening mail contained a letter for Mrs. Charles Tredick which he regarded with some slight curiosity before tucking it in his pocket. It bore a Portland postmark and was addressed in a masculine hand, legible but raggedly scrawled. Sadie Marion's correspondents were mostly women, but he saw no cause for comment when he gave her the letter in her own room and returned down-stairs to wind up his accounts with the owners of the *Haskell*.

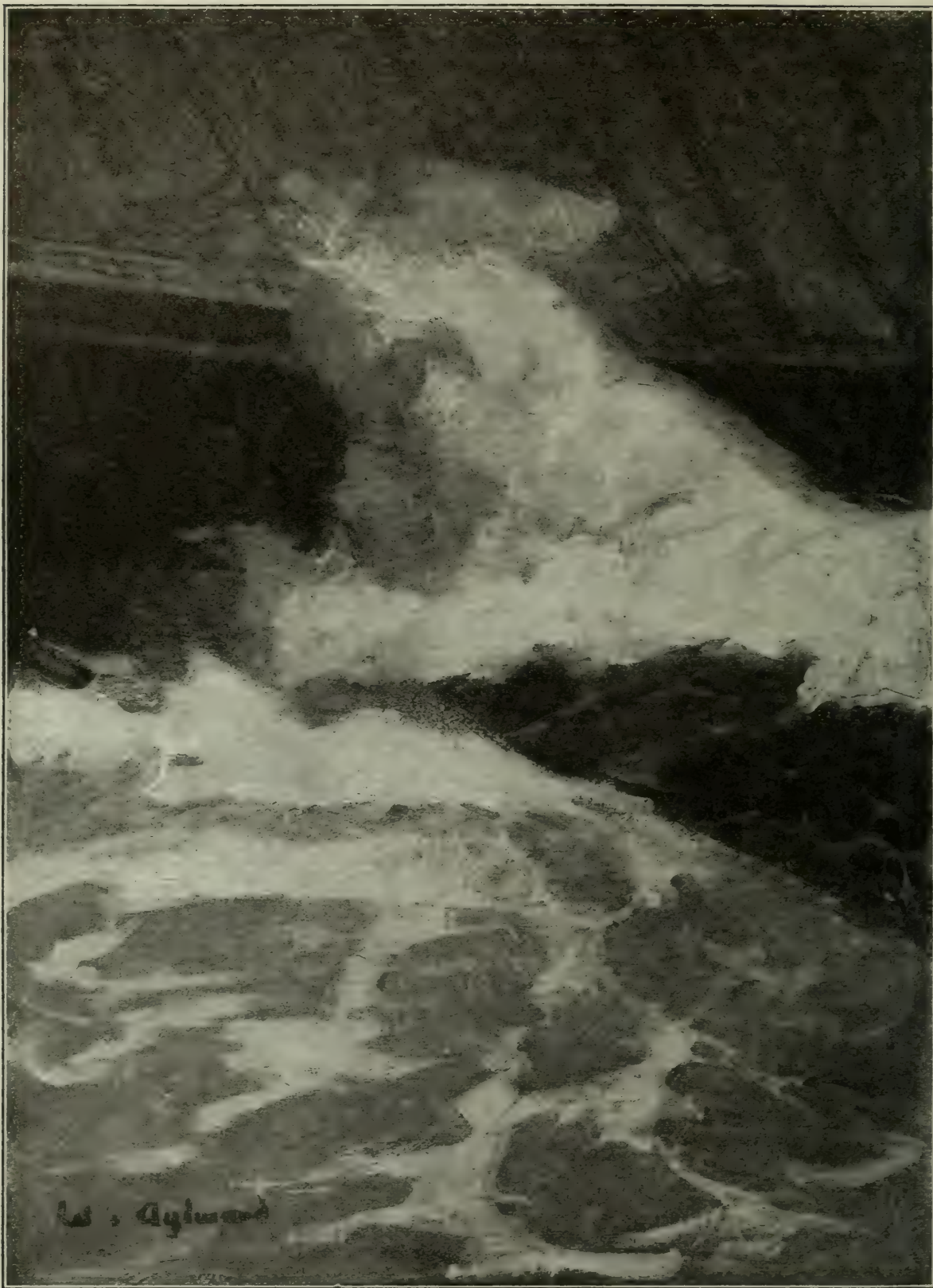
Mrs. Charles Tredick was singularly robust, a stranger to hysteria; but her bosom heaved and her glance was wild as, for the third time, she read the disclosure blazoned on a page of cheap note-paper. *An anonymous letter!!* She whispered these sinister words and moved quickly to bolt the door. The message ran:

"A friend warns you to be careful of your husband. There is a woman in the case. He has been devoted to her for some time. That is where his money goes. She may meet him in Norfolk next trip. He sees her as often as he can and you are foolish to keep your eyes shut."

The unselfish single-mindedness of Captain Tredick was utterly forgotten. The serpent of suspicion reared its horrid head. His urgent invitation had been a ruse to mislead her. Some other woman had tricked and flattered his simple wits and he might be planning to run away with the—with the "wretched paramour"—that was the phrase. Perhaps they had been together in Portland no longer ago than yesterday. The elocutionist, whose readings from Shakespeare had been so warmly applauded, was capable of dissembling emotion in this crisis. Pale but superbly calm, she descended to find her erring husband, who looked up from a bundle of vouchers to inform her:

"I'll be on deck to get breakfast without fail, my dear."

"No more sneaking off to Portland on



Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

Before nightfall the *Fannie Ellsworth* . . . was . . . within two miles of the Virginia beach.
—Page 306.

mysterious errands while I am asleep?" she searchingly demanded.

"Well, I turned the trick, didn't I, Sadie Marion? It looks like good-by if you have to go to Augusta for the convention. I shall be ready for sea some time to-morrow."

In a flash she read her duty clear, but delayed announcing it until she had asked:

"Did you make any enemies while you were in the *Haskell*, Charles? There is no one who might cause trouble between you and your new owner? It's natural to wonder, you know. There is apt to be jealousy, isn't there?"

"Barring a sailor or two that needed the toe of a boot, the docket is clear," he innocently assured her. "I don't like the mate in the *Fannie Ellsworth*. I sized him up as a counterfeit and he took a prejudice to me. But first impressions may be wrong."

Sadie Marion bit her lip and made use of her superior intelligence. This hostile mate might have heard the scandalous story and used it for his own ends. At any rate, she had discovered that Charles had an enemy with a grievance. True or false, she could not afford to be indifferent to the ominous warning. As a devoted wife and helpmeet she proposed to safeguard her own interests in saving her husband from himself. In a softer voice, almost caressingly, she astonished him by saying:

"May I change my mind? Would it please you very much to have me go to Norfolk with you?"

"Thunder and guns! You bet it would!" he cried, leaping to his feet. "I was set all aback when you even refused to consider it. Why, my dear, it would be a honeymoon! I'll sign on a cabin-boy as an extra hand and you will think you are aboard your own yacht."

His eagerness was so genuine that her doubts seemed base and she blushed for shame, but a poisoned mind is hard to heal.

"Perhaps my problem should begin at home, Charles," said she. "Isn't that how you have felt about it? But you were too kind to hurt me by telling me so. I can send my paper to the secretary and let her read it to the convention. Shall I pack a trunk to-night?"

This was to him an event more momentous than taking command of the *Fannie Ellsworth*. The puckered lines of care beneath his eyes were magically erased. Of course, she had not meant to wound him. He must have misunderstood. Until midnight they toiled in preparation and Captain Tredick's wife found that she was not altogether pretending a youthful zestfulness. The excitement of the adventure caused her to forget herself. They were ready to close the house, leave the cat next door, and depart for Portland in the earliest morning train. The shipmaster gratefully reflected that his luck had turned.

The stately six-master had finished discharging coal, and the negro sailors, with hose and broom, had cleaned the decks and the white houses of dust and grime. In the cabin the elderly steward had scrubbed and polished, making up the beds with fresh linen. Everywhere the ship displayed the painstaking attention and order of the nautical routine, and it came as an amazing discovery to Mrs. Tredick, who had hitherto disdained to set foot on one of her husband's vessels. He had telephoned certain instructions from the office and there were bowls of roses upon the tables, a row of new books, a pile of magazines. The luxury and convenience of it all, the realization that she was the mistress with servants to wait on her, made the village home seem poor and shabby.

"But I didn't know, Charles," she tremulously reiterated.

"You wouldn't listen, Sadie Marion," he smiled, an arm about her waist.

He left her below and sent for a tug, for the wind had suddenly shifted to the westward and he was anxious to take advantage of it. Mr. Staunton, the mate, was in a surly humor and his breath smelt of liquor, but he kept the men busy and Captain Tredick refrained from comment. Riding high and empty, the towering bulk of the *Fannie Ellsworth* floated through the narrow fairway, seeming to shoulder smaller craft out of her path. Off the red light-ship the tall sails began to creep up the masts as the steam-winch gripped the halyards. Standing near the wheel, Mrs. Tredick, expecting much bustle and confusion,

saw a few sailors moving without haste and her husband idling, with hands in his pockets. Very quietly the *Fannie Ellsworth* dropped the tug and filled away on her course to the southward.

Mr. Staunton lived aft, according to custom, and he joined them at dinner, his burly presence making the captain appear oddly insignificant. His manner toward Sadie Marion was floridly gallant, his stories well told and ranging over many seas in deep-water ships before he had sailed coastwise. She was impressed. He was the ideal sailor of romance. Captain Tredick glumly looked on, fingering his clipped mustache. At length he suggested:

"If you have finished eating, Mr. Staunton, suppose you relieve the second mate. He may be hungry, too."

With an injured air the officer obeyed, while Mrs. Tredick frowned at her husband's marked discourtesy. He had nothing to say until she observed:

"Mr. Staunton was a captain himself until square-rigged ships went out of fashion. I think you ought to be more careful of his feelings."

"If I don't like his manners he can get his grub in the mess-room for'ard," was the emphatic rejoinder, which so disconcerted Sadie Marion that she gasped for breath. Never before had he asserted himself. The afternoon was warm and clear, the breeze steady, and with top-sails set the schooner did her six knots. The last traces of disorder were removed and Captain Tredick seemed to have nothing whatever to do. This perplexed his wife, who had imagined him as drudging through laborious days and nights. He strolled with her, read a magazine aloud, took a nap, and operated the phonograph.

"But you are more like a passenger, Charles," she uneasily expostulated when darkness closed down and the chill air made the warm cabin inviting. "You have not commanded as large a ship as this and some of the duties must be new to you. I should think you ought to be on deck at night."

"In good weather? What are the mates hired for? Oh, I run up now and then and take a look around. That's the dickens of it—a loafer's job—too much

time on my hands. It explains why I wanted you as a shipmate. my dear."

It was too soon for her to discern that his was the master mind, disciplined, profoundly experienced, which ruled this complex fabric and its turbulent men. What new respect he had gained in her sight was due to his affluent environment. The impressive Mr. Staunton was far more convincing as a figure of authority.

For several days the voyage was placidly uneventful. It was, indeed, more like a yachting-cruise. Punctually a black sailor took another's place at the wheel, the meals were served at the stroke of the bell, and the watch on duty trimmed the sheets or worked at such odd jobs as splicing, painting, carpentry. Occasionally Captain Tredick consulted his charts, pencilled a straight line with ruler and dividers, or squinted at the sun through a sextant and covered a sheet of paper with figures. He gave the mates almost no orders, besides the courses to steer, and seldom went forward of the quarter-deck.

It was otherwise with Mr. Staunton, whose activity was incessant. His voice thundered in the bullying accents of the rough old school as he tramped to and fro. In the cabin, however, he was rather subdued, watching Captain Tredick from a corner of his eye and trying to fathom what kind of man he was. Sadie Marion thought him fascinating. In her heart was the instinctively feminine worship of physical strength and courage. She could fancy this hale, broad-shouldered viking amid peril of wreck and storm or beating down a mutinous crew. Continually tormenting her was the anonymous letter, but now it seemed impossible that the heroic Mr. Staunton should have employed so cowardly a weapon. It was evident, nevertheless, that he bitterly disliked Captain Tredick, scarcely veiling his contempt.

At the first opportunity she had furtively ransacked her husband's room for sign or token of another woman, but, baffled, she resolved to ply the mate with adroit hints. They often walked together on deck during the daylight watches, his breezy loquacity contrasting with the skipper's contented silences.

"A sweetheart in every port, they say of you sailors, Mr. Staunton," she began, with heightened color.

"Are they always to blame, Mrs. Tredick? It's a lonely life and we are a sentimental lot. A married man, now—that's another matter, but I've known the best of 'em to slip the tow-rope."

"How shocking!" she exclaimed. "I can't believe it. When they are young and reckless, I presume."

"Not always, ma'am. There is a soft streak that sometimes shows when a man passes forty. I have known cases of it. They sort of forget their bearings and tack into trouble. Then it's time for their wives to stand lookout. Nothing personal intended, Mrs. Tredick. I am stating a general proposition."

She could not help glancing at the master of the *Fannie Ellsworth*, who stood at the taffrail examining the dial of the log. The mate smiled to himself and waited until she said:

"Wouldn't it be a kindness to warn a wife, Mr. Staunton?"

"Perhaps so," he gravely answered. "Excuse me, while I slack off the fore-sheet."

That night the pleasant wind which had carried the vessel beyond the capes of the Delaware veered uncertainly, then died to a calm obscured by fog. A long swell heaved in from seaward and Captain Tredick frequently noted the barometer. During these visits below he seemed preoccupied, almost unaware of his wife's questions. When he delayed to put on oilskins she nervously insisted on knowing why, but he merely advised her to stop worrying and go to bed. Wide-eyed, she was rolled to and fro in her bunk, while the deck above her head resounded to the banging of blocks, the thump of boots, and the harsh noise of the winches. The untroubled monotony of the voyage had not prepared her to face an emergency.

The northeast gale, presaged by Captain Tredick, swept down at dawn in blinding clouds of sleet and spray. Its devastating violence found the schooner with canvas reduced to three of her unwieldy lower sails and a couple of jibs. With no ballast in her cavernous hold she was the more difficult to handle.

Little Captain Tredick peered rather sadly into the gray murk, reflecting that this was apt to be an unpleasant experience for his wife. It threatened to be what he called a "hoister" of a storm, such as strewed the coast with wreckage and had wiped two big schooners from the Ellsworth list during the preceding winter.

All his knowledge of tidal currents, soundings, drift, and leeway, added to the sailor's sixth sense, was brought into play to conjecture the position of the vessel since he had last seen a shore light. It was vital to know how many miles she was from the beach. Clinging to the rail, benumbed with cold, he watched the seas rear and break across the deck amidships. He had no fear of foundering, but to have his sails blown away was another matter.

The negro sailors, unfitted for such an ordeal as this, had fled into the fore-castle and were isolated by cataracts of water. A little while and the reefed mainsail split and was whirled away in streaming tatters. The wind was steadily increasing.

There was no getting aft with breakfast and Captain Tredick dived below to munch bread and cheese in the cabin pantry. His wife had managed to dress and was huddled upon the divan, deafened by the creaking and groaning of the woodwork, trembling to the shock of the hammering seas. To the unspoken appeal in her white face he shouted, tenderly holding her hand:

"A hard blow for you to be caught in, but we'll weather it, my dear."

She shook her head despairingly, with small faith in his ability to do the right thing at a time like this. He stood swaying to the giddy motion of the floor, the yellow oilskins dripping, a taut, reliant figure whose composure was flawless. He was absently staring at Sadie Marion, his mind engaged with a crucial decision, when Mr. Staunton tumbled down the stairs and announced in his stentorian voice:

"She will never work offshore at this rate, sir. We must get more sail on her somehow."

"I was trying to hold her where she was up to now," snapped Captain Tre-

dick. "Work her offshore? What do you think you're in? I am going to let this vessel drive straight for the beach and anchor her in thirty fathom of water."

The mate's jaw dropped. His bewilderment was comic. Then he laughed derisively and bent over to shout in the captain's ear:

"Pile her up on a shoal? Drive for the beach instead of standin' off to get sea-room? That's one sure way to send us all to hell. If your ground-tackle don't hold——"

"It was made to hold," interrupted the skipper, without heat. "You don't know what to do with a big schooner like this, Mr. Staunton. You have only sailed a few fair-weather voyages in her. It's sure disaster for one of 'em to be blown offshore in a gale like this."

"You never set foot in an Ellsworth schooner until this trip," truculently boomed the mate. "Anchor in thirty fathom? I'll have my say about that. All these lives at stake——"

Captain Tredick raised a warning hand. It was an imperative gesture. He pursed his lips as though whistling softly. At this moment his distracted wife intervened. The habit of dominating Charles compelled her to speak. Clutching the table, she cried imploringly:

"Oh, you must listen to Mr. Staunton's advice! He knows best, I am sure. Please don't——"

It was a transformed Captain Tredick that whirled to face her and brutally exclaimed:

"Not a word, Sadie Marion, not another word or I'll lock you in your room."

She babbled something, but he cut it short by seizing her arm in a bruising grip and pushing her ahead of him across the threshold. Turning the key, he thrust it in his pocket and returned to the mate, whose indignation provoked him to say:

"Mishandle a woman as well as a ship, eh? My turn next for giving you the plain truth?"

"Your turn next, you big, ignorant lubber," challenged Captain Charles Tredick. "Jump on deck. Go for'ard and drag out enough men to wear ship

and steer the course I set. Shall I show you how?"

"Anchor with the lee shore under our bow, in a murderin' gale of wind?" growled the other.

A light chair was lashed against the wall with twine. The sinewy hands of Captain Tredick plucked it loose and, as a bludgeon, he swung it in a sidelong blow. It crashed and splintered against the head of Mr. Staunton, who fell sprawling. Slowly he scrambled to his knees, blood trickling from a cut above the ear. He was sick and dizzy. Captain Tredick stood over him, a leg of the chair in his fist, and declaimed:

"Do you want any more, you drunken tramp? I took your measure the first day out. Get a bandage-roll from the medicine-closet and tie yourself up. Then come a-running."

A wail from the imprisoned Sadie Marion punctuated the cowed silence of the mate. Captain Tredick raced on deck and the two weary negroes at the wheel turned their eyes to him in pathetic hopefulness. He stretched a line forward as far as he dared venture unaided and waited for Mr. Staunton, who presently emerged from the hatchway. Together they fought the cruel weight of water that poured over the smashed bulwarks, and, tumbling into the fore-castle, they pulled sailors from their bunks and tossed them on deck to sink or swim.

It was the intrepid soul of Captain Tredick waging a contest against tremendous odds. Before nightfall the *Fannie Ellsworth*, with no more than a rag of canvas left, was riding to her ponderous anchors within two miles of the Virginia beach. Her cables had been forged and welded for such peculiar stress as this. The gale screamed in the rigging and the combers broke over her bows, but it was with a sense of serene security that Captain Tredick went below to change his clothes. Mr. Staunton had found lodgings at the other end of the ship. With this discord removed, the husband of Mrs. Tredick attempted reconciliation. It was a task to dishearten a mariner less indomitable. The print of his fingers was black and blue on her arm. The insult was even more poignant. To



Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

"Do you want any more, you drunken tramp?"—Page 306.

make it absolutely unforgivable, he expressed no regrets.

His demeanor was affectionate, solicitous, but never humble. Until the gale spent its force, two days later, she stayed in bed, watching him through the doorway as he read and smoked with his heels on the table. It dawned upon her, as a curious phenomenon, that she was afraid of him. Certainly she had learned to respect him. This gave her much to think about.

There was still a barrier of constraint between them when the *Fannie Ellsworth* set her spare sails and resumed the voyage to Norfolk over an ocean sparkling and friendly. Mrs. Tredick sought a sheltered nook on deck, with rugs and pillows, and the buoyant air revived her. With vision no longer blinded, she studied her husband, the ship, the crew. And little by little she came to perceive that his quiet personality was all-pervasive, his mastery of his trade implicitly acknowledged. He was wiser and stronger than all the rest, and old Marvin Ellsworth had not blundered in choosing him.

During the last evening at sea they sat in the cabin together. The swinging lamp cast a cheery illumination. The room was very homelike. Sadie Marion was loath to forsake it. Was her companionship really dear to him? What about the other woman? She was in a mood to make confession, but would he be as frank with her? Timidly she exclaimed:

"I was greatly mistaken in the character of Mr. Staunton, Charles. I believe he would stoop to tell a lie to satisfy a grudge."

"That cheap hound?" was the careless comment. "I intend to throw his duds on the wharf as soon as we make fast. He fooled you, Sadie Marion, but women are built that way. He is a grand-looking object, no doubt about it."

"Supposing he had lied about *you* in a letter to me," she bravely resumed.

"In a letter? Well, I'd make him eat it, for one thing. But you would take no

stock in such nonsense, so what's the difference?"

"But perhaps I did, Charles, and it has made me too dreadfully miserable for words. I have been a selfish, stupid, unfeeling woman."

"You are an angel and always were," devoutly exclaimed Captain Tredick. "It makes me blue to feel that you won't care to sail with me again, after that gale o' wind and the rumpus in the cabin."

"In all weather, fair and foul, if you will only ask me," was the wistful response.

"I'm perfectly delighted. You see, my dear, your only chance to get really acquainted with me was aboard my vessel."

"You are a very wonderful man afloat," was her final surrender. "But you will be angry, and maybe abuse me again, when you know the motive that changed my mind about coming in the schooner. I—I will get the letter and read it to you, and will you look me right in the eyes and say whether it is true or false?"

"I'll swear it on a stack of Bibles as high as the cross-trees if that will be any comfort to you," declared her husband.

She fumbled in her hand-bag and produced the sheet of paper, which was creased with many readings. Captain Tredick's countenance was austere and inscrutable. Unsteadily she recited, halting between the hateful sentences:

"A friend warns you to be careful of your husband. There is a woman in the case. He has been devoted to her for some time. That is where his money goes. She may meet him in Norfolk next trip. He sees her as often as he can, and you are foolish to keep your eyes shut."

Silence followed the indictment. The very sound of it moved Sadie Marion to tears. Captain Tredick shifted in his chair, drew a long breath, gazed up at the skylight, and deliberately affirmed:

"It is all true, so help me, Sadie Marion."


"All true?" she faintly echoed.

"Of course it is. There was no other way to budge you. *I wrote it myself.*"

THE SOLUTION OF THE LABOR PROBLEM

BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

Author of "Money and Prices," etc.

HE wag who said of Boston, when it was threatened with bombardment during the Spanish War, that it could not be bombarded because it was not a geographical area but a state of mind, really made a distinction that has a much wider application. In these materialistic days it is the fashion to suppose that social unrest, or, to be more specific, the labor problem, can be reached or solved by physical allurements, more money to spend, more luxuries to consume, or automobiles in which to ride to the factory. Indeed, the whole socialistic philosophy is but a system of thought aiming at the possession of larger materialistic rewards. Strangest of all, in church circles, where one would expect an emphasis on things spiritual, too often is found a warm sympathy for socialistic theory that is supported by a pure materialism. And yet, out of all the ruck of heated discussion about labor unrest and Bolshevism, there is beginning to emerge the conviction that what we have to deal with is, after all, not a matter of wages and a larger consumption so much as it is a state of mind. The study of economic history has been in vain if it has led us to think that men are ever content with what they have. Wants are limited only by the production of satisfactions. Wants, in bacterial fashion, multiply out of other wants indefinitely.

II

WORLD-WIDE discontent among the working classes has been regarded even in high political quarters as something so threatening that, if it is not removed, the very foundations of society may be shaken; that, unless certain demands of a very advanced order are granted to

these classes, a revolution is at hand. So sure are the prophets of disaster that definite dates of from two to five years have been confidently announced for its advent. And yet every economist knows that discontent with his lot has in it a quality of divinity by which every man is given the capacity for progress. Without discontent there could be no progress upward. The most disheartening thing that could possibly happen would be the existence of inert, ambitionless, ignorant content with conditions of life which we all know ought to be changed. No live, pulsing race could be content to remain what it had always been. The expectation of improvement is the very secret of a happy, busy life, the motive that keeps us all eagerly striving to get on in the world. Discontent we shall always have with us so long as human nature remains what it now is and always has been.

If this innate prompting for improvement, however, when awakened, finds itself choked and restricted, then there is reason for concern. Human aspiration is too powerful to be repressed. With certain of the lowest classes of men, sunk in stupid misery and ignorance, the trouble has often been to awaken in them a series of wants that would give them a motive for so increasing their productive efforts as to bring them the decencies of a larger consumption. Discontent is divine that leads men to self-control and industry as a means of improvement; but it is a very different thing if it leads to a state of mind which, avoiding productive effort, prompts to wilful violence, robbery, and murder as a means of taking away the results of another's sacrifice and effort. This is the human element, of good and bad in every man, that enters into the economic determination of progress. As we shall soon see, it throws a flood of light on the social unrest now ob-

served in so many countries. "The evidences of world-wide unrest," says the President, in his December message to Congress, "which manifest themselves in violence throughout the world bid us pause and consider the means to be found to stop the spread of this contagious thing before it saps the very vitality of the nation itself." Nevertheless, is not discontent a very necessary element of progress?

III

WE may as well make up our minds sooner or later to the fact that no "solution" of the labor question can be found which will eliminate a perennial discontent. On the contrary, all of us who wish to see a higher standard of living for the mass of the laboring classes do not wish it eliminated. It is necessary to more effective productive effort and to a larger share of satisfactions. In this connection there has arisen a demand for certain "rights" of labor which, it is supposed, must be granted if we are to have what is known as industrial peace. If these rights have been formulated on the basis of a correct analysis of the operations of industry, then discontent will gradually force their acceptance by the factors of production other than labor; but if demands are made which are impossible of satisfaction without the disintegration of industry, then there is no hope of their acceptance now or in the future. If unrest is based on such demands, made without regard to productive effort or skill, then there will be no progress. To claim a share of the world's accumulated wealth without having proportionately contributed to its production, simply to take because of wants, leads to the quick disappearance of the world's resources and inevitable chaos. A limelight exhibition of this process has been actually before our eyes on the Russian stage for two years. The Russian programme at least has been ruled out of court by universal condemnation.

Without a question, labor has rights—the rights of a factor absolutely necessary to industry. But just as truly is capital essential to all industry, and it has its rights. It cannot be blinked that, as a central fact in this whole matter, we have

at least two factors which are absolutely necessary to all industry, but which are radically different in kind. Moreover, in the past century, as industry has grown complicated, technical, extensive, and international, management has come to be a special factor of prime importance. The possession of capital does not imply the possession of managerial capacity. The manager, conforming to the definition of all labor, is a human being contributing effort to the productive process; only he is a scarce and highly skilled laborer. Then again, risk has come to be a potent factor. The perils of success or failure in industry are as obvious as the dangers to those who go down to the sea in ships. On whom does the risk of failure fall? In the usual forms of private or corporate industry it falls on capital and not on labor; but only in the exceptional form of co-operation, in which labor furnishes the capital, does it fall on labor, and even then on the laborer as a capitalist. In primitive industry it was man against the field: labor alone facing nature in the struggle for satisfactions to his wants. Soon the devising mind of man created aids to his labor in the form of capitalistic tools and implements. Later, as division of labor and of employments spread, management came to its place, and risk had to be assigned its function. The rights of all these factors in modern production have to be recognized or the whole fabric of industry disintegrates.

IV

OUR modern labor problem has mainly to do with the chances for progress of the one factor of labor in its joint working with all the other factors—capital, management, and risk. Labor does not star alone on the field. It is a part of the team. It can get within kicking distance of the goal, not by individual isolation, but by accepting helpful interference and co-operation against all opposing difficulties. Labor can no more get on in these days of engines, cranes, hoists, and machinery without the capital embodied in such things than can these aids to production take on life and efficiency without the co-operation of labor. Both are as necessary to a final productive result of

goods for consumption as are the parts of hydrogen and oxygen to making the drop of water. It is bootless to waste time on discussing whether the hydrogen or the oxygen is solely responsible for the drop of water. As it cannot be said that capital alone is the cause of production, neither can it be said that labor is. It cannot be claimed that labor occupies a "key" position any more than capital. The reason that a wage system exists, in which some are employers and some are employees, is simply because some men have been thrifty enough to save capital and able to employ others. If all men were equally thrifty there would be little discussion of a wage system, and practically no wage problem would exist.

Nevertheless, economic literature has been burdened with voluminous theorizing to show that labor is the sole cause of value, that it is labor which, being the producer of the finished product, should have all the proceeds, and that a payment for the use of capital is robbery. In connection therewith it is proposed that the state should take over the capital now in private hands. It is this theory in essence which Soviets in Russia—and Bela Kun in Hungary—have tried to fasten on to industry. It is described as a war against capitalism, or a process by those who have not of taking by force the wealth as well as the capital of those who have. The theory when applied shocked the world by its insensate disregard of humanity and innate economic falsity. Such a theory, however, is the fundamental stock in trade of the Socialists, no matter how many variants of doctrine they now cultivate. In a word, Bolshevism is Socialism plus force. It has been demonstrated in cruel fashion that it furnishes no outlook for the aspirations of ambitious workers for the longed-for progress in well-being.

V

THERE can be no practical means of helping the poorer laborers to a higher level of life which war against the fundamental functions and co-operation of labor, capital, management, and risk, as already mentioned. To discriminate against the function of capital, after the

socialistic fashion, is the acme of theoretical folly. And yet sentiment has gone so far from common sense that it has been thought not quite tactful in discussing labor problems to mention the words "capital" or "capitalistic." It may not be modest for a prude to speak of legs, but we all know just the same they are the only means of walking.

Although an average manual laborer—as has often been shown—may obtain comfort and content on a humble level, nevertheless, no one of ambition can rise far, solely as a receiver of wages. Yet, men being what they are, a wage system does not imply that once a laborer always a laborer. There are always two outlets for a laborer's upward progress: (1) through his becoming the owner of capital and himself taking risk, and (2) through the development within himself of any latent managerial capacity.

In regard to both these methods of progress it is surprising how little value is assigned to the human element. This may seem a strange statement to make in the face of the stereotyped cry that labor should not be treated as a commodity but as a human being. Nevertheless, the human element belonging to all laborers (as well as to all employers) has been notoriously neglected in most discussions of the labor problems. It involves not only the desires of men to gain additional comforts but also the difficulties the average man has in bringing his mind and body under control in obedience to a new discipline.

We are at once faced with the bigness of the human element in shaping the improvement of the working classes (even though there is no such class in the sense of all people except idlers). It comes out in the first of the two methods just indicated when it is suggested that laborers should gain the aid that comes from becoming the owners of capital. The habits of thrift are not so uncommon as cynics in the labor discussion would have us believe. It is foolish to sneer at the suggestion on the assumption that most of the poor cannot save. It is merely a question of a state of mind, a point of view. Saving arises from the ability to set a future gain above a present indulgence. It depends on whether there is a human mo-

tive strong enough to enforce saving, not on the mere margin from which savings can be made. David Hume found a situation very like that of to-day when he told us that:

"In the year 1740, when bread and provisions of all kinds were very dear, his workmen not only made shift to live but paid debts contracted in former years that were much more favorable and abundant."

It has long been known that the possession of land provides the stimulus to saving. A man's own home is his savings-bank. And there are many other motives. In essence, this creation of a new habit not before in existence comes hard to a rigid or to a wasteful nature; it is as uncomfortable as a cold bath to a torpid nature. Capital can be saved by any one who will follow the rules of the game set by our own human qualities and our external environment.

This insistent human element has to be kept in mind, also, in touching upon the second suggestion for progress through the display of managerial capacity. A friend described to me the recent attempts of a journeyman barber in a New England city to set up for himself. Painfully, and at great sacrifice to himself and his family, he finally accumulated three hundred dollars. His first attempt, due to mistakes of judgment, ended in complete failure. It was not easy to find a good location at low rent, to draw to him a clientele attached by habit to established shops, to make his rooms clean and attractive, and to do exactly the thing that appealed to each customer's caprice. Again he painfully saved three hundred dollars, and, having heeded some of the lessons of failure, began as manager the second time. Again he failed. Fortunately he persisted. A third time he tried, and at last succeeded. That is, he illustrates the principle that a laborer may, if he has the qualities, add to the rewards of ordinary labor the gains of management. The significant thing in this homely example is that it penetrates to the very marrow of the human character of the labor problem. We see that the solution lies not in abolishing discontent but in directing it into a hopeful channel; and, above all and chief of all,

in recognizing that the solution is to be found not so much in conditions outside of ourselves as in a stirring of qualities of mind and character within ourselves. It is, as said, a state of mind. The human element is pre-eminent. A man can rise if he can develop the necessary qualities; but to many men this is a hard saying. They often wish for higher returns without going through the disagreeable process of restricting habits already formed.

It is to be remembered, too, that managers are such, not because they are capitalists but because they are highly skilled laborers. The labor problem is not so much a conflict between labor and capital as it is a competition of laborers against each other, of the unskilled against the skilled. Here is where the recognition of the human element enters. By the very fact of being human beings, some cannot give the qualities needed for industrial success. The rise of a man's wages from one thousand to one hundred thousand dollars a year is due to the scarcity of highly skilled labor, not to the possession of capital. Moreover, an inquiry into the source of managerial ability both in Great Britain and in the United States shows that the great majority of managers now in control of great industrial establishments have come up from the ranks. The so-called capitalistic classes do not, as a rule, provide the great managers. They come out of what are known as the laboring classes.

It follows from this analysis, however, that the highly skilled are scarce and that the unskilled are numerous. But they who do not rise—apart from misfortune, ill health, and the like—are distributed up and down the scale by virtue of their own human qualities. That seems to be the nature of the life in which the Creator placed us on this globe: we succeed in a material way only if we show the homely virtues of sobriety, industry, thrift, knowledge of human nature, good judgment, common sense, persistence, intelligence, integrity, self-control, foresight, and prudence. Those who do not have these qualities inevitably remain lower down in the industrial scale (no matter how high they may rise in spiritual grace). But they are there not because of

any social system but because of their own limited human qualities.

Noting the industrial unrest of to-day, a noted divine urged that it would be justice to eliminate from the present social system whatever was causing the wrong. We cannot exclude the human element of labor, nor the functioning of capital, management, and risk. These factors are not in themselves moral or immoral. Ethics enters the economic field only in the acts and relationships of human beings in connection with the inevitable workings of these factors. The place of ethics is in humanizing the selfishness of the man behind the factors, especially the man who furnishes the management and the man (not having capital) who furnishes the labor (skilled or unskilled).

VI

It is true that many employers have been so absorbed in money-getting that they have been selfishly indifferent about the sanitary conditions of their shops, the arbitrariness or brutality of foremen, the effect of the number of hours at work on efficiency, the housing of their men, and, above all, to the need of giving the workers an interest in their work so as to avoid the deadly monotony of modern repetitive machine processes. To-day, however, a new spirit is rising among employers; they are showing themselves willing to go much farther to meet the aspirations of their workmen than is generally recognized. On the other hand, there has come over the attitude of laborers a very distinct change. In the interdependence of men and occupations they have come to feel their power to stop industry, if new demands are not granted.

To what limit, however, can their demands go? We are living under a wage system, as we have seen, simply because all men are not capitalists, and, therefore, those who are not must enter industry as the receivers of wages. In any particular case there must always appear the inevitable higgling of the market between those seeking employment and the management that can give employment. This is the point of contact and friction where a lubricant is most needed. But, so far as we know, there is no way of escaping such

contact, no way of escaping a wage system, until all of us become capitalists. Hence, the tendency of aspiring minds to devise a means of escaping capitalism. Here's the rub. As a consequence we have had a persistent teaching of Socialism for decades which is largely responsible for much of our social unrest and for the radical tendencies of most programmes of organized labor. So-called conservatives among labor leaders try to obtain merit by declamations against Socialism, but the concrete demands of most unionists are thoroughly socialistic.

In these modern days when industry has been organized on the existence of uncounted billions of capital in the form of factories, docks, ships, buildings, railways, mines, machinery, horses, materials, and the like, capital is as necessary to the present relative cheapness of the prodigious mass of goods consumed by all, high and low, rich and poor, as are rain and sunshine to our crops. Yet the very centre and core of the philosophy of radical doctrine to-day is hostility against capital, or, as it is expressed, against the *bourgeoisie*, or capitalism. But to destroy capitalism, and the world's slowly developed principles of ownership, is to go back to the low productivity and high labor costs of primitive man. That, of course, is absurd. But, in groping outward and upward for causes outside of themselves, the lower ranks of labor find themselves carried away by plausible leaders into a war against capitalism. They are thus led to assign all the ills of human nature to a thing which, strangely enough, is necessary to their very existence. That is, they ascribe all the wrongs of to-day which spring from imperfect human nature to an external form of society which happens to be capitalistic. The bad qualities of human nature would show themselves just the same under a socialistic form of society. Russia is the proof of it to-day. Nevertheless, the great mass of men do not reason; they follow leaders who appeal to their prejudices. Thus the aspirations for progress, inherent in men of all classes, and which fortunately produce discontent, have led them in great numbers to accept leaders who hold before them the alluring millennium of a rainbow Socialism.

In a soil thus leavened a crop of further beliefs is soon propagated. They appear in a graded series of steps leading down to very amazing depths. First, the demand for higher wages without regard to productive efficiency is put forth on the ground that laborers must be treated as human beings and not as commodities. Of course, out of slavery, they could not be treated as commodities even if it were desired. The purpose residing in this claim is a relief from the law of demand and supply so that labor may be paid wages irrespective of what it contributes to industry. Such a method, however, directly increases production costs and prices and defeats the purpose to obtain a higher standard of living. Or, a demand for a share in the management is made, not for the purpose of increasing productivity at lower costs, but to put organized labor in a position to assign a larger share of the product to labor at the expense of capital or management. That is, if men do not rise because of the display of industrial qualities, they set themselves to demand a share of the results due to the possession of those qualities by others. Then, since this method strikes directly at the fundamental rights of property by each man in what he has himself produced, the very institution of private property is destined to the social scrap-heap. Thus we are logically brought to what is reported to have been said by Lenine to the farmers:

"A peasant owner who has a margin of grain is accustomed to regard it as his own property, which he can sell freely. To sell the margin of grain in a hungry country is to convert oneself into a speculator and an exploiter. The peasant who exploits is our enemy. Not all the peasants, by far, understand that free trade in grain is a crime against the state."

Or, if the agitator can impress his following with the socialistic belief that capital is not essential to industry, and that labor is the sole cause of value, the claim is easily advanced that in "justice" the workmen should take over the industrial plant and run it themselves. Further, not content with the slow economic processes based on the essentials of production, the workers are appealed to by professional agitators to secure what they

would like to have by direct action, that is, in one form or another, by force. The last step is then a short one to the revolutionary teaching that economic progress can be had only by destroying the existing forms of government and inviting pillage, robbery, and murder.

The effects of all this propaganda have appeared in a lack of efficiency by slackers among the weaker-minded. Less desirable types, moreover, show the direction of the wind. A well-to-do woman in a New York shop demurred at paying one hundred and fifty dollars for a fur coat. Just then a working woman came in, passed such a coat by disdainfully, asking: "Haven't you something more expensive? Us is in the saddle now." She bought one costing over four hundred dollars.

VII

To cap the climax, another cause of discontent of large importance has been added through the interjection of politics into what must always remain an economic problem. Labor agitators have been able to convince themselves that their wishes may be given supremacy even over governmental policy. As a consequence the most truculent demands are made, as if refusal were unthinkable. Politics has much to answer for. Instead of striving for a change of mind, the tendency of repeated concessions is to create an attitude which insists on submission, or the alternative of revolution. There should be but one answer to such demands: a sturdy refusal by all the forces of law and order, as in the case of the Boston policemen's strike. Nor do the great majority of workmen want the radicalism of their leaders, as was shown by the heavy vote in manufacturing towns of Massachusetts for law and order. The bane of our working men to-day is not their discontent but the qualities of their labor leaders. Agnes Repplier in a discourse on conservatism found literary material in a labor leader who had connived at the dynamiting at Los Angeles, and had even supported Fitzpatrick and Foster. In what strange motley conservatism conceals itself!

So long as the impossible theories of the leaders of organized labor are absorbed by

our working men, there can be no solution of the labor problem. The chief remedy is in a change in the state of mind on the part of representatives of labor. Shop committees, collective bargaining, tribunals (especially if fixed for a given decision beforehand), arbitration, form merely the mechanism through which essential forces work. There can be no so-

lution of the labor problem which is not based on the larger principles which permit industry to function normally. We may expect too much, but we must await a change in the state of mind of the workers. At present it makes accommodation impossible between well-intentioned employers and the leaders of organized labor.

AN EPISTLE TO STEPHEN

By George Meason Whicher

"Their sons they gave, their immortality"

LITTLE hands that vainly grasp!
Little feet, so soft to clasp!
Downy head and yielding form;
Let me hold thee close and warm.

Hold thee close . . . a little space . . .
Heart to heart and face to face.
Then I pass, and thou wilt be
Mine earthly immortality.

For in thy body, thy brain, thy heart,
I who vanish have a part;
Good or ill the gifts I give,
In thy living they shall live.

Little hands, I leave to you
All the deeds I could not do.
Little feet, 'tis yours to fare
In the paths I did not dare.

Little eyes so heavenly bright,
Purge my dim and doubting sight.
Little heart, endure . . . endure,
Till we are wise and good and pure.

When thy flame of youth aspires,
I shall renew my perished fires;
My regrets and faults and fears
Shall be salt among thy tears.

When men's lips shall praise thy name,
I shall slake my thirst for fame;
When love dawns in those dear eyes
I shall know all of Paradise.

Thou wilt answer what I ask,
Finish my unended task.
I must pass, and thou wilt be
Henceforth my immortality.

THE HILLS OF TO-MORROW

By Leonard Wood, Jr.

Author of "Until To-Morrow"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE VAN WERVEKE



THE most annoying suspense experienced is usually undergone while one is awaiting the time set for an appointment with somebody who has played a big part in one's life, and whom one has not seen for quite a period. Memories of things said and done surge through the brain—incidents are all there under a new perspective and receiving a merciless x-ray.

In just such a state of suspense was Robert Hudson, owner of a cocoanut plantation on Basilan, in the southern part of the Philippine Islands. It was nine o'clock at night and he was standing on a little bamboo pier, a lantern at his feet, looking absently across the straits at the string of tiny, bright lights, which marked the comparatively large town of Zamboanga, on Mindanao. Nervously, he would take a pose, then switch into another, or light a cigarette, take a few puffs off it, and toss it into the water. He had been waiting nearly an hour and as yet no sign of the light from a launch headed his way. It was hard to believe it would ever come, anyway, for it was all so preposterous, so impossible! Then, to satisfy his doubts, he would crunch the note he held in his left hand. The time stated in it was half past eight.

Suddenly, with a startling effect, shrilled a voice in Spanish from the shore:

"Roberto! *Dios mio*, what in the names of all your children's saints are you doing out so late? And standing out there like one crazy, with not even a moon to look at! Away all day—never take *siestas*—and your *pobre* little wife at home, suffering, but not daring to take off that foolish corset until you come home, because your *Americana* women wear them!"

It was Donna Pipa, his mother-in-law, big and fat and quarrelsome—the only

one in whom he had never been able to instil the slightest bit of respect. The pier was a half-mile from the house and protected from view by a jut of palm-covered land, so she could not have seen his lantern and must have trailed him there; and he was in no mood for any of her annoying tricks.

"Pipa," he said hotly, "what business is it of yours where I am at any time? I am going to send you back to Tanuay *mañana*! I have had enough of you! *Anda!*"

"But you are always on the porch by eight," she explained, angrily.

"Well, I shan't be back at all tonight!" He was thoroughly annoyed.

"Then I shall wait to see what you do, *hijo mio*!" she said, maliciously. "Awaiting a boat, eh? Some *Americana* school-teacher from Zamboanga, eh?"

He started toward her, his patience gone, for she must not be there when the launch arrived. Upon his approach she sat her cumbersome frame upon the beach, and, as he towered over her, defied him:

"Now make me go!"

"You go!"

"Oh, you *Americanos*, always want to go, go, go! Pah!"

At that, he dropped his lantern, seized old Donna Pipa under the arms, dragged her, protesting and calling in the same breath upon the saints, a few feet out on the pier and gently but forcefully shoved her off into about four feet of water.

"Now you'll go!" he predicted.

She came up sputtering but wiser. Muttering all sorts of oaths, she waded ashore and started back along the beach to the plantation-house, stopping ever so often to curse him with renewed energy amid her shuddering—for a refreshing off-shore breeze was blowing. . . . A white man in the tropics must see that his

command is obeyed; when he weakens in this he has lost.

Disgusted with the fate that had ever placed him in his present position, Hudson looked eagerly again for the light from the launch—and there it was! . . . “It’ll be here in fifteen minutes,” he mused, and his heart beat faster. It was

“Grace!” he murmured to himself. “Grace. . . . Grace. . . .”

The launch was docking; he must go forward; try to be natural; pretend to be just awfully glad to see her, which in some ways he was, yet in others . . . He stepped forward, holding high his lantern.

She was the first to speak, and in a



Gently but forcefully shoved her off into about four feet of water.—Page 316.

almost torture now, this suspense of waiting.

As the launch approached his eyes remained fixed on the lighted cabin. He swung his lantern once to signal the steersman, whereupon the launch headed directly toward him. He could not see into the cabin, which was aggravating, for he felt that if he could just get a glimpse of her he could control his emotion better when they met—and this he must do.

Suddenly the launch swung around broadside and he saw her standing by the cabin door, waiting for the launch to dock.

very strained, unnatural voice at that: “Bob! Oh, Bob, it’s really you!”

“Yes, Grace, the same old Bob,” he replied, his throat seeming to tighten and his heart to beat fiercely as he gave her his hand to help her on to the pier. Then for a few moments they stood looking at each other in the lantern light. Neither could speak, but both smiled and breathed uneasily. Each noticed the changes in the other. To him, she was as striking as ever: clad in a filmy, white evening gown, over which she wore a Chinese jacket of beautiful pattern, she made thoughts of

home and her sort of women kaleidoscope through his brain. The same kind blue eyes looked up into his: she was Grace—Grace Downs, of Townsley, Illinois—perhaps just a trifle older Grace than the one to whom he had said good-by one late summer evening some six years before.

Abruptly he took her by the arm and started toward shore. Neither spoke, neither could have just then. When they

a war with Germany threatening, so I took my maid—and here I am.” She paused, waited a moment for him to say something, then continued. “Of course, my excuse was not genuine. . . . You



She was going to get him—her *hombre*—before the *Americana* took him away.—Page 320.

reached the beach they sat down on that end of the dock, and Hudson ventured, a bit stiffly:

“This is certainly a knock-out surprise, your coming here; I imagined you in the midst of one of Chicago’s gayest seasons. A wonder your husband would let you come way out here?”

“I simply told Max I was fagged out and wanted a good, long sea trip,” she replied hurriedly. “I knew nothing would or could budge him from his business, with

received my note?” She knew well that he had, but she felt she must make him say something so she could lead the conversation into channels she wanted.

“Yes. It was a bolt from the blue,” he answered slowly. “And from it, or rather in it——”

“I said I *had* to see you, didn’t I?” she interrupted, opening and shutting her fan nervously.

“I didn’t know what could be the matter,” he said, “what you would come

to me for—'way out here at the end of the world." Their eyes met and hers made him rush on. "Your hour to arrive—eight-thirty at night! It's all been wonderfully mysterious; and, well, I am just so glad to see you! I had imagined you had almost forgotten me. . . ."

There was another one of those strained silences. He noticed Grace was staring grimly ahead of her, tapping her knee with her fan. Then in a moment she was on her feet; she glanced quizzically at him several times before she spoke:

"Forget you? . . . Oh, Bob!"

"Not exactly," he fumbled, a deep emotion sweeping his senses away. He reached out and seized both her hands tightly. Once again they looked into each other's eyes and they saw again that old love, their first love, the love of their youth. Fencing words were out of place; he drew her to him; then, with what almost sounded like a sob, Bob sought her lips, while her arms slipped up around his neck and her pretty little white hands—bedecked with Max Deardon's jewels—pressed down his head with all of their tiny might, as if she never wished that kiss to end.

There at the end of the world, there on the beach of Basilan, each belonging to some one else—she to Deardon, the "big" business success; he to Linda, a little tropic butterfly of the islands—let love reign for one half-minute.

"Bob," she said a moment later, locked in his arms and looking up at him, "I have come for you! To take you away—anywhere! To start all over again, and we will meet to-morrow hand in hand, won't we? *Won't we?*" she queried, almost pathetic in her intensity.

He did not answer. So this was what she had come for! It staggered him for a moment, and gently he removed his arms from about her. What was his answer to be? Did he want to go? Good Heaven, yes! Slow stagnation had been facing him for two years; the tropics had drowsed him. . . .

"Kiss me," murmured Grace.

And as he kissed her a low to-oot came floating in over the waters—some native seaman praying to Mohammed for a stronger breeze; far away down the beach could be heard the distant throbbing of a tom-tom in a Moro village; the breeze

rustled softly in the tops of the cocoanut trees fringing the shore. . . .

"But, Grace . . ." he hesitated. Evidently she did not know about Linda and the youngsters. "Isn't it too late?"

"Never!" she said emphatically, now a different woman. "I've plenty of money—oh, not exactly his money—investments made with my allowance. Plenty of it: he gave me a huge allowance. . . . You are unhappy, so am I; we both made mistakes. Don't let's live a mistake simply because of what people might say."

So she knew all about him, he realized. He wondered who could have told her, and she, as if reading his thoughts, explained:

"It was at a dinner, Bob, in Chicago. Somehow the conversation turned to the tropics, and an army officer on my left used you—it nearly killed me—as an example of what the gay, free life in the tropics can do to a man. How, after the scandal in Manila and your discharge from the government service, you took to drink, and went down, down—how you bought the cocoanut farm, where, as he put it, 'Hudson fell for a pretty little native and is going to the dogs.'"

"I hardly could say a word during the rest of that dinner party, except carefully to ask him more about you. I felt I was partly to blame; for if I had married you and had been with you—" She paused reflectingly, then continued: "You see I had been one of seven girls, and dad was only a small-town physician; then you and Deardon came along—and Deardon had money, could give me the things I always wanted, but never could afford. . . . Oh, if you had just turned back that evening and asked me once again!" Here she stopped and rested a hand on each of his broad shoulders. "But this old world is made up of ifs, and I'm through with them, and so are you!"

Hudson stepped back. "No, I can't go," he declared, almost desperately.

"But you will!" A woman of passion spoke, a woman who did not care for but one thing—the love of her man.

"I've made two big mistakes," Bob said doggedly, "that affair in Manila and marrying poor little Linda. Now I'm trying to make good, to make the best of things. I won't play the fool again.

You've got to live up to the rules in this old world—always—I've learned that!"

Grace was silent a moment, as if astounded; then she said bitterly:

"I thought you really cared. . . ."

"Care!" he exclaimed. "That's just the trouble, I care too much. I love you more than any one, Grace, but I have responsibilities."

"Responsibilities!" she repeated; "and so have I: my husband! But as for yours, Linda and the children, we can send them money; they'll be better off."

"No! No!" he said, resolutely.

She could see he was using every atom of his will-power. She must break it, and accordingly she changed her tactics.

"Very well," she sighed, "I've brought this up too suddenly. I should have written you first, given you time to have thought it all over. . . . I'm going back now to Zamboanga, where I'll wait two days. Dearest, think it over, and when you decide you'll find me waiting for you. I know you'll come. You love me, I know!"

She had spoken evenly; her whole manner had changed. . . . She was going to leave him—perhaps for always. He longed to take her in his arms, to never let her go; for now that she had spoken of going—so abruptly—she had non-plussed him. He began to feel lost, desperate. Here was love and happiness. Then, he wondered, would it be happiness? Could he ever forget Linda and the youngsters? And the wrong he would be helping her—Grace—do?

"Good night," she murmured.

"Good night," he replied, weakly: then kissed her more or less perfunctorily, and arm in arm they started down the pier to the launch.

At that moment a cry startled them—a cry that had in it the notes of despair, anguish, love. Looking around, they saw a figure in the dark running toward them. He recognized it as Linda's. In a moment she was within the radius of their light. Wild love had called a warning and she was going to get him—her *hombre*—before the *Americana* took him away.

"Who is she?" questioned Grace, startled. "Linda?"

"Yes. She thinks I'm going off with you. Get into the launch!"

Hudson then faced Linda. He pointed a finger at her and commanded as if ordering an animal to obey: "Stop! You little fool!"

She obeyed, and with a cry fell sobbing, a little heap, at his feet.

Turning toward the launch, he called: "Good-by!"

"Good night," replied a voice amid the chugging of the launch's motor.

II

"SUNNY France . . ." I mused, as I rested a moment from the censoring of my company's letters home and looked out of the orderly room window at the dirty, cobble-stoned main street of centuries-old La Ville-sur-Seine, where the battalion had been billeted since a few weeks after the armistice. It was raining as usual. "Rainy France would be much more appropriate," I thought, for it was now April and such damp, rainy weather we had had for the past six months! With a bored sigh, I picked up the nineteenth letter. It read:

"DERE FOLKS AT HOME,

"That at home exprasion sure does sound beaucup tre bonn, and say, once I've given that old Madamiselle Liberty in New York bay a good look in the eye, I'll be always willing to look at her back for the rest of my life, and——"

I was interrupted by a knock at the door. "Come in!"

The door opened and in stepped my top sergeant—Sergeant Hudson. While he saluted and was saying: "Sir, may I interrupt the captain for a few minutes?" I noticed a certain joyous light in his eyes that I had never seen there before. He had always been extremely serious, almost gloomy, but one of the finest men I had met in the army; and strangely enough had refused all chances to go to an officers' training-camp. He had no end of energy, carried out whatever particular task was assigned him most competently, yet he seemed to have no strictly personal ambitions.

"Sure enough, sergeant, what is it?" I replied to his question.

"Captain, I'd like a five-day pass to go to Tours. I want it awfully badly, sir."



"If you knew that my whole future rests on that chance . . . would you let me go?"

My company, like all other companies in the A. E. F. from December, 1918, until May, 1919, was badly depleted, due to schools, discharges, and men on leave, and I felt I could hardly spare Hudson—especially with a manœuvre to be "pulled off" shortly; furthermore, only last month he had been on a fourteen-day leave to Nice. I reminded him of all this.

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The most hopeless expression crossed his face, and for a moment that old, world-wise look of his, of having seen and experienced all the unhappiness there is, came into his eyes. He gazed steadily out of the window for several moments, then asked a direct question:

"Sir, if you knew that my whole future rests on that chance to go to Tours—and

to go there *toute de suite*—would you let me go?" Then, before I could answer, he questioned again: "Can you spare me ten minutes? I want to tell you the whole story."

I was interested; he had always interested me, and, besides, I liked the man immensely. I told him to sit down and to "let her go."

Hesitatingly, he began to tell me his life's history, and knowing that he was sending an allotment to his Filipino wife, I was extremely interested to hear all about him: he was different. When he got as far as that night he had refused to take the easiest way out and go with the woman he loved, Hudson said:

"Well, I never went to Zamboanga; never heard from her again. . . . Then, just last week, I met Mrs. Deardon over here—right here in this mud-hole! She is quite a musician, you know, and she was doing her bit in a Y. M. C. A. unit, entertaining the men.

"I met her after the show. It was all very matter-of-fact—considering. . . . We had a long talk during which she told me she was divorced. Said that after she had left me and had a chance to get a perspective on that little scene on the island, she thought—" and here he laughed deprecatingly—"I was the biggest hero she ever knew. And then when the war came on she felt she wanted to 'redeem'—as she put it—herself. . . . She has been over here ten months now, and is in Tours this week." He looked up at me suddenly and smiled—it was a boyish smile that only love can put on a sombre face. He had won! He could go anywhere. "And here, captain," he continued, as he took a letter out of his pocket, "just to show you it's all on the square, is something I received in yesterday's mail from a missionary I used to know out in the Islands. Linda never would believe that when I left I was not leaving her to go to Grace."

I glanced at the letter, and this was what I read:

"MY DEAR SERGEANT HUDSON:

"It pains me deeply to write you this letter, but I think you should know the facts—however bitter:

"Your wife, Linda, has been living in

your home with that half-breed pearler, Simon Lacazar. He has complete control over her and she worships him. She says you left her and argues what's the difference. Furthermore, she says she is through with you. All of this her mother, Donna Pipa, heartily agrees with.

"I've taken the children to Zamboanga, where my wife is caring for them. Your wife—due to Lacazar's influence—was quite willing I did this.

"Now that the war is over, I expect you will be back shortly. Anything I can do, I shall—aside from feeling it my Christian duty—be only too glad to serve you.

Sincerely yours,

DAVID ADAMS."

No wonder Hudson had had that troubled, far-away look in his eyes so often, I thought, as I returned the letter, saying:

"Too bad, sergeant; but I've been in the Islands and I think it will be all for the best."

"You mean, sir?"

"That you will get rid of her—divorce her," I explained.

"She wasn't bad for a native," he said, grimly. "How we fall for them, I'll be darned if I see now. . . . Of course, it's all over between us. . . . She'll be happy with Lacazar—in some ways her sort, you know. And I expect to be the happiest fool in the whole A. E. F."—the "boy" was talking again—"for I must let Grace know, and when I return from Tours, that is, if—"

"Never mind that 'if,'" I grinned, "I'll have a pass issued you at once. And why don't you put in for an immediate discharge? I'll be only too glad to give it the first O. K."

"Captain, I thank you!" The words were simple, but sincerity itself.

When the door closed behind him I breathed a bit more freely, and through my memory slipped a few lines from a poem which had once caught my fancy:

"The hills of to-morrow are waiting for us—
a little bit farther to go—

And now as we stand on the peaks of to-day
a hint of their beauty we know,

We catch but a glint of the splendors to be
with the birth of another new day,

And the joys we shall claim and the goals we
shall reach, if only we keep on the way."

THE COLLEGE A TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR PUBLIC SERVICE *

By Wendell Phillips Stafford

Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia



WHEN Wycliffe earned the proud title of heretic by giving Englishmen a translation of the Bible, he would not use the word *church* to signify the great body of Christian believers. He chose the word *congregation*. And this was one of his chief offenses. That choice marked the whole difference between ecclesiasticism, the hierarchy that had ruled Europe for a thousand years, and the reign of the people, which was even then beginning. Wycliffe was wise enough to know that the word *church* would conjure up for his readers a picture of cathedrals, croziers, mitres, and all the pomp and paraphernalia of the priests. We are always having to do what Wycliffe then did—to get back to the original idea, the impulse and inspiration which has clothed itself in the visible form and institution. When we come upon the word *college*, have we not instantly before our eyes a picture of such a group of buildings as surrounds us now—of laboratories and classrooms, of campus, gowns, and processions, and all the equipment and ceremonial of academic life? What we have to do is to forget all these, to strip our minds of everything external, and try to find the spirit itself that makes a college what it is. For there must be something at the heart of all we see that could suffer the loss of all and yet keep on its way, making for itself new instruments to work with. That spirit, as I conceive it, is, *A bold and hardy determination to cultivate and discipline our powers, with the aid of all that men have learned before us, and then to pour the whole stream of our power into the noble tasks of our own time.* Its voice is not the subdued murmur of the cloister: it is *vox clamantis in deserto*, sane, wholesome, invigorating, as President

Tucker has described it—the voice of a hermit, perhaps, but a hermit who has trained and strengthened himself in the desert, and now returns to be the leader and prophet of his people. That is the spirit that puts forth institutions as a tree puts forth its leaves, and when they fall can put forth others without end.

That spirit has shown itself in men who never knew how the inside of a college looked. When Lincoln jotted down the main facts of his life for the *Congressional Directory*, he wrote: "Education defective." And yet, tried by the test we are applying now, he was college-bred. The question is not, whether you studied Euclid in a classroom or stretched out on the counter of a country store. The question is, whether you mastered it. Lincoln did. And the thews and sinews of his mind, which he developed so, stood by him in the day when he threw Douglas down. John Keats was as innocent of the Greek language as the new curriculum assumes all men should be; yet out of some stray book on mythology the "miserable apprentice to an apothecary" contrived to draw into his soul the very spirit of Hellenic art, until he left us poems which Hellenists declare to be more Grecian than the Greek. He, too, was college-bred, as we now mean it, for he was impelled by that determination to subdue and fructify his powers, with the aid of all the past has left us, until they yielded something glorious and undying for his fellow men. His spirit was not the spirit of the dove, but of the eagle:

"My spirit is too weak! Mortality
Weighs heavily on me, like unwilling sleep;
And each imagined pinnacle and steep
Of godlike hardship tells me I must die,
Like a sick eagle looking at the sky."

If I am right, there lie wrapt up in this determination those three aims: (1) to discipline one's powers and make them fruitful; (2) in order to accomplish this,

* An address at the Sesqui-Centennial of Dartmouth College, October 20, 1919, in Webster Hall.

to make use of all that men have gained before us; and (3) to devote these powers and acquisitions to the common weal. The advantage the college has is this: that here the determined spirit finds the tool-shop and the arsenal. That spirit itself the college can foster and encourage but cannot create. It can and does lay open to its use the weapons and the tools. It can and does teach, in a fair, general way, what men thus far have done. It leads the newcomer to the point where they left off, and says: "Begin here, if you would not waste your time. This territory has been conquered. Go forth from this frontier." It also shows the worker of the present day what other men are doing. It brings him into touch with them, that he may put his effort forth where it will tell the most. Better still, it can and does help him to find out himself—not by telling him what he can or cannot do, as the president of Harvard told Phillips Brooks that he could never hope to preach, but by giving him the chance and means to find out for himself. And, above all the rest, if it is true to its high calling, it can and does prompt the determined spirit, disciplined by toil and taught its fitting place, to look on every gift that it possesses as on a sacred trust with which to serve its time.

Now, it is the glory of Dartmouth that in an eminent degree it has been the embodiment of this spirit. Whenever men hear this name they have a very clear and definite conception of what it means. Dartmouth has succeeded in creating or manifesting a spirit by which it may be known, something that may be said to belong to it. Without neglecting, certainly without despising, the graces and refinements of scholarship, it has laid its emphasis upon a certain virility, a masculine vigor of intellect and effort—what soldiers sometimes call "grit and iron." It is not afraid of difficulties. Rather it asks for something hard to do. When Othello is summoned from the bridal bed to undertake the Turkish wars, he exclaims:

"The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness!"

He finds in it something akin to his own nature, and embraces it as a brother. Dartmouth does not exactly stand for the Montessori system in higher education! It has always harbored a suspicion that one of the principal things to be gained in a place like Dartmouth is the ability to hold the mind to a disagreeable but necessary task. It may find itself a little old-fashioned herein; but the entrance list would indicate that there are still a considerable number who share the suspicion. There is a sense in which those celebrated lines in the Prophecy of Capys belong to "the cloisters of the hill-grit plain":

"Leave to the soft Campanian
His baths and his perfumes;
Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
Their dyeing-vats and looms;
Leave to the sons of Carthage
The rudder and the oar;
Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs
And scrolls of wordy lore!
Thine, Roman, is the pilum!
Roman, the sword is thine!"

Of course, when I lay claim to lines like those I am not speaking of what Eleazar Wheelock would have called "carnal weapons." I have in mind an intellectual temper, an ideal of education as a discipline devoted to the state—every power trained to the utmost and then given unstintedly, used religiously, for the public good. That temper, that ideal, I do claim for Dartmouth; and I vouch the history of the nation, a few years younger than the college itself, to make good the claim.

If I were asked to make clear to a novice in American history the main course of its stream, I would try to make him understand, first of all, the conflict between two ideas, two hostile conceptions of the nation and its organic law—on the one hand a conception that looked upon the Constitution as a mere compact between sovereign States, on the other a conception that looked upon it as the body in which one whole people's life was to be lived. He would trace the course of that struggle through debates and decisions. He would see the minds of the country divided into two hostile camps; and finally he would see the same contending hosts with arms in their hands, and behold the triumph of the national idea upon the field of blood. I would try

to make him understand, next, the relation of this struggle to the institution of slavery. He would see in one section a civilization based upon that institution, essentially feudal and looking toward the past. In another he would see a civilization essentially free and looking to the future. He would see the doctrine of States Rights adhered to by the one, the doctrine of an indivisible Union adhered to by the other. He would observe that the real strength of slavery lay in the Constitution itself. There was its citadel, from which, for generations to come, it might have defied the friends of freedom. He would see the possessors of the citadel foolishly leave it and bend all their efforts to destroy it. And when the strife was over he would see a new Constitution, dedicated to freedom. And, lastly, I would try to make him understand that the mighty force working its way through these tremendous events is the spirit of man determined to be free, the conception of human rights embodied in the Declaration of Independence; that the real struggle throughout had been a struggle between the Declaration and the old Constitution—between the live spirit of man and the dead weight of institutions that did not give it room; and that the same mighty force is still at work, remoulding the laws and institutions of our own time. Thus there would be three chapters.

No higher praise could be bestowed on Dartmouth than to say that the story of that first chapter might be told in the biography of her greatest alumnus, her Olympian son, in whose hall we are gathered now. But the story of the second chapter could be told in the biography of another of her sons, Thaddeus Stevens. Webster's devotion to his college, his work in saving and refounding it, his massive service to the nation in expounding its Constitution and inspiring the coming generation, so that it was said with no less truth than eloquence that his voice was heard "in the deep roar of Union guns from Sumter to Appomattox," his supreme place in your annals as the representative of your culture, your strength, your public zeal—all these have been celebrated, and there is nothing left for me to say. But with Stevens it is otherwise. Caricature and vilification

have followed him in death with a malignity even greater than they showed him in his life. And yet I believe it is capable of demonstration that in his time none of all Dartmouth's sons was more true to her traditions, none wielded a more terrible weapon, or did a more noble and enduring work. I can think of no better use that could be made of this occasion than to paint in clear outline and true color the figure of that giant son. Of course I cannot tell the story of his life. The strokes of the artist must be few and strong. Stevens was born in 1793. He was graduated in Dartmouth in 1814. He practised law in Pennsylvania. When he died, Jeremiah Black declared he had not left his equal at the American bar; and Black was a rival, a political opponent, sometime attorney-general of the United States, himself accounted by many the greatest lawyer of his time. Stevens had two periods of service in Congress, but it is the second that concerns us now. All his life he had been the bitterest hater of the slave power. He had lived upon its border, and knew all its darkest traits. He had not expected to come to Washington again: when he had retired a few years earlier, he had delivered his valedictory; and now as he reappeared he sadly confessed the consciousness of failing powers. It was December, 1859, and Stevens was on the verge of threescore years and ten. Age had bent his frame, deformity had crippled his gait; suffering had blanched his cheek; thought and care had ploughed deep into his forehead; strife and passion had left the mark of bitterness and scorn upon his sunk and withered lip. But with the clear vision of a prophet he saw that one of the crises of the world's history was at hand, and denying to himself the comfort and quiet of age he gathered up all the remains of his ancient strength to strike his last and heaviest blow for freedom. Thereafter for nine years he stood forth in that arena the unequalled champion of free principles. For the greater part of that time, and up to the very last, he ruled the House of Representatives with a rod of iron, the greatest parliamentary figure, with the possible exception of John Quincy Adams, that ever dominated its debates. Keeping steadily before his eyes, all through

the war, the problem of reconstruction that would confront us at its close, he prepared the way, he marshalled his forces, and finally he succeeded in pouring the lava of a nation's thrice-heated love of liberty into the enduring moulds of its fundamental law. When all deductions have been made, the candid historian of the future will be compelled to say that his was the hand, his the indomitable will, his the uncompromising zeal for the Declaration of Independence, that, more than any other single man's, harvested the fruit of those bloody years and made the Declaration and the Constitution one. He refused even to be buried in any ground from which the meanest of his fellow men could be excluded, and so he sleeps to-day in an obscure graveyard in western Pennsylvania, among the children of the despised race which he had given all his dying strength to lift to the fair level of equal and impartial law. I ask if that was not the work of a true Dartmouth man?

Proud as we are of Webster, and highly as we must always rate the work he did, we cannot deny that the Union of his day was almost completely in the hands of the slave power, and the only blemish upon his fame was his failure to rise to the height of his opportunity, especially on the 7th of March, 1850, and become the trumpet at the lips of a free North. As Whittier mourned in "The Lost Occasion":

"He should have lived to feel below
His feet Disunion's fierce upthrow,
The late-sprung mine that underlaid
His sad concessions, vainly made.
He should have seen from Sumter's wall
The star-flag of the Union fall
And armed rebellion pressing on
The broken ranks of Washington.
No stronger voice than his had then
Called out the utmost might of men
To make the Union's charter free
And strengthen law by liberty."

But if *he* could not be here for that great service, the nation was not without the needed son, nor yet was Dartmouth.

Shall they ever, ever want such sons to lead them? Has there ever been a time when the need was more than now? Who shall meet the problems that confront us here upon the threshold of the coming age? For we now stand face to face with

a new riddle of the Sphinx. You all know the old Greek story that relates how a strange monster, having the body of a lion, the wings of a great bird, and the head of a woman, sat beside the road that ran to the city of Thebes, and every one who passed that way was accosted with her riddle. If he gave the wrong answer, he must die. If he gave the right answer, she herself would perish and the people would be free. The condition that confronts us now is such a Sphinx. The question it propounds is one that *we* must answer if free government is to survive. That question is, How are the masses of men and women who labor with their hands to be secured out of the products of their toil what they will feel to be and will be in fact a fair return? Until we can answer that question we shall have no peace, and if we fail to answer it we shall have a revolution. The question is not one that faces America alone: it faces Britain, it faces France, it faces Italy; it has torn Russia into pieces. The Sphinx sits by the road that every modern nation has to pass. Shall we despair? In the old story a man appeared one day who solved the riddle. Thebes offered him her throne if he could answer the question, and he answered it. The Sphinx was destroyed and Œdipus became king. Let us hope that our own country may be the one to find the true solution of the riddle, and thereby bring safety and freedom to the people of all lands. If that shall be the fortunate result the parallel will be complete; for America will take her seat upon the throne of power, not to rule the world in the ordinary ways of political control, but by the might of truth and the influence of her example. The riddle the old Sphinx proposed was this: What creature is it that goes on four feet in the morning, on two at noon, and on three in the evening? The answer was: Man. In the morning he creeps. At noon he walks upright on two strong feet. In the evening he limps along with cane or staff. "Man! Man!" cried Œdipus, and the Sphinx was slain. So now, whatever the formula may prove to be, the answer is still, man—the dignity, the honesty, the intelligence, of man. Our safety can only be found in a policy that treats all men as brothers, all equally

entitled to the fruits of their labor, all equally entitled to raise themselves as high as possible, each in his own place, without doing wrong to any of the rest. It is the spirit of justice and fraternity that must be our guide. And where are we to look for leadership if not in institutions such as this—especially in this, whose just and democratic spirit is its most distinctive sign, the very hall-mark by which it is and always has been known?

Strong-hearted Mother of the North,
Counting thy many-colored years,

And holding not the least in worth
Those that were cast in want and fears—

Great Mother, thou art still the same,
Whether in rags or purple drest—
To-day as when thine eaglets came
To thy dark pines as to their nest.

We bid not *thee* to look abroad—
Thine eyes have never sought the ground—
But us—oh, let our feet be shod
Where *thy* thought flieth to be found!

Give *us* thy vision, us thy strength,
To spread the truth which makes men free
And dying leave a land at length
Worthy, O mighty heart, of thee!

HAITI TO-DAY

By Horace D. Ashton, F. A. G. S.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



HAITI to-day is the scene of the most interesting experiment in government that may be found in this hemisphere. Strange as it may seem, what the United States is doing in Haiti and Santo Domingo is far better known throughout South and Central America than here in our own country. There isn't a doubt, either, that, amidst all their talk of the rights of small nations, those opponents to the views of our representatives at the Peace Conference were well posted on every move we have made in that turbulent island.

This is due, in a great measure, to the efficient work of the late Committee on Public Information in giving wide publicity to those things which they deemed it wise for the American public to know and putting the "soft pedal" on activities which did not come under this category. As a result, there are surprisingly few Americans who know where Haiti and Santo Domingo are, not to mention our almost absolute control of the affairs of both republics.

Lying between Cuba and Porto Rico, directly in the path of steamers plying between New York and the Canal Zone, Haiti is at our very doors; so close, in

fact, that in March, 1919, three seaplanes alighted in the harbor of Port au Prince, having left Charleston, S. C., the same day. A moderately fast steamer can make the run between New York and Port au Prince in less than four days.

Although for a hundred years the country, torn by civil strife and bloody revolution, has gradually crumbled to financial ruin, it was formerly known as one of the richest colonial possessions on the globe.

To quote from the report of an expert recently sent there to look into its agricultural and industrial possibilities:

"A conservative estimate of the total value, at the present market prices, of the products of Haiti in the year 1791 would be not less than \$30,000,000, as compared with \$12,000,000, the value of the exports of Haiti for the fiscal year 1913-14."

While in 1914 there were only three or four plantations in Haiti worthy of the name, employing only a handful of negroes under any semblance of intelligent supervision, the exports of the French colony in the year 1791 were produced from over 7,000 plantations under scientific management, and over half a million blacks were actively employed, under expert supervision, in these industries.

True, these were all slaves, but how much better off they were under their French masters than under the tyranny of their military dictators, who overthrew the French and proclaimed Haiti's independence on January 1, 1804!

Having secured their independence only after years of the most bloody and savage warfare, with massacre upon massacre on both sides, is it strange that the survivors, finding themselves free, should

posed of two distinct classes: the upper, or educated, class—the Haitian gentleman—and the densely ignorant and poverty-stricken black, the latter probably numbering more than 2,000,000. The educated Haitian, scorning work, aspired to the professions, becoming doctor, lawyer, or politician. The natural outgrowth of this state of affairs was the politico-military class, which bled and tyrannized the masses for over one hundred years.



An unimproved Haitian road in the south—what might be termed a “flowing road.”

demonstrate their freedom by a general rebellion against anything like labor, and return to the savagery of their ancestors?

The magnificent plantations, which had already been wrecked in the long conflict, were allowed to go to ruin, and the next generation of free Haitians degenerated into a people content to glean from the wild crops of these ruined plantations sufficient to maintain them in a semi-civilized existence.

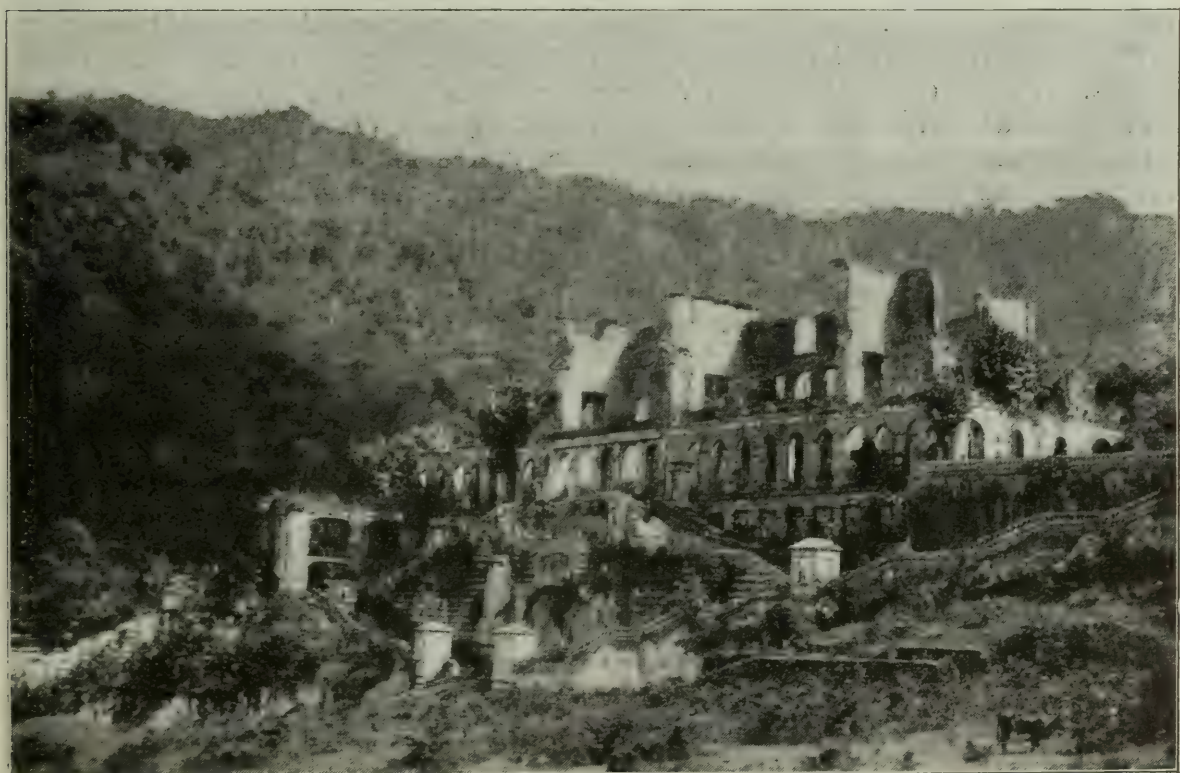
Doubtless few Americans are aware that there are 2,500,000 people in Haiti—240 to the square mile—“a population seven times as compact as that of the United States.” This population is com-

Article 59 of the Rural Code of Haiti, issued in 1865, throws some light on the civil rights of the Haitian at that time; it reads:

“The number of workmen necessary for repair work on the roads will be taken from each rural property in proportion to its inhabitants. Any farmer selected for such work and not appearing at the place designated will be obliged to pay a fine of ten gourdes for this act alone; in default of this payment, he will be imprisoned for eight days, by order of the commandant of the commune, and required to work on the roads during these days at forced labor.”



The famous citadel of Christophe, first emperor of Haiti, situated on the very top of a 3,000-foot mountain. The most imposing ruin in the West Indies.



Dignified ruins of Sans Souci, Christophe's famous palace near Cape Haitien.



House set afire by Cacos in interior of Haiti.

Quite naturally the unscrupulous official interpreted this, as he did most other laws, to his own advantage, with the result that these poor, ignorant people were made to work almost continuously, without pay; a condition infinitely worse than their former slavery.

A few months ago at a modern plantation, recently established with American capital at San Michel, I happened to be present on pay-day when several hundred Haitians received their first wages. It was curious to note the effect on these people of actually receiving real money for their work. These workers could hardly believe their eyes; for many of them it was the first money they had ever received for their labor. It is safe to say that these men are in favor of the "American occupation."

When Christophe built his famous citadel atop a 3,000-foot mountain in the north, he commandeered thousands of workmen. Every stone in that vast fortress, and every cannon—there are hundreds of them—were carried up the almost vertical sides of the mountain on the shoulders of these wretched men. It is told of Christophe that he'd set a crew of one hundred men to carry one of those huge bronze cannon, weighing several tons; if they were unable to do

so, he would shoot five of them and force the rest to go ahead; if they failed, he'd kill five more, and frequently he would murder an entire crew. History tells us that in the construction of that one building more than 2,000 men lost their lives.

A recent writer has aptly said: "By the beginning of the twentieth century a definite revolutionary etiquette had sprung up"; it became the accepted order of things for a party of malcontents to gather in the north, usually in the neighborhood of Cape Haitien, and, sweeping in a southwesterly direction, "recruiting" as they went, to meet and generally overpower the small garrison of loyal troops at Gonnaives. By this time the President would start to pack up. He'd usually await the outcome of the next battle, which would nearly always follow at St. Marc, and if the northern army was victorious here, he would bow to the inevitable, grab all the loose money in the treasury, and board the first outgoing steamer for a healthier clime. The victor would then, with due pomp, install himself as President and get all he could "while the getting was good."

In the midst of all this turmoil Haiti gave little heed to such mediocre things as foreign debts or the interest thereon, until in 1914 France demanded a settle-

ment. Arrangements for the arbitration of the French claims had actually been concluded when, once more, the government was overthrown. This was followed shortly by another revolution, and in July, 1915, by a third, and the massacre of over one hundred political prisoners by President Guillam Sam. As these were representatives of many of the oldest and best families in Haiti, Sam, in signing the order for their execution, had

Then followed a night of which the least said the better, for the savage instincts of these people were unfettered. Lashed to insane frenzy by the weird chant of their ancient voodoo tunes, and dancing to the fast and furious cadence of a thousand tom-toms, there followed a night-long orgy of pillage, arson, and rape.

The next morning the first detachment of United States Marines was landed, and



One of a set of the only pictures ever taken at a Haitian voodoo dance. Made in the heart of the forest at night.

signed his own death-warrant. The entire populace of Port au Prince instantly became a howling, bloodthirsty mob. They marched mid the glare of many torches to the French legation, where Sam had taken refuge, and dragged him out. In the shadow of the statue of their great liberator, Dessalines, on the Champs de Mars, he was literally drawn and quartered. They wrecked and burned the palace, and, nailing one of his arms to the wall of a public building, marched down the main street to the water-front and threw to the sharks what remained of Sam's hacked and bleeding body.

in a short time order was restored in the capital.

Continued revolutionary uprisings made necessary further active intervention, and, with several European nations threatening to take a hand themselves, unless some immediate steps toward a settlement of their claims were taken, the treaty was signed with the United States, August 24, 1915, which stands to-day as one of the most remarkable documents ever drawn up between two independent republics.

This treaty includes sixteen articles, the first of which recites:

"The Government of the United States

will, by its good offices, aid the Haitian Government in the proper and efficient development of its agricultural, mineral and commercial resources, and in the establishment of Haiti on a firm and solid basis."

The treaty further provides that the cus-

public, devise an adequate system of accounting, aid in increasing the revenues, inquire into the validity of the debts of the republic, recommend improved methods of collecting and applying the revenues, and make such recommendations to the minister of finance as may be deemed necessary to the welfare and prosperity of Haiti.

Article 10 of the treaty provides for the organization of a constabulary which, officered by Americans, appointed by the President of the United States, shall have control of arms, ammunition, and military supplies and the enforcement of law and order throughout the republic.

Article 16 provides that this treaty shall remain in force for a term of ten years, and, further, for another term of ten years if "for any specific reasons presented by either of the high contracting parties the purpose of this treaty has not been fully accomplished."

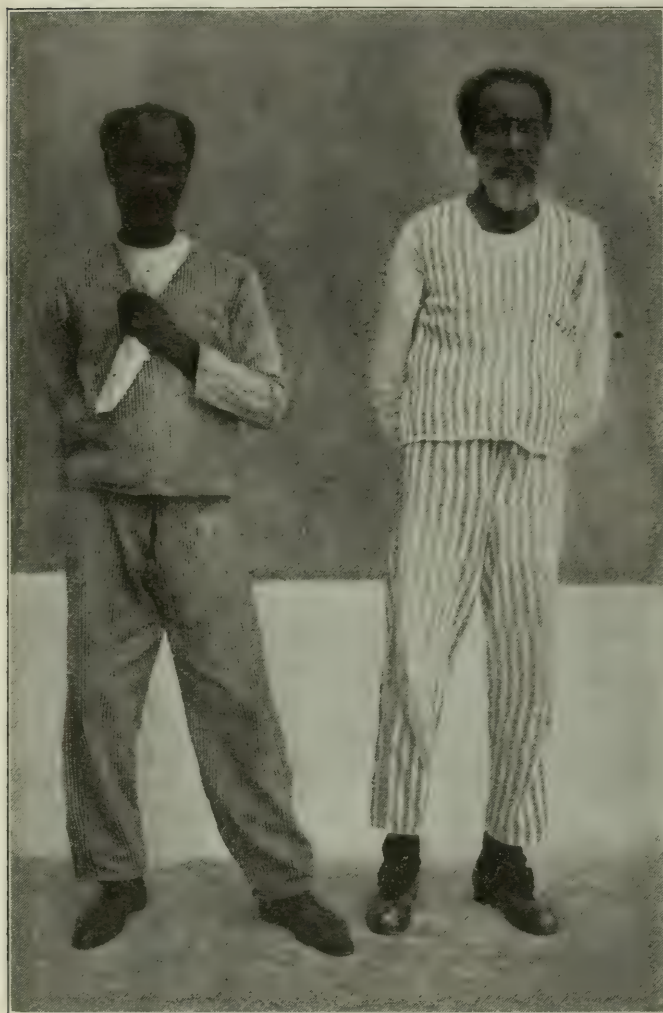
This treaty has already been extended to May, 1936.

From the foregoing it will be seen that not only do we exercise financial control of the republic but military and political control as well. In speaking of this arrangement, Secretary Lansing plainly referred to it as "this protectorate."

The actual operation of this arrangement can best be understood by visiting those portions of the republic more or less remote from the capital. At Port de Paix, for instance, the commandant of the gendarmerie is Captain Homer Howell, of Kentucky, U. S. A. He was a non-commissioned officer in the detachment of Marines which landed to quell the uprising of 1915. Assisted by Lieutenant Stewart

Taylor, a young Virginian, and a small garrison of native troops, he administers the military, and often the civil, affairs of his district in a manner conforming to the highest American ideals.

By his fair-mindedness and impartial justice and humanity, qualities unlooked for by these people in one in authority, he has not only won their highest respect



Two distinguished prisoners.

Left—Pierre Rameau, Minister of War under four Presidents; Governor of two provinces; leader of insurrection in 1915; imprisoned at Port au Prince; escaped in 1918 and recaptured; studied law in Paris.

Right—Charles Zamor, ex-President of Haiti, Minister of War, and twice Governor of provinces of the North; leader of Cacos in 1915; most popular man of North Haiti; in prison at Port au Prince; educated in Paris.

toms duties shall be collected by a general receiver, and that the finances of the country shall be under the general supervision of a financial adviser, both appointed by the President of the United States.

Under the provisions of this treaty the financial adviser, in co-operation with the minister of finance of Haiti, is empowered to reorganize the finances of the re-



Council of war in front of the abandoned house of a Caco chief.

Left to right—Colonel Walter R. Hill, Captain Daggett, H. D. Ashton, and Lieutenant Powell. The three officers are the American officers of gendarmerie.

and confidence but their genuine affection as well. The children love him, and whenever he goes about the streets unofficially he can be seen with several little black kiddies trotting along by his side.

He is only one of a large number of young American officers of the gendarmerie who, by their keen insight into the psychology of the Haitian people, have won their respect, not only for themselves but for the American occupation. The educated and thinking Haitian cannot help but see that our intervention saved his country from utter ruin. Charles Moravia, Haitian minister to the United States, recently wrote:

"Now that the United States has extended its hand and offered to help the young republic, the hope may be entertained that its progress will be rapid, that the Haitian masses will be educated, their standards of life bettered, and that when the country becomes prosperous

the American people will be doubly paid—in money, by an increase of their commerce, and in glory for having made another Cuba."

But there are exceptions to every rule. No plan for the reformation and betterment of any people has ever been attempted without its opponents. In the winter of 1918 a leader, with the traditional lust for political power, went about in the north and stirred up a small following, who openly declared themselves "Cacos," in opposition to what they termed "the white invasion." Marines were quickly despatched on his trail, and he and his followers were driven to the rugged, mountainous interior, where they are still giving us considerable trouble.

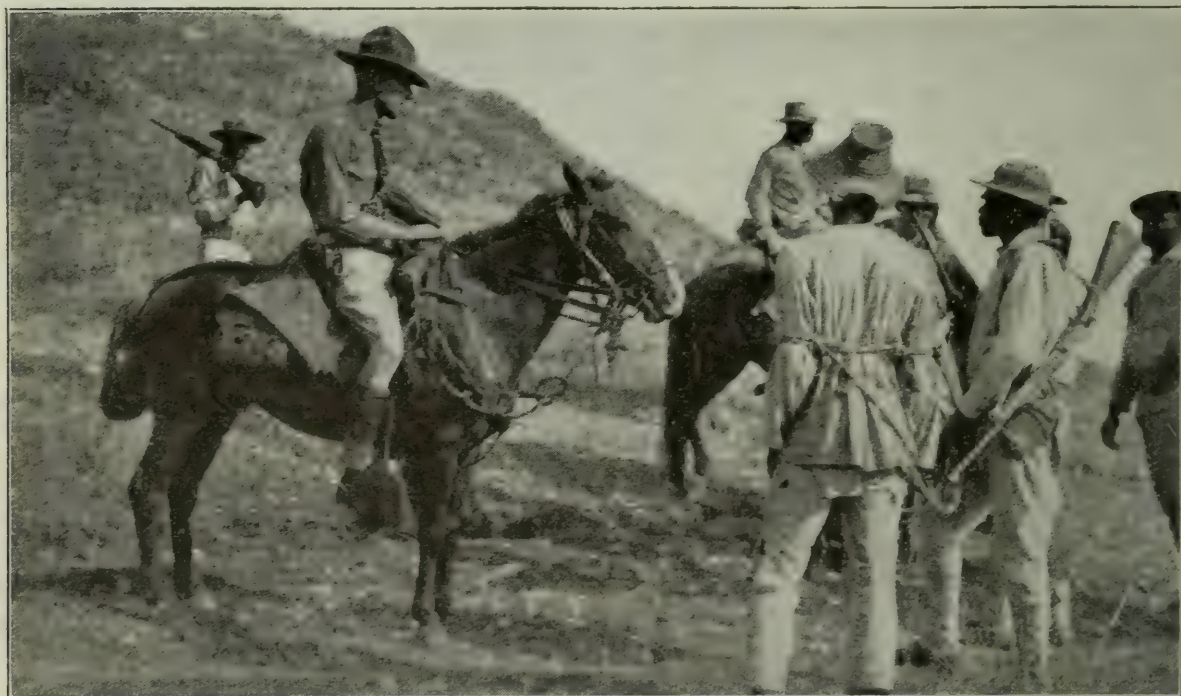
So brazen had the activities of these Cacos become by March, 1919, that Port au Prince began to show signs of unrest. The Cacos had ambushed a small detachment of gendarmes, all native soldiers,

and killed all but one, who escaped and reported the fight. In another place they had murdered three gendarmes, who constituted the garrison of a small interior village, carrying off several rifles and considerable ammunition. They had cut the government telephone and telegraph lines, and were reported in possession of one or two interior towns. To strike fear into the hearts of the loyal native troops and destroy their morale, the Cacos had adopted a policy of brutality which rivalled that of the Hun. They used machettes on the body of any gendarme captured or killed, and sent pieces of the unfortunate victim to his friends as a warning of what to expect.

Various rumors of their strength began to filter into Port au Prince with the daily news of the burning of interior villages by bands of raiders. One town, less than thirty miles from the capital, had been seized and all the male inhabitants forcibly recruited. In their march they had liberally applied the torch, and their trail was one of pillage and arson. Reports stated that they were all well armed, and conjecture became rife as to the possible source of their supply. Some said they must be getting arms from the neighboring republic of Santo Domingo; others

scoffed at this theory and believed that they were being supplied and financed by prominent politicians in the capital and elsewhere who were opposed to the "occupation." Extreme measures had to be taken immediately. Colonel Walter N. Hill, of the gendarmerie, was put in charge of field operations, and under his masterly direction a large portion of the interior was placed under martial law. Messengers were despatched to all parts of the territory affected, giving the law-abiding citizens a limited time to come in and report. On the day following the expiration of this ultimatum patrols were sent out with orders to open fire on any bodies of armed men encountered and to comb the country clean. The magnitude of this task can only be realized by those who actually took part in that "campaign," for it led through the roughest part of that rugged island, where any organized transport was out of the question.

These patrols consisted of one or two white officers, three or four Marines, and about twenty gendarmes. No supplies could be carried; they had to "live off of the country." This proved serious where the Cacos had burned every house, destroyed what gardens and cane-fields there were, and had driven off all cattle



Caco run down and captured by gendarmes.

Captain Daggett of gendarmerie at left.

and horses. In fact, they had swept the country as clean as did Sherman in his famous march to the sea.

I was allowed to accompany Colonel Hill and Captain Daggett on one of these patrols, which lasted for ten days. During that time we travelled several hundred miles through the most rugged and desolate but most beautiful regions in

When we started out there was some conjecture as to what might happen should one of our patrols run into a really strong body of Cacos. Would the gendarmes stand by their white officers? Weren't they, after all, really fighting their own kind? To observe these men closely one could not help but think of their dark history, and wonder.



A street in Cape Haitien, paved by the "Occupation" (Americans).

all the West Indies. Our food consisted of the flesh of an occasional stray beef which we would shoot, and our bed was the hard ground. In Las Cahobas we were surrounded by Cacos, and twice reports came in that we were to be attacked and the town burned. Their camp-fires could be seen in the hills on all sides, and at night the weird call of their conch-shells would echo down the valleys; but they didn't come. One night one of our patrols, bivouacked in an old chapel in the woods, was mistaken for Cacos by another patrol, and some damage was done. Had it not been for an officer's recognition of the familiar crack of a Springfield rifle, this might have proved much more serious.

As the days went by we had frequent encounters with the enemy, but the gendarmes still stood by. True, these were always running fights, for the Cacos would never stand up to a fight; they'd gather on the crest of a hill, 2,000 yards away, blow their conch-shells, and yell defiance at us, but when we would get there they would be either on the ridge of the next chain of hills or on the one we had just left. This sort of thing kept up until Cacos became rather scarce, and we thought we had about discouraged their efforts, when something happened which upset all our theories. A young lieutenant of gendarmes, who had gone into the hills to pay off a small detachment of men whom he had stationed there

as an outpost, had lined them up for inspection, and was about to hand out their pay, when they were fired upon from ambush. The first volley killed one gendarme, wounded two, and a bullet struck Lieutenant Moskoff under the right arm, severing his spinal column and paralyzing him instantly. As he fell, his men surrounded him, outnumbered ten to one, and there followed a fight which rivalled those of the old Indian days in the West.

no large bodies of Cacos were ever found together.

One man was killed who wore an old black coat with small pieces of a pink damask table-cloth having the fringe on it pinned to his shoulders with safety-pins, to represent epaulets. In his pocket was found his "commission," for he was a general—a chief of division, if you please.

Practically all of the Cacos killed or



From a motion-picture film made for C. L. Chester, Inc.

Actual photograph of Marines at the moment when they were fired upon by Cacos in ambush.

The group in the centre is getting a Lewis machine gun into operation.

One wounded gendarme was captured and beheaded by the Cacos; the others fought until Marines came to the rescue, and then brought in their wounded and dying officer and all the money. Since that day there has never been any question of the loyalty of the gendarmes; that was their first test.

Immediately following this another regiment of Marines was rushed over from Cuba and sent out into the hills. Unused to the rigors of such rough hiking, they were used principally to garrison the towns and relieve the gendarmes for further patrol duty. A few days after their arrival Major Mayer was shot from ambush. Other skirmishes followed, but

captured were found to be of the poor, ignorant class, underfed and but partly clothed. With very few exceptions they were armed with rusty Grau rifles, which evidently had been buried for a number of years. Their ammunition consisted of heavy lead slugs of about fifty caliber and miscellaneous other shells made to fit their guns by a wrapping of goatskin. Of course these arms were not dangerous at long range, but from ambush inflicted cruel and dangerous wounds.

Those prisoners who were willing to talk all maintained that they had been forcibly recruited, having been given the choice of becoming Cacos or being put to death and having their property con-

fiscated and their houses burned. One old man claimed that he had been hung by his feet for many hours before he had agreed to take up arms against the "blanc," as the Americans are called.

A serious phase of this Caco warfare was its paralyzing effect on the commerce of the interior. The market-women, who constitute the life of rural Haiti, were afraid to risk robbery and bodily injury on the roads, and ceased to bring their produce into market. As a result, famine threatened in some localities.

When I was in Port de Paix several months ago a code message was received by Lieutenant Taylor, then in command, in the absence of Captain Howell, in which he was ordered to place under arrest two men, who proved upon investigation to be prominent citizens of the town. Letters from Charlemagne, the Caco leader, addressed to them but still undelivered, had been found on the body of a slain Caco. The text of these letters was believed to establish a connection of a very intimate nature between these two men and the rebel chieftain—so their apprehension seemed advisable.

In a truly American manner this young officer, with two native soldiers, went out and took these two prominent men into custody. They were placed on a sailing vessel and sent to the Cape for examination, and, I believe, ultimately released. But that event brought home to me, in a very forcible manner, the unquestioned authority of the "occupation."

These Caco troubles are not yet at an end, and it would be difficult to say how long it will take to put a stop to their menace. The problem is somewhat similar to that of the Apache Indians under old Geronimo, or the Filipinos under Aguinaldo, except that the Cacos have no such great leaders, and seem never to gather in any great numbers. They still go about the country robbing market-

women, burning houses, and occasionally murdering their own countrymen.

These developments are, of course, very interesting to watch, but the matter of the greatest importance to Haiti is the reorganization of her finances, and the awakened interest of foreign capital in the future possibilities of the country, which followed closely the adoption of the new constitution, June 19, 1918. For one hundred years no foreigner or foreign corporation could own land in Haiti, but Article 5 of the new constitution reads:

"The right of landed property is accorded to the foreigner living in Haiti, and to companies formed by foreigners for the needs of their dwellings, of their agricultural, commercial, industrial and professional enterprises," etc.

I cannot but concur with the opinion of James M. Callahan, professor of history and political science of the University of West Virginia, who recently wrote:

"The new American responsibility in Haiti—whose government is an engine without a fly-wheel, threatening its own destruction by its own energy—is far greater than that assumed over other weak governments in the Caribbean region, and may raise problems far different from those of the other territories in which the American Government exercises supervisory control."

From a country whose treasury was empty and whose creditors were clamoring at her door for their "pound of flesh," Haiti has risen under the wise provisions of the treaty to a state actually bordering on prosperity. For the first time in its life Haiti is paying its debts, with an assurance that it can meet all its obligations in due course. Crops are being harvested, public works undertaken, business enterprises entered upon, foreign capital is coming in, and the government is being administered with the welfare of the people always in view.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

III—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ILLUSTRATION FROM A DAGUERRETYPE



READERS and lovers of Stevenson, in my experience, are generally to be divided into two sorts or classes. One sort care most for his stories, delighting in the humorous or tragic vitality of his characters and the thrill of the situations in which he puts them. The other sort are more interested in the man himself, and prefer the essays and letters, the books of travel and reminiscence in which he takes you into his own company and confidence. Readers of this latter class would rather paddle with Stevenson in his canoe down the Sambre and Oise, look out with him from the tower of Noyon Cathedral, or join in his farewell greetings to the three Graces of Origny,—they would rather sleep under the stars with him and the she-ass Modestine in the woods of Gévaudan, or hear him moralize on the life of the Trappist monks in the Convent of Our Lady of the Snows,—than they would crouch in the apple-barrow with Jim Hawkins on board the *Hispaniola* and overhear the plotting of the mutineers, or lie sick with David Balfour in the house of Robin Oig while the host and Alan Breck challenge each other to their match upon the pipes. It pleases such readers better to learn from Stevenson in the first person how his Brownies, as he called them, furnished to him in dreams the most shudderful incidents in the parable of Jekyll and Hyde than to read these incidents themselves in the pages of the book. The fortunes of Prince Otto and Seraphina and Gondremark and Countess von Rosen interest them, it may be, less in the tale itself than in the letters in which Stevenson tells his correspondents of his delighted toil over the tale and of the high hopes that he has built upon it. They may be less moved—though that I find it hard to conceive—by the wonder-

ful scene of the torn hymn-book and the birth of passion between Archie Weir and Kirstie Eliot in the little Pentland church than by the note of acute personal emotion which a thought of the same church arouses in Stevenson writing to a friend from exile. An essay by him on the art and principles of romance and the relation of literature to life,—say for instance that luminous piece which is essay and parable in one, and which the late Professor William James declared should be immortal,—I mean “The Lantern Bearers,”—such an essay attracts readers of this class more than his own romances written in conformity with the principles it sets forth.

In some this preference for Stevenson’s personal and critical work is due to the reasoned opinion (which I do not myself at all share) that it is really better and more accomplished of its kind than his creative work. Others, I think, feel in this way because they regard the man himself with so much affection that they want to keep in direct touch with him and do not like, from a kind of jealousy, to let the characters of his creation come between them and him. My own view is that both sides of him—the creative artist and the human personality—are interesting and admirable alike. But what I am now about to write will concern the man himself rather than any phase of his work. I shall dip a random bucket into the well of memory, and try whether the yield, from our fourteen years of close intimacy, may be such as to supplement and complete to any purpose the image which readers may otherwise have formed of him. And first, to wipe away some false impressions which seem to be current:—I lately found one writer, because Stevenson was thin, speaking of him as having been a “shadowy” figure; another, because he was an invalid, describing him as “anæmic,” and a third as “thin-



Daguerreotype of Stevenson and his nurse, Alison Cunningham, and probably the earliest picture of Stevenson in existence.

It shows him, a merry baby in Cummie's arms, registering the first impression of the rare Stevenson smile, a smile so roguish and infectious, so full of the promise of the later and beloved Stevenson, as to make it one of the most precious association items possible.

Daguerreotype on copper, made about 1852, when Stevenson was 13 months old and at the time Alison Cunningham came as his nurse, when they were known in the family as "Smout and Cummie."

[Reproduced by the courtesy of the present owner, Mrs. Roland Hopkins, Chestnut Hill, Mass.]

blooded." Shadowy! he was indeed all his life a bag of bones, a very lath for leanness; as lean as Shakespeare's Master Slender, or let us say as Don Quixote. Nevertheless when he was in the room you were hardly aware of anybody else. The most robust of ordinary men seemed to turn dim and null in presence of the vitality that glowed in the steadfast, penetrating fire of the lean man's eyes, the rich, compelling charm of his smile, the lissom swiftness of his movements and lively expressiveness of his gestures, above all in the irresistible sympathetic play and abundance of his talk. Anæmic! thin-blooded! the main physical fact about him, according to the doctors, was that his heart was too big and its blood supply too full for his body. There was failure of nutrition, in the sense that he could never make flesh; there was weakness in the throat and lungs, weakness above all in the arteries, never in the heart itself; nor did his looks, even in mortal illness and exhaustion, ever give the impression of bloodlessness, scarcely even of momentary pallor.

If you want to realize the kind of effect he made, at least in the early years when I knew him best, imagine this attenuated but extraordinarily vivid and vital presence, with something about it that at first struck you as freakish, rare, fantastic, a touch of the elfin and unearthly, a sprite, an Ariel. And imagine that, as you got to know him, this sprite, this visitant from another sphere, turned out to differ from mankind in general not by being less human but by being a great deal more human than they; richer-blooded, greater-hearted; more human in all senses of the word, for he comprised within himself, and would flash on you in the course of a single afternoon, all the different ages and half the different characters of man, the unfaded freshness of a child, the ardent outlook and adventurous day-dreams of a boy, the steadfast courage of manhood, the quick sympathetic tenderness of a woman, and already an almost uncanny share of the ripe life-wisdom of old age. He was a fellow of infinite and unrestrained jest and yet of infinite earnest, the one very often a mask for the other; a poet, an artist, an adventurer; a man full of fleshly frailties, and despite his in-

firm health of strong appetites and unchecked curiosities; and yet a profoundly sincere moralist and preacher and son of the Covenanters after his fashion, deeply conscious of the war within his members, and deeply bent on acting up to the best he knew. Henley tried to sum him up in a well-known sonnet:—

"Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
Neat-footed and weak-fingered: in his face—
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched
with race,
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion and impudence and energy.
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist:
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Anthony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter-Catechist."

In that sonnet Henley has drawn up a brilliant—well, at least a very showy and lively—catalogue of the diverse qualities and contradictory aspects which he recognized in his friend. But the pity is that as there described those qualities lie like spillikins, unrelated and disconnected. Henley has missed what gave its unity to the character and what every other among his nearer friends soon discovered to be the one essential, never failing and ever endearing thing under all that play and diversity of being. This was the infinitely kind and tender, devotedly generous, brave and loving heart of the man.

I first saw him at the beginning of August, 1873, that is all but forty-six years ago, when he was twenty-three and I twenty-eight. I had landed from a Great Eastern train at a little country station in Suffolk, and was met on the platform by a stripling in a velvet jacket and straw hat, who walked up with me to the country house where he was staying and where I had come to stay. I had lately been appointed Slade Professor at Cambridge; the house was Cockfield Rectory, near Bury St. Edmunds; the host was my much older colleague Professor Churchill Babington, of amiable and learned memory; the hostess was his wife,* a granddaughter of the Rev. Lewis Balfour

* As I write the death of this lady leaves her friends sorrowing and makes a new gap in the very small group of those who can remember R. L. S. in early youth.

of Colinton, Midlothian; the youth was her young cousin by the mother's side, Louis Stevenson from Edinburgh. The first shyness over, I realized in the course of that short walk how well I had done to follow the advice of a fellow-guest, one graciously gifted beyond others to discern and draw out the best whether in man or woman, who had preceded me in the house and had written to me about this youth, urging me to come if I could before he went away, as she was sure I should find him interesting. Interesting he was with a vengeance. He sped those summer nights and days for us all as I have scarce known any sped before or since. Youngster as he was, he seemed already to have lived and seen and felt and dreamed and laughed and longed more than others do in a lifetime. He showed himself moreover full of reading, at least in English and French,—for his Latin was shaky and Greek he only got at through Bohn's translations. Over wide ranges of life and letters his mind and speech ran like the fingers of a musician over the keyboard of an instrument. Pure poetic eloquence (always, be it remembered, in a strong Scottish accent), grave argument and criticism, riotous freaks of fancy, flashes of nonsense more illuminating than wisdom, streamed from him inexhaustibly as he kindled with delight at the delight of his hearers.

Strange to say, this brilliant creature, though he had made one or two close and appreciative intimates of his own age and sex, had not been thought good enough for the polite society of his native Edinburgh. In most of the few houses which he frequented he seems to have been taken for an eccentric and affected kind of Bohemian *poseur*, to be treated at best with toleration. In a book, or if I remember rightly in more than one book, on his early Edinburgh days, a member of one of those houses, and sister of one of his special friends, has since his death written of him in a fine superior tone of retrospective condescension. In new and more sympathetic company his social genius immediately expanded and glowed as I have said, till all of us seemed to catch something of his own gift and inspiration. This power of inspiring others has been noted by many of those who

knew Stevenson later as an especial and distinguishing mark of his conversation. As long as he was there you kept discovering with delight unexpected powers in yourself. You felt as if you had taken service with some wonderful conjuror whom you supplied with balls of clay and who took them and turned them into gold, and sent them whirling and glowing about his head, making you believe all the while that they were still truly yours.

But on further acquaintance it soon became clear that under all this captivating, this contagious gayety and charm there lay a troubled spirit, in grave risk from the perils of youth, from a constitution naturally frail and already heavily overstrained, from self-distrust and uncertainty as to his own powers and purposes, and above all from the misery of bitter, heart-and-soul-rending disagreements with a father to whom he was devotedly attached. It was only when, after a brief return to Edinburgh from Cockfield, he came south again in the next month that we discovered so much concerning him. He spent his time partly in London and partly with me in a cottage I then inhabited in the southern hill-suburb of Norwood. With various types of genius, and of the charm and power of genius, among my elders, I had already, as indicated in a former paper, had fortunate opportunities of becoming familiar. In this brilliant and troubled Scotch youth I could not fail to realize that here, among my juniors, was a genius who might well fail on the threshold of life, but who, if he could only win through, had it in him to take as shining a place as any of them. No wonder if we, his new friends, were keen to do all we could for him in the way of help and sympathy. It was no surprise to us when toward mid-October, after a second return to Edinburgh, his letters brought news of threatening illness, nor when, having again come south to be examined, as had been agreed with his father, for admission into one of the London Inns of Court, he had perforce to change his purpose and undergo a different kind of examination at the hands of Sir Andrew Clark. That wise physician peremptorily ordered him a period of rest in the soothing climate of the French Riviera, out of reach of all occasion or

possibility of contention with those he loved at home.

The recollections of him that remain with me from the next few years are partly of two visits I paid him in the course of that first winter (1873-74) on the Riviera; partly of visits he paid me in the Norwood cottage, or in another cottage at Hampstead, or later in college rooms at Cambridge; partly from his various descents upon or passages through London, made sometimes from Edinburgh and sometimes from France, after his return in 1874 to his now reconciled home. The points in his character these stray recollections chiefly illustrate are, first, the longing for a life of action and adventure, which in an ordinary youth might have passed as a matter of course but in one already so stricken in health seemed pathetically vain: next, his inborn faculty—a very much rarer gift—as an artist in letters, and the scrupulous self-training by which almost from boyhood he had been privately disciplining it: then the intensely, quite exceptionally, observing and loving interest he took in young children: and above all, that magical power he had of winning the delighted affection, the immediate confidence, of men and women of every sort and condition, always excepting those hide-bound in starched propriety or conventional officialdom, whom he had an equally unfailing power of putting against him at first sight.

At the Suffolk rectory he had been neatly enough clad: most of the images of him that rise next before me present him in the slovenly, nondescript Bohemian garments and untrimmed hair which it was in those days his custom to wear. I could somehow never feel this to be an affectation in Stevenson, or dislike it as I should have been apt to dislike and perhaps despise it in anybody else. We agree to give the name of affectation to anything markedly different from common usage in little, every-day, outward things—unconcerning things, as the poet Donne calls them. But affectation is affectation indeed only when a person does or says that which is false to his or her nature. And given a nature differing sufficiently from the average, perhaps the real affectation would be that it should

force itself to preserve an average outside to the world. Stevenson's uncut hair came originally from the fear of catching cold: his shabby clothes came partly from lack of cash, partly from lack of care, partly, as I think I have said elsewhere, from a love of social experiment and adventure, and a dislike of being identified with any special class or caste. Certainly conventional and respectable attire, when by exception he wore it, did not in those days sit him well. Going with me one day from Hampstead to the Royal Academy Exhibition, he thought such attire would be expected of him, and looked out a black frock coat and tall hat which he had once worn at a wedding. I can see now the odd figure he made as he walked with me in that unwonted garb down Regent Street and along Piccadilly. True, he carried his tall hat, not on his head, but in his hand because it chafed him. Also, being fresh from an enthusiastic study of the prosody of Milton, he kept declaiming to me with rapturous comments as we walked the lines and cadences which chiefly haunted him:—

“His wrath

Burned after them to the bottomless pit.”

“Like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremoved.”

“All night the dreadless angel, unpursued.”

“Oh! how comely it is and how reviving

To the spirits of just men long oppress!”

It was upon this opening of a famous chorus in “Samson Agonistes” that the gates of Burlington House, I remember, enfolded us.

More characteristic of his ordinary ways was his appearance one very early morning from London at the Norwood cottage. He presented himself to my astonished servant, on her opening the shutters, wearing a tattered sleeved waistcoat over a black shirt and weary and dirty from a night's walking followed by a couple of hours' slumber in a garden outhouse he had found open. He had spent the night on the pad through the southern slums and suburbs, trying to arouse the suspicions of one policeman after another till he should succeed in getting taken up as a rogue and vagabond and thereby gaining proof for his fixed belief that justice, at least in the hands of its subordinate officers, had one pair of scales for the ragged and another for the

respectable. But one and all saw through him, and refused to take him seriously as a member of the criminal classes. Though surprised at their penetration, and rather crestfallen at the failure of his attempt, he had had his reward in a number of friendly and entertaining conversations with the members of the force, ending generally in confidential disclosures as to their own private affairs and feelings.

Foreign officials and police, not to speak of *attachés* and bank clerks and managers, were not so clear-sighted, and he sometimes came in for worse treatment than he bargained for. Readers remember, I dare say, his account of his expulsion by the hostess of La Fère in the "Inland Voyage," still more that of his arrest and temporary imprisonment by the Commissary of Police at Châtillon-sur-Loing, which is one of the most delectable pieces of humorous narrative in English literature. Troubles of this kind had their consolation in that they gave him matter for the entertainment of his readers. Not so the rebuffs he sometimes underwent when he visited embassies or banks on business concerned with passports or letters of credit. I have known him made actually ill by futile anger at the contumelious reception he met with in such places. He lacked the power, which comes only too naturally to most men sprung, as he was, from a stock accustomed to command, of putting down insolence by greater insolence. He could rage, indeed, but usually his rage was ineffectual and only brought a dangerous rush of blood to his head and eyes. Once, however, he had his revenge and his hour of triumph, of which to my deep regret I was not myself a witness. On the way from Nice to Royat he had stopped at Clermont-Ferrand, the old provincial capital of Auvergne. He went to a bank to cash some circular notes of the British Linen Company in Edinburgh. His appearance had the usual, almost magical, effect of arousing in the business mind suspicions, amounting to conviction, of his dishonesty. The men in office roundly told him that there was no such firm among their correspondents; that he was plainly there with intent to defraud; that they saw through him perfectly, but as an act of kindness would give him a quar-

ter of an hour to make himself scarce before they sent for the police. For once he kept his head and temper, outwardly at least; sturdily declined to leave the premises; and insisted that the police should be sent for immediately. Presently his eye was caught by a rack of pigeonholes containing letters and documents which by some intuition he saw or divined to be from foreign correspondents of the firm; dashed at it in spite of all remonstrances; rummaged the papers before the eyes of the astonished clerks; drew forth in triumph a bundle containing correspondence from the British Linen Company, including the letter of credit for himself; demanded that the partners and men in authority should be brought down, and when they appeared, exposed to them with a torrent of scornful eloquence their misconduct of their business, and drew a terrifying picture of the ruin that they must inevitably reap from such treatment of distinguished foreign clients. His triumph was complete: the whole house, partners and clerks, abased themselves in regrets and apologies, and escorted him to the door with fawning demonstrations of respect. This was his day of victory; *strages bankerorum* he called it, and went off and at once designed a medal—never, I believe, executed—in its commemoration.

But this story belongs to a later date: and to go back to my own memories of the early days,—I went twice to see him during that invalid winter on the Riviera. He had been staying at Mentone (I should properly say Menton, but those of us who remember the place before the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France cannot bring ourselves to spell or pronounce it except in the more euphonious Italian manner). I proposed that he should move to meet me as far (some six miles) as Monaco; the aspect of that tiny capital, with the exquisite capricious charm of its situation on a high peninsular rock between the harbor and the outer sea, having strongly caught my fancy as a boy in driving round the coast with my father, and made me desire to explore it from within. There we accordingly spent four or five days, and then four or five more in one of the quieter hotels at Monte Carlo. My memories of the time have

merged for the most part into a generalized impression of sunlit hours spent basking in a rowboat about the bay and sped by endless talk which ran forward beyond the present days of illness to ardent schemes both of literature and adventure, the one as vividly imagined and worded as the other. Stevenson has brought home to the senses of his readers, by a magical phrase or two, the pungently delicious mingled scent of pine and juniper and myrtle and rosemary which in sunny weather comes wafted from the Cap Martin over the shoreward waters of that sea: I believe this scent was already carrying him in imagination on voyages to far-off spice-islands of the East. Of the literary projects broached between us the only one I remember was a spectacle-play on that transcendent type of human vanity, Herostratus, who to keep his name from being forgotten kindled the fire that burned down the temple of Ephesus. Psychology and scenic effects as Stevenson descanted on them come up together in my memory even yet in a kind of vague dazzle and flamboyance.

There was one sort of excitement and one form of risk which at no time had any lure for Louis and which he hated alike by instinct and principle, and that was gambling for money; and into that famous and fascinating cosmopolitan hell, the Casino of Monte Carlo, he never entered. Once or twice I looked in by myself to watch the play; and the last time, hearing a sudden sharp "ping" from near the wall of the room over my right shoulder, I turned and saw that a loser having left the table lay writhing on the floor. He had shot himself, fatally as I afterward learnt, in the stomach. The attendants promptly came forward, lifted him on to an armchair, and carried him out of the room with an air of grave disapproval and outraged decorum. When I told Louis of the scene he took a disgust at the place, and we left it together for Mentone. After I had seen him installed in fresh and comfortable quarters in the Hotel Mirabeau, now defunct, at the eastern end of the town, I left for Paris, where I had a few weeks' work to do. Returning in January, I found him enjoying the company of two Russian sisters living in a villa annexed to the hotel,

ladies some twenty years older than himself, to whom, and to the children of one of them, he had become quickly and warmly attached. ("Il s'est attaché à nous, nous nous sommes attachées à lui," I can hear across the forty-five years the gentler of them saying to me.) Both were brilliantly accomplished and cultivated women, one having all the unblushing outspokenness of her race, its unchecked vehemence and mutability in mirth and anger, in scorn, attachment, or aversion; the other consistently gentle and sympathetic, and withal an exquisite musician. For Stevenson this sister conceived a great quasi-maternal tenderness, and one of the odd tricks my memory has played me is that my nerves retain even now the sense of her sharp twitch of pain as I spoke one day, while she was walking with her arm in mine, of the fears entertained by Stevenson's friends for his health and future. It was the younger of her two children who figures so much under her name Nelitchka in his letters of the time. No one has written of young children with such yearning inwardness of love combined with so much analytic intentness and subtlety of observation as he. I make no exception even for the illustrious Victor Hugo with his "L'Art d'être grand-père" and his "Les Enfants," and repeat, no one. But the objects of this passionately delighted study were not always at first won or attracted by it. Rather they were apt to feel discomposed under the intensity of the beaming gaze he fastened upon them; and it was with a touch of womanly affront at feeling herself too hard stared at that the baby Nelitchka (aged two and a half) addressed him by a word for "rogue" or "naughty man" she had lately picked up in Italy, "Berecchino!" Parental interposition presently reconciled her, and they became fast friends and playmates; but the name stuck, and for Nellie, throughout those weeks when the child's company and the watching of her indefatigable tottering efforts to dance, and dance, and dance to her mother's music were among his chief delights,—for Nellie, Stevenson was never anything but Monsieur Berecchino. But of this more anon.

Another memory of the time illustrates the hopeless incompatibility that existed

between this young genius and the more frozen types of bourgeois conventionality. There was at our hotel a young or youngish, well-groomed Frenchman of this class, the quintessence of respectable nullity and complacent correctness, who sat at the same long table with us for nearly a month. At our end of the table, besides Stevenson and myself with the Russian ladies and their children, there sat also a bearded French landscape painter, Robinet by name, in opinions a violent clerical and reactionary, but an artist and the best of genial good fellows. Day after day Stevenson kept this little company in an enchanted atmosphere of mirth and mutual delight with one another and with him. But the glow which enkindled the rest of us stopped dead short of the correct Frenchman, who sat a little apart, icily isolated, annoyed, envying, disapproving. Stevenson, I think, was hardly aware of his existence at all, more than of a wooden dummy.* Finding himself thus left out in the cold, not rudely or on purpose, for Stevenson was incapable of a conscious rudeness, but nevertheless left out, from a company which included obviously attractive ladies, my Frenchman could not bear it. One day, on the occasion of some commonplace civility I showed him, he confided to me, with no breach of correct manners, the extreme distaste and resentment he had conceived against my friend, and even indicated that he would like to call him out if he could find an excuse. There was nothing to be done, no possible point of mutual contact or understanding between them. I could but affably suggest that he would be likely to find more appreciative company at another hotel; and he took the hint.

I have related elsewhere† how, when Andrew Lang came to call on me in those days at Mentone and met Stevenson for the first time, it seemed as though something like a similar antipathy might spring up between these two young

Scotchmen, the fastidiously normal and even slightly donnish Oxford scholar and the piratically cloaked and long-haired nondescript, so sharply contrasted in their outward guise and bearing while inwardly in mind and culture having so much in common. Happily, however, such a result was averted at the moment, and later they learnt to appreciate and like each other to the full.

After his return from the Riviera in 1874 Stevenson was elected to the Savile Club, then quartered in the house in Savile Row from which it takes its name and which it afterward outgrew. (It had previously led for a few years a precarious kind of chrysalis existence, under the title of the New Club, in Spring Gardens off Charing Cross.) This little society had been founded on a principle aimed against the stand-offishness customary in English club life, and all members were expected to hold themselves predisposed to conversation and liable to accost without previous introduction. Stevenson's earliest friends in the club besides myself were Fleeming-Jenkin, the most versatile and vivacious, most pugnaciously minded and friendliest-hearted of men, the single one among his Edinburgh seniors and teachers who had seen what the lad was worth, truant pupil though he might be, and made a friend of him; and my Cambridge contemporary, Professor W. K. Clifford, that short-lived genius unequalled and unapproached, as those aver who can follow him, in the rarified region of speculation where the higher mathematics and metaphysics merge into one. In spheres of thought and study more accessible to the rest of us, Clifford had a beautiful lucidity of mind and mastery of style, and in ordinary human intercourse was extremely striking and attractive, with his powerful head and blunt Socratic features, the candid, almost childlike, up-cast look of his light gray-blue eyes between their dark lashes, the tripping and easy, again almost childlike, simplicity of speech and manner with which he would debate the profoundest problems, and the quite childlike pleasure he took in all manner of fun and nonsense and surprises and fairy-tales (I leave out his freaks of prowess and daring as an athlete and a dozen of his other claims to regard and

* R. L. S. was drawing more or less consciously from himself when he wrote of one of his characters, Dick Naseby in "The Story of a Lie,"—"He was a type-hunter among mankind. He despised small game and insignificant personalities, whether in the shape of dukes or bagmen, letting them go by like seaweed; but show him a refined or powerful face, let him hear a plangent or a penetrating voice, fish for him with a living look in some one's eye, a passionate gesture, a meaning or ambiguous smile, and his mind was instantaneously awakened."

† Art, "Stevensoniana," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, November, 1912.

admiration). That such a man, having met Stevenson once or twice in my company, should be keen to back him for the club was a matter of course. Nor did the members in general, being for the most part young men drawn from the professions of science or learning, of art, literature, journalism, or the stage, fail to appreciate the newcomer. On his visits to London he generally lunched there, and at the meal and afterward came to be accepted and habitually surrounded as a radiating centre of brilliant talk, a kind of ideal incarnation of the spirit of the society. Comparatively rare as they were, I believe that both his presences in those days and his tradition subsequently contributed as much as anything toward the success and prosperity of the club. Mr. Edmund Gosse, who joined us a couple of years later, has given a pleasantly vivid picture of the days when an introduction at the Savile, renewing the memory of a chance meeting on a Highland pleasure-steamer six years before, laid the foundations of his and Stevenson's friendship. One signal case of failure remains indeed in some of our memories. A certain newly elected member of some social and literary standing, but unacquainted with the spirit of the place, sat lunching alone: Stevenson, desiring to welcome him and make him feel at home, went over, introduced himself, and opened talk in his most gracious manner. His overture was received with a cold rebuff and the intimation that the stranger desired no company but his own. Stevenson came away furious, and presently relieved his wrath with the lampoon which is included in his published works and begins (the offender being made to speak in the first person)—

"I am a kind of farthing dip
Unfriendly to the nose and eyes."

But to turn from such social memories, which will be common to a dwindling band of survivors from the middle and later seventies, to those private to myself:—it was in the early summer of 1874, soon after the appearance of his second published paper, "Ordered South," that he spent a fortnight with me in a lodging on Hampstead Hill. One morning, while I was attending to my own affairs, I was

aware of Stevenson craning intently out of the side window watching something. Presently he turned with a radiant countenance and the thrill of happiness in his voice to bid me come and watch too. A group of girl children were playing with the skipping-rope a few yards down the lane. "Was there ever such heavenly sport? Had I ever seen anything so beautiful? Kids and a skipping-rope—most of all that blessed youngest kid with the broken nose who didn't know how to skip—nothing in the whole wide world had ever made him half so happy in his life before." Scarce any one else would have given a second look or a thought to the little scene; but while it lasted it held him thus entranced in the eagerness of observation, and exclaiming through all the gamut of superlatives. From such superlatives, corresponding to the ardor and intensity of his being, his talk at all times derived much of its color. During ill-health, had he a day or an hour of respite, he would gleefully proclaim himself a balmy being and a bird of Paradise. Did anything in life or literature please him, it was for the moment inimitably and incomparably the most splendid and wonderful thing in the whole world, and he must absolutely have you think so too*—unless, indeed, you chose to direct his sense of humor against his own exaggerations, in which case he would generally (but not quite always, if the current of feeling was too strong) receive your criticism with ready assenting laughter. Sometimes indeed, when he meant something stronger even than usual, he would himself disarm the critic, and at the same time heighten his effect, by employing a figure not of exaggeration but of humorous diminution, and would cover the intensity of his feeling by expressing it in some perfectly colorless, flat hack phrase. You would propose

* My wife reminds me of an incident in point, from the youthful time when he used to make her the chief confidante of his troubles and touchstone of his tastes. One day he came to her with an early, I think the earliest, volume of poems by Mr. Robert Bridges, the present poet-laureate, in his hand; declared here was the most wonderful new genius, and enthusiastically read out to her some of the contents in evidence; till becoming aware that they were being coolly received, he leapt up crying, "My God! I believe you don't like them," and flung the book across the room and himself out of the house in a paroxysm of disappointment, —to return a few hours later and beg pardon humbly for his misbehaviour. But for some time afterward, whenever he desired her judgment on work of his own or others, he would begin by bargaining: "You won't *Bridges* me this time, will you?"

something you knew he was red-hot to do, and he would reply, his eyes flashing with anticipation, "Well, yes, he could bring himself to do that without a pang": or he would describe the horrors of a visit to the dentist or of a formal tea-party (to one or two of which he was about this time lured), by admitting that it hadn't been quite all his fancy painted it; which you knew meant a degree of tribulation beyond superlatives.

Nothing proved to my mind Stevenson's true vocation to literature, or encouraged me more to push him under the notice of editors, than the way in which he exercised from the first a firm artistic control over his own temperament, suppressing his tendency to exaggerations and superlatives and practising a deliberate moderation of statement and lenity of style. This was very apparent when the little scene outside our lodging-house window, mingling in memory with the pleasure he had lately experienced at Mentone in watching the staggering evolutions of his Russian baby friend Nelitchka, suggested to him the essay, "Notes on the Movements of Young Children," which was printed in the *Portfolio* (then edited by Philip Gilbert Hamerton) for the following August. The little paper, which he did not think worth reprinting in his lifetime but is to be found in the posthumous editions, seemed to me an extraordinarily promising effort at analytic description half-humorous, half-tender,—and promising above all in as far as it proved how well, while finding brilliantly effective expression for the subtlety of vital observation which was one part of his birthright, he could hold in check the tendency to emotional stress and vehemence which was another. This was in itself a kind of distinction in an age when so many of our prose-writers, and those the most attractive and impressive to youth, as Carlyle, Macaulay, Ruskin, Dickens, were men who, for all their genius, lacked or did not seek the special virtues of restraint and lenity in style, but were given, each after his manner, to strenuous emphasis, to splendid over-coloring and over-heightening: dealers in the purple patch and the insistent phrase, the vehement and contentious assertion.

The next scene which comes up with a special vividness in my memory dates, I think, from a year or two later. Of very young children his love was not, as I have said, always at once returned by them; but over growing boys of whatever class or breeding his spell was apt to be instantaneous. City arabs felt it just as much as any others. One day, as he and I had just come out of St. Paul's Cathedral, we found ourselves near a little ragged troop of such. With one of his characteristic smiles, full of love and mischief, he immediately, at a first glance, seemed to establish a roguish understanding with them. They grinned back and closed about him and clung to him as we walked, fastening eager looks on his, held and drawn by they knew not what expectation: no, not by the hope of coppers, but by something more human—more divine, if you like to put it so—that had beamed upon their poor little souls from his looks. The little crowd of them kept growing and still surrounding us. As it was impossible for him at that place and moment practically to provide adventure or entertainment for them, it became a little difficult to know what to do. At last I solved the situation tamely, by calling a hansom cab and carrying my friend off in it. More by token, that same hansom horse, I remember, presently got the bit between his teeth and bolted hard for near a mile along the Thames Embankment; and while I sat with stiffened knees and nerves on the stretch, expecting a smash, I could see that Stevenson actually enjoyed it. Few of us, chiefly because the build of the vehicle kept the driver's hands and hold upon the reins out of sight, were ever truly happy in a bolting hansom; but Stevenson was so made that any kind of danger was a positive physical exhilaration to him.

Of the visits which he paid to me at Cambridge in these years, the retrospect has again generalized itself for the most part into vagueness, a mere abstract sense of forgotten talk ranging from the most red-blooded human to the airiest elfin. One impression which was always strong upon him there, and I think is recorded somewhere in his letters, is the profound difference between these English universities, with their beauty and dignity of

aspect, their venerable college buildings and fair avenues and gardens, and anything which exists in Scotland, where residential colleges form no part of university life. Such surroundings used to affect him with a sense almost of unreality, as something romantically pleasurable but hardly credible; and this sense came most strongly upon him when I left him alone for some days in occupation of my rooms, with gyps and porters at his beck, while I went off on business elsewhere. Of personal relations which he formed there the only one I specially remember was with that interesting character, the late A. G. Dew-Smith. Dew-Smith, or Dew, as his friends called him for short, was a man of fine tastes and of means to gratify them. As a resident Master of Arts he helped the natural-science departments by starting and superintending a workshop for manufacturing instruments of research of the most perfect make and fashion; and he was one of the most skilful of scientific photographers,—a certain large-scale carbon print he took of Stevenson to my mind comes nearer than any other to the original in richness of character and expression. He was a collector of rare prints and other treasures, including precious stones, of which he would sometimes pull a handful out of his pocket. He was tall, with finely cut features, black silky hair and pointed beard, and a peculiarly soft and silken deliberate manner of speech. Considerable were our surprise and amusement when some dozen years later we found his outward looks and bearing, and particularly his characteristic turns of speech, with something of mysterious power which his presence suggested as lying behind so much polished blandness, evoked by Stevenson in his creation of the personage of Attwater in that grimmest of island stories, "The Ebb-Tide." But the other half of Stevenson's Attwater, the ruthless taskmaster, the man of stern Calvinistic doctrine and iron fatalism, is alien to all that we knew of our friend and not, I think, made in the story convincingly compatible with his looks and manner.

Stevenson has interpreted the aspects and the thrill of outdoor nature as magically as any one in written words, but was not prone to talk about them. "No

human being ever spoke of scenery for above two minutes at a time," he declares in his essay on "Talk and Talkers": and I cannot remember that he used ever to say much about the Forest of Fontainebleau or the other scenes in France which he loved so well and frequented so much in these years, or even about those excursions which he was busy turning to such happy literary account in the "Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey." Literature and human life were ever his main themes; including sometimes, but of course with his closest intimates only, the problems of his own life. By and by came the journey to California, with its risks and hardships, and with results as damaging to his health as they were needful and fruitful for his happiness. After his return in the late summer of 1880, it was under much more positively invalid conditions than before that his friends—whom his new wife made quickly her own and always gladly welcomed so far as was consistent with due care for his health—found themselves obliged to seek his company. My chief special recollections of him during the next few years date almost entirely from places where he had gone in hopes of recovery or respite from his complicated and crippling troubles of nerve, artery, and lung. Just as little as the restrictions of the sick-room, galling to him above all men, had power to hinder his industry and success as a writer, so little did they impair his charm as a talker when he was allowed to talk at all. Occasionally, and oftener as time went on, hemorrhages from the lung, or the immediate threat of them, enforced upon him periods of absolute silence. But in the intervals his friends had the happiness of finding life and letters and art, experience and the possibilities of experience, once more irradiated for them as vividly as before, or even more vividly yet, in the glow and magic of his conversation.

For the first two years after his return Stevenson spent the winters (1880-81, 1881-82) at the Swiss mountain station of Davos, which had just begun to come into repute as a place of cure, and the summers at one resort or another in the bracing climate of the Scottish Highlands. The Davos of 1880, approached by a laborious seven hours' sledge-drive and

vastly different from the luxurious and expanded Davos of to-day, consisted of the old Swiss village of Davos-Platz, clustered round its high-spired church, with one central group of German hotels in or close adjoining the village, and another smaller but more scattered group of English hotels at a little distance beside the open road in the direction of the minor village of Davos-Dorf. The Stevenson quarters for this first winter were at the Hotel Belvedere, then a mere miniature nucleus of its latter-day self. I shall never forget his first reception of me there. It was about Christmas, 1880; I arrived late; and the moment dinner was over he had me out and up the hill at the back of the hotel. There had only lately fallen enough snow to allow the sport of tobogganing to be started: there was a short zigzag run down from a hut on the hill to near the hotel: he got me into the toboggan by moonlight, we started down the run, capsized at a corner, rolled over and over with our mouths and pockets full of snow, and walked home in tearing spirits. Nothing could have been more like him, and nothing (of course) worse for him. My impression of the next few weeks at Davos is one of high tension of the soul and body in that tingling mountain air, under the iron moonlit frosts or the midday dazzle of the snow-fields; of the haunting sense of tragedy (of one tragedy in especial which touched us both to the heart) among that company, for the most part doomed or stricken, with faces tanned by sun and frost into masks belying their real plight: of endless bouts of eager, ever courteous give-and-take over the dark Valtellina wine between Stevenson and John Addington Symonds, in whom he had found a talker almost as charming as himself, exceeding him by far in range and accuracy of knowledge and culture, as was to be expected in the author of the "History of the Renaissance in Italy," but nothing like his match, I thought, in essential sanity of human judgment or in the power of illumination by unforeseeable caprices of humor and fantasy. The reader can if he pleases turn to Stevenson's own impression of these conversations, whether as generalized afterward in the essay "Talk and Talkers," where

Symonds figures as Opalstein, or as set down in a letter at the time:—"I like Symonds very well, though he is much, I think, of an invalid in mind and character. But his mind is interesting, with many beautiful corners, and his consumptive smile very winning to see. We have had some good talks; one went over Zola, Balzac, Flaubert, Whitman, Christ, Handel, Milton, Sir Thomas Browne; do you see the *liaison*?—in another, I, the Bohmist, the un-Grecian, was the means of his conversion in the matter of the Ajax."

Neither from the first of the two Highland summers nor the second Alpine winter do I retain any impressions as strong and definite as these, though I was with him for a part of both, and though the August and September weeks of 1881 at Braemar were marked by the excitement of the first conception and discussion of the tale of "The Sea-Cook," which afterward developed into "Treasure Island." They were rememberable also for the disgust of the patient at being condemned to wear a specially contrived and hideous kind of pig's-snout respirator for the inhalation of pine-oil, as related in a well-known rhyming letter of the time to Henley. But from the second Highland summer dates another vivid recollection. While his wife remained with his parents at Edinburgh, I spent two or three weeks of radiant weather alone with him in the old hotel at Kingussie in Invernesshire. He had little strength either for work or exercise, but managed to draft the tale "The Treasure of Franchard," and rejoiced in lying out for hours at a time half-stripped in the sun, nearly according to that manner of sun-bath since so much prescribed by physicians in Germany. The burn or mountain streamlet at the back of Kingussie village is for about a mile of its course after it leaves the moor one of the most varied and beautiful in Scotland, racing with a hundred little falls and lynns beside the margin of an enchanting fir-belted, green and dinged oval glade. The glade, alas, has long ago been invaded and annexed by golfers, enemies to peace; and even the approaches to the burn from the village have been ruined by the erection of a great modern distillery. But in the year 1882 we had these haunts to ourselves.

Stevenson used to spend hours exploring the recesses of the burn's course, musing, sometimes with and sometimes without speech, on its endless chances and caprices of eddy and ripple and back-set, its branchings and reunitions, alternations of race and pool, bustle and pause, and on the images of human life, free-will, and destiny presented by the careers of the sticks and leaves he found or launched upon its course. One result of these musings occurs in a dramatic scene familiar to all who have read his fragment, "The Great North Road." Of other talk what I remember best is the entertainment with which he read for the first time Leigh Hunt's milk-and-water dilution of Dante in his poem "Francesca da Rimini" (or "Niminipimini," as Byron rechristened it), and of the laughing parodies which bubbled over from him on those passages of tea-party sentiment and cockney bathos that disfigure it. Some kind of play, too, I remember which he insisted on starting and keeping up, and wherein he invested his companion (that was me) with the imaginary character of a roystering blade in a white greatcoat and knobstick making scandal in the Highland village, and himself with that of a sedate and friendly burgess hard put to it to save me from the hands of the police.

The following winter took the Stevensons to the Provençal coast, but to haunts there at some distance from those he had known ten years before. After some unsuccessful attempts to settle near Marseilles (a city Stevenson always loved for its rich color and character as a mighty Mediterranean and cosmopolitan trading-port), they were established by March 1884, in the *Châlet la Solitude* on the hill behind Hyères; and on that enchanting site he enjoyed the best months of health and happiness he ever knew, at least on the European continent. His various expressions in prose and verse of pleasure in his life there are well-known. For instance, the following from a letter to Mr. Gosse:— "This spot, our garden and our view, are sub-celestial. I sing daily with my Bunyan, that great bard,

'I dwell already the next door to Heaven!'

If you could see my roses, and my aloes, and my fig-marigolds, and my olives, and

my view over a plain, and my view of certain mountains as graceful as Apollo, as severe as Zeus, you would not think the phrase exaggerated." One or two sets of verses dallying with the notion that here might be his permanent home and anchorage have only lately been published. I give another set written in a somewhat homelier strain, which I think has not yet found its way into print:—

"My wife and I, in our romantic cot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot,
High as the gods upon Olympus dwell,
Pleased with the things we have, and pleased
as well
To wait in hope for those which we have not.

She burns in ardor for a horse to trot;
I pledge my votive prayers upon a yacht;
Which shall be first remembered, who can tell—
My wife or I?

Harvests of flowers o'er all our garden-plot
She dreams; and I to enrich a darker spot,
My unprovided cellar; both to swell
Our narrow cottage huge as a hotel,
That portly friends may come and share our
lot—

My wife and I."

The first friend to come was one not physically corresponding to the adjective, namely myself. It was the moment when the Southern spring was in its first flush and freshness, and the days and evenings sped gloriously. Everything, down to the *dèche* or money pinch to which recent expenses had reduced him, or the misdeeds of the black Skye-terrier Woggs, the most engaging, petted little thoroughbred rascal of his race, was turned by Stevenson into matter of abounding delight or diversion. No schemes of work could for the time being seem too many or too arduous. A flow of verse, more continuous and varied than ever before, had set in from him. Besides many occasional pieces expressing intimate moods of the moment with little care or finish, and never intended for any eye but his own, those of the special "Child's Garden" series were nearly completed; and they and their dedication, as in duty bound, to his old nurse Alison Cunningham had to be canvassed between us. So had a much more arduous matter, the scheme and style of "Prince Otto," its general idea having gradually, under much discussion, been evolved from an

earlier one where the problems and characters would have been similar but the setting and date Oriental and remote. So had a scheme to be put in hand next after that, namely, a new tale for boys; this time a historical tale, which duly took shape as "The Black Arrow," to be slighted later on, quite unduly as I have always thought, by its author and his family as "tushery."

One day, looking from one of the hill terraces from near his house at the group of islets (the isles of Hyères) in the offing, we had let our talk wander to famous and more distant archipelagoes of the same inland sea. I spoke of the likeness in unlikeness which strikes the traveller between the noble outlines and colors of the Ionian group, as they rise facing the coasts of Acarnania, Elis, and Epirus, and those of the group of the Inner Hebrides over against the shores of Ross and Argyleshire. We ran over the blunt monosyllabic names of some of the Hebridean group,—Coll, Mull, Eigg, Rum, Muck, and Skye,—and contrasted them with the euphonious Greek sounds, Leucadia, Cephalonia, Ithaca, Zante or Zacynthos ("*Jam medio apparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos*") had been Stevenson's favorite line of Virgil from boyhood, and he goes out of his way to make occasion for one of his characters to quote it in almost the latest of his sea-tales, "The Ebb-Tide"). And we speculated on a book to be written that should try to strike the several notes of these two island regions, of their scenery, inhabitants, and traditions, of Greek and Gaelic lay and legend, and the elements of Homeric and Ossianic poetry. I think the idea was a good one, and that such a book has still to be, and will some day be, written. But Stevenson, with his lack of Greek and of the Greek scholar's special enthusiasm, and the unlikelihood of his being able to work much in libraries, would perhaps hardly have been the man to attempt it. Nevertheless, having frequented the Hebrides group and drunk in its romance from youth in the lighthouse yacht, and again on a special excursion with Sir Walter Simpson in 1874, he was much attracted by the scheme. And when some eight months later, by what I believe was a pure coincidence, he received a proposal from a firm of pub-

lishers that he should take a cruise in the Greek archipelago with a view to a volume that should tell of his experiences in a manner something like that of his former small volumes of travel in France, our talk of the spring, recurring to him, made him take warmly to the notion. He wrote to me at once on the question of introductions, and went to Nice, partly to make inquiries about Mediterranean steam-packets and partly to ask medical advice. The latter confirmed, I believe, what was the judgment of his wife that the risks of the trip would be too great; and the idea was dropped.

In my next glimpse of him there were elements of comedy. I had gone for a few weeks' travel in Southern Italy, and meaning to return by sea and across France from Naples, with a very short time to spare before I was due back in London, had asked the Stevensons if they would come and meet me for a day or so at Marseilles. They came, and it was a happy meeting. But I discovered that I had miscalculated travelling expenses and had not enough cash in hand to go farther. He found himself in the proud position of being able to help me, but only at the cost of leaving his own pockets empty. He had to remain in Marseilles until I could reimburse him from Paris, and amused himself with some stanzas in honor of the place and the occasion:

"Long time I lay in little ease
Where, paced by the Turanian,
Marseilles, the many-masted, sees
The blue Mediterranean.

Now songful in the hour of sport,
Now riotous for wages,
She camps around her ancient port,
An ancient of the ages.

Algerian airs through all the place
Unconquerably sally;
Incomparable women pace
The shadows of the alley.

And high o'er dock and graving-yard
And where the sky is paler,
The Golden Virgin of the Guard
Shines, beckoning the sailor.

She hears the city roar on high,
Thief, prostitute, and banker:
She sees the masted vessels lie
Immovably at anchor.

She sees the snowy islets dot
The sea's immortal azure,

And If, that castellated spot,
Tower, turret and embrazure.

Here Dantés pined; and here to-day
Behold me his successor:
For here imprisoned long I lay
In pledge for a professor!"*

Seven or eight months later a violent and all but fatal return of illness dashed the high hopes which had been raised by that happy Provençal spring and summer. An epidemic of cholera following made him leave the Mediterranean shore for good and sent him home to England. He arrived to all appearance and according to all medical prognostics a confirmed and all but hopeless invalid. His home for the next three years was at Bournemouth. He was subject to frequent hemorrhages from the lung, any one of which might have proved fatal and which had to be treated with styptic remedies of the most violent and nerve-shaking kind. Much of his life was spent on the sofa; much in that kind of compulsory silence which up till now had at worst been only occasional. Once and again a few weeks of respite enabled him to make cautious excursions, once as far as Paris, once to Matlock, once to Cambridge, but chiefly to London. Here his resort was now not to hotels, but as an ever welcome guest to the official house I had lately come to inhabit within the gates of the British Museum. His industry, maintained against harder conditions than ever, showed itself all the more indomitable and at last had its reward. The success of "Treasure Island," published before he left Hyères, was by the time he settled at Bournemouth beginning to make his name a popular one: two and a half years later "Jekyll and Hyde" raised it suddenly into resounding fame, and was immediately followed by "Kidnapped," which was by common consent acclaimed as the best Scotch tale since the Waverleys. For part of the Bournemouth time he was also much engaged in joint work with Henley on the plays "Admiral Guinea," "Beau Austin," and "Macaire": and upon this, the lustiest and not always the most con-

siderate of guests and collaborators, Mrs. Stevenson found herself compelled in the interest of her husband's health to lay restrictions which were resented, and sowed the first seeds, I think, of that estrangement at heart of Henley from his friend so lamentably proclaimed by him in public after Stevenson's death.

Ill as he was in these years, Stevenson was able to bind to himself in close friendship not a few newcomers, including two eminent Americans, Henry James and the painter J. S. Sargent. I went down myself from time to time, and enjoyed his company not less, only with more of anxiety and misgiving, than of old. Sargent's little picture shewing him indescribably lean in his velvet jacket as he paces to and fro twirling his mustache with one hand and holding his cigarette in the other as he talks,—St. Gaudens's bronze relief of him propped on pillows on the sofa (the latter a work done two or three years later in America),—these tally pretty closely in their different ways with the images I carry in my mind of his customary looks and attitudes in those Bournemouth days. Always except once I found him as cheerful as ever, and as vivid a focus of cheerfulness. The sole exception remains deeply printed on my memory. He was leaning with his back to me looking out from his garden gate: as he heard me approach, he turned round upon me a face such as I never saw on him save that once,—a face of utter despondency, nay tragedy, upon which seemed stamped for one concentrated moment the expression of all he had ever had, or might yet have, in life to suffer or to renounce. Such a countenance was not to be accosted, and I left him. During his visits to my house at the British Museum—"the many-pillared and the well-beloved," as he calls it in the well-known set of verses, as though the keepers' houses stood within the great front colonnade of the museum, which they do not, but project in advance of it on either flank,—during such visits he never shewed anything but the old charm and high courage and patience. He was able to enjoy something of the company of famous seniors who came seeking his acquaintance, as Browning, Lowell, Burne-Jones. With such visitors I usually left

* In the recent volume, "New Poems," this little piece has unluckily been published with the misprints "placed" for "paced" in the first stanza, "as" for "an" in the second, and "dark" for "dock" in the fourth; the last stanza, which gives the whole its only point and *raison d'être*, being left out. The allusions concerning Dantés and the Château d'If point, of course, to the *Monte Cristo* of the elder Dumas.

him alone, and have at any rate no detailed notes or memories of his conversations with them. What I remember most vividly was how one day I came in from my work and found the servants, who were devoted to him, waiting for me in the hall with scared faces. He had had a worse hemorrhage than usual, and lay propped on his pillows in his red dressing-gown with pencil in hand and foolscap paper against his knees. He greeted me with finger on lip and a smile half humorous half ruefully deprecating, as though in apology for being so troublesome a guest; handing me at the same time a sheet on which he had written the words from Falstaff, "'Tis my vocation, Hal." Then, with a changed look of expectant curiosity and adventure, he wrote, "Do you think it will *faucher* me this time?" (French *faucher*, to mow down, to kill, make an end of.) I forget how the conversation, spoken on my side, written on his, went on. With his intimates and those of his household he held many such, and it would have been interesting to keep the sheets on which his side of the talk, often illustrated with comic sketches, was set down. So would it have been interesting to keep another record of the same illness, namely, the little lumps or pats of modellers' wax which he asked me to get for him and with which, when he could not talk, read, or write, he amused himself moulding little scenes with figures and landscapes in relief. These were technically childish, of course, but had always, like the woodcuts done to amuse his stepson at Davos, a touch of lively expressiveness and character. Some dozens of them, I remember, he finished, but no vestige of them remains. They were put into a drawer, dried, cracked, and were thrown away.

My next vision of him is the last, and shews him as he stood with his family looking down upon me over the rail of the outward-bound steamship *Ludgate Hill* while I waved a parting hand to him from a boat in the Thames by Tilbury Dock. From our first meeting in Suffolk until his return with his wife from California in 1880 had been one spell of seven years. From that return until this fresh departure in 1887 had been another. Yet a third spell of seven had passed when on

one gloomy, gusty, sodden December day in 1894, I came down from lunching with Sir Harry Johnston, the African traveller and administrator, in the upper floor of a government office in Westminster, and saw newspaper posters flapping dankly in the street corners, with the words "Death of R. L. Stevenson" printed large upon them. The Pacific voyages and the island life had effectually healed his troubles of nerve, throat, and lung; but the old arterial weakness remained, and after so many years of unsparing mental toil the bursting of a blood-vessel in his brain had laid him low at the critical moment of his fully ripening power.

During that third and last period the day-dreams of the Mentone days had after all and in spite of all and against all likelihood been realized for him. Fame as a writer even beyond his aspirations had come to be his: of voyaging in far-off oceans, of happy outdoor activities and busy beneficent responsibilities in romantic circumstances and outlandish scenes, he had had his fill. Withal his love of his old friends had amid his new experiences and successes never weakened. Of this no one had ampler or more solid proofs than I. That amidst all his other absorbing interests, and in spite of his ever-growing passion and assiduity in literary work, he should never once have failed in writing to me his regular full budget of a monthly letter would have been proof enough in itself of such steadfastness. On the side of his friends at home, speaking at least for myself, I fear that our joy in the news of his returning strength and activity had been tempered by something of latent jealousy that so much good could befall him without help of ours and at a distance of half the world away from us. I know that I was inclined to be hypercritical about the quality and value of the work sent home from the Pacific. I thought the series of papers afterward arranged into the volume "In the South Seas" overloaded with information and the results of study, and disappointingly lacking in the thrill and romance one expected of him in relating experiences which had realized the dream of his youth. (I ought to mention that a far better qualified judge, Mr. Joseph Conrad, differs from me in this, and prefers

"In the South Seas" to "Treasure Island," principally for the sake of what he regards as a very masterpiece of native portraiture in the character of Tembinok', King of Apemama.)

Again, I thought it a pity that Stevenson should spend so much toil in setting out, in the volume "A Footnote to History," the details of a piece of very remote and petty recent history in which none except perhaps a few international diplomatists could possibly be expected to take interest. Of his work in fiction dealing with the islands, I thought most of "The Wrecker" below his mark, and "The Ebb-Tide," at least the first half of it, a rather dull and brutal piece of realism. True, these were collaboration pieces; and of island stories there was "The Beach of Falesá," and of Scottish tales "Catriona," which were all his own and of which the quality should have fully reassured one (the master-fragment "Weir of Hermiston" was of course unknown to us till after his death). But thinking as I did, I said so in my letters with the old frankness, causing him for once a shade of displeasure: for he wrote to me that I was being a little too Cockney with him, and to a common friend that I was getting to be something of an auld wife with my criticisms. Well, well, perhaps I was, perhaps not. But at any rate I have proof in full measure, including those treasured lines "To S. C." which the reader knows among his printed poems, that his affection for and memory of me were unchanging. As concerns mine for him,—there has been hardly a day in the thirty and odd years since he left us on which I, like others who loved him, have not missed him. His cousin Bob Stevenson, in some gifts and brilliancies almost his match, used to vow that the chief interest of anything which happened was to hear what Louis would say about it. World-events in the last five years have been too tremendous in themselves for so much to be said of any man without absurdity. But want him and long for him one does, to hear him talk both of them and of a thousand lesser things: most of all perhaps of those writers who have stepped into fame since

his time. If we could have him back among us, as one sometimes has him in day-dreams, how we, his old friends and comrades in letters,—but alas! with what gaps among us, Henry James gone, Andrew Lang gone, and so many others,—how would we make haste to gather about him: and when we had had our turn, how eagerly would he look round for the younger fellow craftsmen, Sir James Barrie, Mr. Kipling,—not now indeed so young,—whose promise he had recognized and with whom in his last years he had exchanged greetings across the ocean. Of those who had not begun to write before he died the man I imagine him calling for first of all is the above-mentioned Mr. Conrad. How Stevenson, self-trained from boyhood with incessant labor to handle aright his mother tongue, would admire the aptness of this foreigner, who, beginning to think of writing in English only when he was well on in the thirties, had through some natural affinity of instinct and genius learnt to handle it with such power and distinction, making the soul of things pass into the soul of words in a language not his own by birth, but of which even in its subtlest rhythms and euphonies, its most intimate fibres of association and shades of suggestion, he had become perhaps the first of living masters. Some time about 1888-90 these two seafarers, the Polish gentleman turned British merchant-skipper and the ocean-loving author cruising far and wide in search of health, might quite well have met in life, only that the archipelago of Mr. Conrad's chief experiences was the Malay, that of Stevenson's the Polynesian. Could my dream be fulfilled, how they would delight in meeting now. I can see Stevenson kindling with pleasure and admiration over sea-tales like "Youth," "The End of his Tether," "The Typhoon," "Chance," and over sea characters such as Lingard and Captain Beard and Captain Whalley and Captain MacWhirr and Captain Anthony. What endless ocean and island yarns the two would exchange; how happily they would debate the methods and achievements of their common art; and how difficult it would be to part them!

THE BOTTOM OF THE CUP

By Gordon Arthur Smith

Author of "Mascarose," "The Pagan," "The Return," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL



DIANE NICOLAS, having run away from home and thus, on an impulse, upset all her own and other people's plans for her future, found that Paris was not quite the radiant city of lights and romance which one brief former visit had led her to expect. The lights were there, to be sure, and doubtless the romance, but two are necessary to achieve romance even of the most tawdry sort—and Diane was alone. It is not gay to be alone in Paris, especially when one is young and a girl, and has been bred to be shy in the presence of strangers.

Why, then, she asked herself, had she come? Why had she abandoned Evremont-sur-Seine and her mother, and the little shop where her mother sold the crucifixes and the images of saints, and, above all, why had she abandoned her sister, Véronique, whom she herself had brought back, tear-stained and wretched, from the City of Lights?

Diane, I repeat, posed these questions to herself, but she could not answer them, nor can I. Certainly that one amusing, rather riotous night in Paris had had a great deal to do with her returning to live it again; and certainly she had been well aware that if she were to return ever to Paris, it could not be with the consent of Madame Nicolas. Psychologists and students of heredity would no doubt claim that her action was the result of the presence in her character of some strain of wilfulness and passion inherited from a remote rake of an ancestor—an excellent solution, of course, but pure nonsense. Had she taken the veil instead, these same authorities would just as convincingly have credited it to the presence of a strain of asceticism and mysticism inherited from an early saint or martyr.

In any case she had run away from everything that she loved and revered

to come to Paris, of which she knew next to nothing. She did not know why she had done it, and she knew many reasons why she should not have done it, and yet I do not believe that at first she regretted at all having done it. That makes the action almost comprehensible. You see what I mean? The impulse was so powerful and so dominating that it left no room within her for regrets. She was able to rise above her disappointments. Also Paris, experienced even at its worst, was a change from Evremont—and Diane belonged to the restless sex.

On the occasion of her previous visit to Paris, she and Véronique had dined with some young Frenchmen at the *Taverne du Panthéon*. There had been a man—a young zouave and a friend of Véronique's friend—who had danced with her three times and who had assured her ardently that for him she was a glimpse of Paradise. She remembered with some confusion and a certain unavowed but very real pleasure, how closely during the dances he had held his Paradise. . . . So for three days in succession, at the end of her search for employment, she went to the *Taverne du Panthéon*. Besides, she argued, she had no reason to go elsewhere.

On the third day she encountered him. It was in the late afternoon, and she was alone at a table drinking a *sirop*. He came in laughing with two friends, stared at her a moment, and, when she blushed and smiled, went over to her and shook her cordially by both hands.

"But it is the little sister of Véronique!" he cried. "The little sister from the country; what does she do here alone, the little sister from the country?"

Diane was immensely and tremulously pleased.

"She drinks a *sirop*," she explained, with a gesture.

"Excellent," he laughed, "we shall all drink together, if you permit. I will pre-

sent to you my two friends—an artist called Bruno and a would-be architect called Ro-been-son. He is an American—the passionate-looking one with the beard. And you—you are Mademoiselle Diane, are you not?"

"Yes," she agreed, "you have a good memory, monsieur."

"One does not forget Paradise," he murmured, looking her in the eyes. "As for me—my name is——"

"Your name," she interrupted, "is Monsieur Raoul."

"I thank you a thousand times for deigning to remember," he said magnificently, with a slight smile and his eyes ever on hers. Then he motioned to Bruno and Robinson, and they made places for themselves around the table.

Bruno was a large man with a large mustache and a fatherly manner toward little women. Robinson was a gaunt, long American, who spoke French slang freely with a good accent and bad grammar, and who during the six months that he had studied for the Beaux-Arts had grown a beard and learned to neglect his nails and use a toothpick. Also he had learned to *tutoyer* every one—especially little women.

Over the glasses the conversation became rapid if not sparkling. They discovered that Diane had come alone to Paris; that she was seeking an opportunity to earn money in some dressmaking shop; that she embroidered, she had been told, with considerable skill, but that thus far she had found no employment.

"Why not pose for Bruno?" suggested Robinson. "He is doing a sort of imitation Chabas at present. Green, still pool; large tree; young girl shivering underneath."

But Robinson received no encouragement; for Raoul scowled at him disapprovingly, and Bruno resented hotly the imputation that he was copying Chabas.

Diane, not being an authority on art, did not venture to intrude in the discussion that ensued. Indeed she scarcely understood a word of what they said—no great loss to her, for she would without doubt hear it all repeated as often as she should be in their company.

Raoul, being a good deal of a materialist, took advantage of the argument to

whisper an invitation for dinner to Diane. Just the two of them, of course. She neither refused nor accepted; and she was amused and a little perplexed when both Robinson and Bruno followed suit at short intervals, the former holding out a truly regal entertainment as his bait, and the latter suggesting a very modest dinner over which they should discuss her future and devise means for securing her employment. This he offered her in his most paternal manner, and, as it happened, the paternal manner won the day. Of Robinson and of Raoul she was afraid. As for Bruno—why, Bruno was almost as old and therefore almost as harmless as Monsieur Silvestre who kept the inn at Evremont.

And so she dined with Bruno, not only that night but several nights thereafter.

And he pretended to find work for her in the quarter, but never somehow succeeded. When her small capital was exhausted and she was starving, he fed her. And gradually her gratitude turned to affection and, as he had patiently planned, to what she thought was love. When that moment arrived Bruno pointed out to her how they might economize if she gave up her room and came to live with him. She could not deny the reasonableness of his argument, so she packed up her few little belongings and moved into his studio, where for a while she was very happy.

II

BRUNO was always kind to her, and there is no reason to doubt that he loved her as well as he knew how. She, knowing nothing of men, was filled with a great respect for him and his work and his friends and, above all, his conversation. He talked a great deal of things she did not understand, but with such a profound air of conviction that she came to share his belief in the brilliancy of his intellect. This, of course, was gratifying to him, and tended to increase his affection for her. All males like to inspire a certain amount of awe in their womenfolk, and, when they succeed in this, they credit the woman with a comprehending nature and she rises correspondingly in their esteem.

So when Bruno discoursed in his studio to three or four of his disciples, Diane sat

quietly in a corner, all eyes and ears—and, moreover, very pretty eyes and ears. Bruno would smile kindly upon her if she ventured to intrude a remark, wave his pipe and answer her in words noticeably of one syllable. Then he would murmur half aloud, "*Elle est gentille,*" or "*Est-ce qu'elle est mignonne!*" and resume his harangue. She was referred to constantly both by him and by his friends as "*la petite,*" and his friends were very polite to her and in no way surprised at her presence in the studio. Later she suspected from this that she had had predecessors, but later she asked herself who had not?

For the time being her happiness depended entirely on Bruno's affection—on its manifestation and on its prospect of enduring. Quite naturally, no doubt, once she had committed herself, the thought of another man never entered her mind. And, so firm was her faith in Bruno that the possibility of his leaving her seemed out of the question. They were not married—that, of course, was very regrettable—but they loved each other and would grow old together and never separate. That, to her, was a certainty. She often made plans for their old age, so sure was she that they would reach it together—plans that comprised children and a possible marriage to legitimize them. Included among these plans was a triumphant return with her husband to Evremont and to her mother and her sister. There would be Monsieur le curé and Monsieur Silvestre, the innkeeper, rushing over to Madame Nicolas' shop to greet her, and Monsieur le curé would baptize the children in the little church on the square. Probably there would be three children. Two would be old enough to walk, and the baby she would carry in her arms. It would be summer, so she would be dressed in white with a crimson belt at her waist and a broad straw hat with roses in it. Bruno, who, of course, would receive a tremendous welcome, would lay down the artistic law of an evening to the wide-eyed curé and Monsieur Silvestre, and he would paint charming landscapes of the clean little red and white village and of the murmuring Seine with the poplars swaying in line beside it. These, after they had been exhibited at the Salon, he would

doubtless sell for fabulous sums to rich Americans. . . . She was young, you see, and a dreamer of dreams, which made her less able to support the blow that reality was to deal to her. It seems strange (and yet such strange things happen continually) that she who had seen her sister Véronique disillusioned should have had no fears for herself.

Meanwhile her ménage with Bruno had not gained her the friendship either of Raoul or of Robinson, both of whom considered themselves to have been shabbily treated. Raoul thought she should have been his by right of discovery, and Robinson was unpleasantly surprised that she should have scorned him in spite of his offers of expensive entertainment.

Now it was unfortunate that at the time that Bruno offered Diane a share in his possessions and in his life he had been assiduously courting (always in his paternal manner) another. It was equally unfortunate that Bruno, who detested a row, had not had the courage to inform this other that her seat on the throne beside him had been very adequately filled.

The girl whom Diane had supplanted was called Madeleine Brissonet, and was known by those who knew her as Madelon. Living with her father at St. Cloud, she was not either by birth or by residence of the quarter; but she came daily to draw in an atelier off the Boulevard du Montparnasse. There Bruno had met her and had condescended to criticise her work, which was deplorable. He had assured her, however, that she showed promise, and had given her several dinners at the Closerie des Lilas, during which he had wooed her with his eloquence and a rather heavy Burgundy. Madelon, a little flaxen-haired hypocrite, had played him like a fish until she had reduced him to a condition where she had but to reach for the landing net. Very demure and saint-like she was, and as hard as nails. Accordingly, men admired her, and the women students at the atelier disliked her intensely and consoled themselves by telling one another that she was knock-kneed (which was not true) and that, of course, she dyed her hair. The latter accusation she admitted, offering them the recipe.

It is obvious, then, that Raoul, Robin-

son, and Madelon were a formidable trio, each with a spoke ready to thrust into the wheel of Diane's happiness. That the three of them met one afternoon at Lavenue's was not, however, the result of a conspiracy—it was an event that sooner or later was bound to occur. Poor Bruno would have trembled had he seen their three heads together over the foaming bocks.

"Have you ever seen her, Madelon?" Robinson began maliciously.

"Whom?" asked Madelon.

"The little friend of Bruno," said Robinson. "She is quite lovely—young, slim, graceful, adorable and, I believe, adoring. Old Bruno is most fortunate. He appears to know it and is as happy as a cat before the fire. Have you met him recently and noted his rejuvenation?"

"You are always disagreeable," said Madelon—"even when you do not try to be. So why, I wonder, do you try?"

Robinson smiled like a man of the world and blew out a cloud of cigarette smoke.

"I am trying to arouse you," he said languidly. "I am bored and I should like to see a little action in the quarter. Life is dull, isn't it, Raoul?"

"Life is very dull," agreed the zouave. "I could have loved that girl. Indeed, I am not sure that I did not and do not. What eyes—like those of a saint giving in to temptation! I wish I had married her."

"Imbecile," observed Madelon briefly, and sipped her beer.

Raoul smiled at her a shade pityingly.

"You do not understand," he said. "You have not seen her."

"But yes, I have seen her," she retorted impatiently. "And what then? I saw a thin little provincial in an abominable gown and hat of the early Fallières period. Do you think I allow myself to be perturbed by such a competitor. Bruno will tire of her in a week, and if he does not,—order me another bock, Robinson, you who are rich."

"It is just as well that you are not jealous," said Robinson, giving the order—"it is just as well that you are not jealous, because I have never before seen a ménage that promised to be so enduring. I understand that Bruno intends to

marry her shortly. That, at least, would be a marriage made in heaven."

Robinson leant back in his chair to witness the effect of this, his supreme blow. Machiavelli would, I think, have been pleased with Robinson.

That Madelon was perturbed was instantly apparent to one who knew her. Her childish little mouth lost something of its childishness, the eyelids narrowed over her large blue eyes, and suddenly she ceased to be pretty. Framed by her coy yellow curls, her face seemed for an instant almost old. . . . She pretended to be busy with a cigarette.

"Who told you about the marriage?" she asked at length—"or are you lying?"

His point gained, Robinson could afford to feign indifference.

"Naturally," he said lazily, "I am lying. I always lie. But if you don't believe me, my dear Madelon, there is nothing to prevent your finding out for yourself."

Raoul, who was hampered by certain decent sentiments, interposed.

"Come," he said, "leave her alone. It is not Diane's fault that she made us miserable, and at least she has made old Bruno happy."

Meant well, it was nevertheless a most unfortunate speech and put Madelon into a rage that she made no attempt to conceal.

"Happy!" she said. "That little fool from the country that dresses herself like a chambermaid on Sunday—that ignorant little toy doll make Bruno happy! Bah! *Je m'en fiche d'elle comme de ma chemise!*"

She went on to say even more—phrases, I fear, that she had not learned from the good sisters in the convent. Robinson listened in silent approval.

"You do not understand human nature, Madelon," he interposed at length. "This little Diane does not dress expensively nor does she act expensively. She is simple and natural in clothes and actions. That is why Bruno will marry her. The contrast. . . ."

"The contrast with me, I suppose," sneered Madelon.

"Precisely. What are you going to do about it?"

Madelon clutched tardily at her lost dignity.

"I will beckon with my finger," she said grandly, "and Bruno will come."

"Very well," said Robinson. "Beckon and good luck."

III

MADELON lost no time in beckoning with her finger. Arming herself with a "Manual for the Writing of Letters of Passion," which she procured from a book stall on the Quai, she retired to a remote table in a café and set to work. The result was the following masterpiece, of which the phrases were culled from the book, but of which the many and elaborately formed capital letters were her own.

"MY LOVE:

"It is a long time that one has not seen you. Is it that you have tired of me so soon—of me whom you swore to Love for always. I cannot believe it, and yet I am frightened at your Coolness. During these three weeks I have waited with Patience for a word from you, and my Heart is broken and torn with a Supreme Anguish. What have I done to you that you scorn the Bleeding Heart I have placed in your hands? Am I then nothing to you but a Toy which you have broken and thrown aside? One time you called me Beautiful and all that was adorable. Is that time so long ago that you have forgotten, or is it that I have ceased to be Beautiful and adorable? Come to me once more that I may prove to you how Beautiful and adorable I yet can be. Your Madelon who forgets not."

And then she added, of course, a postscript—and this without the aid of her manual.

"Meet me Thursday at five at the Musée du Luxembourg. If not, I shall kill you, dirty pig!"

She reread the letter with deep satisfaction. It seemed to combine passion and dignity, and the postscript robbed it of a certain humility which to her mind had rather marred the letter from the manual.

"Now," she said, when she had stamped and mailed it—"now, we shall see."

But as a matter of fact she saw nothing

resultant for several days; for during those days Diane had been guilty of a dishonorable act: she had opened the letter and read it before it reached the hands of Bruno. And this, again, had been the result of Robinson's Machiavelian touch.

The day after Robinson had sown the seed of jealousy in Madelon's fertile brain, he had decided that Diane ought to be aroused to her danger, lest the combat be too one-sided and Madelon steal Bruno away without a struggle. For complete vengeance a struggle surely was necessary—a three-cornered struggle in which each of the combatants should be rendered thoroughly miserable. Such men as Robinson exist, but as a rule they are not allowed to reach their prime.

Accordingly, in order that Diane might have her fair portion of misery, Robinson presented himself at the studio at an hour when he knew Bruno was away. Diane received him, clad in a long apron. She was preparing to cook the dinner, and had just finished polishing the floor.

"The perfect housewife," said Robinson, eying her with open admiration. "Spotlessly neat, cool in spite of the heat, and no trace of that unbecoming flush so often bred of the kitchen stove. In you Bruno has a jewel. I can but hope that he knows it."

"Come in," answered Diane, "and sit down. Or, no—help me rather with the coals, if you will be so kind."

"I can stay only an instant," declared Robinson quickly, for he had no desire to help with the coals. "Postpone the dinner preparation for five minutes, my dear, as I have something of great importance to tell you."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "let me guess! It is that you have been admitted to the Beaux-Arts?"

He shook his head, smiling, watching her.

"No; not so cataclysmic as that."

She pondered and finally said tentatively: "You have perhaps bought that pipe you so admire in the shop of the Rue de la Paix?"

Still he shook his head.

"More epoch-making than that."

"I know, then," she cried—"it is that you are to be married?"

He ceased smiling and laid his hand on her arm.

"No," he said, "but it is that you are in danger of being divorced."

The shot was too abrupt for success. She did not at once grasp his meaning, and so she looked at him to ascertain whether or not he was joking. One never knew with that Robinson. But no, he was not joking. On the contrary, he was very grave. Then, slowly, the color left her face, and she turned her head away and pretended to busy herself with the kettle. He watched her without pity, while she fumbled about aimlessly and blindly, and he did not relent when she secretly put the sleeve of her apron to her eyes.

"What do you mean?" she whispered at length. "Tell me what you mean."

"I mean that Bruno is meeting Madelon almost every day, and that soon he will leave you for her."

"Who—who is Madelon?"

It was Robinson's turn to be astonished. It had not occurred to him that she knew nothing of the existence of Madelon. Every one else in the quarter knew of Madelon—every one at least who knew Bruno.

"Come," he said harshly, "do not pretend ignorance. Madelon is—was—well, Madelon will soon be cooking old Bruno's dinner, just as you are doing now—only better than you are doing now, for you appear to be doing it very badly."

"Ah," said Diane, "I understand what you mean. I detest you!"

"That, I suppose," murmured Robinson, "would undoubtedly follow. But a kind action is its own reward, so I ask for nothing more. I can but urge you to keep your beautiful eyes open—his correspondence, for example. Watch it closely. Open it, if it appears suspicious. It is often done, and a woman in your position should and must defend herself. Men are brutes—untrustworthy brutes. I am one, myself."

"You," cried Diane—"you! You are shameful, you are ignoble! Go away—you have made me miserable."

"I am sorry," said Robinson, "and I go. Only remember—watch the letters he receives, and if some day you should need the air, follow Bruno on one of his

walks. You will doubtless find it interesting and—er—illuminating. Dear madame, I say to you adieu."

His work done, he left her. Magnificent Robinson!

When he had gone, she threw herself on her bed and cried, and for the first time wished that she was back home at Evremont-sur-Seine. And then, gradually, she ceased to cry, and since she was very human, her dismay turned to anger. As I have said, there was always the trace of a devil lying latent in Diane; and if any woman has within her a latent devil it can most easily be aroused by the whip of jealousy.

It was unfortunate that at this moment the elderly bearded lady who served as concierge panted up the stairs bearing Madelon's letter to Bruno.

Diane took the letter, studied the writing on the envelope, turned a little white and breathless, and went slowly to the kitchen where the kettle was steaming on the stove. The kettle, the steam, the insecurely sealed envelope, and a jealous devil within her—the combination triumphed and the angels wept.

She read Madelon's literary effort grimly and scornfully, and as Madelon had been contemptuous of her, so now she became contemptuous of Madelon. An illiterate little creature who culled her phrases obviously from a Manual!—all except the postscript, of course, which might have been the work of the daughter of a cab-driver.

Surely Bruno, the great artist, the intellectual, the wise man of his circle, could not be lured by such a one. Her reasoning, of course, was fallacious, for she did not understand the inconsistencies of men, and, moreover, she sadly overestimated the refinement of Bruno's nature. But an older, more sophisticated woman might have well made the same mistake, for few women can see any virtue in their rivals. . . .

Before resealing the letter, she hesitated. Should she destroy it, should she deliver it to Bruno apparently intact and unread, or should she frankly confront him with it? Determining on a compromise, she took pen and ink and, in carefully executed block letters, added one more postscript:—"J'y suis, j'y reste."



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"Madelon will soon be cooking old Bruno's dinner, just as you are doing now—"—Page 360.

Then she resealed the envelope, placed it on Bruno's desk and hastened to cook the dinner.

IV

THE two days that intervened between the receipt of Madelon's letter and the Thursday for which had been set the rendezvous with Bruno, were for Diane days of indecision, of despair, and of wrath.

Bruno's reception of the letter had been a trying moment. He had glanced at the address and had retired immediately to the bedroom to read the contents unseen and undisturbed. On emerging from this seclusion, he had cast her a sharp, inquisitorial glance from under his deep brows. She had simulated unconcern and nothing had been said; but the postscript must have intrigued him—must have unsettled him a little. Still, there was no means by which he could be certain that it was Diane who had added the challenging phrase: "*J'y suis, j'y reste.*" The fact that it applied in no way to Madelon's position would not have prevented that borrower of phrases from having appended it as a gem of purely rhetorical value. So Bruno, wisely, or unwisely, had decided that the less said the better. He, at any rate, would not broach the subject.

Thursday, at five, at the Musée du Luxembourg. Madelon was there, of course, and Bruno, looking furtively behind him, arrived at five minutes past the hour. And Diane, hating herself for spying, but hating Madelon more, saw them meet. She saw Madelon throw her arms around Bruno's neck and kiss him; and then she went home, hating not only herself but all the world.

This time there were no tears. There was, rather, a blinding rage, a hot rage that flamed in her cheeks and that burned her tears dry. A man in her mood would probably have committed murder and been acquitted, but she, being a woman, planned a more subtle revenge.

The information she needed was easily obtained. Madelon Brissonet lived with her father at St. Cloud and came daily to an atelier in the quarter, supposedly to paint. She was seemingly a respectable little bourgeoisie, daughter of a respectable old bourgeois—a government employee.

Now, no one in France is so eminently respectable as a government employee, especially one who holds a minor position, and no one is so proud and so careful of his respectability. Employment by the government is for the honest bourgeois the ambition of his youth, the glory of his prime, and the solace of his age.

Diane, consulting a Bottin in the nearest tobacco-shop, read:

"Brissonet, Adolphe—Clerk in the Bureau des P. T. T., 8 bis rue Legrand, St. Cloud."

That made it very simple. She would go to St. Cloud and call upon Monsieur Adolphe Brissonet, and suggest that his daughter, Madelon, hie herself to a convent for her soul's sake. True, Monsieur Brissonet would doubtless be heartbroken at the revelation she would make, but—well, other hearts were being broken with impunity, and Diane was in a rage. For the time being hell had no fury like unto her.

Late on the following afternoon she dressed herself in her Sunday clothes—black with a white lace collar—and boarded a tram for St. Cloud. Alighting at the square by the Pavillon Bleu, she inquired the direction of the rue Legrand, and was informed that it was ten minutes on foot, up the hill to the right.

"It is wet and the road is muddy," added the gallant *sergent de ville*, "but madame will find taxis opposite the Pavillon."

"Thank you," she answered, "but I prefer to walk."

The preference was pretense, for her purse contained only a franc and some coppers.

The rue Legrand was a neat enough little street that ran at an acute angle from the main road along the side of the hill. It was lined with detached villas, fenced off carefully from each other and from the street by stone walls and by iron grilled gates, on each of which hung a plaque bearing the grandiose name of the villa to which it gave access. Number 8 bis was called Villa Marie Antoinette—a strange name for the habitation of an employee of the Third Republic. Doubtless Monsieur Brissonet had purchased the name-plate along with the villa and had been too thrifty to buy a new one.

Diane rang the bell beside the iron gate. She was a little frightened and her heart was beating overfast, but rage had not left it. Moreover, once her mind was made up to a project, it was her nature to see it through. Witness the fact that she had run away from home—surely a far more daring adventure than this.

After an interval, a thin, neat old woman came down the gravel path to admit her.

"I desire to see Monsieur Brissonet," said Diane firmly—"on a most urgent matter."

"If mademoiselle will enter," replied the neat old woman.

She stepped aside to let Diane through the gate, and then preceded her up the walk between the closely clipped hedges. When they reached the house—it was at no great distance—the neat old woman said: "If mademoiselle will be so kind as to give her name, I will inform monsieur. He is in the garden at the back, watering the geraniums."

"Say that it is Mademoiselle Nicolas. I—I know his daughter."

Instantly the neat old woman's face brightened, and she broke into a kindly smile.

"A friend of Mademoiselle Madeleine," she said. "Monsieur will be so rejoiced to greet you."

Diane answered nothing.

They traversed a narrow hallway which led through the house to the garden in the rear. It was a symmetrical little garden, laid out with precision on geometrical lines. A bed of geraniums on one side balanced a bed of geraniums on the other. A path ran down the middle and, exactly in the centre of the garden, made a circle around a small pool of water where floated six lily-pads, three on a side. Admirers of the pool were supposedly accommodated by six green iron chairs, also three on a side. At the far end of the garden, in the corners of the wall, Monsieur Brissonet had planted two plum-trees, one of which was not doing well and caused him much anxiety. It probably caused him more anxiety than anything else in his life at that time. The year before, of course, had been different: he had been greatly upset and very much excited, for it was that year that he had determined to have

new tiles put on the coping of the garden-wall. True, the new tiles were not yet in place, but at least the decision had been made. That and the death of the cat had made of it a very feverish year.

When Diane stepped into the garden Monsieur Brissonet was, as the neat old woman had foreseen, watering the geraniums. His back was turned at the moment, so all that Diane could see of him was a thin stooping figure in a brown linen duster and a broad-brimmed, black felt hat.

"Monsieur!" called the neat old woman shrilly, and obtaining no response, again: "Monsieur! There is a lady!"

The stooping figure straightened up and turned inquiringly, and then Monsieur Brissonet, rather reluctant to leave his task unfinished, advanced toward Diane.

"It is Mam'selle Nicolas, a friend of Mam'selle Madeleine," explained the neat old woman.

Monsieur Brissonet immediately quickened his pace and came to Diane, his face beaming, his two hands outstretched. He was short and slight and agile as a restless bird. He had a round red face and a smart white mustache, and, when he removed his hat, Diane saw that he was quite bald save for a scant semicircle of white hair like a beard put on the back of his neck. His gray eyes sparkled alertly behind a pair of spectacles. In short, he appeared to be a very kindly old man.

"I come, Alphonsine," he cried. "I come!" And come he did, so effusively that Diane feared he was about to embrace her. Instead he took her hands and drew her to a bench near a round table.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I am greatly honored. Any friend of my Madeleine is welcome to whatever I have. Give yourself the trouble to sit here and Alphonsine will bring us some cakes and a glass of wine. Alphonsine, the *old* port, and whatever cakes there are. We will sit here where we can see the garden, and mademoiselle and I will talk a little and become acquainted while we wait for the return of Madeleine."

Alphonsine, greatly excited, hurried off to obey.

"But, monsieur—" began Diane, and stopped.

"I expect Madeleine at any moment," he pursued when he noticed her hesitation. "Sometimes she is detained at the atelier with her painting-lessons. But I do not complain. She has talent—undoubted talent—all her professors say so. And I think it is good to encourage it. And she loves the work, does she not? Ah, that must be wonderful—so wonderful—to be an artist and to have the means to study. But you, yourself, mademoiselle, doubtless you are also an artist. Tell me about yourself and your work—Madeleine tells me so little. She is very modest and will not talk. But I know she is doing well—perhaps you will tell me all about it. You see, I am so far away from everything here at St. Cloud, and all day long I sit at my desk, so that I never, except on Sundays, have an occasion to go down to the city. But mine is good work, I think. It is steady work and it is for the country and the Republic. Ah, yes, for the Republic! I served under the Empire when I was a lad—but I am a staunch republican. The Republic has given me my little house and my garden and my daily bread, and I am grateful to it, for what else does a man desire? And more, it has given me the ability to set aside a little money for Madeleine. But the Empire—" he stopped and smiled wistfully—"the Empire gave me only a bullet in my arm and this to wear in my button-hole."

He drew back the collar of his linen duster and pointed proudly to a red ribbon in the lapel of his coat.

"The Legion!" murmured Diane.

"Yes," he said. "And yet we surrendered to them. I wish we had it to do over again with the First Napoleon to lead us. It would have been different—very different. . . . But I am talking about myself, and that I can do any time to the old Alphonsine. It is you who should talk and I who should listen. Tell me, now, do you study in the same atelier with my Madeleine?"

"There is a mistake, monsieur," stammered Diane. And then she steeled herself and continued:

"I do not work in the atelier with Madeleine. I am not a painter."

"Ah!" exclaimed Monsieur Brissonet, "a sculptor, of course. What a wonderful

art! Three dimensions instead of two. I have a friend here in St. Cloud who is a sculptor, so you perceive I am well acquainted with your profession. He has done some excellent work at Père-Lachaise. Urns and wreaths and torches and even, in one instance, the complete figure of an angel bearing a wreath of laurel. That was for the grave of a soldier—a poor old fellow who died four years ago and left nothing but a rusty sword and dented cuirass. He had been in the cavalry under MacMahon. My friend the sculptor did the monument and charged nothing. He has such a big heart that I tell him he will die in the poorhouse. Now, I—I am very selfish. What I do not give to Madeleine or set aside for her *dot*, I spend on this little house and garden. Of course I do not earn very much, but it is a good steady work and it is for the Republic. . . . So you are a sculptor?"

The arrival of Alphonsine, bearing port and cakes, saved Diane a reply. The neat old woman served her with a friendliness that was unmistakable; and when she had poured the wine and passed the cakes, it was only too evident that she nourished the idea of lingering to listen to the conversation.

"It is of Mademoiselle Madeleine that one talks?" she inquired pointedly. "Monsieur permits that I remain?"

Monsieur Brissonet laughed.

"There is the adoring old servant who speaks," he explained to Diane. "That little Madeleine of mine—how she wins every one! It is but recently that she was chosen as 'L'Enfant de Marie' for the village. But perhaps you do not know what it signifies to be chosen 'L'Enfant de Marie'? It means that you are the young girl of the community who has the most blameless character and displays the greatest influence for good."

"I know, monsieur," said Diane. "My sister was once an 'Enfant de Marie.'"

"Ah, that is good—that is very good. I am sure that you, yourself, mademoiselle, were a close competitor for the honor. And so you are Catholic? They tell me it is old-fashioned under the Republic, but I persist. I think it is greatly out of respect for the memory of my wife, Madeleine's mother. Poor Madeleine

has had no mother for a long time—except Alphonsine, here, who has looked after Madeleine and me ever since my wife died. How many years ago was that Alphonsine?”

“Sixteen,” replied the neat old woman gravely. “Monsieur knows as well as I. Does not monsieur hang her picture with crape at every anniversary—may the saints cherish her in heaven.”

“*Ainsi soit-il*,” said Monsieur Brissonet, and blew his nose loudly with a red handkerchief.

“I wish you could have known Madeleine’s mother,” he continued. “She would have been so pleased to have welcomed you here, and she would have done it so much more gracefully than I. She was brought up with the saints. That is what I always told her. It was my little joke. You see her family used to keep a little shop here in the village, where one bought images of the saints and crucifixes and missals and funeral wreaths. So I would tell her she was brought up with the saints. . . . But, mademoiselle, a thousand pardons. I am very stupid, I have made you cry. My poor child, what will Madeleine say to me when she sees I have made you cry. Never shall I forgive myself to have talked along about these sad things—I who in my stupidity fancied I was telling you my little joke. Will you pardon me, my dear child?”

He leaned toward her with real concern clouding his round red face, and his eyes pleaded behind the spectacles. Timidly he ventured to pat her hand.

“The poor darling is tired,” said Alphonsine, forgetting all formality.

“Yes,” agreed Diane. “Yes, I think that I am very tired. It is you, monsieur, who must pardon me. I have, perhaps, been working too hard at—at the atelier.”

She sat up and dried her eyes; but her resolution had left her. Never could she bring herself now to shatter this simple old man’s pride and peace. Madeleine she could have struck at, but not Madeleine’s father. And it was such a trivial thing that had brought her to this conclusion—the mention of a shop where were sold wreaths and crucifixes and little figures of saints. Trivial! But was it

trivial? Of a sudden it became to her all of life. For it was in just such a shop that she had lived with her mother and sister, and it was such a shop that she had left behind her on the night that she had stolen away to Paris. That shop became no longer a shop but a symbol—a symbol of what she had so lightly abandoned, but which from her birth had been bred deep within her. I do not believe that as yet it was sense of guilt that urged her, it was rather a transcending desire to return to the hearth—to familiar and loved faces—to her mother, and Véronique, and the curé, and to her mother’s shop and the curé’s church on the square, and to Evremont and the soothing murmur of the Seine whispering to the poplars.

“I must go,” Monsieur Brissonet, she said, rising. “I ask pardon, but I must go. I cannot wait.”

“I am sorry,” said he, and meant it. “It is too bad—Madeleine should be here long ago. Do you care to leave some message, perhaps?”

“Yes,” said Diane, and hesitated. Then, holding out both hands to Monsieur Brissonet, she said: “Tell Madeleine that I am very glad I came. And tell her that to have seen you has done me a great deal of good.”

V

WHEN she returned to the studio that evening, Bruno was sitting by the stove, smoking a pipe, impatient for his dinner.

“Bruno,” she said, “you will have to cook your own dinner to-night and eat it alone.”

“What is that?” said he.

“I am leaving you,” she answered quietly.

“Leaving!” he exclaimed, setting down his pipe in mild surprise. “Where are you going?”

“Home—to Evremont.”

“Come,” he said kindly, “what—what is the trouble?”

“The trouble is with me. You have not changed. I have. So I am leaving you.”

He opposed the resolution sincerely and vehemently. He swore to his fidelity—he denied all others but her. It was in vain.

With a franc and a few coppers in her purse and a slim bundle of clothing under her arm, she went out of the studio, leaving him too dazed to remonstrate further.

That night she procured a bed at the cost of the franc. The next morning she procured food at the cost of the coppers. But the following night she sat on a bench by the river in a thin drizzle of cold rain. She had not enough in her purse to pay for the journey home.

Once again she tried to find employment, and earned four sous for scrubbing a floor in a bookshop on the rue du Bac. That was all.

When she had gone without food for two days she had only the strength left to sit on a bench and dream. She visioned the red roofs of Evremont, shining clean and bright in the morning sun; the square where the sparrows fought around the watering-trough; the fields sloping down to the poplar-lined river.

But it was nearly thirty kilometres to Evremont by the road, and it was by the

road that she must go if she were to go at all.

She said to herself. "I shall not have strength to reach it, but I will start. If I die on the way they will know I tried my best to come home, and perhaps they will forgive me. Yes, it is better to make the effort. Besides, the river is very cold."

When she reached this decision it was night, and she slept once more on a bench by the Seine. She was aroused by the voice of Paris—the shouts of the teamsters, the whistles of the river boats, the singsong of the peddlers. She shivered for the dawn was cold and damp. When she stood up she swayed dizzily and clutched at the bench to steady herself. Before her the Seine flowed smoothly, gray and sullen save where a pale shaft of sunlight penetrated the haze and shone on the ripples like dull copper. She stood contemplating the river for a while. Then she shook her head and said aloud: "The roadside is nicer than the river." So she turned her back on the river and started for home.

AUTUMNAL

By William Alexander Percy

TO-NIGHT the tumult of the autumn wind
 Rushes between the ragged gray of heaven
 And earth's autumnal gray—swift, swift and loud—
 Filled with the wings of wild birds southward blown
 And with the wings of leaves that only fly
 Their red and golden flight when they are dead.
 And we, who keep the earth unwillingly,
 Are caught, are caught, up with the birds and the leaves,
 Are whirled above the spare unblossoming fields,
 Along the pallid torrents of the air,
 Far from the earth we know, past the dead moon,
 Beyond the blue-lit scattered spheres of night
 That flicker down the dark like shaken leaves,
 On, on, with the rushing winds of autumn,
 Out to the stark, last outpost of creation—
 Where nothingness surges. . . .
 From that wan strand where breaks that ebon tide,
 Could we behold, were spirit vision ours,
 The blowing legions of the homeless dead
 In wraithy phosphorus against the void?
 A little while, O winds that rush and call,
 A little while, O leaves, and we shall know!

KOREA AND SHANTUNG VERSUS THE WHITE PERIL

By Charles H. Sherrill

Author of "French Memories of Eighteenth-Century America," "Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine," etc.



LHAT amazing Venetian, Marco Polo, who returned home from "Far Cathay" in 1292, after a sojourn there of nearly two decades, amazed Europe for many a long day by his account of the wonders of the Far East. His alluring remarks concerning Zipangu, later called Japan, were destined to have striking results. Marco Polo died in 1324, and more than a century and a half afterward one of his readers, also an Italian, inspired by his narrative and by other stories to win a sight of glorious Zipangu, resolutely set his face against all accepted geographical beliefs and sailed for the fabled island in a westward direction instead of following the eastward path of the earlier adventurer. This later Italian (his name was Christopher Columbus) by his epoch-making voyage toward Zipangu transformed the earth from a flat plain into a globe. He did more—his addition of the two new continents to the known world led the way to the white man's overrunning the earth. Columbus died ignorant that he had discovered a new hemisphere but believing he had found lands near to the Zipangu he so earnestly longed to see. Never since his successful venture to new continents has the relentless expansion of the white man's dominion ceased. Nor has he been contented to expand until his flags covered not only the two American continents but also those of Africa and Australia as well as most of the "isles of the seas." Equally persistent has been his enthusiasm for adding Asian territory to his dominions. Russia pushed steadily across its northern half until the Pacific Ocean alone checked her eastward march, and then turning southeasterly she began to swing downward through Manchuria until she reached the Gulf of Pechili and the Yellow Sea and was firmly seated at Port Arthur, which she turned into the Gibraltar

of the East. Meanwhile in southern Asia England had taken all the great territories of India, and then, for elbow-room, had spread west and east and northeast, reaching out along the Malay Straits, Singapore way, and over the lofty Himalayas into Thibet. East of her France took a huge piece of China, Tonkin, with its 80,000,000 of Chinese inhabitants. The English, by formal notice, warned all other Powers out of that central and best portion of China loosely called the Yangtse Valley. The French issued a similar taboo notice covering all Chinese territory south of the Yangtse Valley. The Russian took even stronger steps throughout Manchuria and Mongolia, so that when the Germans raised their standard over Shantung, the white races had omitted little of Asia except the province of Chihli, around Peking, in which city they maintained armed bodies of men as legation guards, who together dominated that neighborhood.

Now let us suppose the reader is himself an interested Japanese geographer, wonderingly observing these advancing waves of the White Peril, ever approaching nearer and nearer to his island home off the Asian coast. Assume that, being such an observer, he is as patriotic and intelligent as the average American would be under similar circumstances. What would he think?—silently at first, until such time as his growing exasperation made him burst into action at seeing these white men from far-off Europe, not content with annexing all the rest of the world, finally engaged in absorbing the near-by lands of his (the Japanese's) neighbor and fellow Oriental, China. Of all these Occidental invaders of your neighbor (for remember, gentle reader, you are Japanese for the while) not one has a crowded homeland like yours, needing more territory for the annual population increase of 700,000. Not a single one of them!—and yet they have finally ad-

vanced until the White Peril which has overrun the world has arrived at your very door. To quote from President Cleveland, it "is a condition and not a theory that confronts" you, and that condition insistently presents the question of the famous Tammany chieftain: "What are you going to do about it?" Are you going to leave Russia in Manchuria with her great stronghold of Port Arthur as convenient to your coasts as is Wei-hai-wei across the gulf for the British or near-by Tsingtao for the Germans? And while you are turning this condition over in your Japanese mind, don't forget that Russia replaced you in the Liao Tung peninsula after you had handsomely won it in the Chinese war, because, forsooth! the Russian, French, and German Governments by a polite joint note expressed their fear that its continued occupation by you would be a menace to international peace! It was all right for a white man to hold that strategic Chinese port—any white man, but not you! But let us get back to the Tammany man's practical inquiry: "What are you going to do about it?" Why, exactly what you did do about it—attack the Russian, throw him out of Manchuria, take and hold the menace of Port Arthur, and then eliminate his influence from Korea, where he not only stood for the lowest form of inefficient and unsanitary burlesque on government but actually encouraged the persistence of the ignorance and filth that made the Hermit Kingdom in every sense a stench—a land of but two classes: the robbers and the robbed. The American people openly sympathized with the Japanese cause in their Russian war and President Roosevelt approved and formally recognized the annexation of Korea by Japan.

One of the chief causes of our Spanish War was our inability longer to tolerate the constant yellow-fever danger from Cuban ports which the Spaniards neither could nor cared to control. And yet Cuba in her worst days was as an anti-septic hospital ward in comparison with what Korea always meant to Japan—just across Tsushima Straits. Now are you, kind sir or madam, at last and for the first time, beginning to see the Far Eastern problem through Japanese eyes, and therefore in a new light? Shantung

and Korea, the two sore points of Japanese aggression, as some Occidentals call them; yes, but how do the Japanese feel about them? That is something never considered by the "rocking-chair fleet" of internationalists at home who have never seen the Far East but have talked so incessantly of the Yellow Peril bogie that they cannot realize the swallowing powers of that real dragon, the White Peril, and how he is regarded by the other fellow.

We have seen that, to the Japanese, Korea, always a dangerous pest-breeding neighbor, would, if left to the Russian, afford a handy spring-board for a leap upon near-by Japan. The Russian was defeated and Korea has been cleaned up. And what does Shantung mean to the Japanese? It means an eleventh-hour decision to prevent the passage into white hands of that last remnant of Asia which fronted on the Japan dominated waters, the waters so vital to the island race living in their midst. The Japanese cannot, for the life of him, understand America's excitement over Shantung province when the French holding of the far greater provinces in Tonkin, etc., excite him no more than does England's or Russia's takings from China! If the reader still has on his Japanese spectacles, can he see why Japan should give up Shantung while the French, English, or Russians retain their lots of broken China?

If I were Japanese I would loosen my hold on Shantung at the same time that the French, English, and Russians relinquish their acquisitions of Chinese territory, and not a minute sooner. But—I would not have agreed to restore Shantung to China, as Japan did in her 1914 ultimatum to Germany, nor would I have promised to support the sovereignty of the Korean royal house only a few short years before August 29, 1910, when Korea was incorporated into the Japanese Empire. But that remark brings us round a sharp corner into a subject far wider than the Far East—it brings us face to face with the long-established usages of European diplomacy.

In the Japanese formal assurances just cited, whereby she seemingly gave definite outlines to her future policies regarding those two moot points of Far Eastern discussion, Shantung and Korea, Japan was

but following a well-understood and commonly accepted system of verbiage employed by European diplomacy. Some ill-judged friends of Japan claim that she was only giving expression to an Oriental's desire to say something pleasant whilst waiting future events to shape themselves conveniently for the speaker. There is no use, and certainly no common sense, in advancing that sort of explanation which does not explain. Frankness is best and therefore wisest, and the frank fact is that Japan's early statements and later acts are nothing more or less than parallels of England's concerning Egypt. England went into Egypt hand in hand with France and under the soothing fiction of allegiance and support to the Khedive representing the Turkish Sultan. Presently the French found themselves firmly but very, very gently disengaged from the Egyptian situation and England remaining alone in the saddle, with, of course, the allegiance-to-Khedive fiction still out in the show-window. The English did wonders in Egypt. They cleaned up an Augean stable, they harnessed the once dangerous Nile so that its floods became uninterruptedly profitable, they gave good government to a downtrodden people; indeed, nowhere has the justly praised colonial rule of the English borne sounder fruit. But—and note this, you critics of Japanese verbiage anent Shantung and Korea—it was all done under the diplomatic fiction of promising allegiance to a ruler not allowed to rule, of seeming subordination of the real and acting power just like the Japanese phraseology regarding the Korean royal house. Nobody ever calls England's treatment of Egypt an example of Oriental duplicity—they approvingly style it a splendid undertaking of the White Man's Burden! If Japan seeks a European model for her diplomatic action she need not go so far back as the beginnings of English rule in Egypt. She has only to make use of English phraseology in her dealings this year (1919) with Persia. Russia has gone to pieces, and so has the old understanding dividing Persia into two spheres of influence, the northern, Russian, and the southern, English. Does England now take over all of Persia outright? Certainly not!—no more (in

words) than Japan did Korea—and no less! All she does is to bind Persia to purchase all military and other government equipment from England and to take from her also all “advisers” of any and every department and to borrow from her all moneys needed, whether for railroads or other improvements advised by the English “advisers,” and also to let them “advise” in the revision of her tariff. That is all; and, further, the English Government, with small sense of humor, goes on to agree in the same documents “to respect absolutely the independence and integrity of Persia”! This of course puts Persia to-day under the same sort of British domination that was exercised over Egypt until the action of the Sultan in the war necessitated dropping the outworn fiction of allegiance to his sovereignty. This is not written to criticise England but to readjust the view-point of those who criticise Japan for using the same diplomatic formulas and methods before taking over Korea as England used in Egypt and is this year using in Persia. The Korean episode was not “typical of Oriental diplomacy”—it was only European diplomacy applied by Orientals in the Orient, that is all.

As for Shantung, when you view it from the Japanese point of view and realize she is not taking all that her 1915 treaties with England, France, and Italy permitted, you will see that the Japanese have a right to flatter themselves that they are showing far more moderation than has ever been shown in the Far East by her three European predecessors and instructors in China-partitioning. The very fact of the negotiation of those treaties indicates that those three European Powers would have made some disposition among themselves of Germany's loot in Shantung if they had not approved the status quo of Japanese occupation. And what proof, say you, is there for such an implication that they would not have given Shantung back to China? This: Did England fail to grasp Wei-hai-wei when, in 1895, the European Powers forced Japan to relinquish her war-won Chinese prizes? Certainly not; when Japan was forced out, England took it herself and holds it to-day. Did China get back Manchuria that same year when

Japan was forced out? No, Russia moved in. That which is all right for a white power is all wrong for Japan. What unfair bosh! If Japan had not taken over Germany's rights in Shantung (against whose taking by Germany there was no American or other protest), then one of the usual European annexers would surely have stepped in, just as England did into Wei-hai-wei, or Russia into Manchuria after the Japanese defeat of China, and annexed it.

All men of common sense, of whatever nationality, regard England's control of Egypt as having been a blessing for the land and its people. England will surely perform for Mesopotamia and for Persia the same miracle of irrigation, transforming a desert into a paradise, that Egypt shows, and we look forward with keen interest to that certain result. Well and good; but now let us use these same eyes of benevolent approval for another people blessed and another land improved, but not by directing them upon an Egypt of to-day or a Mesopotamia or Persia of to-morrow, but upon Korea. What will the visitor there see?

There were in December, 1918, 336,872 Japanese in Korea, of whom 66,943 were in Seoul. What are they doing for the country and its 18,000,000 people? Its range on range of bare hills remind one travelling from the seaport of Fusan to Seoul of New Mexico and Arizona, or Spain, or Algeria. This is because the improvident Koreans nearly denuded the country of its splendid forests. The Japanese (successful foresters, as their own pine-clad hills show) have set out no less than 473,195,796 trees in Korea and are still pressing on with its reforestation. They are employing as many Koreans as possible; over three times as many as were so employed in 1910. In 1911, April 3 was selected as Arbor Day and six years later over 750,000 participated in its beneficent exercises. The output of the Korean coal-mines has been nearly trebled since 1910. Her foreign trade went up from 59,000,000 yen in 1910 to 131,000,000 in 1917. Her railway mileage has doubled under Japanese control. Savings are being encouraged, as appears from the last available report (January, 1917), which shows 827,215 Korean depositors and an increase of 177,687 in-

dividuals during the preceding year. The telegraph lines have been doubled in length by the Japanese, and the 1910 telephone lines of 302 miles have grown to over 3,000 miles. Both highways and street extensions show even handsomer increases, and Seoul with its many broad avenues is, thanks to the Japanese, one of the best-paved cities in the Orient. Extensive harbor improvements have transformed the old-fashioned Korean ports into models of modern embarkation points. Especially have the Japanese encouraged agriculture in their new province and thereby secured constantly increasing benefits for the inhabitants, of whom 80 per cent are normally agriculturists, producing 70 per cent of their land's exports. Model farms, experimental stations, and training stations have been set up in many centres, and over a million yen is thus annually expended to uplift the Korean farmer. Left to himself he would cultivate nothing but rice, and when it was harvested wait until next season for the same crop, but the Japanese are teaching him new side-lines—fruit-trees, cotton, sugar-beet, hemp, tobacco, silkworms, sheep-breeding, etc. An increase of several hundred per cent in wheat, bean, and barley acreage has thus been achieved. The cotton acreage increased from 1,123 cho in 1910 to 48,000 in 1917, and the number of fruit-trees more than trebled. Numerous factories, something hitherto unknown in the land, have been introduced, affording occupation for thousands of Koreans. Startling improvements in health conditions have been effected by means of hygienic inspection and government hospitals and by new water-works everywhere. The schools, especially industrial schools, are vigorously and successfully combating the old Korean ignorance and shiftlessness. This hurried glimpse of Japan's efforts to better Korean conditions doesn't read like the selfish efforts of an oppressor, does it? The foregoing is a fair picture of Japanese rule in Korea, and it richly deserves to be hung alongside of the one depicting England's service to Egypt, nor need it fear comparison.

As for Japan's governmental administration in Korea since 1910, the fairest comment is that the military government there was not successful. Few military

chiefs are of the type affording successful colonial governors, while their subordinate officers, especially those of the lower ranks, are almost always tactless. The Japanese themselves, from their experiences in Formosa as well as in Korea, found out this fact, and in the summer of 1919 the mistake was corrected by Imperial rescript and civil governors replaced the military ones in both those provinces. No matter what nation undertakes it, military government for a dependency proves unsatisfactory. We found this out in the early days of our Philippine experiments, where there occurred several unpleasant episodes of drastic "water cures" and the like tyrannical exercises of power by under-officers. It would have proved equally true in Cuba if in General Wood we had not happened to have an administrator of unusual ability and tact as well as a soldier gaining the Congressional Medal of Honor for gallantry when it was harder to win than of late. Even the worst instances of un-wisdom cited against the Japanese military rule in Korea were as beneficent blessings in comparison with the consistently continuous misrule by Koreans which it succeeded.

American readers will be interested to learn that Baron Saito, lately appointed governor-general of Korea, although now for twenty years out of the active naval service, was in 1898 the commander of the Japanese cruiser *Akitsu-shima* which put into Manila Harbor just after Admiral Dewey's great victory. Admiral Von Diederich, bent on making trouble for the Americans, sent his flag-lieutenant, Von Hintze (years later Minister for Foreign Affairs), to persuade Captain Saito to join him in resisting Admiral Dewey's regulation requiring an American officer to visit every incoming vessel, even if a war-ship, on the ground that it was "visit and search," and as such illegal and improper. Captain Saito's reply was that if he were in Admiral Dewey's place he would act just as he was acting, and that so far from joining with Von Diederich, he accepted the visit from the American officer as a welcome act of courtesy! The selection of such a man by the Mikado in the summer of 1919 to be his governor-general superseding the military government, and the appoint-

ment as consul-general by our State Department of Mr. Ransford Miller, one of our best-equipped men in Far Eastern matters, augurs well for a better mutual understanding at that difficult post.

After reading a number of the attacks upon Japan's behavior in Korea, alleged or actuated by American missionaries in that field, I happened upon some incidents and facts which aroused my suspicions, so I went to Seoul and investigated upon the ground. One of these incidents was my happening to notice that in a photograph sent from Korea and published in a reputable American magazine the uniforms worn by Japanese soldiers who were shooting a Korean victim were not the uniforms of to-day but those worn in 1895 during the Chinese-Russian war. The photograph proved to be one of an execution in 1895 of a Chinese spy caught in Korean costume! Those who sent this photograph to America for publication intended to deceive the American publisher (which they did) and through him his American readers; people who will thus deliberately deceive once, will not stop at one deception!

The perusal of Doctor Robert Speer's report on the missionary situation in Korea afforded another reason for my desire to see for myself that which was being so severely attacked by the very missionaries whom the fair-minded secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions describes. I am a member of the Foreign Mission Committee of a Presbyterian church in New York City, and therefore certainly not prejudiced against the movement, but, on the other hand, I believe strongly that work in the foreign field should always be conducted with proper respect for the government there existing. A member of an American missionary family who had lived twenty years in Seoul told me they there generally believed that the Japanese were trying to drive them out of the country because American teaching of Christianity was subversive of the Imperial Government! Such men and women, earnest, hard-working Christians though they be, should remember that when attempt was made to draw from our Saviour a criticism of Roman taxes, the reply began: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

Missionary methods that are subversive of foreign governmental systems are un-Christian and need changing—and so do the missionaries!

The only comment or suggestion made to me by the Japanese authorities regarding American missionaries in Korea struck me as sound common sense. They said: "Why don't you send to Korea (a Japanese province) missionaries who have worked at least a year in Japan and thus, understanding the Japanese, do not begin work in Korea with the prejudice of ignorance against everything Japanese?" Could anything be fairer than that? There are too many of our missionaries who have lived so long in Korea as to think they own the country, and they can countenance no changes therein, even improvements. In that connection it is discouraging to note that in that flourishing missionary field, with hundreds of missionaries and over 300,000 Korean converts, Christianity seems to have left its converts about as ignorant and filthy as before their conversion and nothing like so advanced in civilization and decency of life as the near-by Buddhists and Shintoists of Japan. Why? Perhaps some light on the answer can be gotten from Doctor Speer's official report, a perusal of which hardly inclines one to select as broad-minded guides for shaping American public opinion toward Japan some of the men he there describes. They are doing faithful work according to their lights, but they are hardly qualified for advisers upon international affairs, in which calm judgment must go hand in hand with a constant desire for good-will among men.

Reverting to the danger of foreigners unthinkingly abusing a nation's hospitality by acts or teachings subversive of its authority, I must confess to believing before visiting the Far East that democracy was the best form of government for all peoples. A study on the spot of the contrast between the excellently functioning Imperial Government of Japan, on the one hand, and, on the other, the disheartening venality of many officials of the Chinese Republic plus the situation in Siberia made too free for democracy, has readjusted my point of view. Democracy for peoples like the Anglo-Saxons—decidedly yes!—but for the Far East, no! Kipling

remarks that Russia is an Eastern and not a Western nation, and of Siberia especially is this true.

Mr. Alfred R. Castle, a distinguished Harvard graduate, of Honolulu, who served in Siberia with the American Red Cross, states that of the 380 Bolshevik Commissars constituting their government in all parts of European Russia and Siberia, 286 were Russian Jews who had lived in America, and nearly all in New York City's lower East Side. With grim humor, thus did "chickens come home to roost," for the Russian people at large and the awful tragedies of their Jewish pogroms were amply revenged. Trotzky was evidently not the only viper we warmed at our national bosom. Russia's experiments in democracy are even less encouraging than China's. No, neither missionaries nor American commercial pioneers, nor any other decent forward-looking men, are faced the right way when they speak or act, even unintentionally, so as to make trouble for such a preserver of order as the ancient Japanese governmental system daily shows itself to be, least of all while living in lands under the Japanese flag. That system suits its people, and if it doesn't suit any of our people it would be well if they came home, for better relations between our country and Japan are of the first importance.

If a readjustment of the situation in California could be effected, and if American public opinion will consent to enlightenment upon the Shantung and Korean questions, not only will a long step be taken toward restoring feelings similar to those of 1905 between our two peoples but also two objects will be achieved, important alike to the Japanese and to American labor and American capital. Japan has been placed alongside Asian markets by the "act of God" but she needs American capital to develop them. Our capital, seeking outlets to Asian markets (thereby giving added employment to American labor), needs the advantages of Oriental co-operation which China's neighbor, Japan, controls for geographical and racial reasons. The best international "deal" is that which benefits both parties thereto, and here is such a combination.



GUIDE-POSTS AND CAMP-FIRES



BY HENRY VAN DYKE

SELF, NEIGHBOR, AND COMPANY

[THE THIRD OF TWELVE PAPERS]



IN every one of those ambulant firms doing business in life, which we call human beings, there are three members: the irreducible individual, the social colleague, and the divine silent partner.

The last, it appears, may sometimes be excluded from participation in the affairs of the firm,—frozen out, or fired out. But in that case there is always a danger that the remaining two, (being by nature as inseparable as the Siamese Twins,) will come to the calamity of a falling-out, in which the interests of one or the other will suffer, or, as more frequently happens, they will decline together towards a common bankruptcy.

This, you will readily perceive, is a metaphorical statement which demands some exercise of the imagination to bring it within the rubric under which the editor of SCRIBNER'S announced these monthly papers,—“comment on *current events*.” You can fancy him shaking his head, or (if you do not know him personally) even tearing his hair, over such a stretching of the familiar phrase. But he is more likely to smile tolerantly and let his wayward contributor run on. Of this amiable license I propose to avail myself, not only in this paper, but also in the others that are to follow. It is a roving commission, and the arm which I carry on this trip is not “loaded for bear,” with the powder and ball of strenuous argument and fierce invective. That weapon belongs to economists and politicians. My implement is milder. It is more like a search-light than a gun.

The “current events” that interest me most are not those which glitter upon the surface and attract publicity, nor those

which can be “head-lined,” nor those which emerged yesterday with a splash and are likely to disappear to-morrow or next day amid impermanent ripples; but those which began long ago and promise or threaten to continue a long time, those which are unmarketable as news, those which run beneath the noise and turbulence of clashing waves. In short, I propose to find my themes in *undercurrent events*, and my illustrations as Providence may send them floating along.

Daily happenings can best be understood through a knowledge of human nature. The key to public problems is in the custody of private life.

That is what I want to talk about, and that is why I invite consideration of the fortunes of the old-established, much-imperilled, indispensable firm of Self, Neighbor, and Company.

I

ONE of the chief things we have to do, on arrival in this strange world, is to make our own acquaintance. The baby does not know himself at all when he begins life. He learns to know his food, his ball, his cradle, his mother, other members of the family, even the household cat, before he knows anything about himself.

“The baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is prest
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that ‘this is I.’”

When he begins to talk he often shows this limitation in the manner of his speech. He does not say, “I am hungry,” “I want so and so.” He says “Billy hungry”; “Billy wants”; as if

Billy were a simple force of nature. And this, in a certain sense, is what Billy is at that stage of his growth.

But presently he becomes aware that behind these powers of seeing and hearing, there is some one who sees and hears. Behind these feelings of hunger and cold, there is some one who wants to be fed and warmed. Underneath all these services which his mother and other persons render to the baby, there is a little person whom they love and whom they wish to love them in return. That is a wonderful discovery. The baby becomes his own Christopher Columbus. He finds himself,—his *me*.

Of course it is an unexplored continent,—boundaries, climate, contents, all unknown. But it exists. It is just as real as anything outside of it.

He soon learns to distinguish this little person from exterior things, even from the house and the body in which he lives. He says "my foot, my hand, my head," claiming ownership, but knowing that neither foot nor hand nor head is himself. He discriminates among the people and other living creatures around him,—some friendly and some hostile. He begins to grasp, rather slowly, the distinction between his own things and the things of others. He learns that the appetites and desires, which at first seemed irresistible forces of nature, are personal to himself and must be controlled in relation to the wants and needs of other persons around him, otherwise disagreeable consequences will ensue. He finds out not only that Billy *is*, but that Billy *belongs*. He exists, but not alone. He is part of a circle of life. Into this circle he must try to fit his new-found self, for joy or sorrow, for good or ill.

It is from this double discovery,—the finding of himself, and the finding of his relation to things and to other persons,—that his whole growth as a man, a thinking, feeling, acting individual, must proceed. His schooling, his pleasures, his friendships, his occupation, his citizenship, everything must be under the wing-and-wing impulse of these two facts: first, that Billy *is*; and second, that Billy *belongs*. The secret of a good voyage is to keep both sails full.

If we have no real self, no thoughts, no feelings, no personality of our own, we are

not persons at all. We are mere parts of a machine.

If on the other hand we are ruled only by self-will, self-interest, we are sure to injure other people, and in the end to destroy our own happiness. We become objectionable members of the community, nuisances, if not criminals.

The most difficult problem in the conduct of life is the harmonizing of these two principles, so that they will work together.

Every one is born an individual, a self; and that self has the right (which is also a duty) to live and grow.

Every one is likewise born a neighbor; with ties and obligations and duties which spread out on all sides. Which has the higher claim? Or are they equal?

In theory it is easy to find an answer sounding well enough. But in practice, when there are only two partners in the firm, they often come to a deadlock and stand bickering in a grievous desperation betwixt the devil of Egoism and the deep sea of Altruism.

Of the two, it must be admitted, the devil has the closer hold on us, but the deep sea is by far the cleaner and less treacherous. Yet I confess to a rooted distrust of all "isms." They imply a surrender of something precious; they hint mutilation and bondage.

Is there no way of breaking the deadlock, of reconciling the apparently conflicting interests and saving the firm? The only way that I can see is through the guidance and authority of the third partner, who is so much wiser and more fair than either of the others, to both of whom, indeed, He is bound by an equal love. To believe this and to act upon it is religion.

Ordinarily, if we speak of religion at all, we use quiet tones and conventional words. But there are times when the want of it haunts us like a passion, burns us like a fever, pierces us to the marrow with unendurable cold. Out of some tragic clash of duty and desire; after some harrowing vision of the wide-spread sufferings of mankind, some poignant hearing of

" the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities";

under some tense pressure of reproach,

regret, and fear; out of our bewilderment and urgent need, we would fain cry aloud, as a confused soul in mortal peril might shout for guidance and help.

But the answer would come then, as it comes now, not in the whirlwind, the earthquake, or the fire, but in a voice of gentle stillness, saying, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Here is balm of Gilead; oil and wine for the broken traveller on the Jericho road; social wisdom from the fountainhead for the individual and for society. Here is the heavenly plan of the silent partner, to be worked out through all the world's experiments. Without this, none of them can succeed, be it never so angelic. With this, none but the devilish ones can utterly fail.

II

How then are we entitled and bound to love self? That, of course, is the first question, for upon the answer to that depends the line of love which we must follow toward our neighbor.

Said Rabbi Hillel: "If I am not for myself, who will be for me? But if I care for myself only, what am I? And if not now, when?"

Everybody will agree that we must not have a foolish, fond, pampering, spoiling affection for ourselves. We ought not to indulge our own whims and passions, our sloth and selfishness. We ought to dislike and repress that which is evil and mean in us, and to cherish that which is good and generous. The only kind of love for ourselves which is permissible must be wise and clean and careful; it must have justice in it as well as mercy; it must be capable of discipline as well as of encouragement; it must strive to keep the soul above the body, and to develop both.

Precisely thus, and not otherwise, we should love our neighbors: with a steady, sane, liberating and helpful love, which always seeks to bring out their best. We and they are bound up together in the bundle of life. We cannot advance if they go backward. We cannot be truly happy if they abide in misery. We cannot be really saved if we make no effort to save them. We must withstand in them, just as in ourselves, the things that are evil and ought not to be loved. Re-

ligion does not tell us to love or to encourage our neighbors' faults: but to love *them* in spite of their faults and to do what we can to better them.

True neighbor-love, then, will not be a weak, gelatinous, sentimental thing. It will have a conscience. It will be capable, on occasion, of friendly warning and reproof. It will even accept, if need be for the protection of ourselves and other neighbors, the duty of restraint or punishment. I may have a rowdy or a thief for a neighbor, but my love ought not to embrace rowdiness or thievery in him any more than in myself. The same thing is true of malice or envy or laziness or a slanderous tongue.

But the trouble with us is that our self-reproach is commonly too soft and tender even to pierce the skin, while most of the reproof or restraint or punishment which we give the neighbor is not really animated by love, but by malice, or jealousy, or contempt. That is why it so often fails. It must have good-will back of it and shining through it.

If the people of a community who are thoroughly good in themselves would also be good for others, they would have power to lift up the whole tone of life and would be ten times more happy and more useful. Doing one's duty on the side of neighborhood leads to the best results on the side of personality.

If a man concentrates his attention and affection and effort on himself, he is not doing the best, but the worst for himself. He is going to be a smooth, self-satisfied prig, or a sour old curmudgeon. Even if he has some kind of a theology it will not do him much good. It is sure to be as narrow and hollow as an empty razor-shell on the beach.

According to the Bible, that kind of theology does not count with God. He cares more for sinners than for the self-righteous. But He cares most for the neighborly folks who try to do right. They are His salt of the earth. They are His lights in the world.

Some Christians are like candles that have been lit once and then put away in a cupboard to be eaten up by mice. How much better to stay lit and keep on burning even till the candle is burned out, so long as it gives light!

There are plenty of us who love our

self as if we were our own grandmothers. Whenever the little chap cries for more candy, or somebody else's doll, we let him have it. Dear little fellow, he is so cunning!

But the scriptural image of the divine love, which is to be our pattern, is not indulgent grandmotherhood but perfect fatherhood. Now a good father desires each of his children to grow up, to develop. He does not wish them all alike. But he wishes the whole family to have peace and happiness. He wants harmony from the different instruments.

Equality of condition is nowhere written in the Christian programme. In fact the parable of the talents implies a continuing state of inequality. Yet the real curse of the one-talent man is not the poverty of his portion, but the meanness and selfishness of his heart. He is a slacker, a shirker, a striker, a lock-out man, a parasite. His unused capital becomes a fungus.

That the rich and the poor are likely to be with us as long as men differ in ability and industry, is clearly intimated in the Good Book as well as in the dry tables of political economy. But the Good Book adds a prediction of woe to the rich if they suffer the pride of wealth to divide them from the poor.

"Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire."

Let the economist write this into his tables; it is essential to the correctness of his computations for this world as well as for the next.

Outward equality of goods without the spirit of neighborliness is equivalent to an inward community of evils. I cannot imagine a state more like hell, this side of Russia. Yet even in Russia the outward equality is a sham, a gross and palpable fraud. Who will assert so much as a decent semblance of parity between Lenin fattening in his stolen palace and Andreyef starving to death in exile?

Charity is scorned and derided by the modern communist. He will none of it. But who can conceive a social order, framed of the present human stuff, in

which kindness will not be desirable, necessary, and beautiful?

Kindness is more than mercy tempering justice. It is love thoughtless of reward. It is that godlike impulse which gives to others not barely what they have earned, but what they need. None of us can get through life without needing kindness and longing for it; and there is much comfort in the promise that if we show it on earth we shall find it in Heaven.

III

WAR, with its attendant horrors, seems like an outrage upon love. And so it is, in its origin and source. "From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members? Ye lust and have not: ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain."

Yet there is a war against war which is set in the very key of "Love thy neighbor as thyself." It was to frustrate a gigantic crime and to redress villainous wrong that the Allies took up arms in the World War, and America at last joined them. Had her heart been quicker, her feet more swift, she might have reached the Jericho Road in time to stop the robbers before they began their cruel work. Who can tell? At least, having arrived, she did her best and beat them off.

Great sacrifice, but far greater reward, came to America in the doing of that clear duty. Never were "we, the people of the United States," so thoroughly united as in that vast co-operation. Not only in mobilizing all our forces and resources for the urgent business of battle, but also in utilizing all the powers of sympathy and help that rust unused in men, women, and children, for the Good Samaritan work of Red Cross and Relief Commission, we learned what it means to be born a neighbor as well as a person. The self-sufficiency, not to say self-complacency, of the American temperament was absorbed and fused into something larger and better. For a while we ceased to satisfy ourselves with "paddle your own canoe," and took up the finer motto, "for the good of the ship." With all its trials, privations, and sorrows,—yes, even despite its individual exposures of greed and graft,—the war-time

was a time of elevation and enlargement of spirit for the people of America.

Why not carry these benefits of a just war well won, with us into the time of peace? Why not keep the lesson learned at such a cost? No man, no community, no nation liveth to self alone.

Joubert has well said: "To wish to do without other men and to be under obligation to no one, is a sure mark of a mind devoid of feeling." To this we may add: A mind devoid of feeling never reasons right in the affairs of life, because feeling is a vital element of human nature.

IV

Two philosophies have long contended for the control of thought. One is called Individualism, because it lays the emphasis upon the single person, his rights, privileges, liberties, happiness. The other is called Socialism, because it lays the emphasis on the community. The partisans of these two theories fight each other furiously.

It seems to me that both theories are wrong, when they are interpreted exclusively, and with damnatory clauses. Each has a ray of truth in it when it takes account of the other.

The most perfect type of individualism is the "rogue" elephant,—solitary, predatory, miserable,—a torment to himself and a terror to others.

The most perfect example of pure socialism is a swarm of bees, where personality is *nil*, every member gets the same pay,—board and lodging,—and the only object is to perpetuate the swarm and keep the hive full. But without the aid of man they never produce a better bee nor a more perfect hive. Is humanity to come down to that level?

The Talmud speaks scorn of a world where "one man eats and another says grace." It is only a shade better than a world where everybody gorges and nobody says grace.

I can see no reason, either in morals or in religion, for the perpetuation of a human bee-swarm, except for the development and perfecting of the human souls who make mankind. What real good appears in the mere continuance of any community, say New York or Nyack, unless you think of the men and women and

children who live there, each one the inheritor of a spark of the Divine Life, which may be cherished and enlarged into a flame of beautiful and potent light? There is your reason for sacrifice. There is your reason for service. The community has a claim to live for the sake of the better men and women who are going to live in it and make it better.

So then, amid the confusion at the present cross-roads where the counsels of the many are so loud and divergent, we find a little neglected guide-post,—or rather let us call it a traveller's *vade mecum*, good on almost any road. Look, 'tis so old and weather-beaten that some of the letters are worn away; yet the sense of it is still legible:

SELF—LOVE—NEIGHBOR

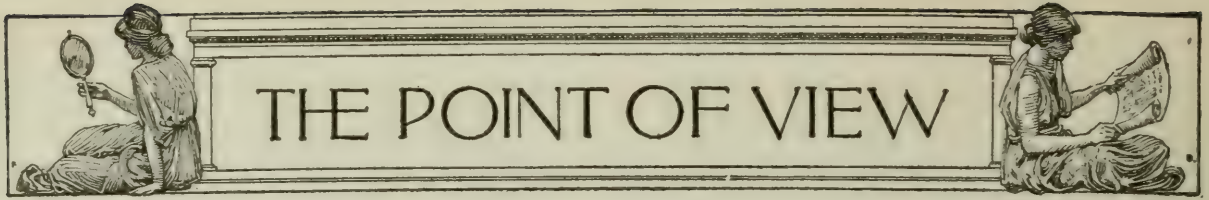
It reads like a general order, more than a direction of route. Suppose we should try one of these roads marked "Government Ownership" or "Collective Bargaining" or "High Productiveness" or "Independence of Employers" or "Control by Employees," and find that it was leading us away from our objective. Wouldn't the general order nerve us to turn back?

Or, if the road seemed to be a right one, evidently bringing us nearer to our objective, wouldn't the general order encourage us to carry on, and cheer us through the hardships of the way?

Let no one imagine that it will be easy. A general order is far more difficult to follow than a definite programme. Most men prefer a concrete dose of medicine, however bitter, to a long course of hygienic living. To live up to a principle is harder than to obey a rule. But just for that reason it may be better.

Let us try it, Self and Neighbor, try it more seriously than we have yet done. The drop of good-will in all our experiments! The touch of kindness in all our efforts! The purpose of beneficence in all our plans! For a year, a month, even a week,—do you think we can do it?

You are my partner, and I am yours. But to tell the truth, between us we have small capital and less experience. To carry out this enterprise we shall need the help of our third partner,—the divine silent one who knows all.



THE POINT OF VIEW

I AM young, unsophisticated, and mystified. I never admitted that before.

It is not normal for me to admit it now. Those are things for other and older people to tell me about. My duty is to express radical ideas, assume more wisdom than my elders, and pass through phases.

Youth

When I am older I may look back and think how innocent I was. But to indulge in these confessions in my present metamorphopsychic state upsets all the convention of human life. But it is true and in this frank and intimate self-revelation I shall conceal nothing. I am mystified about many things, and most of all about youth itself.

The reason for this sudden upsetting is the conflict of two remarks of my elders. In my upstart way I broke into an argument the other day, and was suitably crushed by an ultimatum administered in some such form as this: "My boy, when you are older, you will know better." Yet the same person who thus silenced me came to me at another time and said with great earnestness: "My boy, youth is the most precious possession you have. Keep it as long as you can."

Is it then that the knowledge of advanced years which will enable me to discuss on equal terms with those who have it something to be avoided? Must I cling passionately to my immaturity, fighting to the last ditch this admittedly superior wisdom? Or must I march with the years toward a goal of sagacity, letting my precious youth fall neglected by the wayside? This is the problem which meets me, the fork, as it were, in the road.

Perhaps, as people say when they are about to be defeated in an argument, it is all relative. Some newspaper told me of a man in Ohio who attained the remote maturity of a hundred and thirty-two years. His eldest son, it seems, is ninety-four. I picture the venerable gentleman endeavoring to quiet this boy's impetuous outbursts by muttering in his patriarchal beard: "My boy, when you are older—" To which his son, admitting suddenly, like me, his mystification, replies: "But, father, must I then relinquish the blessed youth which, by

your advice, I have clung to these many years, that I may discuss with you momentous things?" And the old man—has he solved the riddle in his attainment of the ultimate sophistication, or must he always sit wondering with Paul Verlaine *qu'a-t-il fait de sa jeunesse?*

A friend of mine suggested the other day that people should be born at the age of thirty-five and continue in the same until their death. This is a solution, but it is a lazy one, the premiss of a dilettante. But suppose, assuming seventy-five to be the point of omniscience, we enter this vale of tears at that age and grow, as the years progress, constantly younger. Will then some two-year-old sage chide us for our aged innocence by remarking, "Old man, when you are younger, you shall know all things," or, with tears in his voice, warn us to cherish our age while it is yet ours, for youth must come to all of us? Or in such a reversal will sagacity lose its savor and our infant fathers condescendingly advise us to defer our discussions till we have gained the innocence of immaturity?

Again, if we touch for a moment the infinite, as Descartes tells us we do in the periods of our greatest doubt, suppose that taxicab whose mud-guard recently knocked me to the gutter had veered a fraction of a turn to the right. Should I take into the next world a precious thing in my youth, or is my lack of the intellectual benefit of advanced years to be an impediment in a future phase—if phases there must be in the beyond? The greatest Teacher has warned us: "Unless ye become as little children . . .!"

Perhaps there is the solution, if solution there be (wag your heads and smile, you dear old sages), in the wonderful nearness of the child and the old man; for there is the faith of him who knows naught and of him who knows all—the faith of the open mind. And youth, that long, intermittent time, is the period of prejudice, of intolerance, of injustice, of the appearance of wisdom; yet withal the Heracleitus fire, hot, powerful, and ever-changing.

Then youth is really the time to be got be-

yond, to be relinquished easily at the call of the wisdom which will bring us to freedom and make us at the last as little children of open minds. That is what I used to think before I began to be mystified. I have progressed through this little philosophical moment in a perfect circle. And you see that I am, at the end, still a young man, impetuously intolerant of my own youth, and all this mystification and my frank and intimate confession thereof was only a phase, after all.

THOREAU, no doubt, is still read now and then; I know some who even keep his books on a shelf of intimates and occasionally quote from him. He is read on first acquaintance in these days of much nature study, no doubt, chiefly as a naturalist, and yet he was so much more than a mere chronicler of the doings of the animals and birds and the aspects of the changing seasons. If it had not been for the reputation and popularity of his friend Emerson as the chief sage and philosopher of his time, it is probable that Thoreau would have been more widely recognized as one of the wisest of our American thinkers and commentators on life. That he was a recluse and lived like a hermit on the borders of Walden Pond is known to everybody who knows his name. To some of his contemporaries he was looked upon as something of a vagabond, a hater of his kind, an eccentric, a ne'er-do-well—"queer." But to the few who knew him and the real quality of his mind he was a sage, a thinker on life's every-day problems, with a very definite outlook, and a shrewd capacity for sizing up human beings.

Among the dreamers and idealists who made up the famous group of Transcendentalists, of whom Bronson Alcott was perhaps the best expression of the extreme type, Thoreau was conspicuous by his practicality and faculty of seeing things as they were. A man of few friendships, one who seemed to prefer solitude, the companionship of nature to association with his kind, he yet left behind him the best essay on Friendship in existence. Emerson dealt with the same subject in his characteristic way, and his essay has been printed and reprinted thousands of times, and passed along from generation to generation as a gift-book between friends. But in reading Emerson on Friendship we miss, as we do in much he

wrote, as much as we may enjoy him and profit by his more or less incoherent philosophy, any strong note of feeling of the *sentiment* we associate with the thought of friend. He is pure abstraction, impersonal, aloof in his attitude. To read him is like listening to the words of an oracle seated on a throne, a being not of our real world, related to and conscious of ordinary human beings. It is a strange anomaly to come upon Thoreau's chapter on Friendship in "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" and find coming from this man who was thought of as a cynic and a hater of his kind, words that summarize all that is best in the idea of friendship. Stevenson was no great admirer of the man, as witness his essay on Thoreau, and yet he owed him something in the beginning of his own work. R. L. S. says of this essay on Friendship: "No one to my knowledge has spoken in so high and just a spirit of the kindly relations." There was little of Emerson's cock-sureness and self-complacency in Thoreau's character. All through his books, and especially in his "Journal," we come upon passages of self-doubt, and he was blessed, too, with the saving grace of a sense of humor. He did not take himself too seriously. Thoreau was about the first of our writers to make an intimate of nature, to speak of her as a friend. In Walden "every little pine needle expanded and swelled and befriended me." A well-known woman friend of his acquaintance said: "Henry talks about Nature just as if she had been born and brought up in Concord." Hawthorne found him "a healthy, wholesome man to know." Some of our modern writers on Nature whose office seems to be to patronize her, to write about the "dear little flowers" and the affectionate skunk, would do well to take the time to read over "Walden," "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," "The Maine Woods," "Cape Cod," "The Journals," etc. And no one who has come along to, or near, those middle years when life has put to the test many of its human relations will begrudge the time spent in reading or miss the value of Thoreau's thoughts on Friendship.

A FIFTH AVENUE bus is a joy forever, once you have boarded it. And boarding it is no simple matter, it is such an erratic creature. Sometimes it stops only on one side of the crossing, some-

Thoreau on "The Kindly Relations"

Fifth Avenue
Bus-Riding

times it stops only on the other: there seems to be no set rule. Its independence allows it to do as the spirit happens to move at the moment. Nothing is more tragic for the footsore pedestrian than to see a half-filled bus go sailing by his signal and know from the guard's supercilious expression that it is merely because the curbing which proved acceptable to other buses five minutes ago has suddenly passed out of favor. Nor is anything more hopeless than to be greeted in driving rain or blinding blizzard by the cheery statement, "Seats on top only." While between the two evils of "capacity filled" buses speeding along toward your destination minus yourself and those moving in the same direction with their utter emptiness flaunting "Reserved" placards there is no choice.

But once you have attained your aim and have, by dint of much muscular effort, pressed your dime into the grotesque-visaged machine which the guard presents, past irritation is forgotten in the comfort of the present, and interest is transferred from things external, such as buildings and parks and statues, to your fellow bus-riders. There is the lady who complains of drafts to the guard, and, receiving the unsympathetic response that "Fresh air won't hurt anybody!" scuttles to the seat farthest from the door, where she huddles in voluble martyrdom. There is the youth who ventures to argue, also with the bus-line's presiding genius, but to emerge completely cowed by that dignitary, who bends over him like an avenging spirit, bellowing, "Don't you get fresh with me now! I won't have it!" Your heart goes out to the vanquished, and to avoid the humiliation which mantles his cheek you turn toward the man and woman opposite. Their cast of countenance is unmistakable, also their too blatantly "smart" clothes, also their conversation, which has to do with the glories of "the store" and the benefits of a "swell location." Then, in the midst of how he "put one over on the wholesalers," he breaks off to ask her, "How's your little boy these days?" and her eager reply, which isn't a particle in keeping with her artificial exterior, makes you realize that, after all, there is no such thing as type.

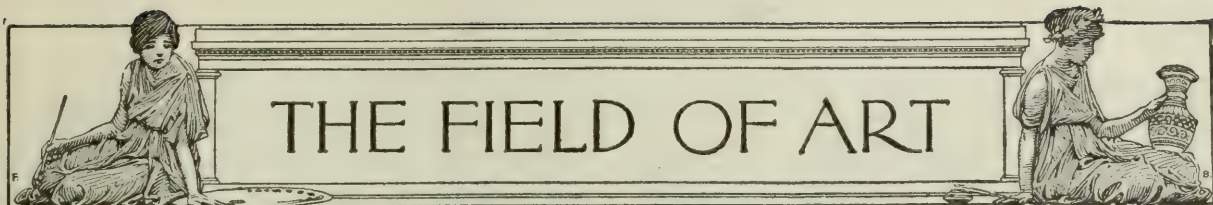
Moreover, there is always the delightful probability that the bus has an adventure to offer you. For instance, you may be riding placidly down the Avenue on a day

ablaze with Union Jacks when, not abnormally, the traffic stops. It remains static, however, so long that it arouses your curiosity and that of your neighbors. Finally a feminine voice, whose owner, apparently, is versed in the topics of the day, inquires of the guard, "Is the Prince coming?" and the guard so far forgets himself as to hear and answers, "'Twould seem so, lady."

Whereupon everybody lurches rashly to one side of the bus, there to behold a stream of outriders on motorcycles and officers and silk-hatted officials in machines, all preceding a car which contains a bareheaded young gentleman in mufti. The young gentleman's hair is very blonde (you are glad that past experience with enthusiastic receptions has caused him to discard his hat) and his smile is very broad, a smile which you join the crowd in returning with interest and incoherent cheering. Before you have finished beaming and cheering he is gone, and the bus regains its equilibrium. But somehow the smile won't fade, neither will the conversation. Somebody remarks, "He'll get pneumonia, going without a hat like that!" somebody else, "I saw him at the Horse Show last night, bless him! Such a boy!"

Of course, with its temperament, no Fifth Avenue bus confines itself to Fifth Avenue, but meanders carelessly through Broadway and Riverside Drive. A fact which should inspire due gratitude since it invests an evening "on top" with qualities of the Arabian Nights. For surely sorcery lives again in whirling, blinding, multicolored electric signs, and is there no mystery in the hooded lights of war-ships at anchor in the Hudson? There are those, 'tis true, who climb the winding stairway leading to the bus-top from no motives of impersonal enjoyment; rather, indeed, to indulge in hearty and amorous expressions of mutual affection and esteem. All of which simply goes to show that nocturnal bus-riding provides romance for every one, whatever his tastes.

A dyed-in-the-wool bus-rider always sits "outside" unless lack of space, lack of time, or the elements prevent. But be it "outside" or "inside," by day or by night, you press the little bell for your disembarkation with a keen regret, which is only lightened by the knowledge that, unlike most pleasures in this world, the chances are that you can duplicate the experience of bus-riding to-morrow:



THE FIELD OF ART

MODERN AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINTERS

By Lucia Fairchild Fuller, A.N.A.

RODIN is quoted as saying of the art of our country in the latter years of the nineteenth century: "America is in the midst of an artistic period as great as that of the Italian Renaissance, only the American people does not know it—yet." Presumably he said this in French; but in whatever language his actual words were spoken the substance of them remains true.

At that time Saint Gaudens was carving his immortal statues; Sargent's great portraits were becoming known to the world; McKim and Stanford White were erecting buildings of a beauty hitherto unknown in our land, while Charles A. Platt was laying out the first of his magnificent architectural gardens. T. W. Dewing, Abbott Thayer, Alden Weir, Twachtman, and Ryder were painting, one after the other, the supreme pictures, without one of which no art museum is now complete; and Whistler was already at his high pinnacle of fame.

At this period miniature painting was practically a lost art both here and abroad. Photography, which was itself at a low ebb then, had apparently destroyed it. Clients demanded—if they demanded at all—the touched-up, stippled, boneless, and vulgarized likeness of the photographer's ideal. The gummed, shiny surfaces of French miniatures of the period suggested nothing but the slipperiness of ice; the dark, heavily cross-hatched miniatures of the English,

nothing but an infinite drab dulness; our own, nothing but the cover of some bonbon box or the poor photograph from which it had been done. No lessons in the art were then obtainable.

But suddenly, spontaneously, none knowing of the others, a small number of American painters, who were already thoroughly trained artists, began to experiment with water-color on ivory, each one led to do so only by an affinity with the peculiar, limited beauties of the medium itself.

The new wine they brought was not put in old bottles. Without direct training in this craft, without even the opportunity to see old miniatures, except as they might possess, or come across, some old family heirloom, they were naturally far more influenced by the large paintings in oils which could be seen in



"Portrait of My Mother." By Alice Beckington.

galleries or museums. They were, therefore, guided only by the three watchwords common to all good painting—drawing, values, color—and inevitably they added a new technique as well as a new intention to the old art of the miniature. Later the English School, from Holbein, its founder and its greatest exponent, through the strong Cooper and the pale delicate Cosway to our own both strong and delicate Malbone, became familiar to them all; but when they first began to paint, examples of these masters' works were inaccessible. And soon after Malbone's time, with the coming of

photography, let me repeat that the art of miniature painting had died.

Laura Coombs Hills was the first of these new painters publicly to appear when, early in the winter of 1894, at a gallery in Boston, she held an exhibition of some few miniatures which she had painted during the preceding months. So immediate was her success that before the exhibition closed she had received no less than twenty-seven commissions for portrait miniatures.

Yet literally she was scarcely the first. A spirit which created interest in the painting of miniatures seemed to be abroad over the land.

In New York at nearly the same time William J. Baer showed a small group of miniatures the technical perfection of which brought him recognition, even fame, at once, and recompense as well. Simultaneously at Paris, in the very month when she was exhibiting her portrait in oils of Oliver Herford at the Salon there, Alice Beckington painted her first beautiful miniatures. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, during the same year, Theodora

W. Thayer first struck out for herself, and with a dashing originality which has perhaps more deeply influenced the subsequent American painting of miniatures than has the work of any other individual.

From here and there other artists painting miniatures came forward, and the immediate response to their frank authoritative treatment of the craft proved clearly that the "average man" had not been so completely satisfied by the smooth characterless likenesses hitherto offered him as he had been led to believe himself to be.

Indeed, the demand for miniatures became so great—and, as must always happen, inferior painters crowded so rapidly into the field—that in 1898 Mr. Baer felt himself actually obliged to found the American So-

ciety of Miniature Painters, in order to protect the ideals of this newly revived old art.

Every year since then this society has held exhibitions: first at Knoedler's galleries; then with the National Academy of Design; recently at the Arden Studios. The exhibitions have always been what is called "open"—that is to say, any one might send to them, and if the work submitted were excellent, it was sure to pass the jury of selection and to be hung upon the exhibition's walls.

Miniatures painted from photographs were always rigorously excluded. The little group of ten which formed the society at its inception stood firmly for the principle of painting from life, of a reverence for nature and of belief in guidance by the trained and seeing eye.

Its members still only number thirty-one, for, unlike the many miniature societies which have been later formed, it has held always to its original high standard; it has never, as the vulgar saying goes, allowed the tail to wag the dog. John

La Farge's exclamation on seeing the first gathered collection of their work—"Here is an art as great as the pictures themselves are little!"—remains true of them to-day, when the society as a whole is sending by request a rotary exhibition of its members' miniatures through many of the art museums of the country.

Five of the members are already splendidly and permanently represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; four of them are associates of the National Academy of Design; and among them the highest medals possible have been distributed at the large international expositions, from that held at Paris in 1900 to the recent "Panama-Pacific" held in San Francisco. There, indeed, Laura Coombs Hills was



The Black Hat. By Laura Coombs Hills.

awarded the heretofore unparalleled Medal of Honor, and Alice Beckington was given no such medal only because, as an officer of the society of which she is now the president, her work was *hors de concours*.

death, and two of whose miniatures at the Metropolitan Museum of Art will long continue to change the former current of spineless conventionality, as I have already said, wielded the



Little Joan. By Elsie Dodge Pattee.



Betty. By Maria Judson Streat.

The new quality which these two painters, along with their fellows, have added to the old art is the naturalistic approach, which, after all, was the hallmark of their time. While they kept the delicacy and finish of treatment of far earlier days, they painted their sitters in modern dress and in their own surroundings. They broke away from the "sky background" and the floating scarf which had been imposed by Cosway, as decisively as Saint Gaudens and Rodin broke away from the Roman toga as the fitting costume for men in sculpture. After all, the present-day garments which they have depicted will become "costume" in time, as much as the "Gainsborough hat" has, or the toga itself.

They have had a wide influence. Miss Thayer, who taught much before her early

greatest influence of them all. Carlotta Saint Gaudens carries her tradition ably forward, and between them the old photographic miniature has been forced to disappear.

Yet occasionally there appears a miniature painter who belongs neither to the present movement nor to the decadent period immediately preceding it. Miss Grace Hall (whose miniature of her sister, Miss Gertrude Hall, the writer, appears herewith) is one of these. Technically, it is true (especially in the fine pastel-like strokes



Miss Gertrude Hall. By Grace Hall.

with which the background is made), a certain modern influence is to be seen; but the representation of character, in its dignity, its loveliness, and its unaffected femininity, belongs wholly to the eighteenth century, as does the unconscious sincerity of the painting itself.

This miniature was gladly welcomed at one of the Society's earlier exhibitions, and its unusual beauty was recognized by all.

The other miniatures reproduced all belong to the new movement proper, the movement which still holds that law is an integral part of freedom, and which is to be in no wise confused with the degenerate new movement of modern art.

Alice Beckington's "Portrait of My Mother" (now the property of the Metropolitan Museum) is an excellent example of this guarded freedom. So is Margaret Foote Hawley's vivid portrait of Alexander Petrunkevitch, which was purchased by the Metropolitan in the same year as that of Miss Beckington's. It is one of the most successful likenesses of a man ever painted by a woman, and the force of character there presented would seem to call for a canvas as large as one of Goya's instead of for a space of some three inches by four. It is painted in quiet, sensitive blacks and browns.

Miss Beckington's use of color is less for the first comer. It is like the taste of an olive; to appreciate the one or the other requires cultivation; but once appreciated, either is felt to be a unique and perfect thing. It is, in fact, as values of exquisite subtlety that Miss Beckington sees color. Her kinship is with Dewing, with Whistler, and with Thayer.

The bright, radiant color of Miss Hills (whose masterpiece, "The Black Hat," is here reproduced) is far more easily understood. Her painting has some of Sargent's own qualities of dexterous swiftness, her likenesses an assurance and an apparent ease which are his, too. Her mastery of her

medium, indeed, is beyond comparison with any other living painter except with Sargent himself. As John Alexander once said on looking at a miniature of hers, "Never since Holbein . . .!" and a silence more eloquent than words finished his sentence.

The two miniatures of children here pre-

sented, one painted by Maria Judson Streat, the other by Elsie Dodge Pattee, turn one's thoughts still farther back than Holbein's day. Both portraits, to be sure, are modern in their technique. The aerial perspective achieved by the use of broken color belongs only to our own period; although the sense of color of the two artists is very different: Mrs. Pattee's is as striking as that of a parrot's plumage; Miss Streat's as enthralling as that of dawn. Both pictures are also modern in their natural posing of the child. But as one looks at the innocent candor of



Portrait of Alexander Petrunkevitch. By Margaret Foote Hawley.

Bought by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

"Little Joan" or at the serious, living spirit of "Betty," it is the old, old words, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," which spring involuntarily to one's mind.

From these few pictures it is idle to select any one as "the best." It can only be remembered that there is one glory to the sun, another to the moon. And who that has watched the morning star at daybreak will deny an equal glory unto her?

Each of this small group of miniature painters (and the group includes some twenty whose names, even, for lack of space have not been mentioned here) has hitched his wagon to a star. All that remains for the spectator of their works is to decide which star, or planet, is carrying the artist in its wake.



THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

CONSEQUENCES OF THE WAR

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

EVERY one knew that the economic situation on return of peace would not be what it had been before August, 1914. That the war, with its far-reaching effects on production and consumption,

The Economic Landmarks

national currencies and national credit, international exchange of merchandise and international exchange of capital, would produce economic phenomena, many of which had not been witnessed in a century, was taken for granted from the outset. The public mind, which always grasps at the obvious, directed its own attention mostly to the high cost of living, which seemed a logical result of a war conducted as this war has been; to the decline in prices of investment securities, an equally unavoidable consequence of absorption of savings, past and present, in the war loans, and to the commotion in foreign exchange, which any one could understand as an outcome of the prodigious increase in our exports when the fighting countries of Europe could not send goods in return. Watching the course of events in these directions, people had hardly observed that there were certain other economic landmarks which in actual war-time were strangely free from war-time influences; yet which, when war was over, instantly began to show signs of violent disturbance.

This was particularly true of the money market, the market for silver, and the market for gold. Money had commanded very high rates, and at frequent intervals, in the great wars of other days. But the money market remained so quiet and unruffled during nearly all of the recent war, that the Bank of England's discount rate, for instance, after rising to 10 per cent in the war-panic week, went promptly down to 5 per cent again and,

except for a brief advance in the middle of 1916, remained at that figure until last November. The French and German bank rates did not stir from 5 per cent during the period after 1914. On the New York market, $3\frac{1}{2}$ and 4 per cent were the ruling rates for bankers' and merchants' borrowings throughout 1915 and 1916; even after our own country went to war in 1917, it was rarely that the Wall Street money rate got as high as 6 per cent. Not until some months after the war was definitely ended did the world in general and New York in particular begin to talk of "money stringency." By that time, however, the money market had taken the centre of the financial stage.

HERE was one anomaly. The market for silver bullion was another. In our own War of Secession the price of silver, already fairly high, rose after 1861 along with other things, until even the silver in our dimes and quarters had become worth more as bullion than the face value of the coin, and until, as early in the war as 1862, the melting up of those coins was forcing the American people to use postage-stamps for small change. When the present war began, silver was selling in London at $23\frac{3}{4}$ pence per ounce—less than twopence above the lowest price ever reached. Even as far along as September, 1915, the London price was actually lower than that of 1914. The same was true of the American price, and the subsequent rise was gradual, almost until the date of the armistice. Yet, a few months after return of peace, the advance in silver had become one of the most spectacular movements of all the financial markets.

Finally, there was the "price of gold."

The Three Economic Anomalies

The records tell us that at the height of the struggle with Napoleon, gold sold by the ounce in England for 30 per cent above the rate at which it would be accepted at the Mint and coined into sovereigns; also that the price of gold in the New York market during 1864, reckoning its coinage value as 100, went as high as 285. In both instances, the premium on gold really meant the discount on a paper currency issued in unusual amounts and not redeemable in gold. In both, the high price for gold was paid in that paper currency. Now the excessive issue of paper money prevailed on an even larger scale in the recent European war than in 1862 or 1813, and its redemption in gold was suspended when the war began.

Yet, except very indirectly—to the extent that the depreciation of European exchange in neutral markets may have been emphasized by this change in the European currencies—no rise in the price of gold was recorded during the war. On none of the great European markets was a premium bid like that of 1809 or 1862. In the week when war was declared, as in the markets of the preceding century, the London bullion brokers reported “bar gold selling at 77 shillings 9 pence”; meaning that the Bank of England was taking for its own reserve the gold received on the market from abroad, and paying that price per ounce for it (which was based on the weight of gold in a British sovereign) with bank-notes or a deposit credit. On the day of the armistice in 1918, the market quotation was the same.

It had not changed in the four intervening years, and it was still unchanged at the opening of September, 1919. Then, suddenly, it began to rise in a very remarkable way, until gold bullion received in London was openly sold for nearly 50 per cent above the coinage price. This rise in the price of money, of silver, and of gold has not only been the outstanding economic phenomenon of the past six months, but is perhaps nearer the heart of the complicated economic problem than anything that has happened.

ON the face of things, all three movements are perplexing. The money market's action is doubly so. Why did

not New York money rates advance during the actual strain of war? If this did not occur at that time, why should it have come when the strain was over? The easy money which prevailed throughout the world during the four and a half years of war seems at first consideration exceedingly strange. Belligerent governments were borrowing thousands of millions of dollars where they had borrowed only tens of millions before the war; yet even when business, which had slackened at first, was speeded up for its enormous production of war material, the low rates of money continued. Even a defeat in the campaign, a Caporetto, a rout of the Fifth British Army, did not send them up.

**During
and After
the War**

The secret lay partly in the influence of the governments themselves, but chiefly in the expansion of credit facilities at the banks. The Bank of England's loans, wholly apart from its advances to the government, increased from \$168,000,000 in July, 1914, to \$588,000,000 the next December and to \$960,000,000 in July of 1915. By that time the English joint stock banks had also begun a great expansion. Whereas their year-end statements of 1915 showed total discounts and advances of \$3,700,000,000, they reported \$5,100,000,000 on December 31, 1918. The same thing went on in Continental Europe. At New York, the loans of banks and trust companies were \$2,600,000,000 in the week when the war began, but \$3,900,000,000 at the end of 1915 and \$4,700,000,000 in armistice week. Loans and discounts of all the national banks in the United States, as reported to the Comptroller of the Currency, rose from \$6,430,000,000 on June 30, 1914, and \$8,712,000,000 when our government went to war in April, 1917, to \$10,097,000,000 on November 1, 1918.

NOW it might be imagined that this unprecedented expansion of credit would have involved such strain on bank resources as of itself to cause high money rates. But there were powerful counter-acting influences at work. In Europe the unprecedented issue of paper money, not redeemable in gold, supported private

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What FOCH really said

HERE is a bit of first-hand history — the true narrative by *Captain Raymond Recouly* of what really happened in the military railway coach when Marshal Foch met the German Commissioners and dictated the terms of the Armistice. This is the kind of material that can come only direct from headquarters. Captain Recouly is the author of "Foch: The Winner of the War," and what he says is authoritative.

"Korea's Rebellion." Baldrige, the famous artist of *The Stars and Stripes*, with Nathaniel Peffer, of *The China Press*, made a trip of personal investigation in order to write this article. They differ in many points from General Sherrill. The remarkable pictures by Baldrige make real this strange people who are causing so much ferment.

Edmund Gosse continues his marvellous exposition of the personality and work of *Henry James*, founded on intimate knowledge and on the recently published volumes of Letters, of which Mr. Gosse read the advance sheets.

The Tercentenary of the Landing of the Pilgrims is the occasion of a clever and amusing review by *Dean Quinn*, of the University of Pennsylvania, on "*Pilgrim and Puritan in Literature*."

There is also a series of "*Five Etchings of Old Plymouth*," by *Sears Gallegher*.

"Five Days Among Volcanoes" is an account, by *Alice Day McLaren*, of an adventurous trip made to the great mines in the desert of Central Chile. They are reached through precipitous mountain passes and extraordinarily impressive scenery.

"Erskine Dale — Pioneer," continues his absorbing adventures in Revolutionary days. The hero of John Fox's last novel makes a human appeal which has been rare since the days of Cooper and Scott.

A new writer of fiction, **F. Scott Fitzgerald**, contributes "The Cut-Glass Bowl," a brilliant study of a woman. Although only recently out of the army and college, Mr. Fitzgerald's first novel is about to appear under the title of "*This Side of Paradise*."

"Distracting Adeline" is a story by Mrs. Welles of spirit manifestations. Other Stories are: "A Lass Who Loved a Sailor," by *Jane Grey Potter*; "Arcadians in the Attic," by *Rupert Holland*.

Henry van Dyke celebrates the glories and annoyances of *Moving-Day*, which has been on May 1st in New York since old Dutch times.

The *Frontispiece* of the number is the reproduction of a striking bust of Doctor van Dyke recently finished by *William Ordway Partridge*.

In *The Field of Art*: "The Debt of Modern Art to Ancient Greece," by *Will H. Low*.—*The Point of View*.—*The Financial Situation*, by *Alexander Dana Noyes*.

SCRIBNER'S *for* MAY



Solomon 11/5 1910

Hilfmann

F.R.

The Colonel of the Rough Riders lecturing the
Chief of the German Army

[During the visit of Colonel Roosevelt at Berlin, in 1910, several official photographs were taken showing him and the Kaiser at the special review of the German army which the Kaiser had held in his honor. A set of these was presented to Colonel Roosevelt by the Kaiser, who had written in his own hand inscriptions upon the backs of them. Subsequently several of them were published in Germany as picture postal cards. There is consequently no impropriety in reproducing a few of them here with the original inscriptions.]

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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APRIL, 1920

NO. 4

ROOSEVELT AND ROYALTIES

CORRESPONDENCE WITH KING EDWARD, KAISER WILHELM II, THE CZAR NICHOLAS, THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN, KING ALBERT, AND QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA

EIGHTH PAPER IN "THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME—
SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS"

Edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop



ROOSEVELT'S estimates of royal rulers and their functions were set forth fully by him in his own narrative of his experiences in various courts of Europe on his journey from Khartoum to London in 1910, which was published in this magazine in February and March. That he had no desire to become one of them he expressed with characteristic vigor in a letter that he wrote to his friend Charles G. Washburn of Worcester, Mass., on March 5, 1913: "You are quite right about my preferring a beetle to a throne; that is, if you use the word 'beetle' as including a field mouse or a weasel. I would not say this aloud, because I have been awfully well treated by kings; but in modern days a king's business is not a man's job. He is kept as a kind of national pet, treated with consideration and distinction, but not allowed to have any say in the running of the affairs of the national household." Roosevelt's impatience with the ceremonies and etiquette of courts found somewhat more vigorous expression when he exclaimed, after describing his experiences with potentates of various kingdoms at the funeral of King Edward: "I felt if I met another

king I should bite him!" Speaking of a ruler of a particularly petty kingdom, whose fussy anxiety about his prerogatives and the precedence to which he was entitled had both amused and irritated him, he said, drawing upon his bird lore for a simile: "He is nothing but a twittering wagtail."

It was only the pettiest of the royalties who caused him this irritation. With the chief rulers of Europe, while taking an unenvying view of their powers, he was on friendly terms both during and after his Presidency. This was especially the case with King Edward of England, as the correspondence between them shows. With the Kaiser, in spite of the fact that he called him to account on several occasions and forced him to yield to his will, amicable relations were maintained both during his Presidency and during the visit to Berlin in 1910. Probably no other President held such familiar intercourse with the foremost European rulers as Roosevelt did, and the letters that passed between him and them are of quite unusual interest, and present also an additional aspect of Roosevelt's abilities, that of a diplomatic letter-writer.

The correspondence with King Ed-

ward began in 1905 with the following letter, written in the King's own hand:

(Original sent in the President's handwriting)

BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
February 20, 1905.

March 9, 1905.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

Although I have never had the pleasure of knowing you personally, I am anxious to avail myself of the opportunity which your inauguration as President affords, in order to offer you an assurance of my sincere good will and my warm personal congratulations on this notable occasion.

You, Mr. President, and I have been called upon to superintend the destinies of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, and this trust should in my opinion alone suffice to bring us together.

It has often seemed strange to me that being as I am on intimate terms with the rulers of Europe I should not be in close touch with the President of the United States.

It would be agreeable to me and I think advantageous to both countries, that this state of things should in future cease to exist. As a slight indication of the feelings which I have entertained for yourself it gives me great pleasure to ask your acceptance of the accompanying miniature of a great Englishman—Hampden, who was once a land-owner in America. I do so in memory of the Old Country and as a mark of esteem and regard for yourself.

The Cruiser Squadron of the Atlantic Fleet, commanded by my nephew, Prince Louis of Battenberg, will visit my North American colonies this summer and I shall have much gratification in sending it in the autumn to some of the most important ports in your country.

I have had little doubt that the British Squadron will receive the same cordial welcome which your country always shows toward mine.

I sincerely hope that Mrs. Roosevelt and the members of your family are in the best of health, and begging you to bring me to the remembrance of your sister, Mrs. Cowles, whom I have had the pleasure of knowing,

Believe me

Dear Mr. President,

Very truly

EDWARD R. & I.

To this the President replied:

MY DEAR KING EDWARD:

On the eve of the inauguration Sir Mortimer (Durand) handed me Your Majesty's very kind letter, and the miniature of Hampden, than which I could have appreciated nothing more. White, who will hand you this, has repeated to me your conversation with him. Through him I have ventured to send you some studies of mine in our western history.

I absolutely agree with you as to the importance, not only to ourselves but to all the free peoples of the civilized world, of a constantly growing friendship and understanding between the English-speaking peoples. One of the gratifying things in what has occurred during the last decade has been the growth in this feeling of good will. All I can do to foster it will be done. I need hardly add that, in order to foster it, we need judgment and moderation no less than the good will itself. The larger interests of the two nations are the same; and the fundamental, underlying traits of their characters are also the same. Over here, our gravest problems are those affecting us within. In matters outside our borders, we are chiefly concerned, first with what goes on south of us, second with affairs in the orient; and in both cases our interests are identical with yours.

It seems to me that if Russia had been wise she would have made peace before the Japanese took Moukden. If she waits until they are north of Harbin the terms will certainly be worse for her. I had this view unofficially conveyed to the Russian Government some weeks ago; and I think it would have been to their interest if they had then acted upon it.

With hearty thanks for your cordial courtesy,

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Why the King decided to send the Hampden miniature to Roosevelt was explained several years later in the following letter to Roosevelt from the Rt. Hon. Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, afterward British Ambassador at Washington:

Personal.

30, Norfolk Crescent, W.
May 7, 1910.

MY DEAR THEODORE:

I think I ought to tell you something about our King who died last night. When I came back from seeing you in

He said he wanted to get into personal relations with you, not as King and President so much as two men with certain aims in common. He mentioned what his father had done on his death bed for good relations, and wished to do something himself.

Trusting that this
you may be able
of peace & prosperity
to all Nations &
especially to our
own Countries

Believe me,
Dear Mr. President,
Very truly yours
Edward R. L.

Facsimile of the conclusion of a letter from King Edward.—Page 391.

Washington after you were President he sent for me and talked a long time about you. I told him what I thought you stood for, quite frankly and fully though, if popular impressions at that time had been quite justified, he would not have sympathized much with what I told him. But he did listen very sympathetically.

He told me he intended to write to you himself and his first intention was to send quite an informal letter. He also wanted to send you some quite unofficial memento, and asked me what I thought you would like as a personal sign of good will—not as a formal presentation. I thought of something I had seen in his collection



Kermit Roosevelt

October 11/10 1910
 Total agreement about the general
 maxims of life & policy between America
 & Germany

Wilhelm
 Kaiser

Facsimile of the lines inscribed by the Kaiser on the back of the photograph.

which was of great historical value—but not at all the sort of thing a King of England might be expected to give to an American President because it was the picture of a man who had led a successful rebellion against the English crown. But that was the reason he jumped at the idea at once because as he said, you were a man who could understand why he like you, (and you like himself) should join in admiration of a great Englishman.

I am quite sure that if you had seen him you would have understood some things which seem rather difficult to understand—that is why he did as a fact exert a great influence, and how very thoroughly and sincerely he desired certain things and did do a great deal to promote their accomplishment. I am very sorry you didn't see him but I dare say you won't forget what I tell you now—quite privately and for yourself.

Yours ever,
CECIL SPRING RICE.

In the autumn of 1905 the Cruiser Squadron of the British Atlantic Fleet, on the cruise mentioned in King Edward's letter of February 20, 1905, visited New York and other American ports under command of Prince Louis of Battenberg as Rear-Admiral. Writing to his son Kermit, November 6, 1905, Roosevelt described this interesting scene in the White House ("Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children," page 144. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1919):

"Prince Louis of Battenberg has been here and I have been very much pleased with him. He is a really good admiral, and in addition he is a well-read and cultivated man and it was charming to talk with him. We had him and his nephew, Prince Alexander, a midshipman, to lunch alone with us, and we really enjoyed having them. At the State dinner he sat between me and Bonaparte, and I could not help smiling to myself in thinking that here was this British Admiral seated beside the American Secretary of the Navy—the American Secretary of the Navy being the grand-nephew of Napoleon and the grandson of Jerome, King of Westphalia; while the British Admiral was the grandson of a Hessian general who was the subject of King Jerome and served under Napoleon, and then, by no

means creditably, deserted him in the middle of the Battle of Leipsic."

The visit of the Prince is referred to again by King Edward in the following letter:

(In the King's own handwriting)

WINDSOR CASTLE, January 23rd, 1906.

DEAR MR. ROOSEVELT:

As Lieutenant Colonel Count Gleichen is leaving for the United States in order to take up his appointment as Military Attaché to my Embassy at Washington, I gladly take this opportunity of writing you a few lines to recommend him to your notice.

He is a cousin of mine—as his Father was nephew to my beloved mother Queen Victoria and served many years in the army. Gleichen has seen much service both in Egypt and South Africa, and has held important posts, his last being Military Attaché at Berlin.

These lines will I trust find you and all the members of your Family in the best of health—and I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of sending my congratulations on the occasion of your daughter's approaching marriage.

I saw Prince Louis of Battenberg last week and heard from him of the great personal kindness he received from you—and how gratified he and the Fleet under his command had been by the splendid and cordial reception which they had met with at the hands of your people!

Trusting that this year may be one of peace and prosperity to all Nations and especially to our two countries,

Believe me,

Dear Mr. President,

Very truly yours,

EDWARD R. & I.

To this the President replied:

(Original sent in the President's handwriting)

February 28, 1906.

To His Majesty

King Edward the Seventh, R. & I.

MY DEAR KING EDWARD:

Your kind letter has just been handed me by Count Gleichen. It was a pleasure to meet him; he is evidently thoroughly

well up in his work; I shall talk with him freely.

Permit me to thank you especially for your most thoughtful and friendly remembrance of my daughter's wedding. Longworth is a good fellow, one of the younger men who have done really well in Congress; he was from my own college, Harvard, and there belonged to my club, the Porcellian, which is antique as antiquity goes in America, for it was founded in Colonial days; he was on the "Varsity crew," and was, and is, the best violinist who ever came from Harvard.

Have you seen Togo's address to his fleet when it was disbanded? It was so good that I put it in general orders for the army and navy. I enclose you a copy.

The other day I read Ian Hamilton's book on his campaigning with Kuroki. It is the best book I have seen on the Russo-Japanese war. He stops, however, before he gets to the really big fighting; I suppose there is some red tape in the Department about his going on with it; I heartily wish that your Majesty would look over the volume that is out, and, if you like it, direct Hamilton to go on with the work and finish the account of the entire campaign; it would be a real service.

May I ask that you present my most respectful homage to Her Majesty. Again thanking you, believe me, sir, with great regard,

Very sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

P. S. I shall send Choate to head our delegation to the Hague conference; its members will work in absolute accord with your delegation. My brother-in-law is an admiral, by the way.

A letter that Roosevelt wrote to King Edward on April 25, 1906, contains a reference to the Algeciras Conference of 1906, which calls for a word of explanation. The secret history of this conference, which stands revealed in Roosevelt's correspondence and which is far too long for publication in the magazine, shows conclusively that it was arranged by Roosevelt at the insistent request of the Kaiser, that Roosevelt drew up the terms of settlement which were adopted, and that he fairly compelled the Kaiser to give his unwilling consent to them. The

full story of the incident will be published in his authorized biography now in preparation.

Mr. Frederick W. Whitridge, mentioned in the letter, was appointed by Roosevelt special American Ambassador to Spain for attendance at the wedding of King Alfonso:

(Original sent in President's handwriting)

To April 25th, 1906.

To His Majesty

King Edward VII, R. & I.

MY DEAR KING EDWARD:

May I present to you the bearer of this note, Mr. Frederick W. Whitridge, my special ambassador to the King of Spain? He is a good fellow, and stands very close to me.

I think the outcome of the Morocco business was satisfactory, don't you? White speaks in the highest terms of your man Nicholson; between ourselves he grew to feel that neither the German nor French representatives at Algeciras were really straightforward. On the other hand, I am bound to say that both their ambassadors here, Jusserand and Sternburg, were as straight as men could be. I had some amusing experiences in the course of the negotiations.

With great regard
Very faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The final letters in this series, so far as the letters have been preserved, were exchanged in 1908. Early in that year the King had presented Roosevelt with a book containing illustrations of the Sèvres Porcelain Collection in Windsor Castle. In acknowledging the gift, Roosevelt made an allusion to the voyage of the American naval fleet around the world which was then in progress, and also to the question of Mongolian immigration:

(Original sent in the President's handwriting)

February 12th, 1908.

To His Majesty

King Edward VII,
R. & I.

MY DEAR KING EDWARD,

The beautiful Sèvres porcelain book has come, and I send this note of thanks



Henry White

Kermit Roosevelt

Köbenitz 11/11910
 On the "Mühlberg" a grave discussion
 Carnegie look out!

Wilhelm
 Kaiser.

Facsimile of the Kaiser's inscription on another photograph.

by the Ambassador. The book is a delight to the eye—it is almost like seeing the porcelain.

I am much interested in the trip of our fleet to the Pacific; the ships have just come out of the Straits. I feel very strongly that the real interests of the English-speaking peoples are one, alike in the Atlantic and the Pacific; and that, while scrupulously careful neither to insult nor to injure others we should yet make it evident that we are ready and able to hold our own. In no country where the population is of our stock, and where the wageworkers, the laborers, are of the same blood as the employing classes, will it be possible to introduce a large number of workmen of an utterly alien race without the certainty of dangerous friction. The only sure way to avoid such friction, with its possible consequences of incalculable disaster, is by friendly agreement in advance to prevent the coming together in mass of the wage-workers of the two races, in either country.

But for the moment our internal problems here are far more pressing than our external ones. With us it is not as it is with you; our men of vast wealth do not fully realize that great responsibility must always go hand in hand with great privileges.

Again thanking you, and with very high regard, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(In the King's own hand)

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, March 5, 1908.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

Accept my best thanks for your letter of the 12th inst: which was delivered to me by your excellent and charming Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, on his arrival in London, and it gave me great pleasure to learn from him that you were in such excellent health and spirits.

I am glad to hear you like the book with illustrations of the Sèvres Porcelain collection at Windsor Castle as I know you have a great appreciation of china.

We have watched with the greatest interest the cruise of your fine Fleet in the Pacific and have admired the successful manner in which your Admirals have so far carried out this great undertaking.

As you are no doubt aware, my Australian Colonies have conveyed through my Government an invitation to your Fleet to visit their principal ports, and if it be possible for your Government to authorise the acceptance of this invitation I feel sure that it will be warmly appreciated both here and in Australia.

I cordially agree with you that the interests of the English speaking peoples are alike in the Atlantic and the Pacific, and I look forward with confidence to the coöperation of the English speaking races becoming the most powerful civilising factor in the policy of the world.

The question of the immigration and competition of coloured races in other countries is one which presents many difficulties and especially to me who have many coloured subjects in my Empire.

It is one, however, which has so far proved capable of adjustment by friendly negotiation, and I rely upon the sound agreement at which my Government have arrived with that of Japan being loyally carried out in all its detail by the Japanese Government.

Believe me with high regard

My dear Mr. President,

Yours very sincerely,

EDWARD R. & I.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE KAISER

Roosevelt's method of procedure with the Kaiser was always the same and was uniformly successful. His own description of it appears in a letter that he wrote on August 14, 1906, to Henry White, who was at that time American ambassador at Rome:

"My course with him during the last five years has been uniform. I admire him, respect him, and like him. I think him a big man, and on the whole a good man; but I think his international and indeed his personal attitude one of intense egoism. I have always been most polite with him, have done my best to avoid our taking any attitude which could possibly give him legitimate offense, and have endeavored to show him that I was sincerely friendly to him and to Germany. Moreover, where I have forced him to give way I have been sedulously anxious to build a bridge of gold for him, and to give him the satisfaction of feeling that

his dignity and reputation in the face of the world were safe. In other words, where I have had to take part of the kernel from him, I have been anxious that he should have all the shell possible, and have that shell painted any way he wished. At the same time I have had to speak with express emphasis to him on more than one occasion; and on one occasion (that of Venezuela) have had to make a display of force and to convince him definitely that I would use the force if necessary."

It is doubtful if the Kaiser ever experienced a more humiliating check than Roosevelt administered to him in the Venezuela incident of December, 1902, yet he seems to have cherished no resentment because of it, for about a year later he wrote a letter to Roosevelt which reveals a fine rapture of delight because the President had written to him in terms of approval. No copy of the letter from the President which called forth this outburst is extant, for it was a private note, but happily that of the Kaiser has been preserved. It is here reproduced in full:

(In the Kaiser's own hand)

NEUES PALAIS,
January 14, 1904.

To the President of the United States
of America.

SIR:

Profoundly impressed by the private letter which you kindly addressed to me, I hasten to cordially thank you for it; in reading the contents of which I felt a thrill of pride running through me. I am I feel most flattered that you should have such a high opinion of my humble efforts in my work of furthering the welfare of my People and of developing the resources of my country. It strikes me that you should have so ably and clearly gauged the motives by which I am impelled. Besides I cannot refrain from feeling proud, that so eminent a man as President Roosevelt should follow with such interest a monarch doing his very best to fulfill the arduous task with which heaven has entrusted him for the prosperity of his people and of the world. Praise as well as vituperation are generally heaped on kings by people often, alas, not free from selfish motives, which

of course is not always easy for them to detect, and therefore makes them very careful in accepting them for what they are worth. But to elicit praise from a man like you is enough to make any ruler proud for the rest of his life, coming as it does from a judgment based upon experience. Your unlimited power for work, dauntless energy of purpose, pureness of motive moving toward the highest ideals, this all crowned by an iron will, form qualities which elicit the highest admiration from everybody over here. They are the characteristics of a "*man*," and as such most sympathetic to me. The twentieth century is sadly in want of men of your stamp at the head of great nations, and there are few of them I own. But let us rejoice that, thank heaven, the Anglo-Saxon Germanic Race is still able to produce such specimen. We must accept it as a fact that your figure has moved to the foreground of the world and that men's minds are intensely occupied by you. You kindly allude to my work as traced for me by tradition, by numbering the most commanding figures among my ancestors, whose example I am trying with heaven's help to follow. This tradition is a strong impulse for the ruler to try to work up to the same line to which his ancestors brought their country and who left their mark in history. In some sense this is different with you. Though following in general the great lines laid down by the historical development of the United States, yet—in the absence of family tradition—every President is much more at liberty to give a far more personal stamp to his Government. This you have done in an uncommon way, and my wish is that you may be long spared to go on with your work as you began for the welfare of your country. May our common efforts ever prove successful for the maintenance of Peace and the fostering of good will between our two countries.

With sincerest good will believe me sir,

Ever yours,

WILLIAM

I. R.

An amusing international episode, hitherto unpublished, in which the Kaiser was involved, occurred early in 1907, and is set forth in full in the following letter

from the President to Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador in London, under date of January 10, 1907:

"There is one not very important thing of which I think you should be informed; although I do not see that either

sador at Berlin had informed the said member of the cabinet, or else the whole cabinet, that at a recent conversation with him the Emperor had stated that he was building his navy against America, (this was to show that he was not build-



Sir.

Kaiser
14/I 1907

Profoundly impressed by the private letter which you kindly addressed to me, I hasten to cordially thank you for it, in reading the contents of which I felt a thrill of pride running through me. I am I feel most flattered that you should have such a high opinion of my humble efforts in my work of furthering the welfare of my People & of developing the resources of my Country. It strikes me that you should have so ably & clearly gauged the motives by which I am impelled. Besides I cannot refrain from feeling proud, that so eminent a man as President Roosevelt should follow with such interest a monarch doing his very best to fulfill the arduous task with

Facsimile of the first page of a letter written by the Kaiser.—Page 395.

you or I can do anything about it. Apparently the members of the present British Cabinet talk with extreme freedom to Carnegie. In one instance, at least, this has been most unwise on their part, as is shown by the following incident. Mr. Carnegie recently came first to me and then to Root with a story that he had been told by a member of the Cabinet (whose name he gave me but which I forget) that the British Amba-

ing it against England,) and was also hostile to the Hague conference. Carnegie seemed much disturbed over the information, which naturally did not impress me in the least—in the first place, because even if the Emperor had said it I did not regard it as a fact of importance, and in the next place I could not be at all confident that the conversation coming through three or four people had by the time it reached me any resemblance

at all to what it originally was. In other words, it was an instance of that international gossip with which one is deluged if one chooses to listen to it.

"So far Carnegie had not done any mischief; but what must he then do, of all things in the world, but call on Speck and complain bitterly of the Emperor's hostility to America and to peace, as shown by the conversation in question! Speck of course cabled the news home, and I received the somewhat lurid cable from the Emperor in consequence. I answered by letter. I enclose copies of both."

KAISER'S TELEGRAM

My Ambassador at Washington has telegraphed quite confidentially my Secretary of State that Mr. A. Carnegie has told you and Secretary Root about my opposition against the next Hague Peace Conference.

All Mr. Carnegie has heard in London are foul and filthy lies the aim of which is but too clear: To sow distrust between us two. It is the most unheard intrigue ever set up against me and the German Empire. I trust that you did not for a moment believe that it could be true.

Since I met King Edward at Friedrichshof I have not discussed in words or writing with anybody the Hague Conference. At Friedrichshof the conference was discussed by the King in the presence of my Secretary of State and Sir Charles Hardinge as well as Sir Frank Lascelles and immediately afterward a memorandum about our discussion was drawn up. According to this memorandum which I have before me in writing this telegram the King himself took the initiative in telling me that he entirely disapproved of the new conference and that he considered it as a "humbug."

The King told me that he not only thought the conference useless, as nobody would, in case of need, feel bound by its decisions, but even as dangerous. It was to be feared that instead of harmony more friction would be the result.

In answer I did not conceal to His Majesty that I am not enthusiastic about the Conference and told the King and Sir Charles Hardinge that Germany could not recede from her naval program laid down six years ago, but that Germany did not build up a fleet with aggressive

tendencies against *any* other power; she did so only in order to protect her own territory, and commercial interests.

So far the memorandum.

It is really too absurd to believe me so deprived of all common sense as to build my fleet against you!

I have not changed my attitude since last year when I was ready and prepared to go to the Hague Conference. As you will remember the conference was adjourned at your own wish. At your request I used my good offices with Russia to postpone the meeting in order to enable the South American Republics to take part in the Hague Conference which they would not have been able to do had the Pan-American Congress and the Hague Conference been held almost at the same time.

(Signed) WILHELM, I. R.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER TO THE KAISER

(Original sent in the President's handwriting)

Jan. 8th, 1907.

To

His Imperial Majesty

The German Emperor:

MY DEAR EMPEROR WILLIAM:

There need never be so much as a moment's uneasiness on your part lest I should be misled by such a story as that which Mr. Carnegie repeated, first to me, and then—extraordinary to relate—to your Ambassador. Beyond a moment's wonder as to why, and in what form, the story was originally told Carnegie, and as to whether or not the original narrator himself believed it, I never gave the matter a second thought, until Speck spoke to me about it; I did not even mention it to Root. It is a story of a very common type. I am always being told of Japanese or German or English spies inspecting the most unlikely places—the Moro Castle at Havana, for instance, or some equally antiquated and indefensible fort; and now and then I learn of a high official in some West Indian island or South American republic who has been thrown into a fever by the (wholly imaginary) information that an agent of mine has been secretly inspecting his dominion. I have no time to devote to thinking of fables of this kind; I am



Söberitz 11/V 1910

The Chief of the German Army thanking
the Colonel of Rough Riders for the honor
of inspecting his troops

Wilhelm

Facsimile of another of the Kaiser's inscriptions.

far too much occupied with real affairs, both foreign and domestic. Your Majesty may rest assured that no such tale as this of your building your fleet "against America" will ever cause me more than good-natured amusement.

I have entire confidence in your genuine friendliness to my country, and I am glad to say that during the last five years there has been in America a steady growth of good will towards Germany. Primarily owing to your attitude, the relations of the two countries have been placed on an excellent footing. Let me add a word of hearty praise for the share which, under Your Majesty, Baron Sternburg has had in bringing about this happy result. He has more than justified your choice; for while jealously guarding the honor and interest of Germany, he has sought every opportunity to give Americans a feeling of confidence in and regard for Germany.

Such an attitude of credulous and unreasoning distrust as that portrayed in the tale Carnegie repeated is found here and there in every country at different times; there are always international backbiters who appeal to international suspicion. Do you remember in Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," the snob of the London clubs who is always repeating gossip and slander about foreign nations? It was sixty years ago when Thackeray wrote of him:—"He is the man who is really seriously uncomfortable about the designs of Russia and the atrocious treachery of Louis-Philippe. He it is who expects a French fleet in the Thames, and has a constant eye on the American President, every word of whose speech (goodness help him!) he reads, . . . Lord Palmerston's being sold to Russia, the exact number of roubles paid, by what house in the city, is a favorite theme with this kind of snob." The type is not extinct yet in England; nor in my own and other countries, for that matter.

Let me repeat that no distrust will be sown between Germany and America by any gossip; I sincerely believe that the growth of good feeling between the two nations is steady and permanent.

Very faithfully your friend,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

His Imperial Majesty

William II.

Emperor of Germany, Berlin.

In replying, the Kaiser, as usual in his own hand, wrote as follows:

BERLIN SCHLOSS, 6/11 '07.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

Your kind letter of the 8th of January received on the 25th of that month has given me great satisfaction and pleasure. As I was perfectly convinced the slanderous lies with which Mr. Carnegie was fed in London, have not made the slightest impression upon you. Your conjecture is right, that I never for a moment imagined you could believe such trash.

When two nations like the United States and Germany show such astonishing development with an upward tendency, it is quite natural that they thereby create themselves enemies who will try to sow hatred and discord against and between them out of sheer jealousy. Like to you, so were also to me vouchsafed the most extraordinary information about espionage and dark plans!

The only effect such base intrigues dictated by common envy and hatred will have is to draw the two Governments and Nations closer together. The high terms of praise, with which you, Mr. President, refer to the personality of my Ambassador have caused me the most intense satisfaction. I am most happy to know that my Ambassador Baron von Sternburg has gained a position in which he enjoys the confidence of the President of the People of the United States, and it is my fervent wish that he may continue to enjoy it as well as he fully has mine.

I have had the pleasure of receiving the members of the American Tariff Commission under Mr. North their able chief, and to hear from them that they return quite satisfied with their stay here and with the results of their visit and of their work. I fervently hope with you that success may crown the joint labours of the Commissioners and of my officials.

Among the men of mark which my country is sending over for the celebrations on the kind invitation of the United States, two officers from my personal suite will be included. General Adjutant von Loewenfeld, whom you kindly received at the unveiling of Frederick the Great's Statue, and Captain von Rebeur who was Naval Attaché at Washington for several years.

As I know that your interest in everything regarding the Great King is very lively, I venture to offer for your library a new publication of the water colours by our great painter Menzel illustrating the history of the uniforms of our army under the King's reign. The work of which the two first editions have just been published, will be presented to you with this letter by Mr. Lengerke Meyer, who kindly volunteered to take them over. I feel that you will have been pleased by the lively and decided manner in which the Germans have just pronounced themselves against the Socialists! With my sincerest wishes for the welfare of the People of the United States, and that success may further crown your brilliant career under Heaven's guidance and blessing, believe me Mr. President

Ever

Your true friend and admirer

WILLIAM, I. R.

Mr. Reid desired to show the correspondence to King Edward, and asked the President if he might do so. To this request the President replied on January 14, 1907:

"It would never do to show that correspondence to the King, because if he happened to take offense at something the Kaiser had said, as he well might, it would bring me into trouble as violating the confidence of the Kaiser. I would not want the Kaiser to feel that I had communicated a letter of his, even though he did not mark it as confidential, to the King. But I feel that you should have the correspondence, so that, in case from the Kaiser's side the matter should get in twisted shape to the King, you would be able at once to set him right—even in that event, however, only after communicating with me. During my services as President I have had all kinds of queer confidences reposed in me, and queer letters to me by various individuals, from the Kaiser down, but I have been careful not to repeat them because I felt it would be doing merely mischief."

Some letters which passed between the President and the Kaiser in the spring of 1908 are interesting as revealing their views in regard to the world voyage of the American navy and the integrity of China:

(Original sent in the President's handwriting)

April 4, 1908.

MY DEAR EMPEROR WILLIAM:

In the first place I wish to assure your Majesty how deeply, as President of the American people, I feel and appreciate the admirable work you have done in promoting friendship between Germany and the United States. I know well how the natural prejudices of an old, conservative nation would tend to make it indifferent to the friendship of a nation of the New World; would tend to make it think that Europe was the world. I attribute the constantly growing feeling of good-will between the two nations more to your own influence than to anything else. Your Majesty's Ambassador to the United States has been peculiarly fortunate in the impression that he has had upon our people; and I very deeply appreciate the evident personal courtesy to me, and the thoughtfulness shown by you in appointing him.

Let me again express to Your Majesty my appreciation of your constant friendliness toward the United States. It has been a very real pleasure to me to be able so often to cooperate with you and to second your efforts. This reminds me to say that the Chinese Minister, although he has been here for some little time, has made no motion nor given any hint in reference to action upon the territorial integrity of, or the open door in, China.

I trust you have noticed that the American battleship fleet has completed its tour of South America on schedule time, and is now having its target practice off the Mexican coast. After visiting San Francisco and Puget Sound, it will start on its return voyage via Australia, Japan, China, the Philippines, and the Suez Canal. When it leaves the Orient it will have to hurry home without stopping. I saw the ships leave Hampton Roads, and if possible I shall go thither again to see them rise over the world's sea rim as they steam homewards into harbor after their long voyage.

Their target practice has been excellent.

With high regards, believe me,

Very faithfully your friend,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

His Imperial Majesty,

William II,

Emperor of Germany, Berlin.

(In the Kaiser's own hand)

ARCHILLEION, CORFU, 1/5, 1908.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT:

Your kind letter of April 4th reached me a few days ago and has given me real pleasure and satisfaction. You are quite right in thinking that it has been my constant wish to promote and foster the friendship between the United States and Germany. I have done it because I consider it to be in the interest of the two great nations that have so much in common, and I sincerely hope that the good will between our two countries will continue in its constant development.

I thank you most heartily for the very effective work you have done in this direction.

That the way in which my Ambassador has fulfilled my instructions has met with your full approval gives me lively satisfaction. I trust that his health will permit him to continue in his endeavors to further enjoy your confidence as well as that of the American people.

The punctual arrival of the U. S. Fleet in Magdalena Bay must be a matter of great satisfaction to you and the country. Admiral Evans has again proved his fine qualities as seaman and leader, and the officers and crews, not forgetting the engine room staff, have shown themselves well trained and up to the work. May I offer my sincerest congratulations on such a fine performance.

I see by your letter that the new Chinese Minister in Washington has not taken any steps yet referring to a "declaration of Policy," in the question of Chinese integrity and the open door. I have just heard from my minister in China, that the Vice-President of the Wai-wu-pu, Liong-tun-yen, will be sent in about 2 months time to the U. S. and to Germany in order to lay proposals before our governments. I sincerely hope and trust that we shall be able to come to an agreement about such a "statement of policy," which will assure the maintenance of integrity of China and the open door to the trade of all nations.

With the sincerest wishes for the further success of the United States, and for

the welfare of your family believe me my dear President

Ever your sincere friend

WILLIAM, I. R.

(Original sent in the President's handwriting)

May 14, 1908.

To His Imperial Majesty

William II

Emperor of Germany

MY DEAR EMPEROR WILLIAM:

Since writing you I have received, through Sternburg, your very courteous letter, and the handsome volume on Wartburg; I thank you for it. When Sternburg presents this I hope he will have the chance to tell you in full how things stand here.

I am particularly pleased at your appreciation of our fleet; but I wish I could get legislation that would give us in the higher grades officers as young as yours!

With great regard

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I have searched Roosevelt's papers in vain for an answer from the Kaiser to the following letter from the President urging him to favor a treaty of arbitration between the United States and Germany. If one was sent it has been mislaid:

(Original in the President's handwriting)

May 6, 1908.

MY DEAR EMPEROR WILLIAM:

I have asked your Majesty's Ambassador to present this to you personally. I hope you can see your way clear to have your Government enter into a treaty of arbitration with the United States. In the form in which the treaty now is I freely admit that it is not as effective as I could wish. Nevertheless good will result from the expression of good-will implied in the treaty; and it would have a certain binding effect upon the Senate, making it morally obligatory to accept any reasonable agreement which might subsequently be made. Moreover it would confer a real benefit in the event of

any sudden flurry both by providing the executives of the two countries with an excellent reason for demanding cool consideration of any question by their respective peoples, and also by enabling them to make a strong appeal under the sanction of a solemn treaty to both the peoples and their legislatures to accept an honorable arbitration. It seems to me that these advantages are in themselves not to be overlooked; and furthermore the effect of such a treaty between Germany and the United States will be to furnish another evidence of the friendship between the two countries, while not to have the treaty, when such treaties have already been made with France, England, Japan, Italy, Spain, and various other powers, would I think invite comment. Merely to exchange notes of goodwill between the Governments would be no adequate substitute. On the contrary, it would invite attention to the fact that there is no treaty with Germany whereas there are treaties with the various Powers above named; and indeed might be construed by our people as meaning that Germany did not believe any treaty should be made with us in view of our form of government.

With great regard and earnest good wishes for your continued success in your great career, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

His Imperial Majesty

William II,

Emperor of Germany.

The last letter from the Kaiser which appears in the correspondence is the following, which, unlike all the others, is not in the Kaiser's hand but in that of a secretary:

MY DEAR PRESIDENT: "

This letter will be delivered into your hands by Count Bernstorff whom I have chosen after mature deliberation as successor to poor Baron Speck v. Sternburg whose premature death I still lament as a severe loss to our two countries. He was not only a true and good German patriot, but a sincere and stanch friend of the United States. I know that you lost in him a personal and loyal friend and admirer.

I trust that my new ambassador will gain your entire confidence and that of Mr. William Taft who has just been elected to be your successor at the White House. I have watched the electoral struggle in the United States with keen interest and I wish to tell you quite confidentially that I am most satisfied with the outcome. Your advocating of Mr. Taft's candidacy would have been enough proof for me that he is the fittest man for the post, but I know besides what a splendid man he is and what an able public official he has shown himself in all the positions he has held during these last years in the Philippines, in Washington and in Cuba. I am sure that the United States will continue under his lead in the ways of progress and that they will enter into a new era of prosperity which has only lately been interrupted by one of these periods of depression which occur in all countries and at all times. I further sincerely hope that the good relations between our two countries which have made so much progress during your presidency, will not only continue, but still extend to the best of the two peoples.

I have heard from consul general Bünz who is going now as minister to Mexico, that you will, after your expedition to Africa, come over to England and lecture at Oxford University. I should be very much pleased if we could meet somewhere and get personally acquainted.

Your desire to shoot in German East Africa has been made known to me and I assure you that every possible facility will be given to you during your stay on German territory where you will find some of the best shooting grounds for big game.

With sincere wishes for the further welfare of your country and your own I am, my dear President, your sincere friend and admirer.

WILLIAM, I. R.

Donaueschingen,

November 12th, 1908.

The President of the United States of America.

The only personal correspondence that passed between the Czar of Russia and the President took place during the Portsmouth Peace Conference, as follows:

I have instructed Mr. Witte,
Secretary of State, and my
ambassador in the United
States Baron Rosen
how far Russia's concessions
can go towards meeting
Japan's propositions.

I need not tell you that
I have full confidence
that you will do all that
lies in your power to
bring the peace negotiations

to a satisfactory conclusion.

Believe me

your's truly

Nicolas

(Original in the Czar's handwriting)

PETERHOF, July 18, 1905.

DEAR MR. ROOSEVELT:

I take the opportunity of Mr. Witte's departure for Washington to express to you my feelings of sincere friendship.

Thanks to your initiative the Russian and Japanese delegates are going to meet in your country to discuss the possible terms of peace between both belligerents.

I have instructed Mr. Witte, Secretary of State, and my ambassador in the United States Baron Rosen how far Russia's concessions can go towards meeting Japan's propositions.

I need not tell you that I have full confidence that you will do all that lies in your power to bring the peace negotiations to a satisfactory conclusion.

Believe me

your's truly

NICOLAS.

(Original in the President's handwriting)

September 6, 1905.

To

His Majesty

The Emperor of Russia:

MY DEAR EMPEROR NICHOLAS:

Your very courteous letter was handed me by M. Witte. I need hardly say how delighted I am at the peace that has been made. I have given M. Witte, to present to you, copies of the letters I had sent the Japanese Government at the same time that I was cabling you.

I have an abiding faith in the future of the mighty Slav empire which you rule; and I most earnestly wish all good fortune both for you personally and for your people.

With high regard, believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Roosevelt's correspondence with the Emperor of Japan began at the close of the Portsmouth Peace Conference in 1905, when the President wrote in his own hand a long letter to the Mikado expressing his "sense of the magnanimity, and above all, of the cool-headed far-sighted wisdom" he had shown in making the Peace Treaty. This letter was given in full in the account of the Peace Con-

ference published in this magazine in September, 1919. The Mikado's reply was as follows:

(Translation)

MR. PRESIDENT:

I received some time ago your kind letter dated September 6th last, which you delivered to Baron Komura on the eve of his departure from your country. The warmest and sincerest sympathy which you expressed in that letter regarding the conclusion of peace touched me deeply. I feel extremely gratified to find that you have fully appreciated the course of action which I have taken with the view to promoting the cause of humanity and civilization as well as the true interests of Japan.

From the moment when you suggested to Japan and Russia to open negotiations for peace until the time when the Plenipotentiaries of the two Powers concluded their labours in your country, you have constantly exercised your noble efforts for the cause of peace and have greatly contributed to the speedy termination of the painful war. The two belligerents and the world at large owe deep and lasting gratitude to you.

In again tendering to you my heartfelt thanks I wish happiness of yourself and prosperity of your country.

With profound respect,

Believe me,

Yours always sincerely,

Signed: HUTSUHITO.

Tokio, November 11, 1905.

At the same time the President sent a present to the Mikado, which is described in the following correspondence.

(Original in the President's handwriting)

September 6, 1905.

YOUR MAJESTY:

Through Baron Kaneko I venture to send you the skin of a large bear which I shot; I beg you to accept it as a trifling token of the regard I have for you and for the great and wonderful people over which you rule.

Let me take this opportunity to thank you for the distinguished courtesy you have shown to Secretary Taft and to my

daughter. Let me also say how much I have enjoyed reading the translation of the poems written by Your Majesty, by Her Majesty the Empress, and by the other members of the Royal Family.

I have also written you by Baron Komura.

With profound respect, believe me,
Always sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

To

His Majesty,
The Emperor of Japan.

their short stay did not permit me to give them more cordial reception.

With profound respect,

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

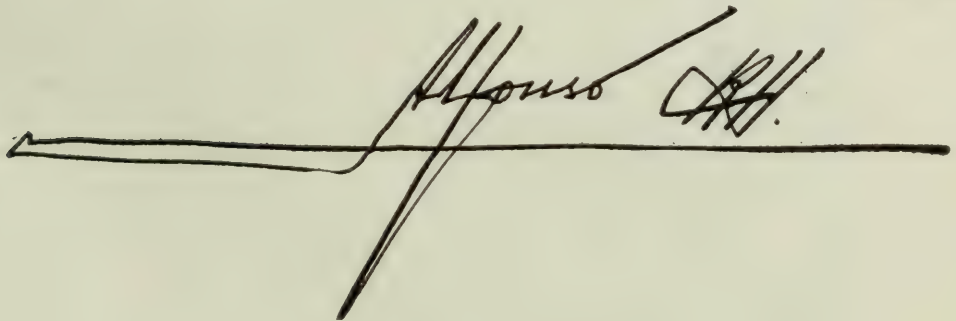
Signed: HUTSUHITO.

Tokio, November 11, 1905.

Early in 1906 the northeastern portion of Japan was visited with a terrible famine which resulted in the death of nearly or quite a million persons. When it was at its height President Roosevelt, on Febru-

It only remains for me to wish you all possible prosperity & happiness.

Believe me very sincerely yours.



Facsimile of the concluding lines of a letter from Alfonso, King of Spain.

(Translation)

MR. PRESIDENT:

Your letter and the skin of a large bear shot by yourself which you delivered to Baron Kaneko at the time of his departure from your country, have reached me soon after his return here.

I am very happy to be the recipient of such a rare present which, I can assure you, will ever be cherished by me as the trophy of a friend commanding my entire admiration.

It afforded me great pleasure to receive your daughter and your Secretary of War Mr. Taft on the occasion of their visit to this country. The only regret is that

ary 13, 1906, issued an "appeal to the American people to help from their abundance their suffering fellow men of the great and friendly nation of Japan." Thousands of dollars were contributed through the Red Cross and other agencies by which needed relief was afforded. In recognition of the service rendered, the Mikado wrote to the President in July, 1906:

(Translation)

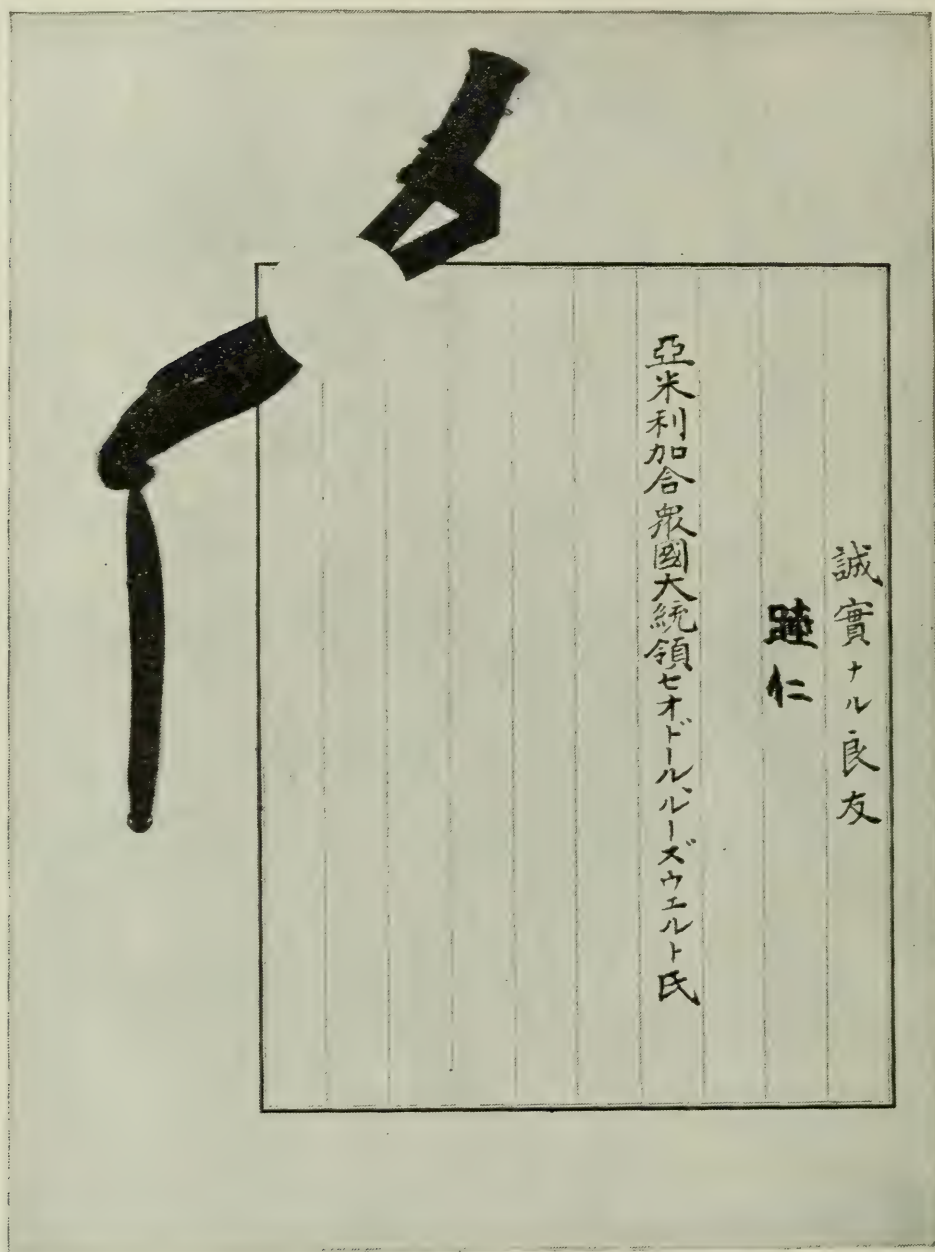
The President of the United States of America.

GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND:

When I learned that you had, in great sympathy and good will, invited the

American Public to come to the aid and succour of the famine stricken people of my northeastern Provinces, I hastened to express to you, through my Representa-

the distressed in such a manner as to faithfully carry out the noble intentions of those who so liberally responded to your appeal. I need hardly assure



Facsimile of part of the letter of Hutsuhito, Emperor of Japan.

The inscription in the second column is the Emperor's signature.

tive at Washington, my deep sense of gratitude.

The very generous and substantial contributions subscribed and collected by different American individuals and organizations and especially by the American National Red Cross and the Christian Herald, were duly received by the local authorities concerned through the kindness of the State Department and were, with great care, distributed among

you that by this means the most serious effects of the calamity were greatly mitigated.

Now that the immediate danger has been removed, I wish to assure you that I have been very deeply touched and gratified by the high example of international good will and friendship displayed by the people of the United States and that the memory of it will always be warmly cherished by me.

I remain, Mr. President, with the best wishes for your continued well-being.

Your sincere Friend

Signed: HUTSUHITO.

Imperial Palace, Tokio,
the fourth day of the seventh month
of the thirty-ninth year of Meiji.
(July 4, 1906)

All of the Mikado's letters to the President were written in Japanese characters on very fine rice-paper, and in each was enclosed an English translation hand-somely engrossed.

With Admiral Togo, Commander-in-Chief of the victorious Japanese navy, the President had the following interesting correspondence:

(Original in the President's hand)

December 18, 1905.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL TOGO:

I greatly appreciate the gift of that revolver which you sent me through

Minister Griscom. He tells me that you are to come to the United States some time next year. I earnestly hope that this is so. I look forward to seeing you and entertaining you at the White House. May I ask that you will do me the honor of accepting my photograph, which I enclose?

With great regard,

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Admiral H. Togo,

Commander in Chief of the Combined Fleet,
Tokio, Japan.

NAVAL GENERAL STAFF OFFICE,
TOKIO, Jan. 29th, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your kind note together with your photograph enclosed therein. I highly appreciate your gift and shall ever value it as a token of friendship of the President of the Great Republic.

As to my visit to your country, I fear

Now that the immediate danger has been removed, I wish to assure you that I have been very deeply touched and gratified by the high example of international good will and friendship displayed by the people of the United States and that the memory of it will always be warmly cherished by me

I remain, Mr. President, with the best wishes for your continued well-being

Your sincere Friend

Signed: Hutsuhito

Imperial Palace, Tokio.

the fourth day of the seventh month

of the thirty-ninth year of Meiji.

I can as yet say nothing for definite, although I am very anxious to have an opportunity in the near future of paying my respects to you at the White House.

I shall esteem it a great honour if you will kindly accept my photograph which I enclose herewith.

With the highest esteem and admiration,

I am Yours Respectfully

ADMIRAL HEIHACHIRO TOGO.

His Excellency

President Roosevelt.

A letter of unusual interest came to President Roosevelt in 1905 from Queen Elizabeth (Carmen Sylva) of Rumania. In that year the United States sent J. W. Riddle as its first Minister to Rumania, and the President gave him a personal letter to hand to the Queen, in which he spoke of her literary works and of the pleasure he had experienced in reading certain of them. In reply the Queen wrote the following letter on a typewriter:

SIR: SINAIA, Oct. 12th, 1905.

I thank you with all my heart for the kind letter you sent me through your most amiable messenger! We are so glad to have an American representative to ourselves at last, and I am sure you will never regret it, as there are so many increasing interests that could not be thoroughly understood by someone who did not know our country at all. I felt a great deal of compunction in venturing to recommend to your notice the once great tragedian Gertrud Giers. I know how very annoying it is to have stage poor artists thrust upon one. But I could not refuse, as she always was a protégée of my mother and a most honest woman whose struggle for life was so much harder on account of her being so honest. I hope she hasn't bored you too much! You know the world and its wonderful snobishness, only when the Great of the earth seem to pay attention the poor things can rise into notice, else they are left utterly in the cold!

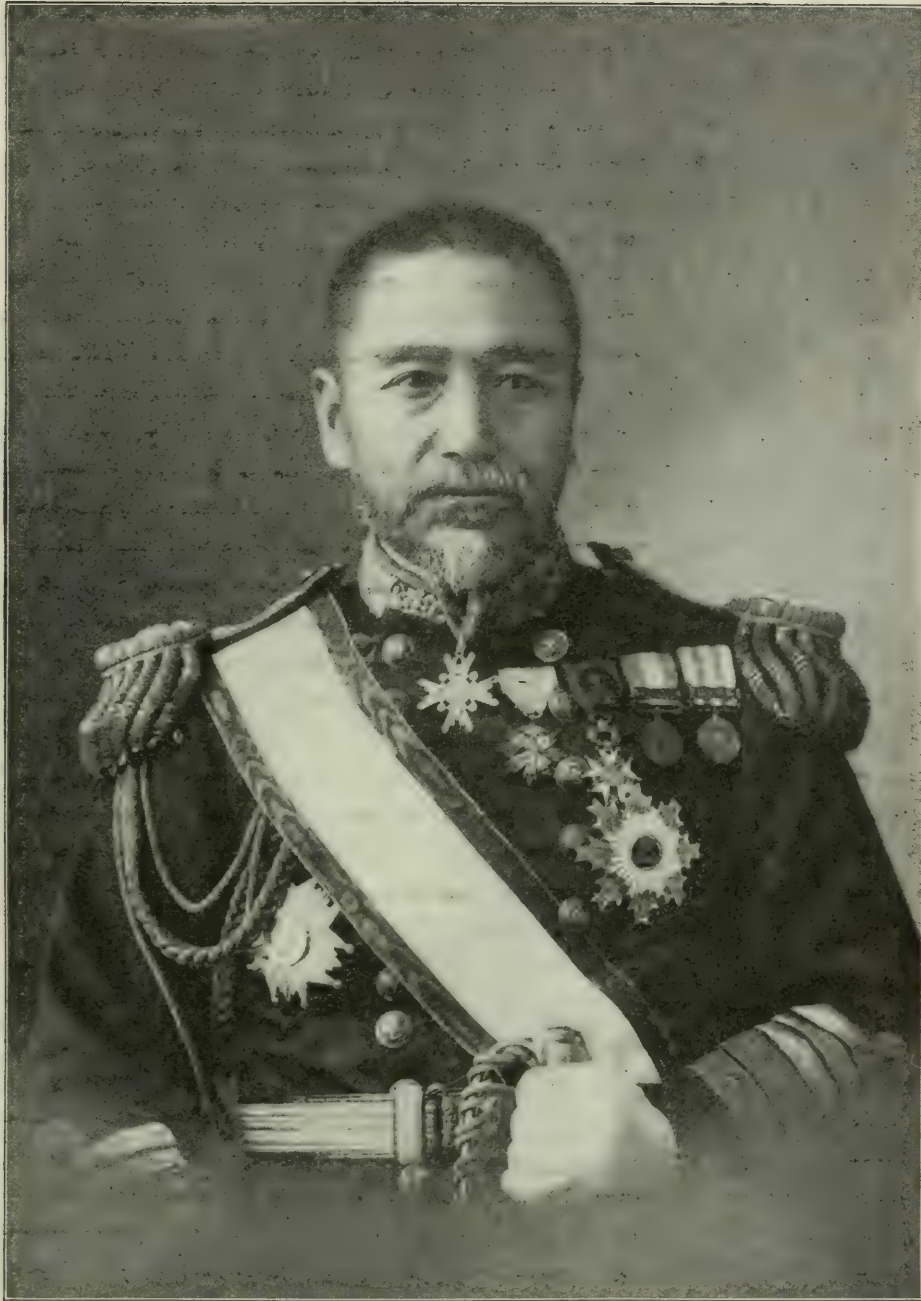
That the Bard of the Dimbovitza gives you such real pleasure is to me a very great satisfaction. You must like the chain of pearls and the murderer and the bereaved husband and the women after

miscarriage. All those things are powerful! To me the book seemed a literary event and I felt very proud that such a light should shine from my poor little unnoticed country! We are always wondering where the origins of these songs may be, they must come from the far east, as there is not a word in them that seems to allude to Christianity. They are simply grand and natural and true as only Shakespear has ever been.

I am told you read German, and so I venture to send you a true story I have put into somewhat poetic prose and also a tiny volume of poems I wrote in English, and in which you may like my joyful address to old age! It is true that I don't feel any older than at twenty-five and therefore I am no real judge, but I see that my feelings are about what you say and you may like them, even if my English verse should not be quite perfect!

We have had a hard fight for existence all these last years and are not beyond much care still. It was nearly famine, only we didn't allow it to grow into that, by making unheard of sacrifices to keep our peasants alive! This year is far from good again, but we hope to get on without buying in other countries the Indian corn that wasn't nearly as good as ours! Your Minister will tell you all about our dire struggle and the unheard of difficulties we had to contend with! though thank God he hasn't seen the worst! Many have been the sleepless nights! I worked night and day to bring our silk industry on the market, as I saw that when everything failed the mulberry tree gave us enough leaves to keep our silkworms alive! I do so hope we shall be able to do a great deal in that line!

Another burning interest to me is the question of the blind, as the terrible Egyptian disease has made ravages here. It seems there are about fifteen thousand blind people here, mostly strong young men having been soldiers, and a blind typesetter has found a new machine for printing for the blind and my valet de chambre, a very clever man who has been working for the blind for seven years, has taken up the blind man's idea and worked it out through long and patient months! The first machine was ready to start, when a jealous workman destroyed it in order to prevent his patron from earning



*with regards.
Admiral Heikachiro Togo*

Facsimile of the inscription written on the photograph of himself presented by Admiral Togo to President Roosevelt.—Page 407.

money. In a few days it will be ready again. We have the patent for five countries also America, and the inventors don't want to earn a penny, but wish to found what I call my blind city with the result of this machine. A blind man will

henceforth be able to print five thousand pages a day. It will be a new life for the blind in the whole world! I have orders from everywhere already and I have also begun my blind city with two or three married people, an engineer and a monk

Monsieur Roosevelt, que je suis
toujours heureux de me souvenir de
votre visite à Bruxelles et je vous
prie de me croire

Votre très affectueux

Albert

Furnes, le 17 décembre 1914

Facsimile of part of King Albert of Belgium's letter.

and a sculptor and so on. I begin with fathers first, and let the children follow. A school would be utterly useless, it must come out of the city, but it would cost far too much to begin with it. I want to build something on a socialistic basis. If it interests you at all I shall send our plan of organization. I hope it may answer. I am afraid I am asking too much of your patience already and am beginning to make mistakes as I always do when I begin to get the least bit tired. The typewriter is an enormous help to overworked hands, but the noise is still much too fatiguing to the brain. If I write more than three or four hours at a time I make mistakes in every word at last. And I can't dictate.

Once more kind thanks for your most amiable letter!

ELIZABETH.

Roosevelt, soon after the German invasion of Belgium, wrote to King Albert, enclosing his first public utterances on the subject and expressing his admiration for Belgium's heroic conduct and his deep sympathy with its sufferings. In reply, King Albert wrote:

(Original in French)

DEAR MR. ROOSEVELT:

I am very glad to receive your letter. It is very good of you to give me this cordial assurance of your friendly sentiments. What you have written in support of our just cause is an honor to us; my Government as well as myself, values it highly. My country is profoundly grateful to the United States for comprehending that Belgium, in defending her soil, has sacrificed all to duty; she knows that she can count upon the sympathy of the great American nation, which, always reverencing liberty and law, will never admit that treaties, contracted in good faith, can be violently torn up.

I thank you, the eminent statesman who knows well the sentiments of honor of his fellow citizens, for sending assurances of their sympathy.

I wish to say to you, my dear Mr. Roosevelt, that I remember always with pleasure your visit to Brussels and I beg you to believe me

Very affectionately yours,

ALBERT.

Furnes, 17th December, 1914.

[The ninth instalment of Theodore Roosevelt's Own Letters will appear in the June number.]

DEVILLED SWEETBREADS

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

Author of "John O'May," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH



MY first sight of Mr. Peace was impressive. He was pursuing, with an uplifted butcher-knife, a small, active dark man up and down the deserted, sun-warmed dust of a sort of three-sided patio formed by long, low-lying log cabins. There was perfect silence, sinister silence, except for the late July stridency of the cicada, the chuckling of the near-by river, and the rhythmical padding of Mr. Peace's feet and those of his victim.

Mr. Peace's hair, blond, vikingish, a little too thick in front, but obviously well brushed, rose and fell with the violence of his effort, possibly of his emotions. Under a short blond mustache his chin was thrust forward, giving an impression of anger co-existent with shortness of breath. One judged, although much inferior in bulk, the small man, where running was concerned, had greatly the advantage. Not that Mr. Peace was fat; he was not; but he had reached the age—fifty-odd—where blondness as a rule narrows either to sallowness or else ripples into a certain happy expansion.

For me there was too much astonishment to permit of any motion except the automatic ones of dismounting from my horse and standing open-mouthed, my hand on my revolver. You would be startled yourself if, coming from a long day of entire quiet, from eighteen miles of deserted river road, you had traversed the sun-dappled coolness of an aspen-grove, turned a corner, and suddenly been shot into a scene such as I have been describing. Its taciturn activity was outrageously at variance with the surroundings; with the suspended lazy stillness of the little shining patio, the further, sweet-smelling stillness of encircling alfalfa-fields, the cathedral-like solemnity of the background of pines, where, under the rays of a sun dipping toward the west they

soared above the battlements of the overhanging mountains with spires bathed in misty gold.

But Mr. Peace and the unwilling participant of his undertaking had reached a point where relevancy is no longer a consideration. They were entirely absorbed in their primitive pastime. They threaded the narrow confines of the court with the earnest abandon of actors in a symbolic dance. Behind them their shadows made desperate endeavor to keep up.

It was the small man who broke the rhythm. Evidently at the end of his resources, he decided upon a perilous expedient; he wheeled, ran straight at his opponent, and with an ape-like agility granted only to mankind in moments of imminent peril, within a foot or two of the circle of danger leaped to one side and swarmed up a log pillar of the porch that overhung the nearest of the cabins. Here, feeling himself comparatively safe, he sat down cross-legged and, with a most insulting far-away look in his eyes, spat down into the dust, not too remotely from the baffled feet of his intending executioner.

For a moment the latter regarded him with the expression of a puzzled dog, then, in a climax, a final gigantic outburst of rage, drew back and sent the knife flying into the soft wood of the pillar, where it stuck quivering. It was what my friend, Jenny Roquelaure, who comes from Indiana but married a Frenchman, would call "a magnificent gesture." I did not, however, fail to remark that it would have been just as easy and considerably more lethal to have hurled the knife at the overly confident possessor of the roof.

Mr. Peace, as if the episode was closed, sat down on the step of the porch and mopped his forehead with a multicolored bandanna handkerchief of silk. At the moment a young man was rounding the corner of one of the cabins. He was a

very elegant young man, tall, slim, black-haired, clean-shaven, dressed in excellently fitting khaki riding-breeches, brown boots that twinkled, and a white shirt open at the throat. He walked slowly and with a certain air of lackadaisical detachment that did not in the least conceal a very real litheness and strength of limb. With a swift glance from under lazy eyelids he realized the small man on the roof, Mr. Peace on the step, and myself, hesitant in the background, and I thought an expression of weariness darkened his trim features, but the next instant it was gone, and he crossed to where Mr. Peace was sitting and sank down beside him, and began to roll a cigarette with an engaging lack of inquisitiveness.

Possibly Mr. Peace was shamefaced; his supercilious casualness seemed perhaps a trifle too pronounced; but he was very unperturbed, none the less. "Hello!" he said brightly. "I've just discharged your cook." Then he became absorbed in the thoughtful movements of a hen, who had appeared from nowhere and was promenading the patio with the languid rolling walk of one whose stomach is for the time being satisfied.

The young man continued to roll his cigarette, but before it was completed threw it down and spoke with a bitter dryness. "I hated his fried potatoes!" he said.

On the roof Mr. Peace's escaped victim stirred sharply from his assumed boredom and drew himself together with a little shudder of rage.

"It is not potatoes," retorted Mr. Peace, with grave indignation, "not potatoes, disgraceful as they were. Potatoes I can forgive, providing if back of them I can discern the faintest sign of a kindly heart, the weakest flicker of human intellect. But when a degenerate"—here he raised his voice—"ignorant, black-hearted, cross-eyed son of a dog——"

"Liar!" screamed the small man furiously.

"—from the lowest slums of Naples," proceeded Mr. Peace, "vents his so-called wit on me I become irritated." He paused and looked at the young man beside him with an expression of restrained anger. "It was my mustache," he added. "He objected to it being waxed."

"He did?" The young man's tones were soothing. "I don't blame you."

Mr. Peace was galvanized into action. He sprang up from the porch and pointed a dramatic finger at the figure on the roof. "Did you hear that?" he thundered. "Down from your perch and pack your things! To-morrow the stage leaves from Conant; see that you catch it! In the meantime——" He lowered his voice and looked sideways at the young man—"I shall be delighted, my dear fellow, to cook for you until you procure another incompetent." With a large gesture, indicative of entire dismissal of unpleasant things, he turned about and walked off with dignified slowness.

His companion remained where he was, blowing meditative clouds of cigarette-smoke into the air.

You must remember that at the moment I hadn't the faintest idea who Mr. Peace was. I knew him only as a blond giant with what seemed homicidal proclivities. I had been imagining him a Swede; one does, you know, if one has worked with Swedes; one falls into the way, that is, of associating silent, ungovernable rages with the Scandinavian temperament. Consequently I had been listening to the recent outburst of oratory with a growing fascination, for here was no Swede, but indisputably an Eastern American; an Eastern American who could have come only from a very limited class, the most typical members of which you find sitting in clubs at four o'clock of an afternoon looking for some one with whom to play bridge. There was no mistaking the resonant, not too interested voice, the truncated, slightly nasal, casual preciseness of accent. And here was this good man pursuing with a butcher-knife an Italian cook through the remote peace of a Wyoming July afternoon!

I stepped forward. In my pocket was Mrs. Minturn's letter. For her it was a long letter, delicately blue in color, advanced in texture, folded in an inconvenient but no doubt newly fashionable manner. Ten miles back, where I had camped for lunch, I had taken it out and reread it. Upon the hot, dusty noon, pungent with sage-brush, a faint provocative perfume had stolen. Mrs. Minturn's letter—I had never been quite admitted



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

They were entirely absorbed in their primitive pastime.—Page 411.

to the inner circle, the large inner circle, that called her Violet, despite a fairly near blood relationship—irritated me; almost always her letters, for they were always commands, irritated me. They sent me always in just the opposite direction from which I wished to go. But somehow or other I went. People did. Mrs. Minturn divided her world into senders and goers. Beauty, surviving triumphantly a quarter of a century, coupled with great wealth is infinitely more potent than the usual modern prerogatives of royalty. The perfume of Mrs. Minturn's letter was sufficient in itself to make the ordinary man go anywhere at any time.

I approached the languid young man. "I am looking," I said, "for the Currycomb Ranch and for a Mr. Johnson."

He raised his beautiful eyelashes. "I'm Johnson," he answered.

"I have a letter from Mrs. Minturn saying that she expects to be here this week with her daughter, and asking me to look you up. I hope it's all right. The letter was delayed, because I've been north, on the other side of Ten Strike. It should have reached me three weeks ago, but——"

He cut me short with a fierce gesture of his arm, not in keeping with his general air of calm indifference.

"Good God!" he said bitterly, "so you're another victim, are you? She couldn't be satisfied with the prospects of the ordinary males to be found about a place like this! I wonder if she knows any other young men in the neighborhood, or wandering through here? I suppose they'll come riding in now, two or three a day. Well, put up your horse. I'm glad to see you, even if you are weak-minded."

I found myself considerably nettled. "I don't know what you're talking about," I objected. "I happen to be a cousin of Mrs. Minturn's. As for being weak-minded——"

"Oh, they all say that," he interjected wearily. "Come along!" He took the bridle of my horse and proceeded to lead him in the direction of what turned out to be the corrals.

"Sometimes," he said coldly, "life becomes insupportable. There's Peace, now."

"Peace?"

"Yes, Mr. Peace. The man who was chasing my cook. Why didn't you interfere?" He stopped and faced about on me with a look of grave interrogation.

"I don't know," I answered lamely, "I'm sure. I haven't the faintest idea why I didn't. Ordinarily I would, but—look here"—there was a confused perception struggling in my mind—"do many people interfere with Mr. Peace?"

"No," he said, "that's just the trouble. They don't. He's always been the blond beauty and run the whole show. Well, it wouldn't have been any use interfering; he'd simply have chased you, too. And he never hurts anybody. He discharges a cook about once a month. He won't leave them alone. He's always telling them how to season things, or how to make a new sauce, or some damn silliness. But he's a good cook himself. You'll see to-night." He sighed heavily, and with lowered head continued on his way to the corrals.

"Who is Mr. Peace?" I asked.

"You've got me!" He looked up with faint amusement in his eyes. "He's been around this country for five years or so. Usually he stops here; sometimes he gets hurt and goes away for a month or two. He's very easily hurt. All I know is that he takes the *Providence Journal*, and seems to have been everywhere and to have met innumerable people." He stopped again and regarded the horizon. "Sometimes," he said grimly, "I think I'll kill him, and then when he's away I miss him like the devil. He's frightfully maternal."

"Maternal!" The adjective seemed curious.

"Exactly! I might be his only boy. I haven't been allowed to have wet feet for five years. And you ought to see him with chickens! We have real eggs now all the time. Oh, well, it's a curious world. Sometimes I think I was just born in it to be bothered."

This was an intriguing reflection coming from a young man who apparently had wealth and excellent physical well-being, and who was undoubtedly good-looking, and who, unless Mrs. Minturn changed her mind or there was a train-wreck, would within two days see the ob-

ject of his affections in the person of Mrs. Minturn's daughter Geraldine—a very intriguing reflection! I wondered if he knew the Minturns were to be here so soon. In my pocket Mrs. Minturn's letter seemed to glow with the faint, shining presence that surrounded all the things she touched. I recalled its contents.

"DEAR RODDY:

"I know you are somewhere within a radius of a hundred miles of a young man named Garth Johnson. Perhaps you know him. Will you look him up and write me about him, and possibly could you manage to stay, or return, when Geraldine and I arrive? I know this sounds absurd. It has, however, some reason. Yes, Geraldine and I are going to visit a ranch. I don't know what a ranch is, and I am sure I don't care to know. You have always bored me when you talk of them. Otherwise, I love you. But this is a homœopathic cure for Geraldine. She has been very bothersome; she thinks she is in love with this young creature. They met a year ago when he was East. I know nothing about him, except that he is not bad-looking and seems to have a little money. But Geraldine is my only child, and I have other plans. I think a month or two on a ranch will cure her. Geraldine has a romantic head, but a most material digestion. I am staking all on the latter. At all events, it has reached a point where drastic measures are necessary. I cannot go on. Geraldine is acutely annoying. My summer is quite spoiled. I had planned many things. I even have a Rumanian prince who wishes to marry me. He is exquisitely stimulating. But he could not abide a ranch, so I leave him at home.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"VIOLET MINTURN."

She invariably signed herself my cousin when there was any particularly unpleasant or unnecessary task she wished me to undertake.

By now the young man and I had reached the corrals. He unsaddled my horse, opened the gate, and turned him in to the tender mercies of forty or so bored cow-ponies. They made him excessively unwelcome. Johnson regarded this lack

of cordiality gloomily. "Just like people," he pondered. He leaned his arms on a near-by fence and brooded upon the sunset.

"For heaven's sake," he observed out of a meditative silence, "don't tell Peace Mrs. Minturn and her daughter are coming. I don't know what he'd do. He hates women—and now we have no cook."

We went up to the very charming ranch-house. It was a little dusty, as bachelor ranch-houses are likely to be, but it was spacious and cheerful and characteristic, with its numerous skins on floor and wall, its collection of guns, paralleled against the logs on racks of deer-feet, its easy chairs and big open fireplaces.

"To-morrow," said Johnson, "we'll begin to clean windows." It was the first sign of the bridegroom garnishing his abode.

Mr. Peace met us half-way between the living-room and the dining-room, a long fork in one hand and a cook's cap set rakishly on one side of his head. Around his pleasantly protuberant middle was a cook's apron.

"Can't you hear the bell?" he asked angrily. "What's the use of having steak with cream-gravy if it's to get cold? All the other 'boys' are in there now—half through!"

He was a good cook. As I ate his offerings I reflected that even Geraldine's taste in such matters might be partially satisfied. He waited upon the table with extreme gravity. I noticed that the half-dozen or so young cow-punchers who worked for Johnson treated him with the utmost respect. It was "Yes, Mr. Peace." "Thank you, Mr. Peace." "I wouldn't be carin' for any, Mr. Peace."

When the meal was over Johnson and I went into the living-room, where shortly Mr. Peace joined us. He had removed the apron, but through some absent-mindedness, or because it was by way of being a comfortable skull-cap, he still retained his cook's head-dress. He drew out a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles and, sitting down by one of the lamps, proceeded to read a newspaper with the most minute attention. Occasionally he commented upon its contents out loud, or

clicked his tongue against his lips in graded indications of surprise or interest.

"Harriet Oglesby's remarried, Garth. That's the third time."

"Never heard of her."

"I don't know why you haven't. She was a very lovely young girl, but changeable even then."

"I've never been to Providence."

"But, my dear fellow! Mrs. Lamar-Roche! She's known everywhere. . . ."

"Johnson," I said, when he was bidding me good night, "you're well taken care of."

"Isn't that the truth?" he answered, without lightness.

He hesitated a moment, his hands in his pockets, and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. In the rays of the moon that fell upon us, I thought his young face was slightly haggard. "Look here," he said, his words tumbling on top of each other embarrassedly, "it may sound a queer thing to say, but—well, damn it, I don't want to marry Geraldine. No, I don't want to at all!"

I was a trifle shocked at first. Tradition seemed to tell me that this was an improper way to speak, but there was something so ingenuous in this confidence, something so suddenly friendly, that I found myself in a forgiving mood. Besides, I reflected, in Geraldine's class such matters were discussed quite candidly and cold-bloodedly. Only the unfashionable regard love-making as a secret.

"Well, why do you, then?" I asked.

"I'm not going to," he said firmly, "if I can help it. I like Geraldine—I like her awfully. I like her better than any girl I know; but I am not a fool, and I know that there's hardly a thing I love that she wouldn't hate." He indicated with a wide sweep of his arm the expanse of shadowy fields, the dreaming mountains beyond; a landscape odorous with the damp sweetness of a hill country at night, translucent where the moon bathed it, piercingly lovely, ethereal. "Imagine Geraldine in such surroundings!" he added.

"She will be day after to-morrow," I assured him grimly.

But I went to bed fairly well satisfied. This seemed one of the rare occasions

when Mrs. Minturn's desires and the right of a thing were coincident.

One is always overlooking Geraldine. That's her misfortune for being the daughter of her mother. Had she been anybody else's daughter her prominence would have been undisputed. As it is, she is like a very smart diminutive purple aster growing in the shadow of an overpowering white lily, and in the presence of Mrs. Minturn even the most progressive prefer the languid lily to the candid aster. Feminist husbands have been known to go home and insult their frank, beautiful, and intelligent wives. Mrs. Minturn believed that sex was a dagger, not a thrashing-machine. And Geraldine, who belonged unequivocally to the new generation, would as soon slap a man as kiss him—both in a perfectly friendly spirit. She was the only person I knew who could shock her mother; while, fortunately for Geraldine, her mother's remonstrations were so hidden in the delicate double meanings of two decades ago that Geraldine mistook them as a rule for moral aphorisms: hypocritical, to be sure—Geraldine was not a fool—but none the less aphorisms. Geraldine was very pretty in a small, brown-haired, fresh-colored, sharp-glanced manner. Her voice was like that of a charming boy. Beside her Mrs. Minturn swayed, slim and dark and cream-colored, with lazy eyes into which headstrong men wished to dive as into hidden forest pools.

It was characteristic of mother and daughter that when they descended from the motor that had brought them from Ten Strike late on the following Friday afternoon, Geraldine should look as fresh as a morning flower, while Mrs. Minturn had the air of a camellia handled a trifle too roughly. But she was a warrior. She encompassed Johnson with a radiant smile.

"It is difficult getting here," she said, "but when one does——!"

"It's a rotten trip!" said Geraldine frankly, in her sweet, clipped voice. "You've got quite a place, haven't you?"

The implication was that it "wasn't as much of a place as had been expected, but that it would do." Johnson's face darkened, and he bestowed an obviously major portion of his attentions upon Mrs.

Minturn. She cooed appreciatively over everything, settled into the room to which we took her like a lovely dove. But as Johnson and I went down the hallway I heard her say to Geraldine:

"For heaven's sake get me some hot water, and then go away! I've never had such a day!"

"Thank the Lord," said Johnson, who had apparently missed this remark, "Peace doesn't know anything about this arrival. Otherwise he'd be in Ten Strike by now." He chuckled. "It's the first thing he's missed on this ranch for five years."

Then we went over to our sleeping-quarters, and changed our clothes, and washed enormously, and put on neckties. Johnson took out a dusty bottle and sprinkled some sweet-smelling tonic on his hair.

"Swank!" he explained with a grimace.

And I must admit the inroad of feminine society was exciting. One has only to live on a ranch to realize the truth of such a statement. Johnson's cow-punchers were startlingly alert and well-scrubbed, and from unknown recesses some one had resurrected a pair of brass candlesticks and put them on the table. There was also a bowl of purple lupin. Mrs. Minturn, cool, dressed in a black evening gown, from which emerged disturbing shoulders, came into the room like moonlight when a door is opened. The young men arose as one, bowed, looked at her with mouths slightly agape; an imaginative ear could have heard their hearts beating. Geraldine, in casual riding clothes, followed, gazing at the double line of youths with knowing, frankly amused eyes that turned their admiration into a sudden hatred of women—all but one woman. Shortly afterward, from the depths of the kitchen, appeared Mr. Peace with bowls of steaming soup.

I have implied, I think, that in connection with his other accomplishments Mr. Peace was an excellent waiter: he had finesse; an evident pride in his duties. Possibly there was a trifle too much gesture; an infinitesimal overflourish, usually associated with the darker races; but otherwise the most critical could have found little fault. He was to rise to an apex of debonairness. At the moment he

was carrying six bowls of soup on a tray. With no perceptible halt in the deftness and swiftness of his movements, he took in with darting eyes the long table with its two charming additions, and proceeded to the despatch of the task on hand. Mrs. Minturn was engrossed in a delicate scrutiny of her companions. I doubt if ever before she had seen gathered together so many lean and brown and beautiful young men. Mr. Peace, having set down his last bowl of soup, wiped his hand with a furtive gesture and, before astonishment could coalesce, was at Mrs. Minturn's side, leaning over an ivory shoulder. Then:

"Hello, Pussy!" he said casually. "We've been expecting you for a week or so."

For the first time in my life I saw Mrs. Minturn visibly upset. She paused in the middle of a sentence, her great eyes widening, her red lips a trifle apart. Finally she turned her head very slowly, as if expecting to see a ghost from her adventurous past.

Mr. Peace, his ridiculous cook's cap set rakishly upon one ear, was regarding her with a growing smile.

"Rene Peace!" he explained. "I haven't seen you, my dear, for twenty years. Just as young—younger. I suppose it's a great relief having got rid of Charley? I told him he'd get into trouble if he drank so much. Just a moment, 'Shorty'!"—this to a sroupless cow-puncher. He sped toward the kitchen. In the swaying doorway he paused. "That your daughter, Violet?" he asked. "Looks like Charley."

Geraldine made a face. Her mother turned a fascinated eye upon Johnson. "Where in the world—" she began.

Johnson, with bowed head, was attempting with a trembling hand to convey a spoon to his mouth. "I give up!" he spluttered. He spluttered again. "Pussy!" he murmured; and, detecting himself in a rudeness, blushed.

"It's an old nickname," explained Mrs. Minturn coldly. "Years ago at Bar Harbor—" She recovered her aplomb. "That, my dear," she nodded at Geraldine, "might have been your father."

"Well, at least he seems more useful than the one I had," retorted Geraldine,

with the charming candor of her age and class.

Mr. Peace proceeded to garnish the night with surprises. Just how he accomplished the next one I do not know, but in some mysterious way he had inveigled Mrs. Minturn, after supper, into the kitchen, where, to judge from the sounds and the conversation, he had set her to work helping him wash dishes. I haven't the faintest doubt that it was the first time she had ever dipped her lovely hands and wrists into soapy, disintegrating hot water. From the office, where I had gone to write a letter, I could not help but overhear the echo of quarrelling.

"You're the only person in the world for whom I would do such a ridiculous thing," said Mrs. Minturn, "and I do it because I pity you."

"Pity me!" snorted Mr. Peace indignantly. "It is I who pity you!"

Mrs. Minturn laughed disdainfully. "Why?"

"You are just where you were twenty years ago, while I have gone on." Mr. Peace's voice assumed the rounded tones of didacticism with which he not infrequently lectured Johnson. Evidently he was upon a favorite subject. "The upper classes," he proceeded oratorically, "fade away from not using their hands and from a lack of the impulse to earn their daily bread. A man is like an apple-tree, he will not grow good fruit unless he is pruned by the shears of necessity. The very rich and the hobo box the compass and in the end meet face to face, bereft of all ideals except the most animal ones. It was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me that twenty years ago I failed in business, for since then I have learned the secret of happiness. It is to know yourself capable with your arms and never to have at any one time so much money that the petty things of life, of which life necessarily is mostly made up, are dwarfed and insignificant. A quarter for a drink, my dear Violet, is more important to me than a limousine is to you; and I enjoy the drink, whereas you take the limousine as a matter of course. Taking things as a matter of course is the curse of the world. If I can't find surprises I make 'em. My life, with little in it, is consistently exciting;

your life, with everything in it, is consistently dull. . . . For heaven's sake, Pussy, if you break another glass I'll send you out of the kitchen!"

"I wish you wouldn't call me Pussy!" complained Mrs. Minturn bitterly.

Afterward they sat on the porch just beyond the window where I was writing. A faint, sweet-smelling breeze stirred the curtains and the night was flooded with moonlight. I don't think there was any harm in my being a not unwilling auditor. The two of them knew I was there; there was no attempt at concealment.

"Pussy," said Mr. Peace, "we might just as well, at the very beginning, understand each other. I know your ways. You have not changed. I am perfectly willing to be an excellent companion to you while you are here, but I will not be disturbed—mentally, I mean."

"Oh!" commented Mrs. Minturn softly, "so you do regret it, do you?"

"No!" retorted Mr. Peace angrily. "Not a single thing! Not a thing—except, possibly, devilled sweetbreads. Sweetbreads I regret, for I am passionately fond of them, as you may remember, and for twenty years I have not tasted one cooked the way I like."

"I haven't the faintest intention of disturbing your bucolic slumbers," observed Mrs. Minturn acridly. "You forget, my dear Rene, that you are fifty, and a little fat, and no longer in the world to which I belong."

There was a portentous silence; then Mr. Peace spoke with a bitter solemnity. "Pussy," he said, "if you talk that way to me I'll slap you. I've done it before, and I'll do it again. I will not be bullied."

Mrs. Minturn's answer was as unexpected as the threat. There was a sudden overlaying of softness upon softness of accent. It was the voice she used when she wished me to go upon any particularly disagreeable errand. "You wouldn't dare!" she said. And the juvenescence of the reply and the proficiency of its tones—a proficiency antedating Delilah—destroyed what little was left of my equanimity.

Later on, I found Johnson wandering distractedly through the pines that surrounded the main ranch-house.

"Mrs. Minturn," I informed him, "is going to occupy herself greatly with your friend Peace."

"Then," he observed grimly, "he'll either marry her, or else chase her with a knife. He's a man of no half-way measures."

"She has conquered him before."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that," were his parting words.

And indeed, the next morning, I saw what clearly seemed an initial victory for the subjugating male, but which, before my eyes, was turned into temporary defeat. Near the vegetable-garden, upon which, under a cloudless sky, the dew still sparkled, Mrs. Minturn and Mr. Peace were bending over, entirely absorbed in chickens. Mrs. Minturn was dressed in a riding-habit that was simplicity made dangerous. "Chickens," Mr. Peace was saying, "are the most heartrending of creatures; they are so hot-eyed and so helpless. Come along now, and I'll show you our milk cows."

Mrs. Minturn answered with a pretty show of helplessness. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" she cooed. "If I'd only known! . . . But I promised young Johnson I'd ride with him. After all, I do have to show some attention to my host, don't I?"

"Day after to-morrow," said Mr. Peace irrelevantly, "I'll be freer. There's a cook coming out from Ten Strike."

A week later Geraldine found me while I was fishing on the river. It was evident that she had sought me out. She made a charming picture as she parted the willows and looked, with wide, expectant eyes, up and down the bank. Rather like a twentieth-century dryad, or a self-contained naiad. Even modern youth cannot escape altogether the dewy elusiveness of youth. Finally she saw me and came over and sat down on a little pile of sand. She smoothed out the folds of her heather-colored breeches as if they were a skirt. "Isn't mother a devil?" she said disinterestedly.

I cast a fly and watched it with one eye half closed.

"She's insatiable," continued Geraldine; "and as she gets older she loses some of her subtlety."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I commented, although I did.

"Then," said Geraldine, "you are either very stupid, or else very unobservant. For the past seven days she has been making love to everybody on the ranch, including yourself."

"She hardly speaks to me."

"That's her method with very shy, proud young men. In about a month you'd fall for it. But I don't care about you; what I do care about is Garth. He's a fool."

"She's only doing it to prevent him from marrying you."

Geraldine picked up a pebble and examined it judicially. "In the beginning," she observed, "but not now. Now she likes the game for its own sake. Garth's beautiful, even if he hasn't any sense." She looked up. "Do you know, the only person in the world that mother's afraid of is that Mr. Peace."

"Why is she afraid of him?"

"Because he's the only person in the world that isn't afraid of her."

Geraldine got to her feet and brushed the sand from her breeches. Then she paused as if she had forgotten something. "Oh, by the way," she said, suddenly averting her eyes a trifle, "I'm going to marry Garth to-night."

"Does he know it?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No; but I'm going to. It's time he learned decision. We're going to a dance at that ranch up the valley, and afterward I'll take him to the justice of the peace. I've telephoned the justice of the peace we'd be there at twelve sharp." She looked up quickly, her eyes bright and defiant, as if challenging me to interfere.

"But—but—" I stuttered. "Good God! Justice of the peace! What will your mother think of it?"

"It will be the best thing in the world for her," Geraldine assured me calmly. "It will be so shocking that she'll have nothing to say at all." She thrust her hands deep in her breeches' pockets and glared at me like a charming, insubordinate boy. "You wait and see!" she said. "I'll punish Garth for this. And he'll marry me all right enough. It'll relieve his mind. There's no time a man feels such an ass as when he's flirting with the mother of the girl he ought to marry." Then she unexpectedly blushed, the crim-

son overlaying the red of her indignation, turned abruptly about, and walked off with a little truculent swagger.

One was left reflecting upon the odd outer changes that generations and their customs make upon the same essential dispositions. Geraldine was her mother brought up to date. Doctor Freud would have been delighted.

I avoided the mother that night. My guilty secret precluded my facing her still unshaken confidence in a world designed for her especial gratification. There is nothing more pathetic than the rich or beautiful suddenly forced to pause halfway in a gesture of magnificence.

At nine o'clock Geraldine, Johnson, and several accompanying cow-punchers, rode out of the ranch with a fine jingling of spurs and bridles. Mrs. Minturn and Mr. Peace, sitting on the front porch in the long twilight, watched them go.

"We are getting old," said Mr. Peace largely. "Fifteen years ago—a night like this—a dance!"

"We are merely learning to particularize," answered Mrs. Minturn softly.

I walked away. To-morrow Mr. Peace will not be so calm, I reflected. One does not sit long twilight hours alone with Mrs. Minturn and retain entire calmness—no, not even Mr. Peace; not even despite the accuracy of Geraldine's statements.

I think that was true, but whether it was or not, it was entirely lost sight of in the effect produced the next morning by Geraldine's announcement. She appeared at breakfast swimming in the light that surrounds, on a summer morning, the young and very healthy newly aroused from sleep. She kissed her mother.

"Garth and I were married last night," she said, with a quick calmness, as she unfolded her napkin.

If I had expected Mrs. Minturn to faint or make a scene I was greatly mistaken. After all, she had the resiliency of the patrician. She paled for a moment, but caught her color back. Her only sign of emotion was a slightly twisted mouth.

"You are impulsive," she said. She sighed. "I will have to think it over. It is a little sudden." She reflected. "Of course," she murmured, "I could be very disagreeable if I wanted to."

Geraldine was outwardly undisturbed. "Yes," she agreed, "but why? After all, we're fond of one another—and as for money, Garth has lots."

A curious green light flickered for a moment in Mrs. Minturn's dark eyes. "You're not so impulsive," she observed.

During this breathless little scene, on the surface so casual, one had entirely forgotten the presence of Mr. Peace, who was sitting at the head of the table, cracking the top off a boiled egg. Now he made himself part of the colloquy with his accustomed vividness. He dropped his knife with a clatter. I looked in his direction and perceived a face swelling with crimson rage. "What in the world—" I began mildly, but he interrupted me.

"Insolent!" he barked. "Unbearable! An outrageous child!" He picked up his knife and banged it down again on the table. "Violet!" he said, and got to his feet, and then sat down violently. "Physical punishment," he stuttered indignantly, "is not too much."

It was Geraldine's turn to become excited. "Why!" she gasped. "But—Why, you wretched creature! It was you yourself who advised me to do this. You! Not three days ago. Here, right in this very room! Didn't you talk to me about frankness, about the necessity of leading one's own life? Didn't you lecture me about cutting loose from the older generation; about—?" She closed her pretty mouth sharply, then spoke with an icy scorn. "You were jealous of Garth," she said, "and wanted to get rid of him. That was it."

"For heaven's sake," I managed to interject, "don't stir him up. He—he chases cooks with knives."

"I'm not afraid of him," said Geraldine. "Besides, this is my house now, and he'll have to get used to me, as he'll probably live here all the rest of his life."

"I'll not!" snapped Mr. Peace. "I'll leave to-day!"

"Don't be silly," advised Geraldine. "Even if you did leave you'd be back in a month."

"I—I—I—" In his baffled fury Mr. Peace gripped the edge of the table with both hands. "You—I justify myself,"

he said with an immense effort to control his voice. "Theoretically—yes, in my own life—radicalism! But—but when it comes down to personal cases—" He stood up and flung aside his napkin. "Damn it!" he gurgled, "the generations have got to stand together! Violet—I—I must have air!"

Geraldine watched his retreating figure. "He's just like father," she said musingly.

There was an odd soft little smile about Mrs. Minturn's mouth; an odd soft light in her eyes. She stared across the table for a moment as if Geraldine and I were not there, then she arose abruptly and swiftly left the room.

Shortly afterward I found Johnson restlessly pacing up and down in the neighborhood of the corrals.

"What's the matter with everybody?" he complained. "First out comes Peace, red in the face, saying he's going to leave at once, and then out comes Mrs. Minturn, asking for the motor, as she's going to take the afternoon train East. What's the matter with everybody? Can't I even get married without being annoyed? Geraldine's the only person in the world that knows what she's about. And now"—he gestured with one hand disgustedly—"Peace has changed his mind and gone to bed, and sends word that no one's to see him, and on no account to send for the doctor. It's too much!"

I sought Mrs. Minturn out. She was packing without precision but with determination.

"I've never been without a maid before," she said, "and I'll never be without one again. Half of Geraldine's things are mixed up with mine." She looked at me coldly. "I have made a fiasco," she observed. "I must go at once."

"But why do you leave so soon?" I objected. I find that at bottom I am romantic. Mr. Peace's championship of Mrs. Minturn that morning, the look I had surprised in Mrs. Minturn's eyes, had awakened my mind to what might be a charming possibility.

Mrs. Minturn was more explanatory than usual. "Because," she said bitterly, "I never make a fool of myself more than

once in a month. I shall go back and marry my Rumanian prince. Rumania is about as far from Wyoming as you can get, isn't it?" She hesitated. "I'm running away," she concluded, more to herself than to me. "Yes, I'm running away. Hand me those shoes."

We all saw her off that afternoon. She kissed Geraldine coolly; gave her hand to Johnson with a devastating smile that embarrassed that impressionable young man. My hand she held for a perceptible second. "Why do I marry Rumanian princes?" she murmured vaguely, staring at the mountains. "I can imagine no more unhappy thing to do. The trouble with people like myself is that we know better, but we always do worse. A thousand things compel us. We never do the simple, happy thing. Mr. Peace refuses to see me. I trust he is not dangerously ill. Send me a telegram."

The driver threw in his clutch. The car started down the road and disappeared among the aspens. Mrs. Minturn was gone, leaving behind her a faint, provocative perfume that stirred upon the sleepy air.

It seemed to be my duty to find out how Mr. Peace was getting along. I found him with his knees cocked up under the bedclothes. He looked entirely well. On his face was an expression as if he had been listening for a sound.

"Has she gone?" he asked mysteriously.

I nodded in the affirmative.

"Hand me those cigarettes. I'll get up in a minute."

He lighted a cigarette and inhaled two or three reflective puffs.

"I nearly made a fool of myself," he said musingly. "When the world totters around me," he continued, "I always go to bed. It's safe." He studied the ceiling. "I'm glad, though, I didn't have to stay in bed for a week or two." He threw his cigarette away and sat up straight. "Damn it all," he said, "I do miss devilled sweetbreads!"

Devilled sweetbreads, I dare say, are as good a symbol for the baffled desires of humanity as anything else.

HENRY JAMES

BY EDMUND GOSSE, C. B.



VOLUMINOUS as had been the writings of Henry James since 1875, it was not until he approached the end of his career that he began to throw any light on the practical events and social adventures of his own life. He had occasionally shown that he could turn from the psychology of imaginary character to the record of real lives without losing any part of his delicate penetration or his charm of portraiture. He had, in particular, written the "Life of Hawthorne" in 1879, between "Daisy Miller" and "An International Episode"; and again in 1903, at the height of his latest period, he had produced a specimen of that period in his elusive and parenthetical, but very beautiful so-called "Life of W. W. Story." But these biographies threw no more light upon his own adventures than did his successive volumes of critical and topographical essays, in which the reader may seek long before he detects the sparkle of a crumb of personal fact. Henry James, at the age of seventy, had not begun to reveal himself behind the mask which spoke in the tones of a world of imaginary characters.

So saying, I do not forget that in the general edition of his collected, or rather selected, novels and tales, published from 1908 onward, Henry James prefixed to each volume an introduction which assumed to be wholly biographical. He yielded, he said, "to the pleasures of placing on record the circumstances" in which each successive tale was written. I well recollect the terms in which he spoke of these prefaces before he began to write them. They were to be full and confidential, they were to throw to the winds all restraints of conventional reticence, they were to take us, with eyes unbandaged, into the inmost sanctum of his soul. They appeared at last, in small print, and they were extremely extensive, but truth obliges me to say that I found them high-

ly disappointing. Constitutionally fitted to take pleasure in the accent of almost everything that Henry James ever wrote, I have to confess that these prefaces constantly baffle my eagerness. Not for a moment would I deny that they throw interesting light on the technical craft of a self-respecting novelist, but they are dry, remote, and impersonal to a strange degree. It is as though the author felt a burning desire to confide in the reader, whom he positively buttonholes in the endeavor, but that the experience itself evades him, fails to find expression, and falls still-born, while other matters, less personal and less important, press in and take their place against the author's wish. Henry James proposed, in each instance, to disclose "the contributive value of the accessory facts in a given artistic case." This is, indeed, what we require in the history or the autobiography of an artist, whether painter or musician or man of letters. But this included the production of anecdotes of salient facts, of direct historical statements, which Henry James seemed in 1908 to be completely incapacitated from giving, so that really, in the introductions to some of these novels in the Collected Edition, it is difficult to know what the beloved novelist is endeavoring to divulge. He becomes almost Chimera bombinating in a vacuum.

Had we lost him soon after the appearance of the latest of these prefaces—that prefixed to "The Golden Bowl," in which the effort to reveal something which is not revealed amounts almost to an agony—it would have been impossible to reconstruct the life of Henry James by the closest examination of his published writings. Ingenious commentators would have pieced together conjectures from such tales as "The Altar of the Dead" and "The Lesson of the Master," and have insisted more or less plausibly on their accordance with what the author *must* have thought or done, endured or

attempted. But, after all, these would have been "conjectures," not more definitely based than what bold spirits use when they construct lives of Shakespeare or, for that matter, of Homer. Fortunately, in 1913, the desire to place some particulars of the career of his marvellous brother William in the setting of his "immediate native and domestic air" led Henry James to contemplate with minuteness the fading memories of his own childhood. Starting with a biographical study of William James, he found it impossible to treat the family development at all adequately without extending the survey to his own growth as well, and thus, at the age of seventy, Henry became for the first time, and almost unconsciously, an autobiographer.

He had completed two larger volumes of *Memories* and was deep in a third when death took him from us. "A Small Boy and Others" deals, with such extreme discursiveness as is suitable in a collection of the fleeting impressions of infancy, from his birth in 1843 to his all but fatal attack of typhus fever at Boulogne-sur-Mer in (perhaps) 1857. I say "perhaps" because the wanton evasion of any sort of help in the way of dates is characteristic of the narrative as it would be of childish memories. The next instalment was "Notes of a Son and Brother," which opens in 1860, a doubtful period of three years being leaped over lightly, and closes—as I guess from an allusion to George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy"—in 1868. The third instalment, dictated in the autumn of 1914, and laid aside unfinished, is the posthumous "The Middle Years," faultlessly edited by the piety of Mr. Percy Lubbock in 1917. Here the tale is taken up in 1869 and is occupied, without much attempt at chronological order, with memories of two years in London. As Henry James did not revise, or perhaps even reread, these pages, we are free to form our conclusion as to whether he would or would not have vouchsafed to put their disjected parts into some more anatomical order.

Probably he would not have done so. The tendency of his genius had never been, and at the end was less than ever, in the direction of concinnity. He repudiated arrangement, he wilfully neg-

lected the precise adjustment of parts. The three autobiographical volumes will always be documents precious in the eyes of his admirers. They are full of beauty and nobility, they exhibit with delicacy, and sometimes even with splendor, the qualities of his character. But it would be absurd to speak of them as easy to read or as fulfilling what is demanded from an ordinary biographer. They have the tone of Veronese but nothing of his definition. A broad canvas is spread before us containing many figures in social conjuncture. But the plot, the single "story" which is being told, is drowned in misty radiance. Out of this *chiaroscuro* there leap suddenly to our vision a sumptuous head and throat, a handful of roses, the glitter of a satin sleeve, but it is only when we shut our eyes and think over what we have looked at that any coherent plan is revealed to us or that we detect any species of composition. It is a case which calls for editorial help, and I hope that when the three fragments of autobiography are reprinted as a single composition no prudery of hesitation to touch the sacred ark will prevent the editor from prefixing a skeleton chronicle of actual dates and facts. It will take nothing from the dignity of the luminous reveries in their original shape.

Such a skeleton will tell us that Henry James was born at 2 Washington Place, New York City, on the 15th April, 1843, and that he was the second child of his parents, the elder by one year being William, who grew up to be the most eminent philosopher whom America has produced. Their father, Henry James the elder, was himself a philosopher, whose ideas, which the younger Henry frankly admitted to be beyond his grasp, were expounded by William James, in 1884, in a preface to their father's posthumous papers. Henry was only one year old when the family paid a long visit to Paris, but his earliest recollections were of Albany, whence the Jameses migrated to New York until 1855. They then transferred their home to Europe for three years, during which time the child Henry imbibed what he afterward called "the European virus." In 1855 he was sent to Geneva for purposes of education, which were soon abandoned, and the whole family began an aimless

wandering through London, Paris, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Newport, Geneva, and America again, nothing but the Civil War sufficing to root this fugitive household in one abiding home.

Henry James's health forced him to be a spectator of the war, in which his younger brothers fought. He went to Harvard in 1862, to study law, but was now beginning to feel a more and more irresistible call to take up letters as a profession, and the Harvard Law School left little or no direct impression upon him. He formed a close and valuable friendship with Mr. Howells, seven years his senior, and the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which Mr. Howells was then assistant editor, were open to him from 1865. He lived for the next four years, in very poor health, and with no great encouragement from himself or others, always excepting Mr. Howells, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Early in 1869 he ventured to return to Europe, where he spent fifteen months in elegant but fruitful vagabondage. There was much literary work done, most of which he carefully suppressed in later life. The reader will, however, discover, tucked away in the thirteenth volume of the Collected Edition, a single waif from this rejected epoch, the tale called "A Passionate Pilgrim," written on his return to America in 1870. This visit to Europe absolutely determined his situation; his arrival in New York stimulated and tortured his nostalgia for the Old World, and in May 1872 he flew back once more to the European enchantment.

Here, practically, the biographical information respecting Henry James which has hitherto been given to the world ceases, for the fragment of "The Middle Years," so far as can be gathered, contains few recollections which can be dated later than his thirtieth year. It was said of Marivaux that he cultivated no faculty but that "de ne vivre que pour voir et pour entendre." In a similar spirit Henry James took up his dwelling in fashionable London lodgings in March, 1869. He had come from America with the settled design of making a profound study of English manners, and there were two aspects of the subject which stood out for him above all others. One of these

was the rural beauty of ancient country places, the other was the magnitude—"the inconceivable immensity," as he put it—of London. He told his sister "the place sits on you, broods on you, stamps on you with the feet of its myriad bipeds and quadrupeds." From his lodgings in Half Moon Street, quiet enough in themselves, he had the turmoil of the West End at his elbow, Piccadilly, Park Lane, St. James's Street, all within the range of a five minutes' stroll. He plunged into the vortex with incredible gusto, "knocking about in a quiet way and deeply enjoying my little adventures." This was his first mature experience of London, of which he remained until the end of his life perhaps the most infatuated student, the most "passionate pilgrim," that America has ever sent to England.

But his health was still poor, and for his constitution's sake he went in the summer of 1869 to Great Malvern. He went alone, and it is to be remarked of him that, social as he was, and inclined to a deep indulgence in the company of his friends, his habit of life was always in the main a solitary one. He had no constant associates, and he did not shrink from long periods of isolation, which he spent in reading and writing, but also in a concentrated contemplation of the passing scene, whatever it might be. It was alone that he now made a tour of the principal English cathedral and university towns, expatiating to himself on the perfection of the weather—"the dozen exquisite days of the English year, days stamped with a purity unknown in climates where fine weather is cheap." It was alone that he made acquaintance with Oxford, of which city he became at once the impassioned lover which he continued to be to the end, raving from Boston in 1870 of the supreme gratifications of "the most dignified and most educated" of the cradles of our race. It was alone that during these enchanting weeks he made himself acquainted with the unimagined loveliness of English hamlets buried in immemorial leafage and whispered to by meandering rivulets in the warm recesses of antiquity. These, too, found in Henry James a worshipper more ardent, it may almost be averred, than any other who had crossed the Atlantic to their shrine.

Having formed this basis for the main predilection of his English studies, Henry James passed over to the Continent and conducted a similar pilgrimage of entranced obsession through Switzerland and Italy. His wanderings, "rapturous and solitary," were, as in England, hampered by no social engagement. "I see no people to speak of," he wrote, "or for that matter to speak to." He returned to America in April, 1870, at the close of a year which proved critical in his career and which laid its stamp on the whole of his future work. He had been kindly received in artistic and literary circles in London; he had conversed with Ruskin, with William Morris, with Aubrey de Vere, but it is plain that while he observed the peculiarities of these eminent men with the closest avidity he made no impression whatever upon them. The time for Henry James to "make an impression" on others was not come yet; he was simply the well-bred, rather shy young American invalid, with excellent introductions, who crossed the path of English activities almost without casting a shadow. He had published no book; he had no distinct calling; he was a deprecating and punctilious young stranger from somewhere in Massachusetts, immature-looking for all his seven and twenty years.

Some further uneventful seasons, mainly spent in America but diversified by tours in Germany and Italy, bring us to 1875, when Henry James came over from Cambridge with the definite project, at last, of staying in Europe "for good." He took rooms in Paris, at 29 Rue de Luxembourg, and he penetrated easily into the very exclusive literary society which at that time revolved around Flaubert and Edmond de Goncourt. This year in Paris was another highly critical period in Henry James's intellectual history. He was still, at the mature age of thirty-two, almost an amateur in literature, having been content, up to that time, to produce scarcely anything which his mature taste did not afterward repudiate. "The Passionate Pilgrim" (1870), of which I have spoken above, is the only waif and stray of the pre-1873 years which he has permitted to survive. The first edition of this short story is now not easy of reference and I have not seen it;

the reprint of 1908 is obviously and is doubtless vigorously rehandled. Enough, however, remains of what must be original to show that, in a rather crude and indeed almost hysterical form, the qualities of Henry James's genius were, in 1869, what they continued to be in 1909. He has conquered, however, in "A Passionate Pilgrim," no command yet over his enthusiasm, his delicate sense of beauty, his apprehension of the exquisite color of antiquity.

From the French associates of this time, he derived practical help in his profession, though without their being aware of what they gave him. He was warmly attracted to Gustave Flaubert, who had just published "La Tentation de St. Antoine," a dazzled admiration of which was the excuse which threw the young American at the feet of the Rouen giant. This particular admiration dwindled with the passage of time, but Henry James continued faithful to the author of "Madame Bovary." It was Turgenev who introduced him to Flaubert, from whom he passed to Guy de Maupassant, then an athlete of four and twenty, and still scintillating in that blaze of juvenile virility which always fascinated Henry James. In the train of Edmond de Goncourt came Zola, vociferous over his late tribulation of having "L'Assommoir" stopped in its serial issue; Alphonse Daudet, whose recent "Jack" was exercising over tens of thousands of readers the tyranny of tears; and François Coppée, the almost exact [coeval of Henry James, and now author of a "Luthier de Cremone" which had placed him high among French poets. That the young American, with no apparent claim to attention except the laborious perfection of his French speech, was welcomed and ultimately received on terms of intimacy in this the most exclusive of European intellectual circles is curious. Henry James was accustomed to deprecate the notion that these Frenchmen took the least interest in him: "They have never read a line of me, they have never even persuaded themselves that there was a line of me which any one could read," he once said to me. How should they, poor charming creatures, in their self-sufficing Latin intensity, know what or whether

some barbarian had remotely "written"? But this does not end the marvel, because, read or not read, there was Henry James among them, affectionately welcome, talked to familiarly about "technic" and even about "sales" like a fellow craftsman. There must evidently have developed by this time something modestly "impressive" about him, and I cannot doubt that these Parisian masters of language more or less dimly divined that he too was, in some medium not by them to be penetrated, a master.

After this fruitful year in Paris, the first result of which was the publication of his earliest surviving novel, "Roderick Hudson," and the completion of "The American," Henry James left his "glittering, charming, civilized Paris" and settled in London. He submitted himself, as he wrote to his brother William in 1878, "without reserve to that Londonizing process of which the effect is to convince you that, having lived here, you may, if need be, abjure civilization and bury yourself in the country, but may not, in pursuit of civilization, live in any smaller town." He plunged deeply into the study of London, externally and socially, and into the production of literature, in which he was now as steadily active as he was elegantly proficient. These novels of his earliest period have neither the profundity nor the originality of those of his middle and final periods, but they have an exquisite freshness of their own, and a workmanship the lucidity and logic of which he owed in no small measure to his conversations with Daudet and Maupassant and to his, at that time, almost exclusive reading of the finest French fiction. He published "The American" in 1877, "The Europeans" and "Daisy Miller" in 1878, and "An International Episode" in 1879. He might advance in stature and breadth; he might come to disdain the exiguous beauty of these comparatively juvenile books, but now at all events were clearly revealed all the qualities which were to develop later and to make Henry James unique among writers of the Anglo-Saxon race.

His welcome into English society was remarkable if we reflect that he seemed to have little to give in return for what it

offered, except his social adaptability, his pleasant and still formal amenity, and his admirable capacity for listening. It cannot be stated too clearly that the Henry James of those early days had very little of the impressiveness of his later manner. He went everywhere, sedately, watchfully, graciously, but never prominently. In the winter of 1878-9 it is recorded that he dined out in London one hundred and seven times, but it is highly questionable whether this amazing assiduity at the best dinner-tables will be found to have impressed itself on any Greville or Crabb Robinson who was taking notes at the time. He was strenuously living up to his standard, "my charming little standard of wit, of grace, of good manners, of vivacity, of urbanity, of intelligence, of what makes an easy and natural style of intercourse." He was watching the rather gross and unironic, but honest and vigorous, English upper middle-class of that day with mingled feelings in which curiosity and a sort of remote sympathy took a main part. At one hundred and seven dinners he observed the ever-shifting pieces of the general kaleidoscope with tremendous acuteness, and although he thought their reds and yellows would have been improved by a slight infusion of the Florentine harmony, on the whole he was never weary of watching their evolutions. In this way the years slipped by, while he made a thousand acquaintances and a dozen durable friendships. It is a matter of pride and happiness to me that I am able to touch on one of the latter.

It is often curiously difficult for intimate friends, who have the impression in later years that they must always have known one another, to recall the occasion and the place where they first met. That was the case with Henry James and me. Several times we languidly tried to recover those particulars, but without success. I think, however, that it was at some dinner-party that we first met, and as the incident is dubiously connected with the publication of the "Hawthorne" in 1879, and with Mr. (now Lord) Morley whom we both frequently saw at that epoch, I am pretty sure that the event took place early in 1880. The acquaintance, however, did not "ripen," as people say, until the summer of 1882, when in

connection with an article on the drawings of George du Maurier, which I was anxious Henry James should write—having heard him express himself with high enthusiasm regarding these works of art—he invited me to go to see him and to talk over the project. I found him, one sunshiny afternoon, in his lodgings on the first floor of No. 3 Bolton Street, at the Piccadilly end of the street, where the houses look askew into Green Park. Here he had been living ever since he came over from France in 1876, and the situation was eminently characteristic of the impassioned student of London life and haunter of London society which he had now become.

Stretched on the sofa and apologizing for not rising to greet me, his appearance gave me a little shock, for I had not thought of him as an invalid. He hurriedly and rather evasively declared that he was not that, but that a muscular weakness of his spine obliged him, as he said, “to assume the horizontal posture” during some hours of every day, in order to bear the almost unbroken routine of evening engagements. I think that this weakness gradually passed away, but certainly for many years it handicapped his activity. I recall his appearance, seen then for the first time by daylight; there was something shadowy about it, the face framed in dark-brown hair, cut short after the Paris fashion, and in equally dark beard, rather loose and “fluffy.” He was in deep mourning, his mother having died five or six months earlier, and he himself having but recently returned from a melancholy visit to America, where he had unwillingly left his father, who seemed far from well. His manner was grave, extremely courteous, but a little formal and frightened, which seemed strange in a man living in constant communication with the world. Our business regarding Du Maurier was soon concluded, and James talked with increasing ease, but always with a punctilious hesitancy, about Paris, where he seemed, to my dazzlement, to know even a larger number of persons of distinction than he did in London.

He promised, before I left, to return my visit, but news of the alarming illness of his father called him suddenly to

America. He wrote to me from Boston in April, 1883, but he did not return to London until the autumn that year. Our intercourse was then resumed, and immediately, on the familiar footing which it preserved, without an hour's abatement, until the sad moment of his fatal illness. When he returned to Bolton Street—this was in August, 1883—he had broken all the ties which held him to residence in America, a country which, as it turned out, he was not destined to revisit for more than twenty years. By this means Henry James became a homeless man, in a peculiar sense, for he continued to be looked upon as a foreigner in London while he seemed to have lost citizenship in the United States. It was a little later than this that that somewhat acidulated patriot, Colonel Higginson, in reply to some one who said that Henry James was a cosmopolitan, remarked: “Hardly! for a cosmopolitan is at home even in his own country!” This condition made James, although superficially gregarious, essentially isolated, and though his books were numerous and were greatly admired, they were tacitly ignored alike in summaries of English and of American current literature. There was no escape from this dilemma. Henry James was equally determined not to lay down his American birthright and not to reside in America. Every year of his exile, therefore, emphasised the fact of his separation from all other Anglo-Saxons, and he endured, in the world of letters, the singular fate of being a man without a country.

The collection of his private letters, therefore, which is announced as immediately forthcoming under the sympathetic editorship of Mr. Lubbock, will reveal the adventures of an author who, long excluded from two literatures, is now eagerly claimed by both of them, and it will display those movements of a character of great energy and singular originality which circumstances have hitherto concealed from curiosity. There was very little on the surface of his existence to bear evidence to the passionate intensity of the stream beneath. This those who have had the privilege of seeing his letters know is marvellously revealed in his private correspondence. A certain change in his life was brought about by

the arrival in 1885 of his sister Alice, who, in now confirmed ill health, was persuaded to make Bournemouth and afterward Leamington her home. He could not share her life, but at all events he could assiduously diversify it by his visits, and Bournemouth had a second attraction for him in the presence of Robert Louis Stevenson, with whom he had by this time formed one of the closest of his friendships. Stevenson's side of the correspondence has long been known, and it is one of the main attractions which Mr. Lubbock holds out to his readers that Henry James's letters to Stevenson will now be published. No episode of the literary history of the time is more fascinating than the interchange of feeling between these two great artists. The death of Stevenson, nine years later than their first meeting, though long anticipated, fell upon Henry James with a shock which he found at first scarcely endurable. For a long time afterward, he could not bring himself to mention the name of R. L. S. without a distressing agitation.

In 1886 the publication of "The Bostonians," a novel which showed an advance in direct, or, as it was then styled, "realistic" painting of modern society, increased the cleft which now divided him from his native country, for "The Bostonians" was angrily regarded as satirizing not merely certain types, but certain recognizable figures in Massachusetts, and that with a suggestive daring which was unusual. Henry James, intent upon making a vivid picture, and already perhaps a little out of touch with American sentiment, was indignant at the reception of this book, which he ultimately, to my great disappointment, omitted from his Collected Edition, for reasons which he gave in a long letter to myself. Hence, as his works now appear, "The Princess Casamassima," of 1888, an essentially London adventure story, takes its place as the earliest of the novels of his second period, although preceded by admirable short tales in that manner, the most characteristic of which is doubtless "The Author of Beltraffio" (1885). This exemplifies the custom he had now adopted of seizing an incident reported to him, often a very slight and bald affair,

and weaving round it a thick and glittering web of silken fancy, just as the worm winds round the unsightly chrysalis its graceful robe of gold. I speak of "The Author of Beltraffio," and after thirty-five years I may confess that this extraordinarily vivid story was woven around a dark incident in the private life of an eminent author known to us both, which I, having told Henry James in a moment of levity, was presently horrified and even sensibly alarmed to see thus pinnacled in the broad light of day.

After exhausting at last the not very shining amenities of his lodgings in Bolton Street, where all was old and dingy, he went westward in 1886 into Kensington, and settled in a flat which was both new and bright at 34, De Vere Gardens, Kensington, where he began a novel called "The Tragic Muse," on which he expended an immense amount of pains. He was greatly wearied by the effort and not entirely satisfied with the result. He determined, as he said, "to do nothing but short lengths" for the future, and he devoted himself to the execution of *contes*. But even the art of the short story presently yielded to a new and, it must be confessed, a deleterious fascination, that of the stage. He was disappointed—he made no secret to his friends of his disillusion—in the commercial success of his novels, which was inadequate to his needs. I believe that he greatly overestimated these needs and that at no time he was really pressed by the want of money. But he thought that he was, and in his anxiety he turned to the theatre as a market in which to earn a fortune. Little has hitherto been revealed with regard to this "sawdust and orange-peel phase" (as he called it) in Henry James's career, but it cannot be ignored any longer. The memories of his intimate friends are stored with its incidents, his letters will be found to be full of it.

Henry James wrote, between 1889 and 1894, seven or eight plays on each of which he expended an infinitude of pains and mental distress. At the end of this period, unwillingly persuaded at last that all his agony was in vain, and that he could never secure fame and fortune, or even a patient hearing, from the theatre-going public by his dramatic work, he

abandoned the hopeless struggle. He was by temperament little fitted to endure the disappointments and delays which must always attend the course of a dramatist who has not conquered a position which enables him to browbeat the tyrants of the stage. Henry James was punctilious, ceremonious, and precise; it is not to be denied that he was apt to be hasty in taking offense and not very ready to overlook an impertinence. The whole existence of the actor is lax and casual; the manager is the capricious leader of an irresponsible band of egotists. Henry James lost no occasion of dwelling, in private conversation, on this aspect of an amiable and entertaining profession. He was not prepared to accept young actresses at their own valuation, and the happy-go-lucky democracy of the "mimes," as he bracketed both sexes, irritated him to the verge of frenzy.

It was, however, with a determination to curb his impatience, and with a conviction that he could submit his idiosyncracies to what he called the "passionate economy" of play-writing, that he began, in 1889, to dedicate himself to the drama, excluding for the time being all other considerations. He went over to Paris in the winter of that year, largely to talk over the stage with Alphonse Daudet and Edmond de Goncourt, and he returned to put the finishing touches on "The American," a dramatic version of one of his earliest novels. He finished this play at the Palazzo Barbaro, the beautiful home of his friends, the Daniel Curtises, in Venice, in June, 1890, thereupon taking a long holiday, one of the latest of his extended Italian tours, through Venetia and Tuscany. Edward Compton had by this time accepted "The American," being attracted by his own chances in the part of Christopher Newman. When Henry James reappeared in London, and particularly when the rehearsals began, we all noticed how deeply the theatrical virus had penetrated his nature. His excitement swelled until the evening of the 3d of January, 1891, when "The American" was acted at Southport by Compton's company in anticipation of its appearance in London. Henry James was kind enough to wish me to go down on this occasion with him to Southport, but this

was not possible. On the afternoon of the ordeal he wrote to me from the local hotel: "After 11 o'clock tonight I *may* be the world's,—you know—and I *may* be the undertaker's. I count upon you and your wife both to spend this evening in fasting, silence and supplication. I will send you a word in the morning, a wire if I can." He was "so nervous that I miswrite and misspell."

The result, in the provinces, of this first experiment was not decisive. It is true that he told Robert Louis Stevenson that he was enjoying a success which made him blush. But the final decision in London, where "The American" was not played until September, 1891, was only partly encouraging. Henry James was now cast down as unreasonably as he had been uplifted. He told me that "the strain, the anxiety, the peculiar form and color of the ordeal (not to be divined in the least in advance)" had "sickened him to death." He used language of the most picturesque extravagance about the "purgatory" of the performances, which ran at the Opera Comique for two months. There was nothing in the mediocre fortunes of this play to decide the questions whether Henry James was or was not justified in abandoning all other forms of art for the drama. We endeavored to persuade him that, on the whole, he was not justified, but he swept our arguments aside, and he devoted himself wholly to the infatuation of his sterile task.

"The American" had been dramatized from a published novel. Henry James now thought that he should do better with original plots, and he wrote two comedies, the one named "Tenants" and the other "Disengaged," of each of which he formed high expectations. But, although they were submitted to several managers, who gave them their customary loitering and fluctuating attention, they were in every case ultimately refused. Each refusal plunged the dramatist into the lowest pit of furious depression, from which he presently emerged with freshly kindled hopes. Like the moralist, he never was but always to be blest. "The Album" and "The Reprobate"—there is a melancholy satisfaction in giving life to the mere names of these still-born children of his brain—started with wild hopes and

suffered from the same complete failure to satisfy the caprice of the managers. At the close of 1893, after one of these "sordid developments," he made up his mind to abandon the struggle. But George Alexander promised that, if he would but persevere, he really and truly would produce him infallibly at no distant date, and poor Henry James could not but persevere. "I mean to wage this war ferociously for one year more," and he composed with infinite agony and deliberation the comedy of "Guy Domville."

The night of the 5th of January, 1895, was the most tragical in Henry James's career. His hopes and fears had been strung up to the most excruciating point, and I think that I have never witnessed such agonies of parturition. "Guy Domville"—which has never been printed—was a delicate and picturesque play, of which the only disadvantage that I could discover was that instead of having a last scene which tied up all the threads in a neat conclusion, it left all those threads loose as they would be in life. George Alexander was sanguine of success, and to do Henry James honor such a galaxy of artistic, literary, and scientific celebrity gathered in the stalls of the St. James's Theatre as perhaps were never seen in a playhouse before or since. Henry James was positively storm-ridden with emotion before the fatal night, and full of fantastic plans. I recall that one was that he should hide in the bar of a little public house down an alley close to the theatre, whither I should slip forth at the end of the second act and report "how it was going." This was not carried out, and fortunately Henry James resisted the temptation of being present in the theatre during the performance. All seemed to be going fairly well until the close, when Henry James appeared and was called before the curtain, only to be subjected—to our unspeakable horror and shame—to a storm of hoots and jeers and catcalls from the gallery, answered by loud and sustained applause from the stalls, the

whole producing an effect of hell broke loose, in the midst of which the author, as white as chalk, bowed and spread forth deprecating hands, and finally vanished. It was said at the time, and confirmed later, that this horrible performance was not intended to humiliate Henry James, but was the result of a cabal against George Alexander.

Early next morning I called at 34, De Vere Gardens, hardly daring to press the bell for fear of the worst of news, so shattered with excitement had the playwright been on the previous evening. I was astonished to find him perfectly calm; he had slept well and was breakfasting with appetite. The theatrical bubble in which he had lived a tormented existence for five years was wholly and finally broken, and he returned, even in that earliest conversation, to the discussion of the work which he had so long and so sadly neglected, the art of direct prose narrative. And now a remarkable thing happened. The discipline of toiling for the caprices of the theatre had amounted, for so redundant an imaginative writer, to the putting-on of a mental strait-jacket. He saw now that he need stoop no longer to what he called "a meek and lowly review of the right ways to keep on the right side of a body of people who have paid money to be amused at a particular hour and place." Henry James was not released from this system of vigorous renunciation without a very singular result. To write for the theatre, the qualities of brevity and directness, of an elaborate plainness, had been perceived by him to be absolutely necessary, and he had tried to cultivate them with dogged patience for five years. But when he broke with the theatre the rebound was excessive. I recall his saying to me, after the fiasco of "Guy Domville": "At all events, I have escaped forever from the foul fiend Excision!" He vibrated with the sense of liberation, and he began to enjoy, physically and intellectually, a freedom which had hitherto been foreign to his nature.

(To be concluded.)



A CHINESE INTERLUDE

By Harriet Welles

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD



WHEN John Amory, after almost insurmountable difficulties, secured the concessions to open up, and operate, some fabulously reputed Chinese coal-fields, he rightly considered himself on the road to acquiring great wealth.

Riches, before he met Nancy Graham, had not greatly interested him. In the old New England city where his people had lived since the days of "The Colony" much money was considered a comfortable possession, but not—if you were numbered among the elect—a necessity. They counted as much more desirable certain old-fashioned qualities: dignity, orderliness, quiet voices, gentle living, serenity; these they demanded as the rightful heritage of people who lived contentedly in the panelled rooms behind the pillared doors built by adventuring forefathers; and "entertained" with subtle simplicity, on great-great-grandmother's sprig or Lowestoft china, wielding, with careful hands, the teapots signed with the initials of silversmith Paul Revere; and, in due time, marrying one of their multitude of cousins.

Until John Amory went on a business commission for his law firm, he seemed destined to follow in the beaten path—al-

ready his glance had lingered on his pretty cousin, Priscilla. Then came his journey, and during the weeks the case dragged along his daily meetings with Nancy Graham, whose feet were as light as her head; to whom no thought more baffling than the embellishment of her decorative person had ever occurred; who made a life-work of the pursuit of "a good time"; and whom the susceptible youths of her acquaintance had, during her first social winter, christened "butterfly."

If fate had been trying to select for John Amory's mother a daughter-in-law embodying every quality the elder lady abhorred, Nancy would have been the inevitable choice.

And when, following a short and enticingly difficult courtship, John had "spoken to father," father had not failed his Nancy. After hearing of the Amory prospects Mr. Graham had loftily announced: "My daughter, with her looks, can do so infinitely much better, that I cannot consider allowing her to engage herself to you until your financial outlook is much, *much* better than at present."

Such a strange malady is love that John Amory, instead of being instantly cured of any desire for relationship with this precious pair, turned his whole attention to the possibility of a money-making career,

and on his return home sought out two of his former classmates at Harvard to whose conversations on mining ventures he had formerly listened with tolerant indifference. Coolidge Hoyt was a practical

He's got his enthusiasm for what I've done since I finished college under perfect control," answered Jaffrey.

There followed weeks of effort and much manipulation of negotiable holdings.



"You won't get tired of waiting, will you, Nancy?"—Page 433.

mining engineer; Philip Jaffrey, son of a multi-millionaire mine owner, inherited his father's interest, but had, up to now, lacked incentive.

Following the fateful business trip, John Amory lent an attentive ear to the long harangues and unanswerable arguments on the subject of opening up certain oriental coal-fields.

"What does your father say?" he inquired of Jaffrey.

"Dad grunts and says that nothing beats a trial but a failure. He will back us up to a reasonable amount, though, because he thinks it time I went to work.

John Amory found himself unexpectedly grateful for the good-will engendered by fair-dealing Amorys of China trading-ship days; every possible advantage was turned to account. Nancy Graham was justified in complacently considering herself a prize to be struggled for when she, bidding John good-bye, succeeded in getting from him a few grudgingly vouchsafed details.

"Don't forget that I'll want a *long* string of *big* pearls," she admonished in the voice which, when it lost its accented youthfulness, would be shrill; "and I'll want loads of dresses! And limousines! And touring-cars!"

John Amory looked down at the shining hair framing her lovely face. "You won't get tired of waiting, will you, Nancy?" he pleaded.

"Don't be too long!" she warned.

His farewell to his cousin Priscilla was perfunctory. "Be sure and write me all the family gossip. The old place wouldn't seem like home without you," he said.

Priscilla turned her head away; she did not answer.

"I don't believe we'll have much luck with a venture that was so hard to get started," remarked Philip Jaffrey gloomily when, exactly seventeen months after their arrival in China, Coolidge, Amory, and he carrying permits, with seals; passports, with seals; authorizations, with seals; dignitaries' vetoes, with large seals; official grants, with enormous seals, and viceroys' permits, with colossal seals, took possession of the lower concession and started operations on a large scale.

John Amory will always remember that first afternoon. Standing on a narrow plateau half way up the mountain he looked out across the hordes of toiling coolies; close by, the virgin undergrowth swept in a dense, tangled mass to the edge of the clearing; from high above came the sighing sigh of trees along the mountain's windy rim, where great boulders and sheer walls of rock towered grimly against the sky; far below, in the rich, alluvial bottom-land were the silvery checkerboards of rice paddies; beyond them a gray, walled city and the exotic outlines of a fairy-like pagoda showed dimly through the haze. Already the mountainside leading to the mine was scarred by roads, paths, and tracks; they seemed, under the circumstances, like the feverish, pathetic attempts of pygmies for domination over unconquerable forces.

Coolidge Hoyt broke the silence. "No squirrels in their little cages ever pranced about more busily than we've circled through the mazes of Chinese diplomacy," he said; "just how much of our trouble was due to the usual thing, and how much to playing at cross-purposes with that Russian mining syndicate, we'll never know; but it has been a hectic race."

"Those Russians have punctuated the whole transaction—since they realized

that we had won out—with their guarded letters and bids to buy these concessions. Their last communication ended: 'You will be wise to accept this offer. You cannot successfully operate your holdings. You do not understand these people.' I like their nerve!" commented Jaffrey.

John Amory watched the straining coolies hoisting some heavy machinery up the incline toward the primitive shaft. "The viceroy's interpreter told me that a French company tried mining here some years ago. About the time things were running profitably there was a severe earthquake; the coolies killed the Frenchmen and wrecked the plant. They said their burrowings in the ground had disturbed the dragon-god who had retaliated by shaking down their houses. That's why the viceroy advised our bringing coolies from another province. We've a treasure in our overseer, Che. He's mission-trained and speaks good English," said John Amory; then added thoughtfully: "But I think the Russians were right. We *don't* understand these people!"

Coolidge Hoyt absently agreed. "They say these are the richest coal-fields known," he volunteered; "but it's a nuisance that they stuck to that stipulation about our starting work on that upper concession, within a given time, or forfeiting it. Thirty miles is a long distance, in this uncleared country."

Jaffrey had been investigating the clearing, around which the tangled undergrowth loomed like a green wall. "There's the remains of a camp over there—ashes, and a lot of tin cans. Some one has been here fairly recently."

A strange voice answered: "Tent peoples—have go—last moon."

Startled, the men turned. A young Chinese woman faced them. Very slim and straight she stood against a background of feathery bamboo that threw wavering shadows across the satin-smooth black hair knotted in a heavy coil at the back of her neck; across her white skin and the curving line of her red lips and the gay embroidery of conventionalized butterfly wings that bordered her coat.

She smiled at them. "Tent peoples . . . watch all times . . . for bats . . . for birds, but mostly . . . for tigers," she explained and struggled for a word.

"They natch-lists!" she achieved triumphantly, and added: "they'm hear of big tiger, here, and wait, long time, to shoot. Mr. Tiger never come out!"

Jaffrey and John Amory joined in the lilt of her contagious laughter. "Mr. Tiger stay at home with heem familiee—or maybe he go to upper 'cession," she mocked at the unresponsive Hoyt.

Hoyt looked sharply at her. "How do you happen to know so much about the naturalists? Where do you live? Why are you here? Where did you learn English?" he asked.

She was not disconcerted. "My hoos'ban compr'dore, there," she indicated by a gesture the far-off city; "heem sell provis'ons to natch-lists; wants to sell to your men and you—that's why I come," she explained. "I learn Ang-lais in nex' province mission school."

"We'll give him a trial. What's his name?" inquired Hoyt.

"Li Wan. He come to-morrow for orders," she said and turned away.

Amory, Hoyt, and Jaffrey, watching her go, noticed the light balance of her step: "Looks as if she could fly any time she wanted to," commented Jaffrey, adding: "What ails Che?"

The overseer, coming from the lower shaft, had stopped short facing the Chinese woman. "*Aleute!*" they heard him exclaim.

She passed him without a sign that she had heard.

"H'm! Ah-loo-te!" repeated Hoyt: "good name for a butterfly!"

Aleute's husband, Li Wan, came the next morning to the camp. Cringing, furtive, and evasive he created dislike at sight; Jaffrey voiced the general feeling when he said: "If I hadn't seen her first I wouldn't be willing to do business with him. Is he all right, Che?"

Che had no comment to make.

Later, catching the old man in a deliberately dishonest attempt to cheat the coolies on the weight of rice, Hoyt, through Che, commanded: "If you want our trade send your wife; we won't have you around."

There was an exultant note in Che's voice as he gave the message; into Li Wan's eyes came a flickering shadow.

After that Aleute came twice a week to the camp for orders. Invariably her husband waited for her at the foot of the hill. He evidently hated to have her come, but his love of gain was too great to allow him to lose this unprecedented opportunity; possibly his knowledge of former mining ventures in that region had convinced him that his chances for money-making would be brief.

A month passed. Work on the mine went rapidly forward. The yield of the great vein was so rich, so easily profuse, that, long afterward, John Amory remembering, would sigh and shake his head over the almost unbelievable willingness with which whimsical fortune had responded to his beckoning finger.

The Chinese coolies, unusually well paid, worked from dawn to dark. Others, hearing of the wages, flocked to apply for work when they became convinced that, this time, the dragon-god was tolerant and quiescent.

Of the original group of prospectors only Che seemed dissatisfied and moody. John Amory wondered at this until, adding up accounts one afternoon in his tent, he heard Che's voice speaking in English: "Why didn't you wait until I could earn money? You knew that I would come for you as soon as I could, Aleute."

"My father arranged my marriage—what had I to say?" she answered; then, with defiant forlornness, "my husband is rich!"

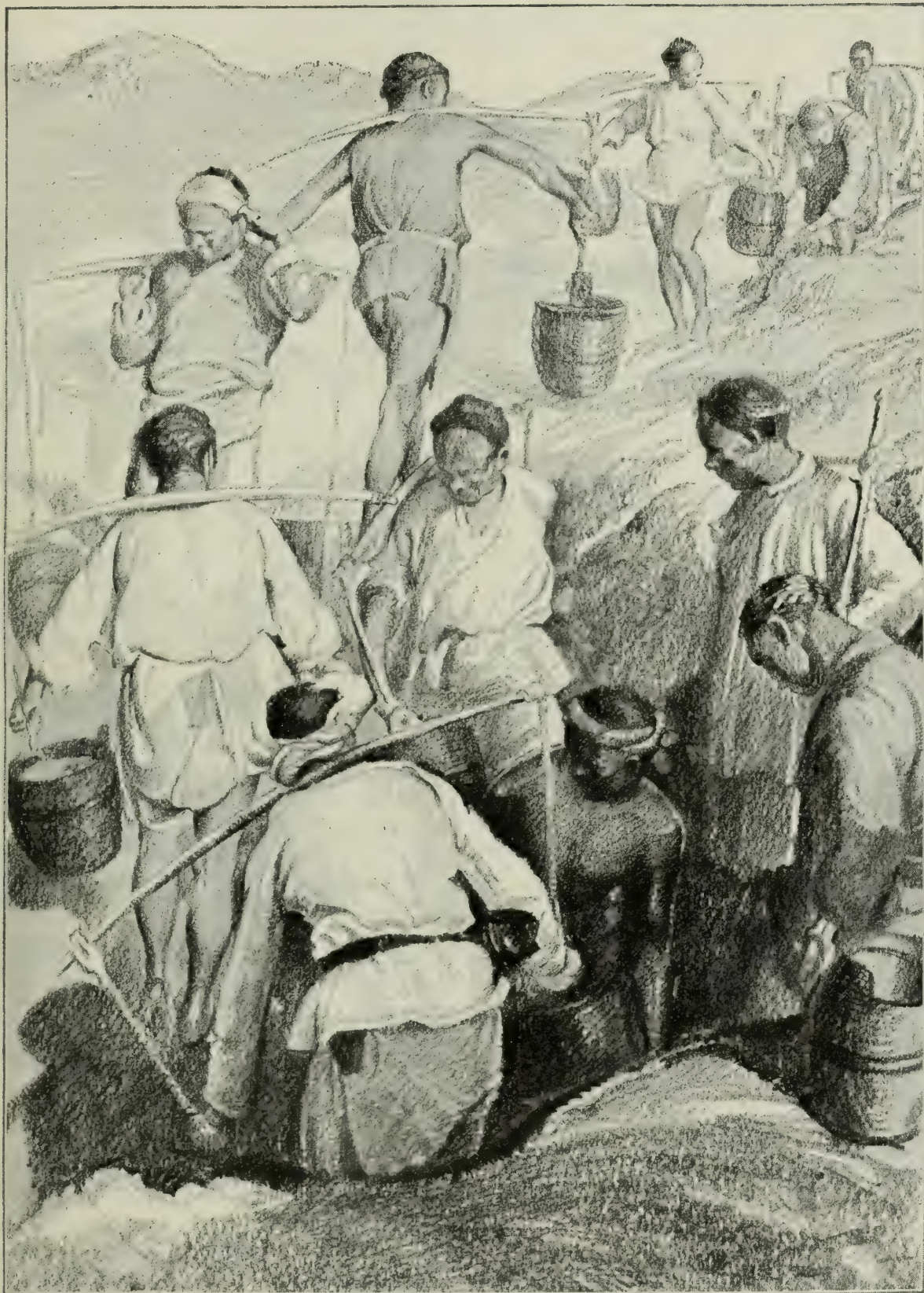
Che spoke with spirit. "You aren't going to stay with that old scoundrel! Soon, Aleute, I shall have much money!"

She had turned away. "What, ever again to me, matters it what *you* have?" she called back.

After she had gone John Amory saw her husband step stealthily out from behind a clump of bamboo. Remembering the incident, he asked: "How much money would a Chinese need to be called rich in Aleute's town?"

Hoyt, who had been there, answered: "Five thousand dollars would be a big fortune in that awful place."

Jaffrey returned from an eighteen-day



Drawn by O. F. Howard.

The Chinese coolies, unusually well paid, worked from dawn to dark.—Page 434.

trip to Shanghai the next day, and brought two months' accumulation of mail. John Amory had one letter from Nancy Graham:

"This is the gayest season we've ever had. Unless there is a dance every night I feel cheated. I've worn out more evening dresses! Hope the day will soon come when I won't have to wear a dress but once.

"For the first time in my life I have all the orchids I want. Mr. Kendall sends them to me three times a week (gardenias the other days). He's old and has a big wrinkle of fat over his collar, and his wife divorced him last winter—but that doesn't affect the money that buys the flowers!

"When are you coming back?

"P. S. A bunch of orchids has just come, and with them a diamond and platinum butterfly pin. 'For another butterfly,' the card reads. Isn't that pretty?"

And a letter from his cousin Priscilla:

"Your mother is ill with bronchitis and has asked me to write her weekly letter. This has been a bad season—a strike at the mills has caused much suffering among the women and children. Our work at the Day Nursery has doubled.

"Uncle John has willed you the Gilbert Stuart portrait of Phineas Amory. We think it startlingly like you. It was delivered this week and hangs in your room.

"The crab-apple tree you planted when you were ten is a mass of blossoms. We miss you very much, John."

And a communication from the Russian syndicate raising the price offered for the concessions. "You will do well to give this your consideration; you do not understand these people," the letter ended.

When a person to whom wild animals at large are unknown sees one without the comforting intervention of iron bars, the effect is liable to be disconcerting.

John Amory never knew what awakened him when, about midnight, he found himself sitting bolt upright on his cot. Outside, across the clearing, in the clustered huddle of mat huts, the tired coo-

lies slept the sleep of exhaustion on the ground; the thin moonlight made a bright spot on the cleared spaces—a spot emphasized by the heavy darkness of the encroaching underbrush. And even as he stared through the open tent flaps, John Amory saw the bushes move and a shadow detach itself, then, silent as a wraith, a great tigress slid across the path of the moonlight. Still as the night she was; her vivid coat striped with darkness, her twitching nose scenting along the ground; her cruel paws carrying her noiselessly. She loomed enormous in the moonlight—and incredibly swift and still.

And before John Amory could shake off the stupor of unreality and nightmare he heard the terrified shriek of a coolie; the horrible snarl of the great cat; the thump of a dragged body.

Instantly the camp was in wildest confusion; torches flared out; voices called. Che assembled the men; one was missing. In the morning a bloody trail was traced into the underbrush as far as it was penetrable.

John Amory helped to choose a successor from among the numerous applicants and the work went forward without change, except that now each of the head men laid a loaded revolver beside him when he went to bed.

Hoyt, meeting Aleute the next day, hailed her: "Your naturalists left too soon! Their tiger was hunting for them last night."

She listened to the details without comment. Later, as she was leaving the camp, John Amory heard her say to the hovering Che, "No, not ever with you will I go"; then, as she walked away: "I fear! I fear for you! Be careful of the tiger, Che!" she warned.

In American coal-mining regions the working of a moderately good six-foot vein of coal calls for a tremendous outlay in elaborate and expensive labor-saving machinery. In China, where machinery transportation is nearly impossible and labor unbelievably cheap and plentiful, the working of a sixty-foot vein of excellent coal is done with the most primitive kind of timber-lined shafts and the crudest of pillar and stall construction.

On the lower concession granted Hoyt, Jaffrey, and John Amory, the rich vein was located so close to the surface of the earth that, in places, the outcroppings of coal stuck baldly up in patches. A small Chinese boy astride an ancient caribou worked the winding gear which superseded the hand-winch used in the earlier stages for lowering and raising materials and men. They used the most primitive of pumping facilities. A single track carried the cars of coal to waiting junks on the river, three miles away.

The miners, a chattering, industrious crew, lived in a growing village of mat huts on the premises. The living conditions were deplorable, but any attempted change brought stubborn opposition. They worked for the foreigner because of bitter need—but they worked in their own way, and would have no outside supervision or advice. Their wages they expected and demanded the hour they were due. On this one point they were unwaveringly insistent.

Two nights later the tigress returned, bringing with her a half-grown, lean, ravenous cub; they took their toll of the sleeping miners. This time no one saw them approach until, with exultant snarls, they leaped away dragging with them their shrieking victims to where the wall of rocks and underbrush hid all traces.

John Amory, Hoyt, and Jaffrey, discussing conditions, found themselves helplessly handicapped. Hoyt voiced the feeling: "This has to stop!" he said. "Certainly. But how?" questioned the literal Jaffrey.

"The tigers will have to be eliminated. I won't have them killing these poor devils of coolies," asserted Hoyt.

"A big, perfect tiger-skin rug sells in the treaty ports for a few dollars. Tigers must be pretty plentiful to supply the demand," volunteered Jaffrey.

"We'll detail two men to stand guard, with revolvers, at night, and give them extra pay," suggested Amory.

They put this plan into execution that evening, but the guards, regarding tigers as inevitable, took no heed of orders. Successively, eight of the sleeping coolies were carried off in a week. One hundred

and forty-seven men were lost through the tigers' depredations that year.

On the afternoon following the tigers' second visit, John Amory met Aleute on the hill path and stopped to greet her. "We lost two more men last night. I feel responsible. If it hadn't been for our greed for money those men would be alive," he said.

She did not answer, but eyed him questioningly. "That eternity of yours—a long time it is?" she asked.

He smiled. "That depends on where you plan to spend it," he said.

She did not smile. "Those paradises of yours—where are they?" she persisted.

He hesitated. Amazingly, at that instant, paradise seemed to him to be an old house on a quiet New England street, and gentle and serene under the wistaria on the porch his cousin Priscilla, smiling, waited for him. "Paradise is a place where you are happy," vouchsafed John Amory.

She nodded comprehension. Her paradise a one-room house, a smoking brazier, many small sons all like their father—but the father was not Li Wan. Sternly she remembered her duty. "Paradise is, I fear, a long way off," she faltered forlornly.

John Amory soberly acquiesced. Glancing down he saw that she held a small mission-school prize-book of Tennyson's poems. He smiled. "Been trying to read that?" he asked with amusement.

She nodded and handed the book to him. Was it a coincidence that the volume opened at "Locksley Hall"? He handed back the poems and watched her walk away. Around them the yellow butterflies fluttered in the sunshine; the scent of wild honeysuckle was achingly sweet.

Later Hoyt, examining the hoist, heard Che's jealous voice. "You say your husband rich, Aleute. Why he send you like a coolie woman to sell?" and heard her disdainful answer: "Because of money, Che! Because, to all men, before anything else, comes money!"

The bitterness in her quiet voice seemed to linger when she had gone.

"Aleute scored that time!" murmured Hoyt, bending over the recalcitrant hoist.

Because human life was so plentiful it was cheaply valued. John Amory had almost to fight to enforce precautionary measures for the miners' safety. The toiling coolies took their careless chance of death as they faced the careless hope of life. To-day was all that mattered. They demanded only the prompt payment of the wages to-day had earned.

It was this reckless disregard of all safety-insuring rules that caused the accident which killed eleven coolies and nearly cost Hoyt's life. An overcharge of blasting dynamite—a white flash—a rain of rock—the smell of deadly gases.

Long afterward, when Hoyt, stunned and bleeding, was carried to the surface, he met the disinterested gaze of the apathetic survivors and understood, for an illuminated second, their incomprehension of Amory's stern inquiries—perhaps even caught a glimpse of the undreaded, wind-sheltered, poppy-bordered fields of their Chinese elysium, where, through countless to-morrows, there would be plenty of food and endless idleness.

Hoyt was a long time regaining his strength; his enthusiasm never returned. The venture, he had decided, was an unlucky one.

With the coming of the hot weather came also cholera, and it swept the camp. The coolies went down under it like mist before the sun—every day the little cemetery on the lower slope grew larger as the unresisting miners succumbed to the deadly scourge. A doctor and a nurse were summoned from a down-river city, but in the face of ignorance, superstition, and sullen defiance, they could do little.

Of the three Americans John Amory was the only one to come down with the disease—a light attack, but as he lay, going mentally over and over the details of unimportant, half-forgotten transactions, and staring, with feverish stupidity, through the openings of the tent, the butterflies fluttering in the sunshine outside seemed to his sick fancy to hover like impending disaster over all his waking hours; before his aching eyes their gaudy waverings seemed the embodiment

of all the unforeseen, crowding calamities of this unhappy experience, as they went their futile, colorful way. Even when he was better the delusion persisted: he hated tigers, and China, and butterflies.

Gradually the epidemic subsided. Through it all the work on the mine had gone steadily and profitably forward. The applicants for work exceeded those whose work was done. Scourges might—and did—come and go, but hunger was always present.

It seemed to John Amory, before that nightmare summer waned to autumn, that Aleute faded slowly away before their eyes. Not that she was ill—she made the rough chair-trip from the distant city with clock-like regularity, and her laughter was as frequent and lilting and friendly as ever, but her face grew so thin that her dark eyes seemed uncannily large; the great knot of her hair impossibly heavy. Once, when there was the mark of a blow across her cheek and forehead, Jaffrey, with kindest intention, asked how it had happened. She made no answer. And to Che she showed a panicky brusqueness.

A representative of the Russian syndicate came unexpectedly into camp, bringing the mail and a request for a conference at the upper concession with the members of his company. To this the Americans agreed. "We'll be here when you pass. We'll join you when you are ready," said Hoyt, hungrily eying the home papers.

John Amory had a letter from Nancy Graham:

"I'm going to marry Cyrus Kendall. You see father and I really work together. Of course I had to have lots of men in love with me—it makes a girl popular and helps her to have a good time. So, when they wanted to marry me, father would pull off that advice about their getting more money. (Cyrus is the first rich one.)

"So I'm going to marry Cyrus. He has stipulated that he is to be allowed to go his own gait, and I've explained to him that as long as I have all the jewels, dresses, and money I want, I won't care

how he amuses himself. Congratulate me, won't you?"

John Amory folded the letter and put it back in the envelope, then stood for a moment looking out across the alien landscape; near his foot something stirred. There had been a light frost the night before, and now, in the mid-day warmth, a butterfly moved awkwardly, slowly unfolding stiff wings. Amory, noticing, sympathized; after all who, knowing butterflies, could refuse them the chance to gamble with fate for such advantages as might accrue to so short a summertime?

Later, meeting Aleute, he experimented: "You know pearls?"

She nodded. "I know," she agreed.

He persisted: "You want them?"

"No," she answered, "I not want."

"But you like embroideries," he said, indicating the multicolored border on her dark coat. "Butterflies," he explained.

She glanced indifferently down. "Every one in China wears embroidery," she said; then questioned in her turn: "In your country a woman may choose to marry whom she will?"

John Amory hesitated. "Why—yes," he said.

"A nice country!" praised Aleute, adding wistfully; "not so in China."

He ventured a question. "You knew Che before he came here with us?"

She nodded. "At nex' province mee-sion school. When I came home he plan to follow some day—when he get money. My father would not have me wait. He arrange a marriage for me. Now, all my long life I live with one I do not love," she said.

John Amory felt shocked and guilty at the confidence he had evoked. "But your husband is rich—you are comfortable," he stumbled on.

She raised disappointed eyes. "I not think you say such as that to me," said Aleute.

He felt strangely rebuked.

Once every two months it was necessary for one of the Americans to go to Shanghai, eighteen days' journey, for the mail and for funds and such machinery as was necessary. Jaffrey had been gone sixteen days when the representatives of

the Russian syndicate arrived and asked John Amory and Hoyt to accompany them to the upper concession to talk over a combine—if they would not sell. It was a four days' trip, but they went, leaving Che in charge with directions to report to Jaffrey and money to pay the miners until he should return.

They had no way of knowing that Jaffrey had not even started back. In a Shanghai hotel, recovering from a severe attack of dysentery, Jaffrey was just getting weakly on his feet to begin the up-river journey when the crisis at the mine took place. Che, out of funds, had twice gone to Aleute's husband and borrowed, at a ruinous interest, the necessary money, hoping always for the return of his employers the next day, until the morning when the old man refused to lend, and the ignorant miners rose against the head man.

By what calculated cunning Li Wan had bided his time, or what he had construed from his glimpses of Aleute's and Che's unintelligible conversations, John Amory never knew. From the bits of evidence gathered here and there he was able to piece out the last chapter of the tragic day when old Li Wan, leering, had come to the mine and demanded his money; not getting it, he harangued the men—a sullen, hungry group. Che could only explain, expostulate, promise, and plead while the old man, incitingly provocative, jeered at the miners' gullibility and helplessness. From somewhere in the background a first stone was thrown. Later Aleute, arriving breathless and frantic, found Che's trampled body by the ruined shaft, the miners gone, and her husband's leering face watching her from Jaffrey's wrecked tent as, in an abandonment of grief, she flung herself down beside Che's body and tried to call him back.

Jaffrey, toiling uphill through a pouring rain several days later, came into camp in the evening and stared about him. His first surprise had been that, at the landing stage, no crowding cargo junks marked the place; then that the hand-cars were not running. But he was unprepared for the deserted camp and the wrecked machinery. It was too late to investigate until the next day, so, amazed

and puzzled, he bolstered up a sagging tent, ate the last of his supplies, loaded his revolver, and settled down to wait for morning—and enlightenment.

When about noon the next day John Amory and Hoyt arrived, they found Jaffrey, raving with fever, sitting in the tent opening, his empty revolver on his knees, his arm, torn and limp hanging from the mangled shoulder. All around were the evidences of fury and struggle and at the clearing's edge lay the great tigress—dead.

It was with difficulty that they unclasped the revolver from Jaffrey's vise-like grasp.

"What has happened? Has Che cleared out with the rest?" wondered Hoyt as they lifted the unnoting Jaffrey onto a cot.

"That Russian offer looks good to me," observed John Amory quietly. Hoyt agreed.

Among the letters Jaffrey had brought from Shanghai was Nancy Graham's wedding announcement. John Amory looked at it with almost impersonal indifference; it was the last detail needed to make a completely rounded experience of his Chinese interlude.

The members of the Russian syndicate listened with veiled elation and tolerant politeness to Hoyt's and Amory's explanations during the final arrangements for the transfer of the concessions. Jaffrey, weak but conscious, had agreed that no details should be ignored or misrepresented and had empowered the other two to act for him. "I had a letter from dad in answer to mine describing conditions here, and telling of our Russian offer. Dad says that most people who annex a gold brick aren't able to sell it at a profit, and he advises us to quit while there's enough of us left to sign the transfer. But if my old man ever tries to tell me any more of his yarns about the vicissitudes of his early mining days I'll tell him some Chinese truths that will permanently cramp his style," remarked Jaffrey junior, turning weakly on his cot. Sententiously he added: "This venture has brought bad luck to every one who has touched it!"

The Russians, however, shrugged in-

different shoulders at the account of trouble with tigers. "They only killed the coolies, did they not? After all, labor is plentiful," they adjured; and to the accounts of the miners' carelessness and stubbornness they gave scant attention. "We understand how to deal with these people better than you possibly could," said the older Russian indulgently.

And to the explanation of the difficulties of transportation and of the mine's singular remoteness from the sources of supply, he answered: "But the coal is here!"

The rains had flooded the mine, but already some of the miners, unabashed, had returned; the machinery was temporarily repaired and preparations were under way for pumping out the water.

John Amory, ineffectually attempting to question a coolie as to the details of the climax which had led to the wrecking of the plant and trying to locate Che, stopped to examine the items of an amazing bill presented by Li Wan, and wondered why Aleute had not come to interpret and explain. "He says Che ran this bill; but he has only three chits which Che signed," commented Amory.

"Then just pay those," advised the Russian, and added: "You don't understand these people."

From the men gathered about the shaft there came an excited shout. The pumping had begun; the patched machinery creaked noisily; the water-kibble came heavily up and the contents were dumped on the lower bank. A queer silence fell.

John Amory, after one startled glance, went forward to where on the ground lay a sodden crumpled mass of butterfly-embroidered brocade and blue linen; dazedly he noted that the tip of Che's long queue was tightly knotted to the ends of Aleute's heavy unbound hair.

The Russian had followed him, and as Amory turned sickly away he spoke: "You don't understand these people!" With an indifferent gesture he signified the joined hair. "You say this place is impossibly remote?" he questioned, and laughed exultantly. "Not remote enough to be free from the watchfulness



Drawn by O. F. Howard.

"Paradise is, I fear, a long way off."—Page 437.

of a jealous husband," said the Russian gentleman.

John Amory's wife—formerly his cousin Priscilla—will never understand her hus-

band's dislike for butterflies. Being a gentlewoman, she does not try to force his confidence, but, quite correctly, she attributes his odd aversion to some detail of the experience of his Chinese interlude.



THE NEW FRONTIERS OF FREEDOM

IV.—WHAT THE PEACE-MAKERS HAVE DONE ON THE DANUBE

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

Author of "The Last Frontier," "Fighting in Flanders," "Italy at War," "The Army Behind the Army," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



WHEN I called upon M. Bratianu, the Prime Minister of Rumania, who was in Paris as a delegate to the Peace Conference, I made the tactical error, in opening the conversation, of remarking that I proposed to spend some weeks in his country during my travels in the Balkans. But I got no further, for M. Bratianu, whose tremendous shoulders and bristling black beard make him appear even larger than he is, sprang to his feet and brought his fist crashing down upon the table.

"You ought to know better than that, Major Powell," he angrily exclaimed. "Rumania is not in the Balkans and

never has been. We object to being called a Balkan people."

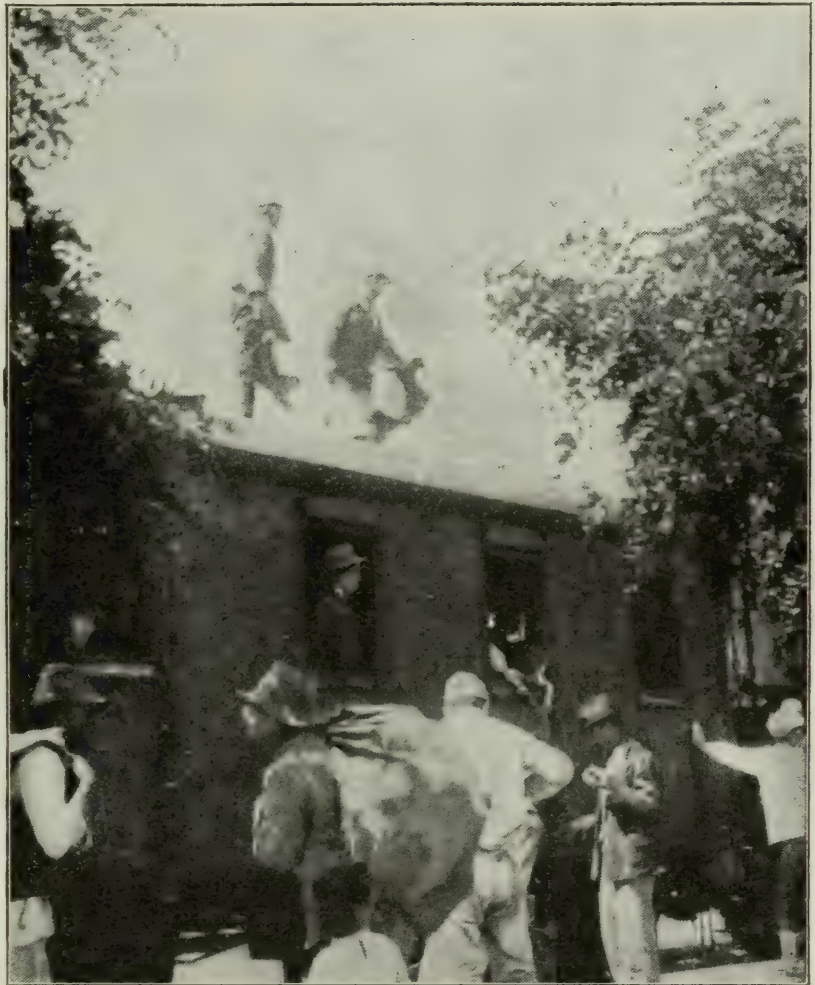
I apologized for my slip, of course, and amicable relations were resumed, but I mention the incident as an illustration of how deeply the Rumanians resent the inclusion of their country in that group of turbulent kingdoms which compose what some one has aptly called the Peninsula of Unrest. The Rumanians are as sensitive in this respect as are the Creoles of the South when an ignorant and blundering Northerner remarks that he had always supposed that the term Creole implied a strain of negro blood. Not only is Rumania not one of the Balkan states, geographically speaking, but, as a result of its

recent territorial acquisitions, it has become the sixth largest country in Europe, with an area very nearly equal to that of Italy and with a population three-fourths that of Spain. You did not appreciate, perhaps, that the width of Greater Rumania, from east to west, is equal to the width of France from the English Channel to the Mediterranean. One has to break into a run to keep pace with the march of geography these days.

Owing to the demoralization prevailing in Thrace and Bulgaria, railway communications between Constantinople and the Rumanian frontier were so disorganized that we decided to travel by steamer to Constantza, taking the railway thence to Bucharest. Before the war the Royal Rumanian mail-steamer *Carol I* was as trim and luxuriously fitted a vessel as one could have found in Levantine waters. For more than a year, however, she was in the hands of the Bolsheviks, so that when we boarded her her sides were red with rust, her cabins had been stripped of everything which could be carried away, and the straw-filled mattresses, each covered with a dubious-looking blanket, were as full of unwelcome occupants as the Black Sea was of floating mines.

Constantza, the chief port of Rumania, is superbly situated on a headland overlooking the Black Sea. It has an excellent harbor, bordered on one side by a number of large grain elevators, and on the other by a row of enormous petroleum tanks—the latter the property of an American corporation; a mile or so of asphalted streets, several surprisingly fine public buildings, and, on the beautifully terraced and landscaped water-front, an

imposing though rather ornate casino and many luxurious summer villas, most of which were badly damaged when the city was bombarded by the Bulgarians. Constantza is a favorite seaside resort for Bucharest society, and during the season its *plage* is thronged with summer visitors



Travelling in Transylvania.

So few trains are running that there are never enough . . . seats to accommodate all the passengers, so that fully as many ride on the roof of the coaches as inside.—Page 444.

dressed in the height of the Paris fashion. From atop his marble pedestal in the city's principal square a statue of the Roman poet Ovid, who lived here in exile for many years, looks quizzically down upon the light-hearted throng.

It is in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty miles by railway from Constantza to Bucharest, and before the war the Orient Express used to make the journey in less than four hours. Now it takes between twenty and thirty. We made a record trip, for our train left Con-

stantza at four o'clock in the morning and pulled into Bucharest shortly before midnight. It is only fair to explain, however, that the length of time consumed in the journey was due to the fact that the bridge across the Danube near Tchernavoda, which was blown up by the Bulgarians, had not been repaired, thus necessitating the transfer of the passengers and their luggage across the river on flatboats, a proceeding which required several hours and was marked by the wildest confusion. So few trains are running in the Balkans that there are never enough, or nearly enough, seats to accommodate all the passengers, so that fully as many ride on the roofs of the coaches as inside. This has the advantage, in the eyes of the passengers, of making it impracticable for the conductor to collect the fares, but it also has certain disadvantages. During our trip from Constantza to Bucharest three roof passengers rolled off and were killed.

As a result of the lengthy occupation of the city by the Austro-Germans, and their systematic removal of machinery and industrial material of every description, everything is out of order in Bucharest. Water, electric lights, gas, telephones, elevators, street-cars "*ne marche pas*." Though we had a large and beautifully furnished room in the Palace Hotel we had to climb three flights of stairs to reach it, the light was furnished by candles, the water for the bathroom was brought in buckets, and, as the Germans had removed the wires of the house-telephones, we had to go into the hall and shout when we required a servant. Yet the almost total lack of conveniences does not deter the hotels from making the most exorbitant charges. Bucharest has always been an expensive city, but to-day the prices are fantastic. At Capsa's, which is the most fashionable restaurant, it is difficult to get even a modest lunch for two for less than twelve dollars. But, notwithstanding the destruction of the nation's chief source of wealth, its oilwells, by the Rumanians themselves, in order to prevent their use by the enemy, and the systematic looting of the country by the invaders, there seems to be no lack of money in Bucharest, for the restaurants are filled to the doors nightly, there is a

constant fusillade of champagne corks, and in the various gardens, all of which have cabaret performances, the popular dancers are showered with silver and notes. In fact, a customary evening in Bucharest is not very far removed, in its gayety and abandon, from a New Year's Eve celebration in New York. Not even Paris can offer a gayer night life than the Rumanian capital, for at the Jockey Club it is no uncommon thing for ten thousand francs to change hands on the turn of a card or a whirl of the roulette-wheel; out the Chaussée Kisselew, at the White City, the dance floor is crowded until daybreak with slender, rather effeminate-looking officers in beautiful uniforms of pale blue or green and superbly gowned and jewelled women. Indeed, I doubt if there is any city of its size in the world on whose streets one sees so many *chic* and beautiful women, though I might add that their jewels are generally of a higher quality than their morals. As long as these bewitching beauties behave themselves they are not molested by the police, who have an arrangement with the hotel managements looking toward their control. When Mrs. Powell and I arrived at our hotel the proprietor asked us for our passports, which, he explained, must be visaed by the police. The following morning my passport was returned alone.

"But where is my wife's passport?" I demanded, for in southern Europe in these days it is impossible to travel even short distances without one's papers.

"Surely M'sieu must know that we retain the lady's passport until he leaves," said the proprietor, with a knowing smile. "Then, should she disappear with M'sieu's watch, or his money, or his jewels, she will not be able to leave the city, and the police can quickly arrest her. Yes, it is the custom here. A neat idea, *hein?*"

Though I succeeded in obtaining the return of Mrs. Powell's passport I am not at all certain that I succeeded in entirely convincing the *hôte* that she really was my wife.

Rumania is at present passing through a period of transition. Not only have the area and population of the country been more than doubled, but the war has changed all other conditions and the new

forms of national life are still unsettled. In the summer of 1918 even the most optimistic Rumanians doubted if the nation would emerge from the war with more than a fraction of its former territory, yet to-day, as a result of the acquisition of Transylvania, Besserabia, and the eastern half of the Banat, the country's population has risen from seven to fourteen millions, and its area from fifty thousand to more than one hundred thousand square miles. The new conditions have brought new laws. Of these the most revolutionary is the law which forbids landowners to retain more than one thousand acres of their land, the government taking over and paying for the residue, which is given to the peasants to cultivate. As a result of this policy, there have been practically no strikes or labor troubles in Rumania, for, now that most of their demands have been conceded, the Rumanian peasants seem willing to seek their welfare in work instead of Bolshevism. Heretofore the Jews, though liable to military service, have not been permitted a voice in the government of the country, but, as a result of recent legislation, they have now been granted full civil rights, though whether they will be permitted to exercise them is another question. The Jews, who number upward of a quarter of a million, have a strangle-hold on the finances of the country and they must not be permitted, the Rumanians insist, to get a similar grip on the nation's politics. It is only very recently, indeed, that Rumanian Jews have been granted passports, which meant that only those rich enough to obtain papers by bribery could enter or leave the country. The Rumanians with whom I discussed the question said quite frankly that the legislation granting suffrage to the Jews would probably be observed in practice very much as the Constitutional Amendment granting suffrage to the negroes is observed in our own South.

The truth of the matter is that Rumania is in the hands of a clique of selfish and utterly unscrupulous politicians who have grown rich from their systematic exploitation of the national resources and the flagrant misuse of their power. Every bank and nearly every commercial enterprise of importance is in their hands. One

of the present ministers entered the cabinet a poor man; to-day he is reputed to be worth twenty millions. Anything can be purchased in Rumania—passports, exemption from military service, cabinet portfolios, commercial concessions—provided you possess the price. The fingers of Rumanian officials are as sticky as those of the Turks. An officer of the American Relief Administration told me that barely sixty per cent of the supplies sent from the United States for the relief of the Rumanian peasantry ever reached those for whom they were intended; the other forty per cent was kept by various officials. To find a parallel for the political corruption which exists throughout Rumania it is necessary to go back to New York under the Tweed administration or to Mexico under the Diaz régime.

From a wealthy Hungarian landowner, with whom I travelled from Bucharest to the frontier of Yugoslavia, I obtained a graphic idea of what can be accomplished by money in Rumania. This young Hungarian, who had been educated in England and spoke with a Cambridge accent, possessed large estates in northeastern Hungary. After four years' service as an officer of cavalry he was demobilized upon the signing of the Armistice. When the revolution led by Bela Kun broke out in Budapest he escaped from that city on foot, only to be arrested by the Rumanians as he was crossing the Rumanian frontier. Fortunately for him, he had ample funds in his possession, obtained from the sale of the cattle on his estate, so that he was able to purchase his freedom after spending only three days in jail. But his release did not materially improve his situation, for he had no passport and, as Hungary was then under Bolshevist rule, he was unable to obtain one. And he realized that without a passport it would be impossible for him to join his wife and children, who were awaiting him in Switzerland. As luck would have it, however, he was slightly acquainted with the prefect of a small town in Transylvania—for obvious reasons I shall not mention its name—which he finally reached after great difficulty, travelling by night and lying hidden by day so as to avoid being halted and questioned by the Rumanian patrols. By



A corner of the Château of Pelesch, the summer residence of the King of Rumania in the Carpathians.

paying the prefect one thousand francs and giving him and his friends a dinner at the local hotel, he obtained a certificate stating that he was a citizen of the town and in good standing with the local authorities. Armed with this document, which was sufficient to convince inquisitive border officials of his Rumanian nationality, he took the train for Bucharest, where he spent five weeks dickering for a Rumanian passport which would enable him to leave the country. Including the bribes and entertainments which he gave to officials, and gifts of one sort and another to minor functionaries, it cost him something over twenty-five thousand francs to obtain a passport duly visaed for Switzerland. But my friend's anxie-

ties did not end there, for a Rumanian leaving the country was not permitted to take more than one thousand francs in currency with him, those suspected of having in their possession funds in excess of this amount being subjected to a careful search at the frontier. My friend had with him, however, something over five hundred thousand francs, all that he had been able to realize from his estates. How to get this sum out of the country was a perplexing problem, but he finally solved it by concealing the notes, which were of large denomination, in the bottom of a box of expensive face-powder, which, he explained to the officials at the frontier, he was taking as a present to his wife. When the train drew into the first Ser-

bian station and he realized that he was beyond the reach of pursuit, he capered up and down the platform like a small boy when school closes for the long vacation.

Considerable astonishment seems to have been manifested by the American press and public at the disinclination of Rumania and Jugoslavia to sign the treaty with Austria without reservations. Yet this should scarcely occasion surprise, for the attitude of the great among the Allies toward the smaller brethren who helped them along the road to victory has been at times blameworthy, often inexplicable, and on frequent occasions arrogant and tactless. At the outset of the Peace Conference some endeavor was made to live up to the promises so loudly made that henceforth the rights of the weak were to receive as much attention as those of the strong. Commissions were formed to study various aspects of the questions involved in the peace, and upon these the representatives of the smaller nations were given seats. But this did not last long. Within a month Messrs. Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando had made themselves virtually the dictators of Europe's destinies, deciding behind closed doors matters of vital moment to the national welfare of the small states without so much as taking them into consultation. Prime Minister Bratianu, who went to Paris as the head of the Rumanian peace delegation, told me, his voice hoarse with indignation, that the "Big Four," in settling Rumania's future boundaries, had not only not consulted him but that he had not even been informed of the terms decided upon. "They hand us a fountain pen and say, 'Sign here,' " the Premier exclaimed, "and then they are surprised if we refuse to affix our signatures to a document which vitally concerns our national future but about which we have never been consulted."

We Americans, of all peoples, should realize that a small nation is as jealous of its independence as a large one. As a matter of fact, Rumania and her sister states of southeastern Europe, who still bear the scars of Turkish oppression, are supersensitive in this respect, the fact that they have so often been the victims of intriguing neighbors making them more

than ordinarily suspicious and resentful toward any action which tends to limit their mastery of their own households. Hence, they regard that clause of the Treaty of St. Germain providing for the protection of ethnical minorities with an indignation which cannot easily be appreciated by the Western nations. The boundaries of the new and aggrandized states of southeastern Europe will necessarily include alien minorities—this cannot be avoided—and the Peace Conference held that the welfare of such minorities must be the special concern of the League of Nations. Take the case of Rumania, for example. In order to unite her people she must annex some compact masses of aliens which, in certain cases at least, have been deliberately planted within her ethnological frontiers for a specific purpose. The settlements of Magyars in Transylvania, who, under Hungarian rule, were permitted to exploit their Rumanian neighbors without let or hindrance, will not willingly surrender the privileges they have so long enjoyed and submit to a régime of strict justice and equality. On the other hand, Rumania can scarcely be expected to agree to an arrangement which would not only impair her sovereignty but would almost certainly encourage intrigue and unrest among these alien minorities. How would the United States regard a proposal to submit its administration of the Philippines to international control? How would England like the League of Nations to take a hand in the government of Ireland? That, briefly stated, is the reason why both Rumania and Jugoslavia objected so strongly to the inclusion of the so-called racial minorities clause in the Treaty of St. Germain. Looking at the other side of the question, it is easy to understand the solicitude which the treaty-makers at Paris displayed for the thousands of Magyars, Serbs, and Bulgarians who, without so much as a by-your-leave, they have placed under Rumanian rule. No less an authority than Viscount Bryce has made the assertion that in Transylvania alone (which, by the way, has an area considerably greater than all our New England States put together), which has been taken over by Rumania, fully a third of the population has no affinity with the Rumanians. Sim-

ilarly, there are whole towns in the Dobruja which are composed of Bulgarians, there are large groups of Russian Slavs in Bessarabia, and considerable colonies of Yugoslavs in the eastern half of the Banat which, very much against their wishes, have been forced to submit to Rumanian rule. Whether, now that the tables are turned, the Rumanians will put aside their ancient animosities and prejudices and give these new and unwilling citizens every privilege which they themselves enjoy is a question which only the future can solve.

Another question, which has agitated Rumania even more violently than that of the racial minorities clause, was the demand made by the Great Powers that the Rumanian army be withdrawn from Hungary and that the live stock and agricultural implements of which that unhappy country was stripped by the Rumanian forces be immediately returned. Here is the Rumanian version: Hungary went Bolshevik and assumed a hostile attitude toward Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia, the three countries which will benefit by her dismemberment according to the principle of nationality. Hungary attacked these countries by arms and by anarchistic propaganda. The Rumanians, the Czechoslovaks, and the Yugoslavs, wishing to defend themselves, asked permission of the Supreme Council to deal drastically with the Hungarian menace. The reply, which was late in coming, was couched in vague and unsatisfactory language. Emboldened by the vacillatory attitude of the Powers, the Hungarians began a military offensive, invading Czechoslovakia and crossing the lines of the Armistice in Rumania and Yugoslavia. In order to prevent a spread of this Bolshevik movement the three countries prepared to occupy Hungary with troops, whereupon word came from the Supreme Council in Paris that such aggression would not be tolerated. This encouraged Bela Kun, the Hungarian Trotzky, and made him so popular that he succeeded in raising a Red army with which he crossed the River Theiss and invaded Rumania. Whereupon the Rumanian army, being unable to obtain support from the Supreme Council, pushed back the Hungarians, occupied Budapest, overthrew Bela Kun's

administration, and restored order in Hungary. But the Supreme Council, feeling that its authority had been ignored by the little country, sent several messages to the Rumanian Government peremptorily ordering it to withdraw immediately its troops from Hungary. Here endeth the Rumanian version.

Now, the real reason which actuated the Supreme Council was not that it felt that its authority had been slighted but because it was informed by its representatives in Hungary that the Rumanians had not stopped with ousting Bela Kun and suppressing Bolshevism but were engaged in systematically looting the country, driving off thousands of head of live stock, and carrying away all the machinery, rolling-stock, telephone and telegraph wires, and instruments and metal work they could lay their hands on, thereby completely crippling the industries of Hungary and depriving great numbers of people of employment. The Rumanians retorted that the Austro-German armies had systematically looted Rumania during their three years of occupation and that they were only taking back what belonged to them. The Hungarians, while admitting that Rumania had been pretty thoroughly stripped of animals and machinery by von Mackensen's armies, asserted that this loot had not remained in Hungary but had been taken to Germany, which was probably true. The Supreme Council took the position that the animals and *matériel* which the Rumanians were rushing out of Hungary in train-loads was not the sole property of Rumania but that it was the property of all the Allies and that the Supreme Council would apportion it among them in its own good time. The council pointed out, furthermore, that if the Rumanians succeeded in wrecking Hungary industrially, as they were evidently trying to do, it would be manifestly impossible for the Hungarians to pay any war indemnity whatsoever. And, finally, that a bankrupt and starving Hungary meant a Bolshevik Hungary, and that there was already enough trouble of that sort in Europe without adding to it. The Rumanians proving deaf to these arguments, the Supreme Council sent three messages, one after the other, to the Bucharest government, ordering the imme-

diate withdrawal from Hungarian soil of the Rumanian troops. Yet the Rumanian troops remained in Budapest and the looting of Hungary continued, the Rumanian Government declaring that the messages had never been received. Meanwhile every one in the kingdom, from Premier to peasant, was laughing in his sleeve at the helplessness of the Supreme Council. But they laughed too soon. For the Supreme Council wired to the Food Administrator, Herbert Hoover, who was in Vienna, informing him of the facts of the situation, whereupon Mr. Hoover, who has a blunt and uncomfortably direct way of achieving his ends, sent a curt message to the Rumanian Government informing it that, if the orders of the Supreme Council were not immediately obeyed, he would shut off its supplies of food. *That* message produced action. The troops were withdrawn. I can recall no more striking example of the amazing changes brought about in Europe by the Great War than the picture of this boyish-faced Californian mining engineer coolly giving orders to a European government, and having those orders promptly obeyed, after the commands of the Great Powers had been met with refusal and derision. To take a slight liberty with the lines of Mr. Kipling:

*"The Kings must come down and the Emperors
frown
When Herbert Hoover says 'Stop!'"*

Up to that time the United States had been immensely popular in Rumania. But Mr. Hoover's action made us about as popular with the Rumanians as the

smallpox. He and we were charged with being actuated by the most despicable and sordid motives. The King himself told me that he was convinced that Mr. Hoover was in league with certain great commercial interests which were employing this method of obtaining revenge for their failure to secure commercial concessions of great value in Rumania. A

cabinet minister, in discussing the incident with me, became so inarticulate with rage that he could scarcely talk at all.

But the United States is not the only country which has lost the confidence of the Rumanians. France is even more deeply distrusted and disliked than we are. And this in spite of the fact that the upper classes of Rumania have held up the French as their ideal for the past half century. Indeed, wealthy Rumanians live in a fashion more French than if they dwelt in Paris itself. This sudden unpopularity of the French is due to several causes.

After having expected much of them, the people were amazed and bitterly disappointed at their apparent indifference toward the future of Rumania. Then there were the unfortunate incidents at Odessa, the withdrawal of the French forces from that city before the advance of the Bolsheviks, and the regrettable happenings in the French Black Sea fleet. These things, of course, contributed to loss of French prestige. Another contributory factor has been the lack of enterprise of French capitalists, causing those who control the financial and economic development of Rumania to seek encouragement and assistance elsewhere. But the underlying reason



The gypsy who demanded five lei for the privilege of taking her picture.

for the deep-seated distrust of France is to be found, I think, in France's attempt to maintain the balance of power in south-eastern Europe by building up a strong Yugoslavia. Now, the Rumanians, it must be remembered, hate the Yugoslavs even more bitterly than they hate the Hungarians—and they are far more afraid of them. This hatred is not merely the result of the age-long antagonism between the Latin and the Slav; it is also political. The Rumanians have watched with growing jealousy and apprehension the expansion of Serbia into a state with a population and area nearly equal to their own. After having long dreamed of the day when they would themselves be the arbiters of the destinies of the nations of southeastern Europe, they see their political supremacy challenged by the new Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, behind which they discern the power and influence of France. When the dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Empire began, Rumania demanded and expected the whole of the great rich province of the Banat, with the Maros River for her northern and the Danube for her southern frontier.

"But that would place our capital within range of the Rumanian artillery," the Serbian Prime Minister is said to have exclaimed.

"Then move your capital," the Rumanian Premier responded dryly.

As a result of this controversy over the Banat the relations of the two nations have been strained almost to the breaking-point. When I was in the Banat in the autumn of 1919, the Rumanian and Serbian frontier guards were glowering at each other like fighting terriers held in leash, and the slightest untoward incident would have precipitated a conflict. For a Rumanian to display a cockade of his national colors in the Serbian sphere was to invite trouble. Although by the terms of the Treaty of St. Germain, Yugoslavia was awarded the western half of the Banat, Rumania is prepared to take advantage of the first opportunity which presents itself to take it away from her rival. When I was in Bucharest a cabinet minister concluded a lengthy exposition of Rumania's position by declaring:

"Within the next two or three years, in all probability, there will be a war be-

tween Yugoslavia and Italy over the Dalmatian question. The day that Yugoslavia goes to war with Italy we will attack Yugoslavia and seize the Banat. The Danube is Rumania's natural frontier."

This would seem to bear out the assertion that there exists a secret alliance between Italy and Rumania, which, if true, would place Yugoslavia in the unhappy position of a nut between the jaws of a cracker. I have also been told on excellent authority that there is likewise an "understanding" between Italy and Bulgaria that, should the former become engaged in a war with the Yugoslavs, the latter will attack the Serbs from the east and regain her lost provinces in Macedonia. A pleasant prospect for southeastern Europe, truly.

While we were in Bucharest we received an invitation—"command" is the correct word according to court usage—to visit the King and Queen of Rumania at their Château of Pelesch, near Sinaia, in the Carpathians. It is about a hundred miles by road from the capital to Sinaia, and the first half of the journey, which we made by motor, was over a road as execrable as any we found in the Balkans. Upon reaching the foot-hills of the Carpathians, however, the highway, which had been steadily growing worse, suddenly took a turn for the better—due, no doubt, to the invigorating qualities of the mountain atmosphere—and climbed vigorously upward through wild gorges and splendid pine forests which reminded me of the Adirondacks of northern New York. Notwithstanding the atrocious condition of the highway, which constantly threatened to dislocate our joints as well as those of the car, and the choking, blinding clouds of yellow dust, every change of figure on the speedometer brought new and interesting scenes. For mile after mile the road, straight as though marked out by a ruler, ran between fields of wheat and corn as vast as those of our own West. In spite of the fact that the Austro-Germans carried off all the animals and farming implements they could lay their hands on, the agricultural prosperity of Rumania is astounding. In 1916, for example, while involved in a terribly destructive war, Rumania produced more wheat than Minnesota and about twenty-five times

as much corn as our three Pacific coast States combined. At frequent intervals we passed huge scarlet thrashing-machines, most of them labelled "Made in U. S. A.," which were centres of activity for hundreds of white-smocked peasants who were hauling in the grain with ox-teams, feeding it into the voracious maws

fields in which he works, the whole region seemed ahum with industry. The Rumanian peasant, like his fellows below the Danube, is, as a rule, a good-natured, easy-going though easily excited, reasonably honest, and extremely industrious fellow who labors from dawn to darkness on six days of the week and spends the



The Queen of Rumania tells Major Powell that she enjoys being a Queen.

of the machines, and piling the residue of straw into the largest stacks I have ever seen. As we drew near the mountains the grain-fields gave way to grazing-lands where great herds of cattle of various breeds—brindled milch animals, massive cream-colored oxen, blue-gray buffalo with elephant-like hides and broad, curving horns, and gaunt steers that looked for all the world like Texas longhorns—browsed amid the lush green grass.

Though the villages of the Wallachian plain are few and far between, and though it is no uncommon thing for a peasant to walk a dozen miles from his home to the

seventh in harmless village carouses, chiefly characterized by dancing, music, and the cheap native wine. Rumania is one of the few countries in Europe where the peasants still dress like the pictures on the post-cards. The men wear curly-brimmed shovel-hats of black felt, like those affected by English curates, and loose shirts of white linen, whose tails, instead of being tucked into the trousers, flap freely about their legs, giving them the appearance of having responded to an alarm of fire without waiting to finish dressing. On Sundays and holidays men and women alike appear in garments

covered with the gorgeous needlework for which Rumania is famous, some of the women's dresses being so heavily embroidered in gold and silver that from a little distance the wearers look as though they were enveloped in chain mail. A considerable and undesirable element of Rumania's population consists of gypsies, whence their name of *Romany*, or *Rumani*. The Rumanian gypsies, who are nomads and vagrants like their kinsmen in the United States, are generally lazy, quarrelsome, dishonest, and untrustworthy, supporting themselves by horse-trading and cattle-stealing or by their flocks and herds. We stopped near one of their picturesque encampments in order to repair a tire and I took a picture of a young woman with a child in her arms, but when I declined to pay her the five lei she demanded for the privilege, she flew at me like an angry cat, screaming curses and maledictions. But her picture was not worth five lei, as you can see for yourself (page 449).

The Castle of Pelesch is just such a royal residence as Anthony Hope has depicted in "*The Prisoner of Zenda*." It gives the impression, at first sight, of a confusion of turrets, gables, balconies, terraces, parapets, and fountains, but one quickly forgets its architectural shortcomings in the beauty of its surroundings. It stands amid velvet lawns and wonderful rose-gardens in a sort of forest glade, from which the pine-clothed slopes of the Carpathians rise steeply on every side, the beam-and-plaster walls, the red-tiled roofs, and the blazing gardens of the château forming a striking contrast to the austerity of the mountains and the solemnity of the encircling forest.

We had rather expected to be presented to Queen Marie with some semblance of formality in one of the reception-rooms of the château, but she sent word by her lady in waiting that she would receive us in the gardens. A few minutes later she came swinging toward us across a great stretch of rolling lawn, a splendid figure of a woman, dressed in a magnificent native costume of white and silver, a white scarf partially concealing her masses of tawny hair, a long-bladed poniard in a silver sheath hanging from her girdle. At her heels were a dozen Russian wolfhounds, the gift, so she told me, of the

Grand Duke Nicholas, the former commander-in-chief of the Russian armies. I have seen many Queens, but I have never seen one who so completely meets the popular conception of what a Queen should look like as Marie of Rumania. Though in the middle forties, her complexion is so faultless, her physique so superb, her appearance so striking that, were she utterly unknown, she would still be a centre of attraction in any assemblage. Had she not been born to a crown she would almost certainly have made a great name for herself, probably as an actress. She paints exceptionally well and has written several successful books and stories, thereby following the example of her famous predecessor on the Rumanian throne, Queen Elizabeth, better known as *Carmen Sylva*. She speaks English like an Englishwoman, as well she may, for she is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria. She is also a descendant of the Romanoffs, for one of her grandfathers was Alexander III of Russia. Her manner is far more simple and democratic than that of many American women whom I know, her poise and simplicity being in striking contrast to the somewhat pompous manners of two of my countrywomen who had spent the night preceding our arrival at the castle and who were manifestly much impressed by the experience. When luncheon was announced her second daughter, Princess Marie, had not put in an appearance. But instead of despatching the majordomo to inform her Royal Highness that the meal was served, the Queen stepped to the foot of the great staircase and called, "Hurry up, Mignon. You're keeping us all waiting," whereupon a voice replied from the upper regions: "All right, mamma. I'll be down in a minute." Not much like the pictures of palace life that the novelists and the motion-picture playwrights give us, is it? I might add that the Queen commonly refers to the plump young princess as "Fatty," a nickname which she hardly deserves, however. In her conversations with me the Queen was at times almost disconcertingly frank. "Royalty is going out of fashion," she remarked on one occasion, "but I like my job and I'm going to do everything I can to keep it." To Mrs. Powell she said: "I have beauty, intelligence, and executive ability. I would

be successful in life if I were not a Queen."

Unlike many persons who occupy exalted positions, she has a real sense of humor.

"Yesterday," she remarked, "was Nicholas's birthday," referring to her second son, Prince Nicholas, who, since his elder brother, Prince Carol, renounced his rights to the throne in order to marry the girl he loved, has become the heir apparent. "At breakfast his father remarked: 'I'm sorry, Nicholas, but I haven't any birthday present for you. The shops in Bucharest were pretty well cleaned out by the Germans, you know, and I didn't remember your birthday in time to send to Paris for a present.' 'Do you really wish to give Nicholas a present, Nando?' (the diminutive of Ferdinand) I asked him. 'Of course I do,' the King answered, 'but what is there to give him?' 'That's the easiest thing in the world,' I replied. 'There is nothing that would give Nicholas so much pleasure as an engraving of his dear father—on a thousand-franc note.'"

Prince Nicholas, the future King of Rumania, who is being educated at Eton, looks and acts like any normal American "prep" schoolboy.

"Do the boys still wear top hats at Eton?" I asked him.

"Yes, they do," he answered, "but it's a silly custom. And they cost two guineas apiece. I leave it to you, Major, if two guineas isn't too much for any hat."

When I told him that in democratic America certain Fifth Avenue hatters charge the equivalent of five guineas for a bowler, he looked at me in frank unbelief. "But then," he remarked, "all Americans are rich."

Shortly before luncheon we were joined by King Ferdinand, a slenderly built man, somewhat under medium height, with a grizzled beard, a genial smile, and merry, twinkling eyes. He wore the gray-green field uniform and gold-laced képi of a Rumanian general, the only thing about his dress which suggested his exalted rank being the insignia of the Order of Michael the Brave, which hung from his neck by a gold-and-purple ribbon. Were you to see him in other clothes and other circumstances you might well mistake him for an active and successful

professional man. King Ferdinand is the sort of man one enjoys chatting with in front of an open fire over the cigars, for, in addition to being a shrewd judge of men and events and having a remarkably exact knowledge of world affairs, he possesses in an altogether exceptional degree the qualities of tact, kindness, and humor. In Spain this royal couple would be described as *simpatico*; in certain portions of the United States they would be called "home folks."

King Ferdinand was indignant, I remember, that the remaking of the map of Europe should be intrusted to men who possessed so little first-hand knowledge of the nations which they were reshaping. "A few days before the signing of the Treaty of St. Germain," he told me, "Lloyd George sent for one of the experts attached to the Peace Conference.

"Where is this Banat that Rumania and Serbia are quarreling over?" he inquired.

"I will show you, sir," the attaché answered, unrolling a map of southeastern Europe. For several minutes he explained to the British Premier the boundaries of the Banat and the conflicting territorial claims. But when he paused Lloyd George made no answer. He was sound asleep!"

"Yet a little group of men," the King continued, "who know no more about the nations whose fates they are deciding than Lloyd George knew about the Banat, have arrogated to themselves the right to cut up and apportion vast territories as casually as though they were apple-tarts."

The impression prevails in other countries that it is the Queen who is really the head of the Rumanian royal family, and that the King is little more than a figure-head. With this I do not agree. Rumania could have no better spokesman than Queen Marie, whose talents, beauty, and exceptional tact peculiarly fit her for the difficult rôle she has been called upon to play. But the King, though he is by nature quiet and retiring, is by no means lacking in political sagacity or the courage of his convictions, being, I am convinced, as important a factor in the government of his country as the limitations of its constitution permit. Though none too well liked, I imagine, by the professional politicians, who in Rumania, as in other countries, resent any attempt at

interference by the ruler with their plans, the royal couple are immensely popular with the masses of the people, Ferdinand frequently being referred to as "the peasants' King." In the darkest days of the war, when Rumania was overrun by the enemy and it seemed as though Moldavia and the northern Dobruja were all that

courage and strength of character which he showed in those dark days had its reward, for, less than three years later, on November 20, 1919, there assembled in Bucharest the first parliament of Greater Rumania, attended by deputies from all those Rumanian regions—Bessarabia, Transylvania, the Banat, the Bucovina



King Ferdinand tells Mrs. Powell his opinion of the fashion in which the Peace Conference treated Rumania, while Queen Marie listens approvingly.

could be saved to the nation, King Ferdinand and Queen Marie, instead of escaping from the country or asking the enemy for terms, retreated with the army to Jassy, on the easternmost limits of the kingdom, where they underwent the horrors of that terrible winter with their soldiers, the King serving with the troops in the field and the Queen working in the hospitals as a Red Cross nurse. Though his generals again and again pointed out the hopelessness of the situation and urged the King to ask the enemy for terms, both he and the Queen steadfastly opposed having any dealings with the invaders. "In fact, I urged the King to abdicate rather than consent to a separate peace," the Queen told me. But the

and the Dobruja—which had been restored to the Rumanian motherland. In the great gilt chair of state at the head of the chamber sat Ferdinand I, who, from the fugitive ruler, shivering with his ragged soldiers in the frozen marshes beside the Pruth, has become the sovereign of a country having the sixth largest population in Europe, and has taken his place in Rumanian history beside Stephen the Great and Michael the Brave as Ferdinand the Liberator.

Even before leaving Constantinople we had heard many stories from courier officers and others of the demoralization which prevailed on the railways throughout southeastern Europe and of the discomforts for which we must be prepared

if we carried out our intention of making the journey from Bucharest to Belgrade by rail. I had not taken these tales very seriously, however, for even in Albania and Macedonia the difficulties of travel had not come up to the predictions. Indeed, had I given heed to the doleful warnings of the calamity-howlers, probably I would never have travelled at all. A train composed of several varieties of ramshackle and dilapidated coaches, called by courtesy the Orient Express, which maintained an average speed of fifteen miles an hour, left Bucharest thrice weekly for Vincovce, a small junction town in the Banat, where it was supposed to make connections with the south-bound Simplon Express from Paris to Belgrade and with the north-bound express from Belgrade to Paris. The Simplon Express likewise ran only thrice weekly, so, if the connections were missed at Vincovce, it meant that the passengers must spend two days in a small Hungarian town, *sans* hotels, *sans* restaurants, *sans* amusements, *sans* everything save dirt. All went smoothly with us, however, the train at one time attaining the dizzy speed of thirty miles an hour, until, in the middle of the great Hungarian plain, we came to an abrupt halt. When, after a half-hour's wait, I descended to ascertain the cause of the delay, I found the train crew surrounded by a crowd of protesting passengers.

"What's the trouble?" I inquired.

"The engineer says that he has run out of coal," some one answered. "But he tells us that there is a coal-yard three or four kilometres ahead, and that, if each first-class passenger will contribute fifty francs and each second-class passenger twenty francs, he figures that it will enable him to buy just enough coal to reach Vincovce. Otherwise, he says, we will probably miss both connections, which means that we must remain in Vincovce for forty-eight hours. And if you had ever seen Vincovce you would understand how alluring that prospect is."

While my fellow passengers were noisily debating the question I strolled forward to take a look at the engine. As I had been led to expect from the stories I had heard in Bucharest, the tender contained an ample supply of coal—enough, it seemed to me, to haul the train to Trieste.

"This is nothing but a hold-up," I told the assembled passengers. "There is plenty of coal in the tender. I am as anxious to make the connections as any of you, but I will settle here in the Banat before I will give in to this highwayman's demands."

Seeing that his game had been spoiled, the engineer, favoring me with a murderous glance, sullenly climbed into his cab and the train started, only to stop again, however, a few miles farther on, this time, the engineer explained, because the engine had broken down. There being no way of disputing this statement, it became a question of pay or stay—and we stayed. The engineer did not get his tribute and we did not get our train at Vincovce, where we spent twenty hot, hungry, and extremely disagreeable hours before we managed to squeeze ourselves into an already overcrowded fourth-class coach of a local bound for Semlin, across the Danube from Belgrade.

The only trains that run on schedule in southeastern Europe these days are those loaded with Swiss goods and belonging to the Swiss Confederation. We passed at least half a dozen of them on our journey across Hungary, they being readily distinguishable by the Swiss flag painted on each car. Each train, which consisted of forty cars, was accompanied by a Swiss officer and twenty infantrymen—finely set-up fellows in *feldgrau* with steel helmets modelled after the German pattern. If the trains had not been thus guarded, I was told, the goods would never have reached their destinations, and the cars, which are the property of the State Railways, would never have been returned. It is by such drastic methods as this that Switzerland, though hard hit by the war, has kept the wheels of industry turning and her currency from serious depreciation.

In spite of the prohibitive cost of labor and materials, the traces of the Austrian bombardment of Belgrade, which did enormous damage, are being rapidly effaced and the city is fast resuming its pre-war appearance. At the Grand Hotel, which was filled to the doors with officers, politicians, relief workers, commercial travellers, and concession seekers, the food was the best and cheapest which we found in the Balkans, and the huge Hotel Moskowa, built, I believe, with Russian



"The Cradle of the War."

In the low-ceilinged room on the second floor of this Belgrade wine-shop was hatched the plot which resulted in the assassination of the Austrian archducal couple at Serajevo, and thereby precipitated the great conflict.

capital, was about to reopen. Architecturally, Belgrade shows many traces of Muscovite influence, numbers of the more important buildings having the ornate façades of pink, green, and purple tiles, the windows of colored glass, and the gilded domes which are so characteristically Russian. Though the main thoroughfare, formerly called the Terásia but now known as Milan Street, is admirably paved with wooden blocks, the cobble pavements of the other streets have remained unchanged since the days of Turkish rule, being so rough that it is almost impossible to drive a motor-car over them. The Old Konak, where King Alexander and Queen Draga were assassinated on the night of June 11, 1903, their mutilated bodies being thrown from an upper window of the palace into the garden, has been torn down, presumably because of its unpleasant associations for the reigning dynasty, but only a stone's throw from this tragic spot is being erected a large and handsome palace of gray stone, decorated with numerous carvings, as a residence for the Prince Regent Alexander. By far the most interesting building in the city, however, is a low, tile-roofed, white-walled wine-shop which stands at the corner of Knes Mihajelowa Uliza and the Kolartsch Uliza, which is proudly

pointed out to visitors as "the Cradle of the War," for in the low-ceilinged room on the second floor was hatched the plot which resulted in the assassination of the Austrian archducal couple at Serajevo in the summer of 1914, and thereby precipitated the great conflict.

In this connection, here is a story, told me by a Czechoslovak officer who had served in the Serbian army during the war, which throws an interesting side-light on the tragedy of Serajevo. This officer's uncle had been, it seemed, equerry to the Archduke Ferdinand, being in attendance on the Archduke at the imperial shooting-lodge in Bohemia when the German Emperor, accompanied by Admiral von Tirpitz, went there, ostensibly for the shooting, in the spring of 1914. The day after their arrival, according to my informant's story, the Emperor and the Archduke went shooting, leaving Admiral von Tirpitz at the lodge with the Archduchess. The equerry, who was on duty in an anteroom, overheard the Admiral urging the Archduchess to obtain the consent of her husband to a union of Austria-Hungary with Germany upon the death of Francis-Joseph—a scheme which had long been cherished by the Kaiser and the Pan-Germans.

"Never will I lend my influence to such

a plan!" the equerry heard the Archduchess violently exclaim. "Never, never, never!"

A few minutes later the Emperor and the Archduke, having returned from their battue, entered the room, whereupon the Archduchess, her voice raised in indignation, informed her husband of von Tiritz's proposal. The Archduke, always noted for his fiery temper, instantly sided with his wife, angrily accusing the Kaiser of intriguing behind his back against the independence of Austria. There ensued a violent altercation between the ruler of Germany and the Austrian heir apparent, which ended in the Kaiser and his adviser departing the same evening for Berlin. For the truth of this story I do not vouch; I merely repeat it in the words in which it was told to me. Certain it is, however, that the Archduke, who was a man of strong character and passionately devoted to the best interests of his country, was the

greatest obstacle to the Kaiser's scheme for the union of the two empires under his rule, a scheme which, could it have been consummated, would have given Germany that highroad to the East and that outlet to the warm water of which the Pan-Germans had long dreamed. The assassination of the Archduke not only removed this stumbling-block to Teutonic schemes but it further served the Kaiser's purposes by forcing Austria into war with Serbia, thereby making Austria responsible, in the eyes of the world, for launching the conflict which the Kaiser had planned.

There has never been any conclusive proof, remember, that the Serbs were responsible for Ferdinand's assassination.

Certainly it would have been the most short-sighted thing that they could have done. Nor were the Serbs and the Pan-Germans his only enemies, for he was violently hated by the anticlericals of his own country because of his devotion to the Church of Rome, as well as by the Hungarians, who foresaw the diminution of their influence in the affairs of the Empire if the Archduke succeeded in realizing his dream of a Triple Monarchy composed of Austria, Hungary, and the southern Slavs.

I have repeatedly been asked if, in my opinion, the peoples who form the new state of Yugoslavia will stick together. If a confederation, patterned after Switzerland or the United States, in which the various elements of the population would have equal representation, could be effected, I believe that Yugoslavia would develop into a stable and prosperous nation. But I very much doubt if the Croats, the Slovenes, the

Bosnians, and the Montenegrins will consent to the new nation being placed under the permanent rule of a Serbian dynasty. Already jealousies are developing between the Serbs and the Croats and the Serbs and the Slovenes. It should be remembered that, though of the same blood, the Croats and Slovenes have comparatively little in common with their southern neighbors save their desire for protection against the common enemy—Italy. In Croatia and Slovenia only a comparatively small proportion of the population is illiterate, large sums having been spent, under Austrian rule, on public instruction. In Serbia, on the other hand, in 1900 (I have been unable to obtain any



A peasant of Old Serbia.

The Serbian peasant is simple, kindly, hospitable, honest, and generous, and, though he could not be described . . . as a hard worker, his wife invariably is.

later statistics) less than seventeen per cent of the total population could read and write, though this percentage has since doubtless materially increased. Serbia is a nation of peasants: it has neither an aristocracy nor a wealthy class. But in Croatia and Slovenia there are both. And, to add to the confusion, there is a by no means insignificant faction in Serbia itself which is opposed to any union whatsoever, believing that a triple kingdom can only result in jealousy and dissension. The truth of the matter is that the Croats and the Slovenes, though they were only too glad to take refuge in Serbia's house in order to escape the Allies' wrath, are becoming impatient at being dictated to by their hosts, and, now that the storm has abated, though they wish to maintain close relations with their Serbian protectors, they feel that the three families might get along more harmoniously under separate roofs. The most promising suggestion that I have heard for a permanent solution of the Balkan tangle is a union of all the southern Slav countries—Istria, Croatia, Slovenia, Dalmatia, Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and northern Albania—along the lines of the Swiss Confederation, governed by a Federal Council, with each state exercising the same sovereignty, so far as its internal affairs are concerned, as the States of the American Union. Any such scheme would be violently opposed, however, by the Belgrade politicians, who realize that such a solution, though it might well spell future peace for the Balkans, would mean the sacrifice of the supremacy which Serbia exercises under the present arrangement, to say nothing of the diminution of their own influence.

The first impression which the Serb makes upon a stranger is rarely a favorable one. As an American diplomat, who is a sincere friend of the Serbs, remarked: "The Serb has neither manner nor manners. He never puts his best foot forward. The visitor always sees his worst side, while his best side remains hidden." A certain sullen defiance of the world is, I am inclined to think, a Serb characteristic. He gives one the impression of constantly carrying a chip on his shoulder and daring any one to knock it off. He is

always eager for an argument, but, like so many argumentative persons, he is rarely willing to admit that he is in the wrong. He can see things only one way—his way. The slightest opposition drives him into an almost childlike rage, and if things go against him he is apt to charge his opponent with insincerity or unfairness. In fact, he resents criticism so violently that it is seldom wise to argue with him. Could Serbia rid herself of her officer caste and of her politicians the future of the country would look much brighter. Though as courageous as any in the world, the Serbian officer is arrogant and overbearing, he is far too prone to engage in intrigue, and those who know him best tell me that, should he deem that conditions warranted it, he would not hesitate again to resort to assassination to remove the country's ruler. It is a sad commentary on the Serbian character that every ruler which the country has had since it achieved its independence has met with a violent end. The Serbian politicians, like those of Greece and Rumania, are greedy for power, incredibly selfish, and all too frequently corrupt. Red Cross officials working in Serbia told me that among the officials petty grafting is almost universal, though they excused it on the ground that their salaries are so small that they could barely exist without such perquisites. As in the other Balkan states, it is the peasants who form the most substantial and likable portion of the population. The Serbian peasant is simple, kindly, hospitable, honest, and generous, and, though he could not be described with truthfulness as a hard worker, his wife invariably is. Notwithstanding their undeniable crudities and shortcomings, I believe that the Jugoslavs have a bright future before them. But to realize that future they must stop playing politics, forget their petty jealousies and quarrels, curb their appetite for further territorial expansion, begin spending their money for industrial purposes instead of for propaganda, put away their rifles, roll up their sleeves, and get to work. If they will do those things they will make for themselves an enviable place among the nations. Jugoslavia is a young country, remember; let us be charitable in judging her.

ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

X



HE green of the wilderness dulled and burst into the yellow of the buckeye, the scarlet of maple and the russet of oak. This glory in turn dulled and the leaves like petals of withered flowers began to drift to the earth. Through the shower of them went Erskine and Firefly who had become as used to the wilds as to the smiling banks of the far-away James, for no longer did some strange scent make his nostrils quiver or some strange sound point his beautiful ears and make him crouch and shudder, or some shadow or shaft of light make him shy and leap like a deer aside. And the two now were one in mutual affection and a mutual understanding that was uncanny. A brave picture the lad made of those lone fore-runners whose tent was the wilderness and whose goal was the Pacific slope. From his coonskin cap the bushy tail hung like a plume; his deerskin hunting shirt made by old Mother Sanders was beaded and fringed—fringed across the breast, at the wrists, and at the hem, and girded by a belt from which the horned handle of a scalping-knife showed in front and the head of a tomahawk behind; his powder-horn swung under one shoulder and his bullet-pouch, wadding, flint, and steel under the other; his long rifle across his saddle bow. And fringed too were his breeches and beaded were his moccasins. Dave had laughed at him as a backwoods dandy and then checked himself, so dignified was the boy and grave; he was the son of a king again and as such was on his way in answer to the wish of a king. For food he carried only a little sack of salt, for his rifle would bring him meat and the forest would give him nuts and fruit. When the sun was nearing its highest, he "barked" a squirrel from the

trunk of a beech; toward sunset a fat pheasant fluttered from the ground to a low limb and he shot its head off and camped for the night. Hickory nuts, walnuts, and chestnuts were abundant. Persimmons and pawpaws were ripe, haws and huckleberries were plentiful. There were wild cherries and even wild plums, and when he wished he could pluck a handful of wild grapes from a vine by the trail and munch them as he rode along. For something sweet he could go to the pod of the honey-locust.

On the second day he reached the broad buffalo trail that led to the salt licks and on to the river, and then memories came. He remembered a place where the Indians had camped after they had captured himself and his mother. In his mind was a faint picture of her sitting against a tree and weeping and of an Indian striking her to make her stop and of himself leaping at the savage like a little wildcat, whereat the others laughed like children. Further on, next day was the spot where the Indians had separated them and he saw his mother no more. They told him that she had been taken back to the whites but he was told later that they had killed her because in their flight from the whites she was holding them back too much. Further on was a spot where they had hurried from the trail and thrust him into a hollow log, barring the exit with stones and had left him for a day and a night.

On the fourth day he reached the river and swam it holding rifle and powder-horn above his head. On the seventh he was nearing the village where the sick chief lay, and when he caught sight of the teepees in a little creek bottom, he fired his rifle and putting Firefly into a gallop and with right hand high swept into the village. Several bucks had caught up bow or rifle at the report of the gun and the clatter of hoofs, but their hands

relaxed when they saw his sign of peace. The squaws gathered and there were grunts of recognition and greeting when the boy pulled up in their midst. The flaps of the chief's tent parted and his foster-mother started toward him with a sudden stream of tears and turned quickly back. The old chief's keen black eyes were waiting for her and he spoke before she could open her lips:

"White Arrow! It is well. Here—at once!"

Erskine had swung from his horse and followed. The old chief measured him from head to foot slowly and his face grew content:

"Show me the horse!"

The boy threw back the flaps of the tent and with a gesture bade an Indian to lead Firefly to and fro. The horse even thrust his beautiful head over his master's shoulder and looked within, snorting gently. Kahtoo waved dismissal:

"You must ride North soon to carry the white wampum and a peace talk. And when you go you must hurry back for when the sun is highest on the day after you return my spirit will pass."

And thereupon he turned his face and went back into sleep. Already his foster-mother had unsaddled and tethered Firefly and given him a feed of corn; and yet bucks, squaws, girls, and papooses were still gathered around him for some had not seen his like before, and of the rest none failed to feel the change that had taken place in him. Had the lad in truth come to win and make good his chieftainship, he could not have made a better beginning and there was not a maid in camp in whose eyes there was not far more than curiosity—young as he was. Just before sunset rifle shots sounded in the distance—the hunters were coming in—and the accompanying whoops meant great success. Each of three bucks carried a deer over his shoulders and foremost of the three was Crooked Lightning who barely paused when he saw Erskine and then with an insolent glare and grunt passed him and tossed his deer at the feet of the squaws. The boy's hand slipped toward the handle of his tomahawk but some swift instinct kept him still. The savage must have had good reason for such open defiance, for the lad began to feel that

many others shared in his hostility and he began to wonder and speculate.

Quickly the feast was prepared and the boy ate apart—his foster-mother bringing him food—but he could hear the story of the day's hunting and the allusions to the prowess of Crooked Lightning's son, Black Wolf, who was Erskine's age and he knew they were but slurs against himself. When the dance began his mother pointed toward it meaning that he should take part, but he shook his head—and his thoughts went backward to his friends at the fort and on back to the big house on the James to Harry and Hugh—and Barbara; and he wondered what they would think if they could see him there; could see the gluttonous feast and those naked savages stamping around the fire with barbaric grunts and cries to the thumping of a drum. Where did he belong?

Fresh wood was thrown on the fire and as its light leaped upward the lad saw an aged Indian emerge from one of two tents that sat apart on a little rise—saw him lift both hands toward the stars for a moment and then return within.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"The new prophet," said his mother. "He has been but one moon here and has much power over our young men."

An armful of pine fagots was tossed on the blaze and in a whiter leap of light he saw the face of a woman at the other tent—saw her face and for a moment met her eyes before she shrank back—and neither face nor eyes belonged to an Indian. Startled he caught his mother by the wrist and all but cried out:

"And that?" The old woman hesitated and scowled:

"A paleface. Kahtoo bought her and adopted her but—" the old woman gave a little guttural cluck of triumph—"she dies to-morrow. Kahtoo will burn her."

"Burn her?" burst out the boy.

"The palefaces have killed many of Kahtoo's kin!"

A little later when he was passing near the white woman's tent, a girl sat in front of it, pounding corn in a mortar. She looked up at him and staring, smiled. She had the skin of the half-breed and he stopped startled by that fact and her beauty—and went quickly on. At old

Kahtoo's lodge he could not help turning to look at her again, and this time she rose quickly and slipped within the tent. He turned to find his foster-mother watching him.

"Who is that girl?" The old woman looked displeased.

"Daughter of the white woman."

"Does she know?"

"Neither knows."

"What is her name?"

"Early Morn."

Early Morn and daughter of the white woman—he would like to know more of those two and he half turned, but the old Indian woman caught him by the arm:

"Do not go there—you will only make more trouble."

He followed the flash of her eyes to the edge of the firelight where a young Indian stood watching and scowling.

"Who is that?"

"Black Wolf, son of Crooked Lightning."

"Ah!" thought Erskine.

Within the old chief called faintly and the Indian woman motioned the lad to go within. The old man's dim eyes had a new fire.

"Talk!" he commanded and motioned to the ground, but the lad did not squat Indian fashion but stood straight with arms folded and the chief knew that a conflict was coming. Narrowly he watched White Arrow's face and bearing—uneasily felt the strange new power of him.

"I have been with my own people," said the lad simply, "the palefaces who have come over the big mountains and have built forts and planted corn; and they were kind to me. I went over those mountains on and on almost to the big waters. I found my kin. They are many and strong and rich. They have big houses of stone such as I had never seen nor heard of and they plant more corn than all the Shawnees and Iroquois. They, too, were kind to me. I came because you had been kind and because you were sick and because you had sent for me; and to keep my word.

"I have seen Crooked Lightning. His heart is bad. I have seen the new prophet. I do not like him. And I have seen the white woman that you are to burn to-

morrow." The lad stopped. His every word had been of defense or indictment and more than once the old chief's eyes shifted uneasily.

"Why did you leave us?"

"To see my people and because of Crooked Lightning and his brother."

"You fought us."

"Only the brother and I killed him."

The dauntless mien of the boy, his steady eyes and his bold truthfulness pleased the old man. The lad must take his place as chief. Now White Arrow turned questioner:

"I told you I would come when the leaves fell and I am here. Why is Crooked Lightning here? Why is the new prophet? Who is the woman? What has she done that she must die? What is the peace talk you wish me to carry North?"

The old man hesitated long with closed eyes. When he opened them the fire was gone and they were dim again.

"The story of the prophet and Crooked Lightning is too long," he said wearily. "I will tell to-morrow. The woman must die because her people have slain mine. Besides, she is growing blind and is a trouble. You carry the white wampum to a council. The Shawnees may join the British against our enemies—the palefaces."

"I will wait," said the lad. "I will carry the white wampum. If you war against the paleface on this side of the mountain—I am your enemy. If you war with the British against them all—I am your enemy. And the woman must not die."

"I have spoken," said the old man.

"I have spoken," said the boy. He turned to lie down and went to sleep. The old man sat on staring out at the stars.

Just outside the tent a figure slipped away as noiselessly as a snake. When it rose and emerged from the shadows the firelight showed the malignant, triumphant face of Crooked Lightning.

XI

THE Indian boys were plunging into the river when Erskine appeared at the opening of the old chief's tent next morn-

ing, and when they came out icicles were clinging to their hair. He had forgotten the custom and he shrugged his shoulders at his mother's inquiring look. But the next morning when Crooked Lightning's son Black Wolf passed him with a taunting smile he changed his mind.

"Wait!" he said. He turned, stripped quickly to a breech-clout, pointed to a beech down and across the river, challenging Black Wolf to a race. Together they plunged in and the boy's white body clove through the water like the arrow that he was. At the beech he whipped about to meet the angry face of his competitor ten yards behind. Half-way back he was more than twenty yards ahead when he heard a strangled cry. Perhaps it was a ruse to cover the humiliation of defeat, but when he saw bucks rushing for the river bank he knew that the icy water had brought a cramp to Black Wolf so he turned, caught the lad by his topknot, towed him shoreward, dropped him contemptuously and stalked back to his tent. The girl Early Morn stood smiling at her lodge and her eyes followed his white figure until it disappeared. His mother had built a fire for him, and the old chief looked pleased and proud.

"My spirit shall not pass," he said and straightway he rose and dressed, and to the astonishment of the tribe emerged from his tent and walked firmly about the village until he found Crooked Lightning.

"You would have Black Wolf chief," he said. "Very well. We shall see who can show the better right—your son or White Arrow"—a challenge that sent Crooked Lightning to brood awhile in his tent, and then secretly to consult the prophet.

Later the old chief talked long to White Arrow. The prophet, he said, had been with them but a little while. He claimed that the Great Spirit had made revelations to him alone. What manner of man was he, questioned the boy—did he have ponies and pelts and jerked meat?

"He is poor," said the chief. "He has only a wife and children and the tribe feeds him."

White Arrow himself grunted—it was the first sign of his old life stirring within him.

"Why should the Great Spirit pick out such a man to favor?" he asked. The chief shook his head.

"He makes muzzi-noon for the young men, shows them where to find game and they find it."

"But game is plentiful," persisted the lad.

"You will hear him drumming in the woods at night."

"I heard him last night and I thought he was a fool to frighten the game away."

"Crooked Lightning has found much favor with him, and in turn with the others so that I have not thought it wise to tell Crooked Lightning that he must go. He has stirred up the young men against me—and against you. They were waiting for me to die." The boy looked thoughtful and the chief waited. He had not reached the aim of his speech and there was no need to put it in words for White Arrow understood.

"I will show them," he said quietly.

When the two appeared outside, many braves had gathered, for the whole village knew what was in the wind. Should it be a horse-race first? Crooked Lightning looked at the boy's thoroughbred and shook his head—Indian ponies would as well try to outrun an arrow, a bullet, a hurricane.

"A foot-race? The old chief smiled when Crooked Lightning shook his head again—no brave in the tribe even could match the speed that gave the lad his name. The bow and arrow, the rifle, the tomahawk? Perhaps the pole-dance of the Sioux? The last suggestion seemed to make Crooked Lightning angry for a rumor was that Crooked Lightning was a renegade Sioux and had been shamed from the tribe because of his evasion of that same pole-dance. Old Kahtoo had humor as well as sarcasm. Tomahawks and bows and arrows were brought out. Black Wolf was half a head shorter but stocky and powerfully built. White Arrow's sinews had strengthened but he had scarcely used bow and tomahawk since he had left the tribe. His tomahawk whistled more swiftly through the air and buried itself deeper into the tree and his arrows flashed faster and were harder to pull out. He had the power but not the practice and Black Wolf won with

great ease. When they came to the rifle, Black Wolf was out of the game for never a bull's-eye did White Arrow miss.

"To-morrow," said the old chief, "they shall hunt. Each shall take his bow and the same number of arrows at sunrise and return at sundown. . . . The next day they shall do the same with the rifle. It is enough for to-day."

The first snow fell that night, and at dawn the two lads started out—each with a bow and a dozen arrows. Erskine's woodcraft had not suffered and the night's story of the wilderness was as plain to his keen eyes as a printed page. Nothing escaped them no matter how minute the signs. Across the patch where corn had been planted field mice had left tracks like stitched seams. Crows had been after crawfish along the edge of the stream and a mink after minnows. A muskrat had crossed the swamp beyond. In the woods, wind-blown leaves had dotted and dashed the snow like a stenographer's note-book. Here a squirrel had leaped along, his tail showing occasionally in the snow, and there was the four-pointed, triangle-track of a cottontail. The wide-spreading toes of a coon had made this tracery; moles had made these snowy ridges over their galleries, and this long line of stitched tracks was the trail of the fearless skunk which came to a sudden end in fur, feathers, and bones where the great horned owl had swooped down on him, the only creature that seems not to mind his smell. Here was the print of a pheasant's wing and buds and bits of twigs on the snow were the scattered remnants of his breakfast. Here was the spring hole that never freezes—the drinking-cup for the little folks of the woods. Here a hawk had been after a rabbit and the lengthening distance between his triangles showed how he had speeded up in flight. He had scudded under thick briars and probably had gotten away. But where was the big game? For two hours he tramped swiftly but never sign of deer, elk, bear, or buffalo.

And then an hour later he heard a snort from a thick copse and the crash of an unseen body in flight through the brush and he loped after its tracks.

Black Wolf came in at sunset with a

bear cub which he had found feeding apart from its mother. He was triumphant, and Crooked Lightning was scornful when White Arrow appeared empty-handed. His left wrist was bruised and swollen, and there was a gash the length of his forearm.

"Follow my tracks back," he said, "until you come to the kill." With a whoop two Indians bounded away and in an hour returned with a buck.

"I ran him down," said White Arrow, "and killed him with the knife. He horned me," and went into his tent.

The bruised wrist and wounded forearm made no matter for the rifle was the weapon next day—but White Arrow went another way to look for game. Each had twelve bullets. Black Wolf came in with a deer and one bullet. White Arrow told them where they could find a deer, a bear, a buffalo, and an elk, and he showed eight bullets in the palm of his hand. And he noted now, that the Indian girl was always an intent observer of each contest, and that she always went swiftly back to her tent to tell his deeds to the white woman within.

There was a feast and a dance that night, and Kahtoo could have gone to his fathers and left the lad, young as he was, as chief, but not yet was he ready and Crooked Lightning, too, bided his time.

XII

DRESSED as an Indian, Erskine rode forth next morning with a wampum belt and a talk for the council north where the British were to meet Shawnee, Iroquois, and Algonquin, and urge them to enter the great war that was just breaking forth. There was open and angry protest against sending so young a lad on so great a mission, but the old chief haughtily brushed it aside.

"He is young but his feet are swift, his arm is strong, his heart good and his head is old. He speaks the tongue of the paleface. Beside he is my son."

One question the boy asked as he made ready.

"The white woman must not be burned while I am gone?"

"No," promised the old chief. And so White Arrow fared forth. Four days he

rode through the North woods, and on the fifth he strode through the streets of a town that was yet filled with great forest trees: a town at which he had spent three winters when the game was scarce and the tribe had moved north for good. He lodged with no chief but slept in the woods with his feet to the fire. The next night he slipped to the house of the old priest Father André who had taught him some religion and a little French, and the old man welcomed him as a son, though he noted sadly his Indian dress and was distressed when he heard the lad's mission. He was quickly relieved.

"I am no Royalist," he said.

"Nor am I," said Erskine. "I came because Kahtoo who seemed nigh to death begged me to come. There is much intrigue about him, and he could trust no other. I am only a messenger and I shall speak his talk; but my heart is with the Americans and I shall fight with them." The old priest put his fingers to his lips.

"Sh—h—h! It is not wise. Are you not known?"

Erskine hesitated.

Earlier that morning he had seen three officers riding in. Following was a youth not in uniform though he carried a sword. On the contrary he was dressed like an English dandy, and then he found himself face to face with Dane Grey. With no sign of recognition the boy had met his eyes squarely and passed on.

"There is but one man who does know me and he did not recognize me. His name is Dane Grey. I am wondering what he is doing here. Can you find out for me and let me know." The old priest nodded and Erskine slipped back to the woods.

At sunrise the great council began. On his way Erskine met Grey who apparently was leaving with a band of traders for Detroit. Again Erskine met his eyes and this time Grey smiled.

"Aren't you White Arrow?" Somehow the tone with which he spoke the name was an insult.

"Yes."

"Then it's true. We heard that you had left your friends at the fort and become an Indian again."

"Yes?"

"So you are not only going to fight

with the Indians against the whites, but with the British against America?"

"What I am going to do is no business of yours," Erskine said quietly, "but I hope we shall not be on the same side. We may meet again."

Grey's face was already red with drink and it turned purple with anger.

"When you tried to stab me do you remember what I said?" Erskine nodded contemptuously.

"Well, I repeat it. Whatever the side, I'll fight you anywhere at any time and in any way you please."

"Why not now?"

"This is not the time for private quarrels and you know it."

Erskine bowed slightly—an act that came oddly from an Indian head-dress.

"I can wait—and I shall not forget. The day will come."

The old priest touched Erskine's shoulder as the angry youth rode away.

"I cannot make it out," he said. "He claims to represent an English fur company. His talk is British but he told one man—last night when he was drunk—that he could have a commission in the American army."

The council fire was built, the flames crackled and the smoke rolled upward and swept through the leafless trees. Three British agents sat on blankets and around them the chiefs were ringed. All day the powwow lasted. Each agent spoke and the burden of his talk varied very little.

The American palefaces had driven the Indian over the great wall. They were killing his deer, buffalo, and elk, robbing him of his land and pushing him ever backward. They were many and they would become more. The British were the Indian's friends—the Americans were his enemies and theirs; could they choose to fight with their enemies rather than with their friends? Each chief answered in turn, and each cast forward his wampum until only Erskine who had sat silent remained and Pontiac himself turned to him.

"What says the son of Kahtoo?"

Even as he rose the lad saw creeping to the outer ring his enemy Crooked Lightning but he appeared not to see. The whites looked surprised when his

boyish figure stood straight and they were amazed when he addressed the traders in French, the agents in English, and spoke to the feathered chiefs in their own tongue. He cast the belt forward.

"That is Kahtoo's talk, but this is mine."

Who had driven the Indian from the great waters to the great wall? The British. Who were the Americans until now? British. Why were the Americans fighting now? Because the British, their kinsmen, would not give them their rights? If the British would drive the Indian to the great wall would they not go on doing what they charged the Americans with doing now? If the Indians must fight, why fight with the British to beat the Americans, and then have to fight both a later day? If the British would not treat their own kinsmen fairly was it likely that they would treat the Indian fairly? They had never done so yet. Would it not be better for the Indian to make the white man on his own land a friend rather than the white man who lived more than a moon away across the big seas? Only one gesture the lad made. He lifted his hand high and paused. Crooked Lightning had sprung to his feet with a hoarse cry. Already the white men had grown uneasy, for the chiefs had turned to the boy with startled interest at his first sentence and they could not know what he was saying. But they looked relieved when Crooked Lightning rose, for his was the only face in the assembly that was hostile to the boy. With a gesture Pontiac bade Crooked Lightning speak.

"The tongue of White Arrow is forked. I have heard him say he would fight with the Long Knives against the British and he would fight with them even against his own tribe." One grunt of rage ran the round of three circles and yet Pontiac stopped Crooked Lightning and turned to the lad. Slowly the boy's uplifted hand came down. With a bound he leaped through the head-dress of a chief in the outer ring and sped away through the village. Some started on foot after him, some rushed to their ponies, and some sent arrows and bullets after him. At the edge of the village the boy gave a loud, clear call and then another as he

ran. Something black sprang snorting from the edge of the woods with pointed ears and searching eyes. Another call came and like the swirling edge of a hurricane-driven thunder-cloud Firefly swept after his master. The boy ran to meet him, caught one hand in his mane before he stopped, swung himself up, and in a hail of arrows and bullets swept out of sight.

XIII

THE sound of pursuit soon died away, but Erskine kept Firefly at his best, for he knew that Crooked Lightning would be quick and fast on his trail. He guessed, too, that Crooked Lightning had already told the tribe what he had just told the council and that he and the prophet had already made all use of the boy's threat to Kahtoo in the Shawnee town. He knew even that it might cost him his life if he went back there, and once or twice he started to turn through the wilderness and go back to the fort. Winter was on, and he had neither saddle nor bridle, but neither fact bothered him. It was the thought of the white woman who was to be burned that kept him going and sent him openly and fearlessly into the town. He knew from the sullen looks that met him, from the fear in the faces of his foster-mother and the white woman who peered blindly from her lodge, and from the triumphant leer of the prophet that his every suspicion was true, but all the more leisurely did he swing from his horse, all the more haughtily stalk to Kahtoo's tent. And the old chief looked very grave when the lad told the story of the council and all that he had said and done.

"The people are angry. They say you are a traitor and a spy. They say you must die. And I cannot help you. I am too old and the prophet is too strong."

"And the white woman?"

"She will not burn. Some fur traders have been here. The white chief McGee sent me a wampum belt and a talk. His messenger brought much fire-water and he gave me that"—he pointed to a silver-mounted rifle—"and I promised that she should live. But I cannot help you." Erskine thought quickly. He laid his rifle down, stepped slowly outside, and

stretched his arms with a yawn. Then still leisurely he moved toward his horse as though to take care of it. But the braves were too keen and watchful and they were not fooled by the fact that he had left his rifle behind. Before he was close enough to leap for Firefly's back, three bucks darted from behind a lodge and threw themselves upon him. In a moment he was face down on the ground, his hands were tied behind his back and when turned over he looked up into the grinning face of Black Wolf, who with the help of another brave dragged him to a lodge and roughly threw him within, and left him alone. On the way he saw his foster-mother's eyes flashing helplessly, saw the girl Early Morn indignantly telling her mother what was going on, and the white woman's face was wet with tears. He turned over so that he could look through the tent-flaps. Two bucks were driving a stake in the centre of the space around which the lodges were ringed. Two more were bringing fagots of wood and it was plain what was going to become of him. His foster-mother, who was fiercely haranguing one of the chiefs, turned angrily into Kahtoo's lodge and he could see the white woman rocking her body and wringing her hands. Then the old chief appeared and lifted his hands.

"Crooked Lightning will be very angry. The prisoner is his—not yours. It is for him to say what the punishment shall be—not for you. Wait for him! Hold a council and if you decide against him, though he is my son—he shall die." For a moment the preparations ceased and all turned to the prophet, who had appeared before his lodge.

"Kahtoo is right," he said. "The Great Spirit will not approve if White Arrow die except by the will of the council—and Crooked Lightning will be angry." There was a chorus of protesting grunts but the preparations ceased. The boy could feel the malevolence in the prophet's tone and he knew that the impostor wanted to curry further favor with Crooked Lightning and not rob him of the joy of watching his victim's torture. So the braves went back to their fire-water, and soon the boy's foster-mother brought him something to eat, but she

could say nothing, for Black Wolf had appointed himself sentinel and sat rifle in hand at the door of the lodge.

Night came on. A wildcat screeched, a panther screamed and an elk bugled far away. The drinking became more furious and once Erskine saw a pale brown arm thrust from behind the lodge and place a jug at the feet of Black Wolf, who grunted and drank deep. The stars mounted into a clear sky and the wind rose and made much noise in the trees overhead. One by one the braves went to drunken sleep about the fire. The fire died down and by the last flickering flame the lad saw Black Wolf's chin sinking sleepily to his chest. There was the slightest rustle behind the tent. He felt something groping for his hands and feet, felt the point of a knife graze the skin of his wrist and ankles—felt the thongs loosen and drop apart. Noiselessly inch by inch he crept to the wall of the tent which was carefully lifted for him. Outside he rose and waited. Like a shadow the girl Early Morn stole before him and like a shadow he followed. The loose snow muffled their feet as the noise of the wind had muffled his escape from the lodge, and in a few minutes they were by the river bank away from the town. The moon rose and from the shadow of a beech the white woman stepped forth with his rifle and powder-horn and bullet-pouch and some food. She pointed to his horse a little farther down. He looked long and silently into the Indian girl's eyes and took the white woman's shaking hand. Once he looked back. The Indian girl was stoic as stone. A bar of moonlight showed the white woman's face wet with tears.

Again Dave Yandell from a watchtower saw a topknot rise above a patch of cane now leafless and winter-bitten—saw a hand lifted high above it with a palm of peace toward him. And again an Indian youth emerged, this time leading a black horse with a drooping head. Both came painfully on, staggering, it seemed, from wounds or weakness, and Dave sprang from the tower and rushed with others to the gate. He knew the horse and there was dread in his heart; perhaps the approaching Indian had slain the boy, had stolen the horse and was



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"That is Kahtoo's talk, but this is mine."—Page 465.

innocently coming there for food. Well, he thought grimly, revenge would be swift. Still, fearing some trick he would let no one outside, but himself stood waiting with the gate a little ajar. So gaunt were boy and beast that it was plain that both were starving. The boy's face was torn with briars and pinched with hunger and cold, but a faint smile came from it:

"Don't you know me, Dave?" he asked weakly.

"My God! It's White Arrow!"

XIV

STRAIGHTWAY the lad sensed a curious change in the attitude of the garrison. The old warmth was absent. The atmosphere was charged with suspicion, hostility. Old Jerome was surly, his old playmates were distant. Only Dave, Mother Sanders, and Lydia were unchanged. The predominant note was curiosity, and they started to ply him with questions, but Dave took him to a cabin and Mother Sanders brought him something to eat.

"Had a purty hard time," stated Dave. The boy nodded.

"I had only three bullets. Firefly went lame and I had to lead him. I couldn't eat cane and Firefly couldn't eat pheasant. I got one from a hawk," he explained. "What's the matter out there?"

"Nothin'," said Dave gruffly and he made the boy go to sleep. His story came when all were around the fire at supper, and was listened to with eagerness. Again the boy felt the hostility and it made him resentful and haughty and his story brief and terse. Most fluid and sensitive natures have a chameleon quality, no matter what stratum of adamant be beneath. The boy was dressed like an Indian, he looked like one, and he had brought back, it seemed, the bearing of an Indian—his wildness and stoicism. He spoke like a chief in a council and even in English, his phrasing and metaphors belonged to the red man. No wonder they believed the stories they had heard of him—but there was shame in many faces and little doubt in any save one before he finished.

He had gone to see his foster-mother

and his foster-father—old chief Kahtoo, the Shawnee—because he had given his word. Kahtoo thought he was dying and wanted him to be chief when the Great Spirit called. Kahtoo had once saved his life, had been kind and made him a son. That he could not forget. An evil prophet had come to the tribe and through his enemies Crooked Lightning and Black Wolf had gained much influence. They were to burn a captive white woman as a sacrifice. He had stayed to save her, to argue with old Kahtoo and carry the wampum and a talk to a big council with the British. He had made his talk and—escaped. He had gone back to his tribe, had been tied and was to be burned at the stake. Again he had escaped with the help of the white woman and her daughter. The tribes had joined the British and even then they were planning an early attack on this very fort and all others.

The interest was tense and every face was startled at this calm statement of their immediate danger. Dave and Lydia looked triumphant at this proof of their trust but old Jerome burst out.

"Why did you have to escape from the council—and from the Shawnees?" The boy felt the open distrust and he rose proudly.

"At the council I told the Indians that they should be friends not enemies of the Americans and Crooked Lightning called me a traitor. He had overheard my talk with Kahtoo."

"What was that?" asked Dave quickly.

"I told Kahtoo I would fight with the Americans against the British and Indians; and with *you* against *him*!" And he turned away and went back to the cabin.

"What'd I tell ye!" cried Dave indignantly and he followed the boy, who had gone to his bunk, and put one big hand on his shoulder.

"They thought you'd turned Injun agin," he said, "but it's all right now."

"I know," said the lad and with a muffled sound that was half the grunt of an Indian and half the sob of a white man turned his face away.

Again Dave reached for the lad's shoulder.

"Don't blame 'em too much. I'll tell

you now. Some fur traders came by here, and one of 'em said you was goin' to marry an Injun girl named Early Morn; that you was goin' to stay with 'em and fight with 'em alongside the British. Of course I knowed better but——"

"Why," interrupted Erskine, "they must have been the same traders who came to the Shawnee town and brought whiskey."

"That's what the feller said and why folks here believed him."

"Who was he?" demanded Erskine.

"You know him—Dane Grey."

All tried to make amends straightway for the injustice they had done him but the boy's heart remained sore that their trust was so little. Then, when they gathered all settlers within the fort and made all preparations and no Indians came, many seemed again to get distrustful and the lad was not happy. The winter was long and hard. A blizzard had driven the game west and south and the garrison was hard put to it for food. Every day that the hunters went forth the boy was among them and he did far more than his share in the killing of game. But when winter was breaking more news came in of the war. The flag that had been fashioned of a soldier's white shirt, an old blue army coat, and a red petticoat was now the Stars and Stripes of the American cause. Burgoyne had not cut off New England, that "head of the rebellion," from the other colonies. On the contrary the Americans had beaten him

at Saratoga and marched his army off under those same Stars and Stripes and for the first time Erskine heard of gallant Lafayette—how he had run to Washington with the portentous news from his King—that beautiful, passionate France would now stretch forth her helping hand. And Erskine learned what that news meant to Washington's "naked and starving" soldiers dying on the frozen hill-sides of Valley Forge. Then George Rogers Clarke had passed the fort on his way to Williamsburg to get money and men for his great venture in the Northwest, and Erskine got a ready permission to accompany him as soldier and guide. After Clarke was gone the lad got restless; and one morning when the first breath of spring came he mounted his horse, in spite of arguments and protestations, and set forth for Virginia on the wilderness trail. He was going to join Clarke, he said, but more than Clarke and the war were drawing him to the outer world. What it was he hardly knew, for he was not yet much given to searching his heart or mind. He did know, however, that some strange force had long been working within him that was steadily growing stronger, was surging now like a flame and swinging him between strange moods of depression and exultation. Perhaps it was but the spirit of spring in his heart, but with his mind's eye he was ever seeing at the end of his journey the face of his little cousin Barbara Dale.

(To be continued.)

A STAR

By Evelyn Hardy

WHAT is a star? We do not know.

A line of poetry; a strain
Of music; or a flame, blown, swept,
Caught up from some forgotten fane;

A poor man's prayer; or but an act
Of mercy; maybe a wild rose
Which an archangel drop't before
The gate of Paradise.—Who knows?

HIS JOB

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE A. SHIPLEY



AGAINST an autumn sunset the steel skeleton of a twenty-story office building in process of construction stood out black and bizarre. It flung up its beams and girders like stern and yet airy music, orderly, miraculously strong, and delicately powerful. From the lower stories, where masons made their music of trowel and hammer, to the top, where steam-riveters rapped out their chorus like giant locusts in a summer field, the great building lived and breathed as if all those human energies that went to its making flowed warm through its steel veins.

In the west window of a woman's club next door one of the members stood looking out at this building. Behind her at a tea-table three other women sat talking. For some moments their conversation had had a plaintive if not an actually rebellious tone. They were discussing the relative advantages of a man's work and a woman's, and they had arrived at the conclusion that a man has much the best of it when it comes to a matter of the day's work.

"Take a man's work," said Mrs. Van Vechten, pouring herself a second cup of tea. "He chooses it; then he is allowed to go at it with absolute freedom. He isn't hampered by the dull, petty details of life that hamper us. He——"

"Details! My dear, there you are right," broke in Mrs. Bullen. Two men, first Mrs. Bullen's father and then her husband, had seen to it that neither the biting wind of adversity nor the bracing air of experience should ever touch her. "Details! Sometimes I feel as if I were smothered by them. Servants, and the house, and now these relief societies——"

She was in her turn interrupted by Cornelia Blair. Cornelia was a spinster with more freedom than most human beings ever attain, her father having worked himself to death to leave her well pro-

vided for. "The whole fault is the social system," she declared. "Because of it men have been able to take the really interesting work of the world for themselves. They've pushed the dull jobs off onto us."

"You're right, Cornelia," cried Mrs. Bullen. She really had nothing to say, but she hated not saying it. "I've always thought," she went on pensively, "that it would be so much easier just to go to an office in the morning and have nothing but business to think of. Don't you feel that way sometimes, Mrs. Trask?"

The woman in the west window turned. There was a quizzical gleam in her eyes as she looked at the other three. "The trouble with us women is we're blind and deaf," she said slowly. "We talk a lot about men's work and how they have the best of things in power and freedom, but does it occur to one of us that a man *pays* for power and freedom? Sometimes I think that not one of the women of our comfortable class would be willing to pay what our men pay for the power and freedom they get."

"What do they pay?" asked Mrs. Van Vechten, her lip curling.

Mrs. Trask turned back to the window. "There's something rather wonderful going on out here," she called. "I wish you'd all come and look."

Just outside the club window the steelworkers pursued their dangerous task with leisurely and indifferent competence, while over their head a great derrick served their needs with uncanny intelligence. It dropped its chain and picked a girder from the floor. As it rose into space two figures sprang astride either end of it. The long arm swung up and out; the two "bronco-busters of the sky" were black against the flame of the sunset. Some one shouted; the signalman pulled at his rope; the derrick-arm swung in a little with the girder teetering at the end of the chain. The most inter-

esting moment of the steel-man's job had come, when a girder was to be jockeyed into place. The iron arm swung the girder above two upright columns, lowered it, and the girder began to groove into place. It wedged a little. One of the men inched along, leaned against space, and wielded his bar. The women stared, for the moment taken out of themselves. Then, as the girder settled into place and the two men slid down the column to the floor, the spectators turned back to their tea-table.

"Very interesting," murmured Mrs. Van Vechten; "but I hardly see how it concerns us."

A flame leaped in Mary Trask's face. "It's what we've just been talking about, one of men's jobs. I tell you, men are working miracles all the time that women never see. We envy them their power and freedom, but we seldom open our eyes to see what they pay for them. Look here, I'd like to tell you about an ordinary man and one of his jobs." She stopped and looked from Mrs. Bullen's perplexity to Cornelia Blair's superior smile, and her eyes came last to Sally Van Vechten's rebellious frown. "I'm going to bore you, maybe," she laughed grimly. "But it will do you good to listen once in a while to something *real*."

She sat down and leaned her elbows on the table. "I said that he is an ordinary man," she began; "what I meant is that he started in like the average, without any great amount of special training, without money, and without pull of any kind. He had good health, good stock back of him, an attractive personality, and two years at a technical school—those were his total assets. He was twenty when he came to New York to make a place for himself, and he had already got himself engaged to a girl back home. He had enough money to keep him for about three weeks, if he lived very economically. But that didn't prevent his feeling a heady exhilaration that day when he walked up Fifth Avenue for the first time and looked over his battle-field. He has told me often, with a chuckle at the audacity of it, how he picked out his employer. All day he walked about with his eyes open for contractors' signs. Whenever he came upon a building in the

process of construction he looked it over critically, and if he liked the look of the job he made a note of the contractor's name and address in a little green book. For he was to be a builder—of big buildings, of course! And that night, when he turned out of the avenue to go to the cheap boarding-house where he had sent his trunk, he told himself that he'd give himself five years to set up an office of his own within a block of Fifth Avenue.

"Next day he walked into the offices of Weil & Street—the firm that headed the list in the little green book—asked to see Mr. Weil, and, strangely enough, got him, too. Even in those raw days Robert had a cheerful assurance tempered with rather a nice deference that often got him what he wanted from older men. When he left the offices of Weil & Street he had been given a job in the estimating-room, at a salary that would just keep him from starving. He grew lean and lost his country color that winter, but he was learning, learning all the time, not only in the office of Weil & Street, but at night school, where he studied architecture. When he decided he had got all he could get out of the estimating and drawing rooms he asked to be transferred to one of the jobs. They gave him the position of timekeeper on one of the contracts, at a slight advance in salary.

"A man can get as much or as little out of being timekeeper as he chooses. Robert got a lot out of it. He formulated that summer a working theory of the length of time it should take to finish every detail of a building. He talked with bricklayers, he timed them and watched them, until he knew how many bricks could be laid in an hour; and it was the same way with carpenters, fireproofers, painters, plasterers. He soaked in a thousand practical details of building: he picked out the best workman in each gang, watched him, talked with him, learned all he could of that man's particular trick; and it all went down in the little green book. For at the back of his head was always the thought of the time when he should use all this knowledge in his own business. Then one day when he had learned all he could learn from being timekeeper, he walked into Weil's office again and proposed that they make him



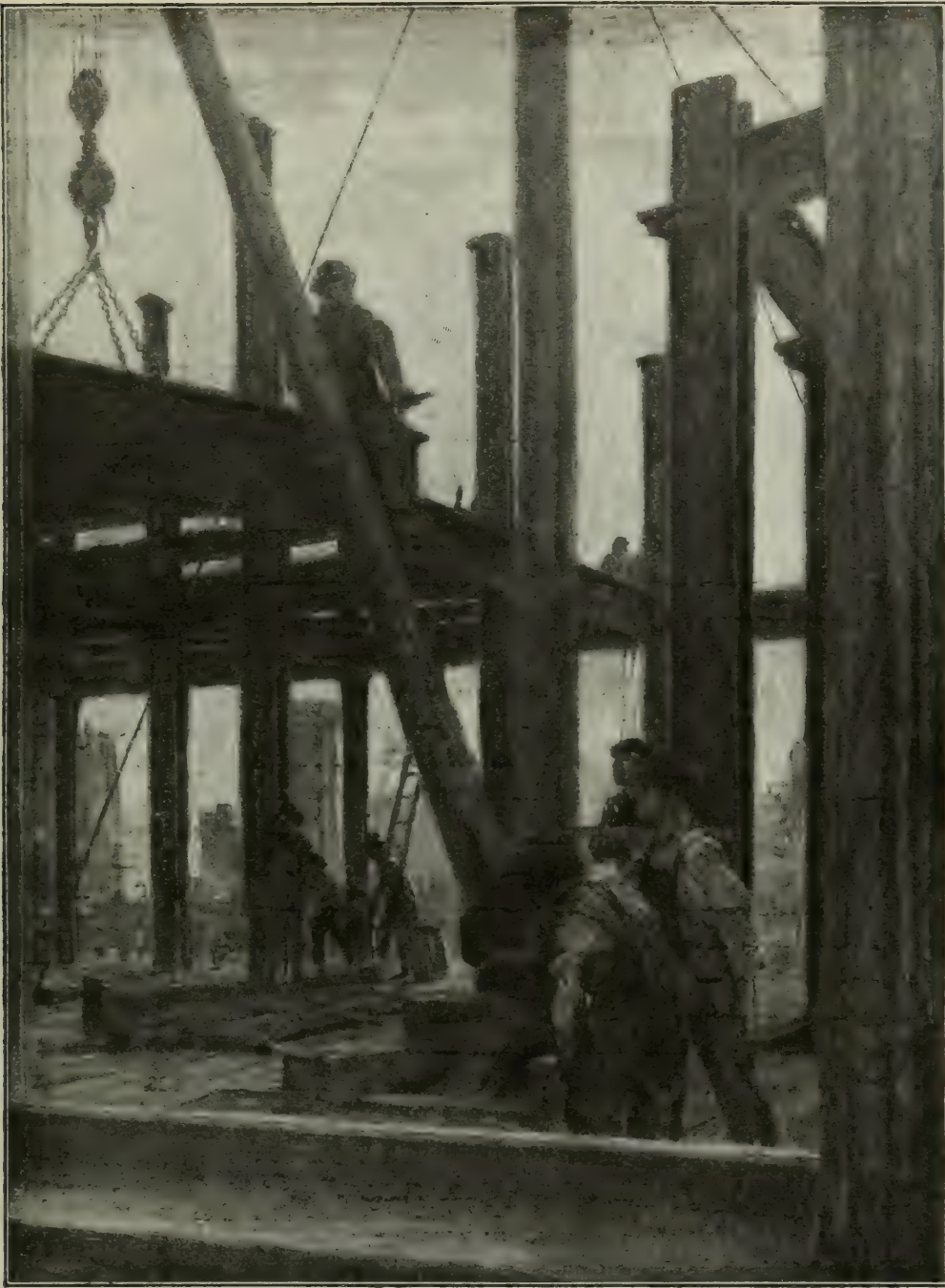
"We talk a lot about men's work and how they have the best of things . . . but

one of the firm's superintendents of construction.

"Old Weil fairly stuttered with the surprise of this audacious proposition. He demanded to know what qualifications the young man could show for so important a position, and Robert told him about the year he had had with the country builder and the three summer vacations with the country surveyor—which made no impression whatever on Mr. Weil until Robert produced the little green book. Mr. Weil glanced at some of

the figures in the book, snorted, looked hard at his ambitious timekeeper, who looked back at him with his keen young eyes and waited. When he left the office he had been promised a tryout on a small job near the offices, where, as old Weil said, they could keep an eye on him. That night he wrote to the girl back home that she must get ready to marry him at a moment's notice."

Mrs. Trask leaned back in her chair and smiled with a touch of sadness. "The wonder of youth! I can see him



does it occur to one of us that a man *pays* for power and freedom?"—Page 470.

writing that letter, exuberant, ambitious, his brain full of dreams and plans—and a very inadequate supper in his stomach. The place where he lived—he pointed it out to me once—was awful. No girl of Rob's class—back home his folks were 'nice'—would have stood that lodging-house for a night, would have eaten the food he did, or gone without the pleasures of life as he had gone without them for two years. But there, right at the beginning, is the difference between what a boy is willing to go through to get what

he wants and what a girl would or could put up with. And along with a better position came a man's responsibility, which he shouldered alone.

"'I was horribly afraid I'd fall down on the job,' he told me long afterward. 'And there wasn't a living soul I could turn to for help. The thing was up to me alone!'"

Mrs. Trask looked from Mrs. Bullen to Mrs. Van Vechten. "Mostly they fight alone," she said, as if she thought aloud. "That's one thing about men we don't

always grasp—the business of existence is up to the average man alone. If he fails or gets into a tight place he has no one to fall back on, as a woman almost always has. Our men have a prejudice against taking their business difficulties home with them. I've a suspicion it's because we're so ignorant they'd have to do too much explaining! So in most cases they haven't even a sympathetic understanding to help them over the bad places. It was so with Robert even after he had married the girl back home and brought her to the city. His idea was to keep her from all worry and anxiety, and so, when he came home at night and she asked him if he had had a good day, or if the work had gone well, he always replied cheerfully that things had gone about the same as usual, even though the day had been a particularly bad one. This was only at first, however. The girl happened to be the kind that likes to know things. One night, when she wakened to find him staring sleepless at the ceiling, the thought struck her that, after all, she knew nothing of his particular problems, and if they were partners in the business of living why shouldn't she be an intelligent member of the firm, even if only a silent one?

"So she began to read everything she could lay her hands on about the business of building construction, and very soon when she asked a question it was a fairly intelligent one, because it had some knowledge back of it. She didn't make the mistake of pestering him with questions before she had any groundwork of technical knowledge to build on, and I'm not sure that he ever guessed what she was up to, but I do know that gradually, as he found that he did not, for instance, have to draw a diagram and explain laboriously what a caisson was because she already knew a good deal about caissons, he fell into the habit of talking out to her a great many of the situations he would have to meet next day. Not that she offered her advice nor that he wanted it, but what helped was the fact of her sympathy—I should say her intelligent sympathy, for that is the only kind that can really help.

"So when his big chance came along she was ready to meet it with him. If he succeeded she would be all the better able

to appreciate his success; and if he failed she would never blame him from ignorance. You must understand that his advance was no meteoric thing. He somehow, by dint of sitting up nights poring over blue-prints and text-books and by day using his wits and his eyes and his native shrewdness, managed to pull off with fair success his first job as superintendent; was given other contracts to oversee; and gradually, through three years of hard work, learning, learning all the time, worked up to superintending some of the firm's important jobs. Then he struck out for himself."

Mrs. Trask turned to look out of the west window. "It sounds so easy," she mused. "'Struck out for himself.' But I think only a man can quite appreciate how much courage that takes. Probably, if the girl had not understood where he was trying to get to, he would have hesitated longer to give up his good, safe salary; but they talked it over, she understood the hazards of the game, and she was willing to take a chance. They had saved a tiny capital, and only a little over five years from the day he had come to New York he opened an office within a block of Fifth Avenue.

"I won't bore you with the details of the next two years, when he was getting together his organization, teaching himself the details of office work, stalking architects and owners for contracts. He acquired a slight stoop to his shoulders in those two years and there were days when there was nothing left of his boyishness but the inextinguishable twinkle in his hazel eyes. There were times when it seemed to him as if he had put to sea in a rowboat; as if he could never make port; but after a while small contracts began to come in, and then came along the big opportunity. Up in a New England city a large bank building was to be built; one of the directors was a friend of Rob's father, and Rob was given a chance to put in an estimate. It meant so much to him that he would not let himself count on getting the contract; he did not even tell the partner at home that he had been asked to put in an estimate until one day he came tearing in to tell her that he had been given the job. It seemed too wonderful to be true. The future looked so dazzling

that they were almost afraid to contemplate it. Only something wildly extravagant would express their emotion, so they chartered a hansom cab and went gayly sailing up-town on the late afternoon tide of Fifth Avenue; and as they passed the building on which Robert had got his job as timekeeper he took off his hat to it, and she blew a kiss to it, and a dreary old clubman in a window next door brightened visibly!"

Mrs. Trask turned her face toward the steel skeleton springing up across the way like the magic beanstalk in the fairy-tale. "The things men have taught themselves to do!" she cried. "The endurance and skill, the inventiveness, the precision of science, the daring of human wits, the poetry and fire that go into the making of great buildings! We women walk in and out of them day after day, blindly—and this indifference is symbolical, I think, of the way we walk in and out of our men's lives. . . . I wish I could make you see that job of young Robert's so that you would feel in it what I do—the patience of men, the strain of the responsibility they carry night and day, the things life puts up to them, which they have to meet alone, the dogged endurance of them. . . ."

Mrs. Trask leaned forward and traced a complicated diagram on the table-cloth with the point of a fork. "It was his first big job, you understand, and he had got it in competition with several older builders. From the first they were all watching him, and he knew it, which put a fine edge to his determination to put the job through with credit. To be sure, he was handicapped by lack of capital, but his past record had established his credit, and when the foundation work was begun it was a very hopeful young man that watched the first shovelful of earth taken out. But when they had gone down about twelve feet, with a trench for a retaining-wall, they discovered that the owners' boring plan was not a trustworthy representation of conditions; the job was going to be a soft-ground proposition. Where, according to the owners' preliminary borings, he should have found firm sand with a normal amount of moisture, Rob discovered sand that was like saturated oatmeal, and beyond that quick-

sand and water. Water! Why, it was like a subterranean lake fed by a young river! With the pulsometer pumps working night and day they couldn't keep the water out of the test pier he had sunk. It bubbled in as cheerfully as if it had eternal springs behind it, and drove the men out of the pier in spite of every effort. Rob knew then what he was up against. But he still hoped that he could sink the foundations without compressed air, which would be an immense expense he had not figured on in his estimate, of course. So he devised a certain kind of concrete crib, the first one was driven—and when they got it down beneath quicksand and water about twenty-five feet, it hung up on a boulder! You see, below the stratum of sand like saturated oatmeal, below the water and quicksand, they had come upon something like a New England pasture, as thick with big boulders as a bun with currants! If he had spent weeks hunting for trouble he couldn't have found more than was offered him right there. It was at this point that he went out and wired a big New York engineer, who happened to be a friend of his, to come up. In a day or two the engineer arrived, took a look at the job, and then advised Rob to quit.

"It's a nasty job," he told him. "It will swallow every penny of your profits and probably set you back a few thousands. It's one of the worst soft-ground propositions I ever looked over."

"Well, that night young Robert went home with a sleep-walking expression in his eyes. He and the partner at home had moved up to Rockford to be near the job while the foundation work was going on, so the girl saw exactly what he was up against and what he had to decide between.

"I could quit," he said that night, after the engineer had taken his train back to New York, "throw up the job, and the owners couldn't hold me because of their defective boring plans. But if I quit there'll be twenty competitors to say I've bit off more than I can chew. And if I go on I lose money; probably go into the hole so deep I'll be a long time getting out."

"You see, where his estimates had covered only the expense of normal founda-

tion work he now found himself up against the most difficult conditions a builder can face. When the girl asked him if the owners would not make up the additional cost he grinned ruefully. The owners were going to hold him to his original estimate; they knew that with his name to make he would hate to give up; and they were inclined to be almost as nasty as the job.

"Then you'll have all this work and difficulty for nothing?" the girl asked. "You may actually lose money on the job?"

"Looks that way," he admitted.

"Then why do you go on?" she cried.

"His answer taught the girl a lot about the way a man looks at his job. 'If I take up the cards I can't be a quitter,' he said. 'It would hurt my record. And my record is the equivalent of credit and capital. I can't afford to have any weak spots in it. I'll take the gaff rather than have it said about me that I've lain down on a job. I'm going on with this thing to the end.'"

Little shrewd, reminiscent lines gathered about Mrs. Trask's eyes. "There's something exhilarating about a good fight. I've always thought that if I couldn't be a gunner I could get a lot of thrills out of just handing up the ammunition. . . . Well, Rob went on with the contract. With the first crib hung up on a boulder and the water coming in so fast they couldn't pump it out fast enough to dynamite, he was driven to use compressed air, and that meant the hiring of a compressor, locks, shafting—a terribly costly business—as well as bringing up to the job a gang of the high-priced labor that works under air. But this was done, and the first crib for the foundation piers went down slowly, with the sand-hogs—men that work in the caissons—drilling and blasting their way week after week through that underground New England pasture. Then, below this boulder-strewn stratum, instead of the ledge they expected they struck four feet of rotten rock, so porous that when air was put on it to force the water back great air bubbles blew up all through the lot, forcing the men out of the other caissons and trenches. But this was a mere dull detail, to be met by care and ingenuity like the others. And at last, forty feet be-

low street level, they reached bed-rock. Forty-six piers had to be driven to this ledge.

"Rob knew now exactly what kind of a job was cut out for him. He knew he had not only the natural difficulties to overcome, but he was going to have to fight the owners for additional compensation. So one day he went into Boston and interviewed a famous old lawyer.

"Would you object," he asked the lawyer, "to taking a case against personal friends of yours, the owners of the Rockford bank building?"

"Not at all—and if you're right, I'll lick 'em! What's your case?"

"Rob told him the whole story. When he finished the famous man refused to commit himself one way or the other; but he said that he would be in Rockford in a few days, and perhaps he'd look at Robert's little job. So one day, unannounced, the lawyer appeared. The compressor plant was hard at work forcing the water back in the caissons, the pulsometer pumps were sucking up streams of water that flowed without ceasing into the settling tank and off into the city sewers, the men in the caissons were sending up buckets full of silt-like gruel. The lawyer watched operations for a few minutes, then he asked for the owners' boring plan. When he had examined this he grunted twice, twitched his lower lip humorously, and said: 'I'll pull you out of this. If the owners wanted a deep-water lighthouse they should have specified one—not a bank building.'

"So the battle of legal wits began. Before the building was done Joshua Kent had succeeded in making the owners meet part of the additional cost of the foundation, and Robert had developed an acumen that stood by him the rest of his life. But there was something for him in this job bigger than financial gain or loss. Week after week, as he overcame one difficulty after another, he was learning, learning, just as he had done at Weil & Street's. His hazel eyes grew keener, his face grew thinner. For the job began to develop every freak and whimsy possible to a growing building. The owner of the department store next door refused to permit access through his basement, and that added many hundred dollars to the

cost of building the party wall; the fire and telephone companies were continually fussing around and demanding indemnity because their poles and hydrants got knocked out of plumb; the thousands of gallons of dirty water pumped from the job into the city sewers clogged them up, and the city sued for several thousand dollars damages; one day the car-tracks in front of the lot settled and valuable time was lost while the men shored them up; now and then the pulsometer engines broke down; the sand-hogs all got drunk and lost much time; an untimely frost spoiled a thousand dollars' worth of concrete one night. But the detail that required the most careful handling was the psychological effect on Rob's subcontractors. These men, observing the expensive preliminary operations, and knowing that Rob was losing money every day the foundation work lasted, began to ask one another if the young boss would be able to put the job through. If he failed, of course they who had signed up with him for various stages of the work would lose heavily. Panic began to spread among all the little army that goes to the making of a big building. The terra-cotta-floor men, the steel men, electricians and painters began to hang about the job with gloom in their eyes; they wore a path to the architect's door, and he, never having quite approved of so young a man being given the contract, did little to allay their apprehensions. Rob knew that if this kept up they'd hurt his credit, so he promptly served notice on the architect that if his credit was impaired by false rumors he'd hold him responsible; and he gave each subcontractor five minutes in which to make up his mind whether he wanted to quit or look cheerful. To a man they chose to stick by the job; so that detail was disposed of. In the meantime the sinking of piers for one of the retaining-walls was giving trouble. One morning at daylight Rob's superintendent telephoned him to announce that the street was caving in and the buildings across the way were cracking. When Rob got there he found the men standing about scared and helpless, while the plate-glass windows of the store opposite were cracking like pistols and the building settled. It appeared

that when the trench for the south wall had gone down a certain distance water began to rush in under the sheeting as if from an underground river, and, of course, undermined the street and the store opposite. The pumps were started like mad, two gangs were put at work, with the superintendent swearing, threatening, and pleading to make them dig faster, and at last concrete was poured and the water stopped. That day Rob and his superintendent had neither breakfast nor lunch; but they had scarcely finished shoring up the threatened store when the owner of the store notified Rob that he would sue for damages, and the secretary of the Y. W. C. A. next door attempted to have the superintendent arrested for profanity. Rob said that when this happened he and his superintendent solemnly debated whether they should go and get drunk or start a fight with the sand-hogs; it did seem as if they were entitled to some emotional outlet, all the circumstances considered!

"So after months of difficulties the foundation work was at last finished. I've forgotten to mention that there was some little difficulty with the eccentricities of the sub-basement floor. The wet clay ruined the first concrete poured, and little springs had a way of gushing up in the boiler-room. Also, one night a concrete shell for the elevator pit completely disappeared—sank out of sight in the soft bottom. But by digging the trench again and jacking down the bottom and putting hay under the concrete, the floor was finished; and that detail was settled.

"The remainder of the job was by comparison uneventful. The things that happened were all more or less in the day's work, such as a carload of stone for the fourth story arriving when what the masons desperately needed was the carload for the second, and the carload for the third getting lost and being discovered after three days' search among the cripplines in a Buffalo freight-yard. And there was a strike of structural-steel workers which snarled up everything for a while; and always, of course, there were the small obstacles and differences owners and architects are in the habit of hatching up to keep a builder from getting indifferent. But these things were what every builder

encounters and expects. What Rob's wife could not reconcile herself to was the fact that all those days of hard work, all those days and nights of strain and responsibility, were all for nothing. Profits had long since been drowned in the foundation work; Robert would actually have to pay several thousand dollars for the privilege of putting up that building! When the girl could not keep back one wail over this detail her husband looked at her in genuine surprise.

"‘Why, it's been worth the money to me, what I've learned,’ he said. ‘I've got an education out of that old hoodoo that some men go through Tech and work twenty years without getting; I've learned a new wrinkle in every one of the building trades; I've learned men and I've learned law, and I've delivered the goods. It's been hell, but I wouldn't have missed it!’”

Mrs. Trask looked eagerly and a little wistfully at the three faces in front of her. Her own face was alight. “Don't you see—that's the way a real man looks at his work; but that man's wife would never have understood it if she hadn't been interested enough to watch his job. She saw him grow older and harder under that job; she saw him often haggard from the strain and sleepless because of a dozen intricate problems; but she never heard him complain and she never saw him any way but courageous and often boyishly gay when he'd got the best of some difficulty. And, furthermore, she knew that if she had been the kind of a woman who is not interested in her husband's work he would have kept it to himself, as most American husbands do. If he had, she would have missed a chance to learn a lot of things that winter, and she probably wouldn't have known anything about the final chapter in the history of the job that the two of them had fallen into the habit of referring to as the White Elephant. They had moved back to New York then, and the Rockford bank building was within two weeks of its completion, when at seven o'clock one morning their telephone rang. Rob answered it and his wife heard him say sharply: ‘Well, what are you doing about it?’ And then: ‘Keep it up. I'll catch the next train.’

“‘What is it?’ she asked, as he turned away from the telephone and she saw his face.

“‘The department store next to the Elephant is burning,’ he told her. ‘Fireproof? Well, I'm supposed to have built a fireproof building—but you never can tell.’

“His wife's next thought was of insurance, for she knew that Robert had to insure the building himself up to the time he turned it over to the owners. ‘The insurance is all right?’ she asked him.

“But she knew by the way he turned away from her that the worst of all their bad luck with the Elephant had happened, and she made him tell her. The insurance had lapsed about a week before. Rob had not renewed the policy because its renewal would have meant adding several hundreds to his already serious deficit, and, as he put it, it seemed to him that everything that could happen to that job had already happened. But now the last stupendous, malicious catastrophe threatened him. Both of them knew when he said good-by that morning and hurried out to catch his train that he was facing ruin. His wife begged him to let her go with him; at least she would be some one to talk to on that interminable journey; but he said that was absurd; and, anyway, he had a lot of thinking to do. So he started off alone.

“At the station before he left he tried to get the Rockford bank building on the telephone. He got Rockford and tried for five minutes to make a connection with his superintendent's telephone in the bank building, until the operator's voice came to him over the wire: ‘I tell you, you can't get that building, mister. It's burning down!’

“‘How do you know?’ he besought her.

“‘I just went past there and I seen it,’ her voice came back at him.

“He got on the train. At first he felt nothing but a queer dizzy vacuum where his brain should have been; the landscape outside the windows jumbled together like a nightmare landscape thrown up on a moving-picture screen. For fifty miles he merely sat rigidly still, but in reality he was plunging down like a drowning man to the very bottom of despair. And then, like the drowning man, he began to come

up to the surface again. The instinct for self-preservation stirred in him and broke the grip of that hypnotizing despair. At first slowly and painfully, but at last with quickening facility, he began to think, to plan. Stations went past; a man he knew spoke to him and then walked on, starting; but he was deaf and blind. He was planning for the future. Already he had plumbed, measured, and put behind him the fact of the fire; what he occupied himself with now was what he could save from the ashes to make a new start with. And he told me afterward that actually, at the end of two hours of the liveliest thinking he had ever done in his life, he began to enjoy himself! His fighting blood began to tingle; his head steadied and grew cool; his mind reached out and examined every aspect of his stupendous failure, not to indulge himself in the weakness of regret, but to find out the surest and quickest way to get on his feet again. Figuring on the margins of timetables, going over the contracts he had in hand, weighing every asset he possessed in the world, he worked out in minute detail a plan to save his credit and his future. When he got off the train at Boston he was a man that had already begun life over again; he was a general that was about to make the first move in a long campaign, every move and counter-move of which he carried in his brain. Even as he crossed the station he was rehearsing the speech he was going to make at the meeting of his creditors he intended to hold that afternoon. Then, as he hastened toward a telephone-booth, he ran into a newsboy. A headline caught his eye. He snatched at the paper, read the headlines, standing there in the middle of the room. And then he suddenly sat down on the nearest bench, weak and shaking.

"On the front page of the paper was a half-page picture of the Rockford bank building with the flames curling up against its west wall, and underneath it a caption that he read over and over before he could grasp what it meant to him. The White Elephant had not burned; in fact, at the last it had turned into a good elephant, for it had not only not burned but it had stopped the progress of what threatened to be a very disastrous conflagration, according to a jubilant despatch from Rockford. And Robert, read-

ing these lines over and over, felt an amazing sort of indignant disappointment to think that now he would not have a chance to put to the test those plans he had so minutely worked out. He was in the position of a man that has gone through the painful process of readjusting his whole life; who has mentally met and conquered a catastrophe that fails to come off. He felt quite angry and cheated for a few minutes, until he regained his mental balance and saw how absurd he was, and then, feeling rather foolish and more than a little shaky, he caught a train and went up to Rockford.

"There he found out that the report had been right; beyond a few cracked wire-glass windows—for which, as one last painful detail, he had to pay—and a blackened side wall, the Elephant was unharmed. The men putting the finishing touches to the inside had not lost an hour's work. All that dreadful journey up from New York had been merely one last turn of the screw.

"Two weeks later he turned the Elephant over to the owners, finished, a good, workmanlike job from roof to foundation-piers. He had lost money on it; for months he had worked overtime his courage, his ingenuity, his nerve, and his strength. But that did not matter. He had delivered the goods. I believe he treated himself to an afternoon off and went to a ball-game; but that was all, for by this time other jobs were under way, a whole batch of new problems were waiting to be solved; in a week the Elephant was forgotten."

Mrs. Trask pushed back her chair and walked to the west window. A strange quiet had fallen upon the sky-scraper now; the workmen had gone down the ladders, the steam-riveters had ceased their tapping. Mrs. Trask opened the window and leaned out a little.

Behind her the three women at the tea-table gathered up their furs in silence. Cornelia Blair looked relieved and prepared to go on to dinner at another club. Mrs. Bullen avoided Mrs. Van Vechten's eye. In her rosy face faint lines had traced themselves, as if vaguely some new perceptiveness troubled her. She looked at her wrist-watch and rose from the table hastily.

"I must run along," she said. "I like to get home before John does. You going my way, Sally?"

Mrs. Van Vechten shook her head absently. There was a frown between her dark brows; but as she stood fastening her furs her eyes went to the west window, with an expression in them that was almost wistful. For an instant she looked as if she were going over to the window beside Mary Trask; then she gathered up her gloves and muff and went out without a word.

Mary Trask was unaware of her going. She had forgotten the room behind her and her friends at the tea-table, as well as the other women drifting in from the adjoining room. She was contemplating, with her little, absent-minded smile, her husband's name on the builder's sign half-way up the unfinished sky-scraper opposite.

"Good work, old Rob," she murmured. Then her hand went up in a quaint gesture that was like a salute. "To all good jobs and the men behind them!" she added.

A PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC?

By Charles H. Sherrill

Author of "French Memories of Eighteenth-Century America," "Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine," etc.

THE matter of Philippine independence has been much complicated by the fact that the Japanese, as a result of secret treaties made in 1917 with England, France, Italy, and Russia, hold the Marshall and Caroline Islands, owned by Germany when the Great War broke out. The location of these islands, lying as they do across our line of communications with the Philippines, falls within the spirit if not the letter of the valuable "Lodge amendment" to the Monroe Doctrine, adopted in July, 1912, by the United States Senate, because in the language thereof it "might threaten the communications . . . of the United States." This amendment refers to places in the American continents, but it is nevertheless certain that "the government of the United States could not see, without grave concern" anything which "might threaten the communications of the the United States" in so vital a link as that connecting Manila with Hawaii. This encircling of the Philippines by Japan's advance in that quarter inspires inquiry as to their intentions, and means that the former's independence is no longer an isolated question capable of separate consideration and treatment, but that it is now part and parcel of the Japanese question, which is the next great in-

ternational problem confronting us. Filipinos like to dismiss this danger of theirs by telling you the Japanese don't want their lands, and yet, when the protection of those lands against excessive Japanese purchases by Philippine legislative acts was being opposed by our State Department during the winter of 1918-19, their leader and speaker of assembly, Mr. Osmeña, cabled their agent in Washington, Mr. Quezon, president of their Senate, that it was "absolutely vital" such legislation be permitted. "Absolutely vital" means that there was danger from these purchases by Japanese, especially in Mindanao, the great hemp centre. And yet now these politicians tell you there is no such danger, since the Japanese do not want their islands! Why then was legislation to keep them out "vitally necessary," and, further, why were several important Japanese newspapers seriously discussing during the summer of 1919 whether the United States would sell them the Philippines at a fair price, and wondering what a fair price for them would be? Both Mr. Osmeña and Mr. Quezon publicly expressed delight when on December 8, 1919, the cable brought the news to Manila that the desired legislation had become a law. No, they were right when they appraised this question as a vital one for their people. It is, and Philippine independence has become for

America an integral part of the Japanese question, and can no longer be considered apart from it.

But in order to get a fair view of the situation as it stands to-day, let us assume that our withdrawal from that archipelago is not part of a larger problem, and consider what sort of a representative republic would ensue if we left them without our protection.

The determined, energetic Anglo-Saxon, represented by the Australians and New Zealanders, controls the barrier chain of islands lying off Asia from the equator southward, and the virile, aggressive Japanese hold the northerly part of that chain down as far south as the Philippines, which alone are inhabited by a race no stronger than the original mainlanders of the Asian continent. This weak link in the island chain has long been in foreign hands, *viz.*, first the Spaniards' and then, more recently, our own. We are not there as the result of any land-grabbing expedition, but because Admiral Dewey on May 1, 1898, in response to the famous order to seek out and destroy the Spanish fleet, thoroughly obeyed his instructions and put us in such complete possession that President McKinley, finding no honorable exit, reluctantly decided the following year that we must continue in charge of those distant possessions. Of course, we need suitable coal and oil stations for our navy at selected points all around the world, but we must all admit that the Philippine question as a whole is for us nothing more or less than a search for an honorable solution of a serious problem. Dare we make them independent and then leave them to their fate, or what shall we do? None of us, in the bottom of our hearts, really wants great territory so far from home. Naval stations, yes; trade, yes—but not huge colonial possessions, especially in a climate too tropical for us to colonize and too vast and distant for us to defend.

An honorable exit would suit most of us, but its quest has recently been complicated by Japan receiving the mandate of the Caroline and Marshall Islands, taken over by her from the Germans during the late war. This looks like a threat against our continued occupation of the

Philippines or their independence if we retire. Not only do those islands lie athwart our line of communication between the Philippines and Hawaii, but also the Japanese have at Jaluit in the Marshalls a naval station only 2,100 miles from Pearl Harbor, our great naval base in the Hawaiian Islands, and 1,400 miles nearer thereto (and therefore to California) than the strong Japanese navy formerly enjoyed. So long as the Japanese retain these islands they are not only threatening Hawaii but are also serving notice of what may happen to the Philippines after we move out, if we leave nothing behind us to protect their independence but 10,000,000 natives of scores of races speaking innumerable languages, and with only a small percentage of their number educated. They will share the fate of Formosa, Korea, Manchuria, Shantung, etc.—they will become Japanese. It would probably be better for them than their independence. But this article is not written for the purpose of discussing how to benefit the Filipinos, but seeks alone, from a pro-Japanese angle, to improve relations between Japan and the United States. And what effect upon those relations would be had by the publication some fine day (and that, too, an early one!), after a utopian policy led us to give the Filipino his independence, that, one or more Japanese traders having been murdered on some island of the Philippine group, the Japanese navy had landed marines to protect her merchants and to demand reparation? The Filipinos could not assure protection to any foreigner anywhere throughout most of the archipelago, so there the world would be, back in a somewhat familiar international situation.

The Germans took all of Shantung because two missionaries were murdered in Kiaochow—could one really blame an Oriental nation from following the illustrious example of an Occidental one? And what would our people say to this? Perhaps the reader may reply: "They would say nothing, because the Philippine responsibility would no longer be ours." But is that really true? It is more than doubtful. The anti-Japanese among us would not fail to seize upon this as one more weapon in their arsenal of attack

upon the island kingdom's alleged aggressiveness, etc.

How do the Filipinos feel toward the Japanese, and how is it reciprocated? During my stay in Japan I was interested to notice from the daily newspapers how friendly a reception was being everywhere accorded to a party of Filipino ladies and gentlemen, the Honorable Sergio Osmeña, speaker of the Philippine Assembly, Mrs. M. E. de Limjap and her three daughters, Major and Mrs. A. C. Torres, the Honorable Galicano Apacible (secretary of agriculture), Mr. F. Natividad, and Mr. F. Zamara. I saw them at several places, and the major, a well-built, soldierly figure, always wore his American uniform of the Philippine National Guard. Not only were they of course entertained by the speaker of the Japanese lower house and by many other officials in Tokyo, but also they were given other and more striking proofs of friendly esteem, such as being permitted to penetrate the holy of holies in the sanctuary of Iyeyasu's gorgeous mausolea on the pine-clad hills of Nikko, and as being fêted by the governor-general of Korea, where every facility was given them for seeing the beneficent results of Japanese rule.

A Japanese baron, who recently has had cause to dislike America because of a public slight officially given him, told me in Tokyo that he had met these distinguished Philippine visitors, and that they had told him they were entirely satisfied with American control of their islands. I could not help wondering just how it came about that these Filipino officials happened to discuss American control with a Japanese, and especially with one known to have received unpleasant treatment at the hands of the American Government! It is a grievous fault to be overcurious, but one must confess to a wish to have heard all of that conversation. This visit of Mr. Osmeña to Japan has peculiar interest to readers of Kalaw's quaintly partisan "Self-Government in the Philippines," a naïve argument that all recent progress and improvement there is due solely to the Filipino governing class, without admitting that this politically active group is but a trifling minority of a heterogeneous population incapable of national

assimilation. He points out that the assembly has come to be considered as peculiarly the political expression of the people's will, and its speaker as the real leader of all the Filipinos. This would give more significance to the Japanese visit of Mr. Osmeña and to his reception there than would appear to the unenlightened onlooker.

The *Manila Times* of October 10, 1919, speaking editorially of a letter written home by Mr. Osmeña, during his tour in Japan, to Mr. Quezon, president of the Senate, reporting that he "has been treated with distinguished courtesy by Japanese officialdom," says that "the trend of events in Asia is toward increasing intimacy between Japan and these islands. . . . As the Filipinos expect independence, and as they are willing, according to the statements of several of their leading statesmen, to accept it without any previously agreed protectorate by the United States, it is well for them to cultivate the most friendly relations with the Japanese, and to seek in return sincere friendship. . . . While the Filipinos themselves are notable for their courtesy and hospitality, without design or fear, the horoscope of the race now cast by the conjunction of political bodies bodes ominously for any people who have not either the friendship of the needy strong or the protection of a paternal and powerful altruist."

This editorial upon Mr. Osmeña's letter home was approvingly quoted in a Tokyo newspaper of October 30, 1919, under the heading "Japanese May Use Philippine Lands," and therefore some people jumped to the hasty conclusion that, because Mr. Osmeña, the "boss" of the Filipino political machine, was accompanied on his Japanese tour by the Filipino secretary of agriculture, he was preparing to play off an alliance with the land-hungry Japanese against American opponents of Philippine independence. But how could this be true?—for Mr. Osmeña, before making an agreement with Japan to respect Filipino independence, would doubtless be "given pause" by the agreements to preserve the integrity of China which Japan made with France June 10, 1907, with Russia July 30, 1907, with the United States Novem-

ber 30, 1908, and with Great Britain July 13, 1911.

Besides, although Japanese propaganda publicists love to play up their need for more territory into which their crowded home population may expand, in practice they only want to go where there is a higher standard of living and wage scale, so that they may profit by the difference in their favor. One proof of this is that, although Korea, the size of the British Isles, has but 18,000,000 inhabitants as against 47,000,000 in Great Britain, and is distant but eleven hours from Shimonoseki, less than 400,000 Japanese have availed themselves of that near-by opportunity to become less crowded. The Korean can underlive the Japanese and will accept less wages, so the latter do not care to compete with him, and the Filipino has the same advantage. What is true of Korea holds good also in Manchuria, which, although under Japanese control and not densely populated, has nevertheless attracted less than half a million Japanese from their homeland near by. No, if the wheel of fate should ever turn over the Philippine Islands to the Japanese, they will go there as a governing class, as in Korea and Formosa and Manchuria, and not as settlers seeking escape from overcrowding at home.

No such large piece of territory anywhere around the Pacific has been allowed to remain in weak hands, and a Philippine Republic would be the weakest of all governments, nor is this difficult to prove. We have been learning much lately of the need for recognition of racial concentration, and that peoples of the same race are entitled to separate nationhood. No more Austro-Hungarian combinations are desired, certain in their internal interracial disputes to breed disorders difficult to confine within their own borders. And yet the Philippine Republic would furnish just such an objectionable medley of many languages, plus the additional unworkable feature of component races running the entire gamut from university-bred, Spanish-speaking politicians down through innumerable gradations to the Igorot head-hunting savage.

A Philippine Republic unprotected by some strong power would not last long,

and, indeed, might prove a serious menace to a peaceful Pacific. And a peaceful Pacific is nothing but an after-dinner orator's dream unless there be laid for it the enduring foundation of better Japanese-American feeling, surely impossible of realization if their military party should engineer the taking of the Philippine Islands after we got out of them. Only dreamers or absent-minded, distant-bodied idealists think that hauling down the Stars and Stripes at Manila and hoisting in its place the flag of a heterogeneous and undefended Philippine Republic would afford a guarantee that we were finally through with them. It was necessary to free Cuba not once but twice, and we have since then kept out of the island. It was a splendid thing to do—one of history's great object-lessons of national good faith. But Cuba lies very near us and very far from so land-hungry a power as Japan. The exact opposite is the case with the Philippines—they are far from us and form near-by links of the long chain of islands to the north which Japan already holds. It is only a few hours' steaming from Formosa to Luzon. No, Cuba cannot fairly be used as argument to encourage a departure from our present status on that distant island barrier-chain. We ought not to leave the Filipino to his own defenseless independence unless and until he is fit for it, *and* also some plan is devised to guarantee it to him.

In order to consider the question of when he will be fit for independence, it is fair to approach it from the angle of the Chinese Republic. How is a republic succeeding in that near-by Oriental land?

The Chinese are a people accustomed to change their rulers so frequently as to disgust their conservative neighbors the Japanese, who worship the present imperial dynasty, which for twenty-five centuries has uninterruptedly ruled Japan. The Chinese have made twenty-six changes during the last 4,000 years, not only substituting one native dynasty for another but actually replacing Chinese with foreign Manchus or Mongolians or Tartars, etc., and finally, in 1911, ending up with what is called a republic. This willingness to change governmental systems

ought to indicate such a flexible and adjustable state of the national mind as to make for a successful republic, but what is the result? What is the Chinese Republic and what is happening to it? Substitute a practical for our usual sentimental point of view due to long-continuing cordial relations between it and one of the world's strongest nations (the United States) which has tried in vain to preserve China's territorial integrity. At least we have never yet tried to take any of her territory, which is more than can be said by England, France, Japan, Russia, Germany, Italy, or Portugal! Let us face the truth. What has happened to China? All its territory is already apportioned between various European Powers, or else they have put upon it their taboo signs, marking out their "spheres of influence" and forbidding alienation thereof to other nations (the English as to the Yangtze valley, the French everything south thereof, etc.). Last of all is the appearance of Japan as a substitute in Shantung for Germany, which she ousted from that province.

To digress for a moment—how in the world can you blame Japan? She sees all the other nations grabbing great pieces of China, and, of course, in self-defense, she also grabs those pieces near her own territories to prevent some strong European nation from forestalling her. To this extent she has every right to set up a super-Monroe Doctrine of her own. I say "super-Monroe Doctrine" because, without the qualification "super," she is improperly using the words Monroe Doctrine. In no manner to-day do Japan's actions in the Far East resemble ours in South and Central America. If you doubt this, read the text of the outrageous twenty-one demands which she served upon China January 18, 1915. It is inconceivable that any American administration should desire or attempt to treat Argentina or Brazil as Japan has Manchuria and Shantung. I strongly believe that Japan has, by reason of geographical proximity, certain rights to especial consideration in the Far East that we have not, but I would be but a poor friend of Japan if I applauded an attempt on her part to employ the altruistic Monroe Doctrine as a camouflage phrase for certain

recently exhibited tendencies of Japanese militaristic development.

Well, a glance at the map reveals what has happened to a large homogeneous Chinese population, apparently, by a common written language, literature, habits, traditions, etc., suited to form a strong republic. Why should we expect anything better to happen to the map of the Philippine Islands, once our flag is hauled down and an unprotected Philippine Republic set up? As contrasted with one great expanse of Chinese territory, with provinces separated by no impassable natural boundaries, we have the Philippine archipelago, consisting of 3,141 charted islands. Although 90 per cent of its total land area is on the eleven largest islands, those islands, separated by wide channels, are themselves subdivided by chains of mountains and other natural obstacles tending to keep its many races isolated and apart from each other. The whole group has a land surface a little larger than the British Isles, and the chief island, Luzon, is somewhat larger than Pennsylvania. Recent statistics show the following totals for the principal races: Visayan, 3,200,000; Tagalog, 1,500,000; Ilocano, 803,000; Bicol, 566,000; Pangasinan, 343,000; Pampangan, 280,000; Cagayan, 160,000; Zambolan, 49,000. There are numerous subdivisions of the above races, and scores of languages and religions to help make "confusion worse confounded." The tribal language variations are so numerous and so local that a day's journey on foot brings one away from one language and into a strange one. If a truly representative republic is not succeeding on the Chinese mainland, with everything in its favor, what chance has it in this tangle of islands where nature, both on land and by sea, conspires with a multiplicity of languages, races, and religions to prevent homogeneity or cohesion?

The voting statistics of the Chinese Republic show less than one per cent of the population as participating in the elections of what are, with unintentional humor, called their representatives. How much larger percentage of the Igorots, Moros, Tagalogs, Visayans, Ilocanos, etc., are able intelligently to exercise the franchise? Both those alleged republics would have less percentage of intelligent

votes than Mexico has had during the saddest days of a downtrodden peonage. The worst that any enemy of Mexico's sovereignty could ever allege against her government by an oligarchy of a small, educated class (the so-called *científicos*) is as nothing in comparison with what exists in China to-day, and would begin to-morrow in Manila if we withdrew. So much for a Philippine Republic's future as viewed by any one conveniently near to a map of China as it is now painted over with European and Japanese spheres of influence and outright appropriations.

Let us see how the Filipinos are shaping up their governmental system to meet the difficulty caused by their multiplicity of languages, races, and religions. Mr. Quezon, president of the Senate, honored me with a luncheon at the Nacionalista Club, the headquarters of the party machine which runs the government and controls all the members of the legislative body except four, and of which club Mr. Osmeña, speaker of the Assembly, is president. These two gentlemen called my attention to the similarity of racial type displayed in the faces of the cabinet officers, judges, and numerous senators and assemblymen seated around the tables, all of whom spoke fluent Spanish and many of them fair English. He was quite right—they were remarkably similar in type, and inquiry revealed that by compliance with certain residential requirements, easy to meet, there was nothing to prevent men (selected by the Nacionalista party!) who spent most of their time in Manila from representing constituencies located in distant parts of the archipelago.

In other words, the Nacionalista machine resembles an English party machine which decides in London who shall be selected as its candidates to represent districts far from that centre of government, with the result that many of them are really Londoners, although maintaining political residence in the constituency they represent in Parliament. As a result of the operation of the Jones Bill, which became a law in 1916, about all that is now left of American government in the Philippines is the governor-general, the vice-governor-general, the auditor,

and the vice-auditor, but they control the treasury, and the governor retains a salutary veto power. Everything else has been turned over to the Filipinos, which means in plain political English that the Nacionalista party, from its headquarters at the club of that name, runs everything as neatly and smoothly as the boss of Tammany Hall runs his similarly close corporation. And Mr. Osmeña, or his successor in the presidency of the Nacionalista political group of Spanish blood, will continue to be the boss of the Filipinos.

And what has happened in those islands since that measure of self-government has been given to the natives and taken over by the Nacionalistas? Everything has gradually dropped off in efficiency. Before we went there it was a land of no roads and no post-offices. We built fine roads and installed an excellent postal service. Now the once-splendid automobile roads around Manila have lost their surface and are showing signs of wear, and the postal service is being severely criticised. Almost all the American school-teachers have been dismissed, so that English is now being taught to the children by Filipinos who speak it imperfectly. The police force and fire department we created in Manila became remarkably efficient under their American leaders, but with those leaders gone both forces have deteriorated and unpleasant stories of graft are current.

Manila harbor is an important one, and is visited by many ships. Under American management the business of this port was promptly handled. We anchored just outside the breakwater at 7.45 A. M., on a perfect day, and no other ship was waiting ahead of us to delay the operations of the Filipino officials, and yet it was not until two hours and five minutes later that delays between perfunctory official visitations permitted us to up-anchor and steam inside. At no other Pacific port did we encounter such dilatory officialism. Governor-General Harrison is very popular with the Filipinos, and it is largely due to their approval of his administration that the United States could safely withdraw almost all its troops for use in France.

Mr. Quezon and Mr. Osmeña, at the

luncheon just described, made eloquent speeches in Spanish, of the type familiar to those who have lived in Latin American republics. They agreed that their party was unequivocally committed to complete independence, that there was no danger of Japanese interference therewith after our withdrawal, and that, although they would like the friendly support of America in the future, even without it they were willing to take their chances. Mr. Quezon said that all Filipinos believed that Americans had become so interested in the Philippines that even after withdrawal their support could always be counted on if necessary. In my brief remarks I ventured to reply that the war just concluded had afforded a striking demonstration of the superiority of interdependence as illustrated by Australia, Canada, India, and Great Britain, over the independence of Belgium and Greece. Also it seemed my duty to point out that, contrary to the general belief held by Spanish-speaking peoples, the Americans are really as proud as any other people, and that therefore, if upon the intimation that our room was better than our company, and at the express wish of the Filipinos we hauled down the Stars and Stripes in their archipelago, American pride would prevent our going there again, even to protect the islands from a control less agreeable than ours. Strange to say, this point of view seemed never to have struck them, for they showed their surprise in no uncertain manner, and later Mr. Quezon and several others stated they had never heard it before. Another American present, and one who is in complete accord with a policy of American withdrawal, confirmed my statement, which still further surprised them. As I looked about upon the serious, intelligent faces of this group that control their nation's destiny, it was impossible to refrain from wondering if they would be the men of whom later generations would say: "We enjoyed, but they discarded, the close friendship of one of the world's greatest Powers! Why didn't they follow the example of Canada and Australia and prefer the secure benefits of interdependence with that great Power to the dangers of independence?"

Well, suppose we are unwilling to turn

loose the Filipino lamb unprotected in the forest, and, further, suppose that we, in manly fashion, admit we would like to retire to our own continent, where we belong, what can fairly be suggested by a practical man living in the twentieth century, who prefers an honest plan that will work to sentimental makeshifts that only breed trouble? The Japanese are now a great factor in this problem, and it seems to me that they like frankness on the part of foreigners, especially if first convinced they speak with friendly intent; and for this reason I made bold to express the following views at a luncheon of Japanese given in Tokyo during Christmas week of 1919:

"The hope of better and lasting relations between our two countries, so pregnant with valuable results for both of us, depends upon some safe and sure arrangement for the future of the Philippine Islands, to which, when they are ready for it, we have promised independence. If and when we move out it seems to many of us that it would not be long before expansionists among you would precipitate some move inevitably leading to your moving in. If that were done it would take more than one generation to overcome the increased estrangement that such action would create between you and us who have worked so hard for the Filipinos. Please don't understand me as one of those international busybodies who oppose territorial expansion by Japan. I believe that President Roosevelt was right when he led in recognizing your annexation of Korea, and, like most Americans, I was glad you defeated Russia and ousted her from Manchuria. May I venture to think that the increase in your Siberian forces points to a possible permanence of your power in that chaos of government, that anarchy-distracted region? So clearly has Russia recently demonstrated for us all the danger in making the world too free for democracy, that to-day it is doubtful if your substituting government for anarchy in eastern Siberia, next your own possessions, would meet with serious opposition abroad. But why not seize this opportunity to readjust your relations with America, whose friendship is perhaps of some value? Expand if you like, but not in the direction that arouses suspicion in America, proud of her 'labor of love' in modernizing the Philippines. Do you gentlemen realize that in taking the Caroline and Marshall Islands, in accordance with your secret agreements of 1917 with Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia (but not with the United States, more concerned than any of them), you have cut our line of communications to the Philippines; that this action is a geographical threat against the future independence of the Philippines, because obviously embracing them within your sphere of influence; and that therefore your taking of the Carolines and the Marshalls arms anti-Japanese critics with an opportunity to inject their virus into the Philippine-independence question?

Are those German islands worth this to you? Wouldn't you rather have eastern Siberia, plus American friendship, plus the business co-operation of limitless American capital? We don't want the Carolines and Marshalls, but if you relinquish them to international control or to Australia, an Anglo-Saxon power, it would wipe out at one stroke a cause of grave disquiet to those who, like myself, are vastly more interested in Japanese-American friendship than they are in the Philippine question. After such a forward-looking move on your part, you, Australia, and ourselves could enter into such a three-cornered guarantee of Philippine independence as would more surely safeguard the future peace of the Pacific than any other one act."

If Japan should decide to relinquish to Australia, our Anglo-Saxon cousin, the Caroline and Marshall Islands, and thereafter Japan, Australia, and the United States should unite in jointly guaranteeing Philippine independence, a safe solution could be found of that difficult problem, which, if left unsolved (as it would be if the Filipinos were granted an unprotected independence), would always endanger Japanese-American friendship. There is no doubt that such a friendship lies at the very root of peace in the Pacific.

There is yet another businesslike solution of the Philippine difficulty, which, when launched by me December 30, 1915, during a speech before the American Society of International Law and three affiliated societies, elicited more than one hundred favorable editorial comments in newspapers of all shades of political thought. That plan was for an exchange of those distant islands by us for the European possessions in and around the Caribbean Sea. Though the Philippines are far from us, they are administratively adjacent to the British in Hongkong or the French in Tonkin or the Dutch in Borneo. It is essential to the security of our future that the waters washing our southern coast-line become a Pan-American lake, entirely freed from European politics or the conflicting interest of those peoples living across the Atlantic; not necessarily an American lake, as some writers now insist, but one whose interests are entirely controlled by ourselves and our sister republics to the south of us. Neither they nor we should risk any future European conflicts being staged so unpleasantly near our shores as

would have been the case if, for instance, the naval battle of the Falkland Isles had taken place off British Honduras, so near to our Panama Canal.

Since my suggestion was made our government has most wisely purchased the Danish West Indian islands, so that the only powers now left to deal with are England, France, and Holland. England owns most of the islands in those waters, and also British Honduras and British Guiana. None of those possessions are profitable ones, and the results of her colonial policy in her Guiana and Honduras holdings are in unpleasant contrast with the uniform successes of that policy in other parts of the world. In 1895 British Guiana would have precipitated a rupture of our friendship with Great Britain had not President Cleveland handled the situation so admirably. French Guiana is chiefly known for its penal settlements, in one of which Dreyfus unjustly languished so long. The French have brought many Siamese and Chinese coolies into that colony, just as the Hollanders have introduced 15,000 Javanese into her Guiana, both of them following England's example, for she transported to British Guiana over 125,000 East Indian coolies. Does such admixture of tropical Orientals of the lowest classes improve the manhood or civilization of those colonies? or was it done for any other purpose than to exploit them for their European owners? Isn't such action an affront to the fundamentals of Pan-Americanism? It certainly is in flat contradiction to the ethnological policy of Argentina and the United States, and, for that matter, of both Canada and Australia as well. How many miles of railroad have these European masters built to develop the Guianas, a combined territory of more than 171,000 square miles, or about the size of Alabama, Georgia, and Florida put together? There are less than 200 miles in all the three colonies (none at all in French Guiana), which compares unfavorably with Venezuela's 600 miles or Colombia's 700 miles. British Honduras has less than one-tenth the railway mileage of her neighbor Honduras. The school systems in the three Guianas are either far below the average of the neighboring Latin-American republics

or do not exist at all. Venezuela, next door, has over 1,700 schools, while Colombia, next beyond to the west, has over 5,000, and both of them possess ancient universities. Neither the Dutch islands of the Caribbean nor the French ones are proving profitable colonies, for the home governments are constantly required to meet large deficits in their administration. It would be better for the peoples of all those European possessions if they were released from their present allegiance; it would free us from any more dangers to our European friendships like the British Guiana incident of 1895, and it would, by our payment for their release, reduce the staggering war debt now owed us by England and France, and help Holland to meet the heavy expense incurred by the long-continued mobilization of her army from 1914 till 1919. It would therefore benefit all concerned in or affected by the transaction, and now is the psychological moment to arrange it, when Europe owes us the money, and it would be merely a matter of bookkeeping to adjust it.

Probably the enactment of the Jones Law, with its recital of a promised independence, has so far committed our country to that policy as to preclude our trading the Philippine Islands to Holland, France, and England for their Caribbean possessions. But whether or not a trade

of the Philippines be involved, and even if it be done by plain outright purchase, the Caribbean Sea ought now and without delay to be turned into a Pan-American lake, by freeing the Guianas and British Honduras from European domination, and by hoisting the American flag over the European-owned islands of that sea.

To insure peace and progress in the Pacific, a firm friendship and co-operation should and must be established between Japan and ourselves, and to accomplish this end there is necessary the removal of that stumbling-block, the Philippine problem. For this reason it seems best to take the more direct of the two businesslike routes to that desirable end by approving Japan's expansion northwesterly if she will withdraw from her southeasterly development by transferring the Caroline and Marshall Islands to international control or to Australia; and then, with this geographical threat to peace removed, let all three of us, Japan, Australia, and the United States, unite in guaranteeing independence to the Filipino. That ought to satisfy all four parties concerned; assure peace in the Pacific, progress for American trade in co-operation with Japan, and add another star of altruistic achievement to the American escutcheon.

ROMAN REMINISCENCES

By Maitland Armstrong



FIRST saw Rome in 1859 —nearly sixty years ago. Happily there was no railway in those days, so I drove from Civita Vecchia in the diligence across the Campagna and from that quiet plain we dashed through a tall archway straight into the great Square of San Pietro; there was Bramante's honey-colored façade, its grand colonnades, and noble fountains.

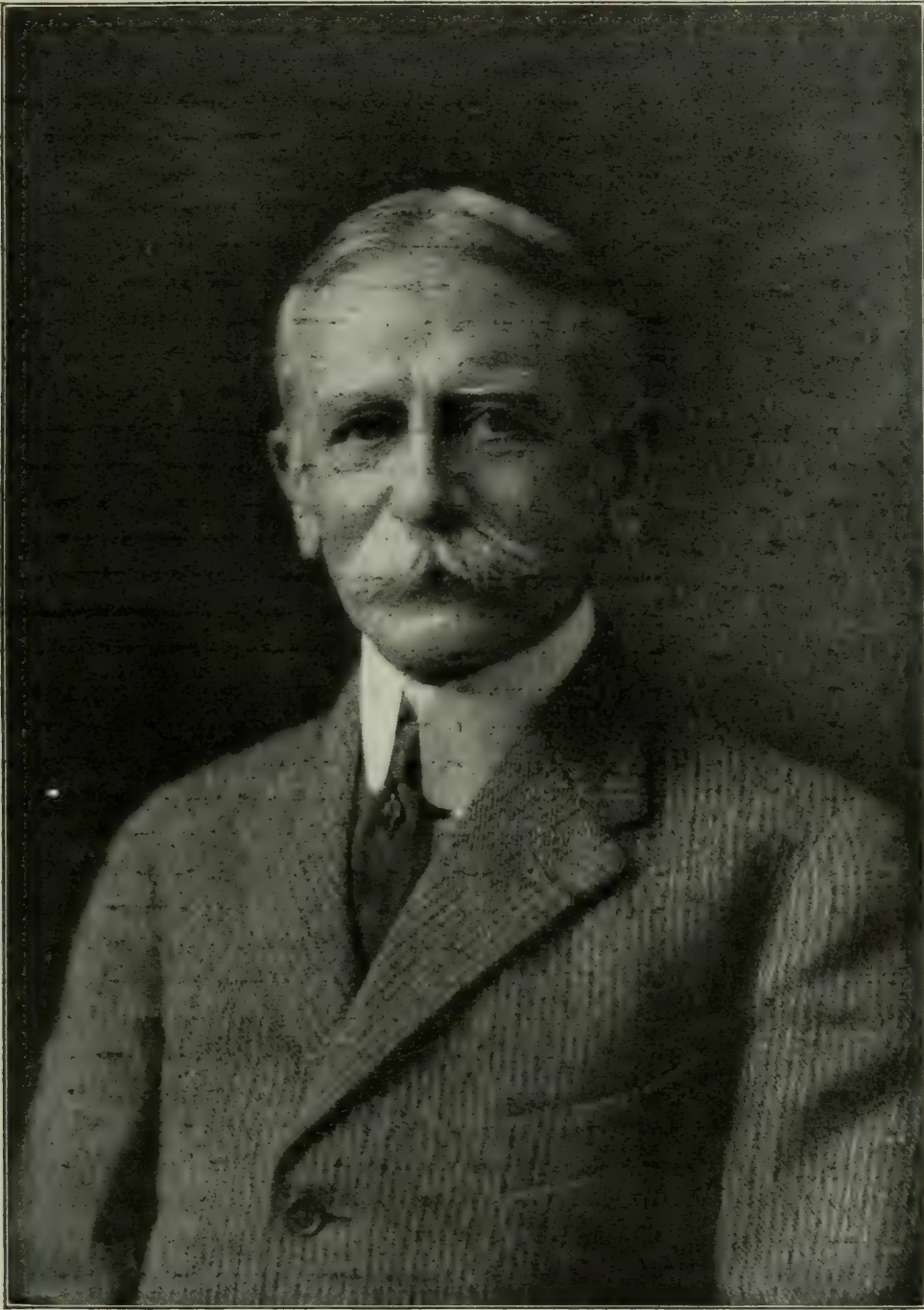
And that first morning in the Campagna was one to be ever remembered,

delicious as only an Italian winter's day can be; under a soft haze the landscape melted away in almost imperceptible folds and tones of opalescent color, touched here and there by a line of the first fresh green of the wheat-fields or a faint glistening spot of water. The turrets of an old castle of Julius the Second peered through shadowy groves of stone pines above vast tan-colored marshes; the fields were scattered with grass-grown mounds, the remains of long-forgotten cities, once grave and gay. From that day, throughout a long after-experience,

I never ceased to love and enjoy the endless charm of the Campagna.

Rome was a very different place then from what it is now; then the moss and

ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, and there had been little excavation in the Forum. All was overgrown with vines and flowers, most beautiful and pictur-



Gessford Studio.

Maitland Armstrong.

[Born 1836—died 1918.]

dust of ages lay thick over everything; nothing had been repaired for a thousand years. The interior of the Coliseum was a green lawn; its walls were bright with little flowers and low-growing shrubs and thickly clothed with ivy, as were the

esque. For many years now the archaeologists have been busy digging away the soil in the Coliseum, exposing the pavements in the Forum, and stripping away all the vines and flowers. The result is doubtless most interesting to the anti-

quarian, but far less pleasing to the artist and man of taste.

But I found all this beauty still unchanged when, in 1869, I went to Rome for the second time, as United States consul to the Papal States. We first had an apartment in the Via Capo le Case, but moved the next year to number 64 Via Sistina, an apartment in the Palazzo Zuccari, a picturesque old place built by the Brothers Zuccari, well-known artists of the sixteenth century, who had frescoed its arched halls and winding stairway in the *Rafaelesque* manner. Against these faded frescos a slight green lattice had been placed and over it trailed green cactus, covered with scarlet blossoms the winter through. Over the front door of the palace was a shield bearing the arms of the United States.

One of my first duties when I became consul was to care for the effects of Thomas Hotchkiss, an American artist who had lately died in Sicily. He was a landscape-painter, and his pictures of the Roman Campagna, to which he devoted years of study, are not only true to nature but wonderful in drawing and color, and filled with the most delightful feeling and sentiment. One of his finest pictures, a view of the *Tor' degli Schiavi*, was bought by the late Charles H. Marshall, of New York, but his chief reputation was among artists. When he was just on the threshold of fame he died suddenly, leaving literally thousands of studies. He had a great future before him and was one of the most promising artists that America has produced.

I never knew him, but I learned a little of his life from the friends who loved him. He was born at Hudson, New York, of very poor and very ignorant parents, and his childhood was not a happy one. Even when very young he showed a talent for painting, but, it is needless to say, had no encouragement. He once went to a country fair and bought some paints and brushes, but when he took them home his family destroyed them, thinking that they were instruments for gambling. While still a little boy, they put him to work in a brick-yard, and being a delicate child the hard work and exposure and insufficient food planted the seeds of the malady that ultimately caused his death.

As soon as he was able to escape from this slavery he fled to New York in opposition to the wishes of his family, who never had anything more to do with him. He was friendless, but happening to know the pictures of the late A. B. Durand, he appealed to him, and Mr. Durand befriended him and allowed him to work in his studio. How and why he came to Rome, which thenceforward was his home, I do not know.

Some of his best work was done at Taormina, and it was here that he was spending the summer of 1869 with John Rollin Tilton, the artist, when he died of a hemorrhage of the lungs. It was at night when Tilton heard a slight sound and went to him, and he died in a few minutes in his arms.

A few years ago, when I was in Taormina, I asked an old "custode" if he remembered Thomas Hotchkiss. His face lighted up when he answered that he well remembered "Signor Tomasso," and also "il Signor inglese," meaning Tilton, and said:

"I will show you where he lived and died," and leading me to a small stone house that stands on the highest point of the Greek Theatre, he showed me the room, now used as a museum for art objects found in the place and filled with delicate broken bas-reliefs, fragments of statues, jars, and other ancient bits—all quiet and peaceful, the windows looking out over the wide landscape that he knew so well—a fit setting for the spot where that fine soul passed away. He fills a nameless grave at Messina, for it was never marked by a stone, and the earthquake has probably obliterated the cemetery, but his body has mingled with the soil of the Italy that he loved and depicted so beautifully. He was a great painter, and it is pathetic that so few know even his name.

When I came to look into his affairs I found that he had some debts in Rome, so I had an auction to which all the artists flocked, for he had collected many valuable things. The prices obtained were so high that a sufficient sum was soon realized to pay everything he owed, and the rest of his things were sent to New York and sold by the public administrator. As Hotchkiss was little known

there, they sold for trifling sums, but this made no difference, for his family, I believe, felt so bitterly toward his memory that they declined to receive the money and it went to the State.

Among his effects were two interesting pictures, attributed to Piero di Cosimo, for which the National Gallery had offered Hotchkiss a large price that he had refused. When his sale was held in Rome, many of the artists hoped to buy them and were disappointed to find they were to be sent to New York. I wrote to my friend Robert Gordon to look out for them and buy them, which he did, and presented them to the Metropolitan Museum; but as this was during the reign of General di Cesnola they were so little appreciated that they were put in the cellar, where they remained for more than thirty years entirely forgotten. About ten years ago they were brought to light and heralded as a remarkable discovery—no one knew where they had come from. As I was familiar with them—they had hung in my office in Rome for nearly a year—I wrote an account of them in the *New York Times*, and they were pronounced by experts to be certainly by Piero di Cosimo. They may now be seen in the museum and are in excellent preservation, never having been restored. They are painted on wooden panels, each about eight feet long, one a woodland scene with satyrs and monkeys, the other showing a rocky shore with figures landing from galleys. Browning lived in the Palazzo Barberini when Hotchkiss had his studio there, and I have amused myself by thinking that his poem "Over the sea our galleys went" might have been inspired by this picture, for he must often have been in to see Hotchkiss.

Several very large and beautiful Etruscan vases in Hotchkiss's studio had been acquired by him in a curious way. He happened one day to be sketching on the Campagna near where some men were digging out an old tomb, looking for buried treasure. When they left in the evening, he entered the tomb and chanced to lean against the wall, which gave way and disclosed another chamber containing these magnificent vases. He immediately returned to Rome, got a cab, drove out there, and secured them. What

later became of them, when they were sold in New York, I do not know; probably they were bought by some one who did not realize their value, which was a pity, as they were museum pieces.

Speaking of the Metropolitan Museum reminds me of a peaceful Sunday morning in Rome; I was sitting in the garden of the Palazzo Zuccari, my little children playing about me—a garden surrounded by high moss-grown walls, over which hung orange-trees covered with fruit, with beds of purple violets under them. From the garden some steps led down into the Via Gregoriana, through a green door set in the open mouth of a huge rococo head; any one familiar with Rome will remember it.

I had been thinking for some time that an art museum in New York would be a fine thing, and on this lovely morning it came to me that it would be a good plan to write to Robert Gordon in New York and tell him what I thought a museum ought to be, and urge him to take the matter up; so I wrote him about twenty pages. Not long after I heard from him that the good work was really to be begun, and when I returned to New York I found the museum already established in the old Douglas-Cruger house in Fourteenth Street. Of course when I wrote to Mr. Gordon the project was in the air, but it is a pleasure to feel that I was one of the first to suggest it. Gordon wrote me not long ago that "the first dollar ever given to the museum" had been given by him.

In 1869 Rome was the Mecca of American artists, and there were many successful men in the large colony there, for American art was then the fashion. Among the painters were Elihu Vedder, Charles Caryll Coleman, William Hazeltine, Charles Dix, George H. Yewell, George Inness, T. Buchanan Read, Frederick Crowninshield, William Graham, William Gedney Bunce, John Rollin Tilton, George Healy, and Messrs. Terry and Chapman, who had been members of the old Sketch Club of New York, out of which grew the Century Club.

The sculptors included William W. Story, Randolph Rogers, Miss Harriet Hosmer, and many others—in fact, there were so many of them that we thought

there was to be a great revival of sculpture in America, but none of it came to much. The much-lamented Rinehart was by far the most able, and had already done some fine work. He was born in Baltimore, where Mr. Walters befriended him and enabled him to pursue his studies in Rome, but alas! he died there before he had fulfilled his great promise.

Randolph Rogers was in his glory in 1869, a handsome shaggy man with a leonine head. He had lately made a statue of Nydia, the "Blind Girl of Pompeii," which had a great popular success, particularly among Americans, who ordered replicas for their houses. She was depicted as listening intently, groping her way with a staff. I once saw in his studio seven Nydias, in a row, all listening, all groping, and seven Italian marble-cutters at work cutting them out—it was a gruesome sight.

But Rogers's most profitable trade was in soldiers' monuments; after the Civil War he had orders from towns all over the United States. These monuments were all pretty much alike, even the figures being "much of a muchness," and chiefly distinguished from each other by the weapons they carried. Infantry, for instance, was armed with a rifle, Cavalry with a sabre, Artillery with a rammer, while a naval hero was supported by an anchor. When a monument was finished, I had to examine it in order that it might pass through the United States custom-house free of duty as the work of an American. So Rogers would show me the work and give me the necessary description, but he was himself sometimes confused as to the rank or calling of his figures, if they were not yet armed. I remember his once being in doubt, and calling to his attendant:

"Giuseppe, what is this?" Whereupon Giuseppe promptly supplied the vacant hand with a rammer and Rogers said:

"Ah, I see, it is Artillery, it is all right."

But he was a good fellow, perfectly frank and straightforward about his work, with so many pleasant qualities that one readily pardoned him for treating his work rather as a trade than as an art.

Many of my friends had studios in the Via Margutta, a little street running along the foot of the Pincian Hill, where there

was a settlement of artists from all parts of the world. I painted at times in the studios of Coleman and Vedder and worked in the evenings in the Life School, a good-sized, semicircular amphitheatre, seating about a hundred students, called Gigi's Academy. Gigi was the proprietor—I never knew his surname—but all he did was to exact his fee each month and provide a good light, heat, and a model; also, for two soldi, large hunks of coarse bread, called "mouluka," for rubbing out marks. We had no regular artistic criticism, but worked out our own salvation as best we could. Many great painters had worked there—among them Fortuny and Villigas. Almost every evening Fred Crowninshield would stop at my house and we would go to Gigi's together. Crowninshield was afterward Director of the American Academy in Rome for some years.

Elihu Vedder was then, as he is still, a most delightful companion, witty and original. When an American visiting his studio was guilty of the trite remark, "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like," Vedder replied: "So do the beasts that perish." When Vedder comes to New York he makes his headquarters at the Century Club and almost any evening, at such times, he may be found surrounded by a circle of friends listening to his amusing conversation far into the night. Some one asked him to have a drink—his answer was a conundrum: "Why am I like a Kleinert's dress-shield? Because I am dry and absorbent."

Charles Caryll Coleman was another good friend—exceedingly kind to any one who was in trouble. He always dressed well, and with his curling hair and handsome face was a striking figure. His brother Caryll belonged for a year or so to the Trappists, that strictest of orders that lives in perpetual silence. Charles Coleman was a rabid collector of "oggetti d'antiquita," and his studio was a museum of tapestries, rare marbles, rich stuffs, and old pictures. They said that if he sold a picture for a thousand dollars, on the strength of it he immediately sallied out to an antiquity shop and spent two thousand on account of the one he had on hand. From his studio in the Via Margutta one had a long beautiful view

of the slope of the Pincian Hill, gay with poppies and pink almond-trees, interspersed with picturesque bits of ruin.

I was one day sketching one of these ruins—a small temple or tomb, the stucco a delicious yellowish tint, with a bright spot of white in the centre of its apse-like top. An almond-tree in bloom hung over it and beyond was a jumble of delicate flowers and a touch of tender-blue sky. I was busily absorbed when I looked up and saw George Inness and T. Buchanan Read. They had just been lunching together and were in good spirits. Inness remarked:

“Your high light in the arch is not bright enough.”

So handing him my palette and brush, I said, “Do it yourself then,” and without taking off his kid gloves he took the brush, mixed up some Naples-yellow and white, steadied himself, and gave one dab just in the right spot. I sold that sketch afterward for a hundred dollars, but whether it was because of Inness’s master-touch I never knew.

Inness was a small nervous man, with ragged hair and beard, and a vivacious intense manner, an excellent talker, much occupied with theories and methods, not only of painting but also of religion. I once met him in the White Mountains and we spent several hours talking together—or rather, he talked and I listened—about a theory he had of color intertwined in a most ingenious way with Swedenborgianism, in which he was a devout believer. Toward the latter part of the evening I became quite dizzy, and which was color and which was religion I could hardly tell! But, on the whole, he was an interesting man, and undoubtedly one of the first of American painters. Unlike many great artists, he was amenable to criticism, and when some friend suggested that he might change a sky, he would promptly scrape out a gray one and try a blue. Crowninshield said that when Inness painted according to his theories the result was often queer, but when he trusted entirely to feeling he was all right.

T. Buchanan Read, the “painter-poet,” author of “Sheridan’s Ride,” was another picturesque figure, who led a varied life and amused himself by doing a good many

unusual things. For instance, on Queen Victoria’s birthday he sent her a long telegram of congratulation in poetical language, and received a gracious acknowledgment from the master of her household, who, of course, did not know T. B. R., but wanted to be on the safe side.

Read had painted a portrait of General Sheridan on his black charger, and when the general, accompanied by Colonel Forsythe, visited Rome, we gave them a dinner, which was attended by most of the Americans and several English army officers. Sheridan was a man of few words but they were brisk and to the point. He had grown stout and rather breathless—indeed, his clothes seemed too tight for him. Forsythe was a dashing fellow, and made an amusing speech at the dinner. After complimenting the British officers, he spoke of being once stationed on the Canadian frontier near a British outpost. “Their officers,” he said, “would come to see us and and we would give them mint juleps and knock ’em higher than a kite; then we would go over to them and they would give us double-headed ale and brandy mixed and knock us higher than a kite—it was grand!”

General Sherman also came to Rome while I was there, with Fred Grant, General Grant’s son, who had lately graduated at West Point. I invited Grant to go to the hunt and offered him a horse, but he asked what sort of saddle he would have, and when I told him we had only English saddles, he suggested he might ride bareback, but I said I didn’t think it would do for the son of the President of the United States to appear in that primitive fashion. It seemed strange to me that a West Point man had not been trained to ride on any kind of saddle.

We saw a good deal of General Sherman—a charming old fellow in a bluff quaint way. Apropos of the general, I am reminded of a story that Augustus Saint-Gaudens told me about him. While he was modelling the old soldier’s bust he was also making a bas-relief of Robert Louis Stevenson, and he told the general that he would like to introduce him, whereupon the general asked:

“Was he one of my boys?”

"No," said Saint-Gaudens, "he is a great writer, the author of 'Jekyll and Hyde.'"

"Oh!" said the general, "he's no fool then, I'd like to meet him." When Stevenson came in he shook him warmly by the hand and said:

"Glad to meet you, sir, were you one of my boys?"

One of the best books that has ever been written about the every-day life of Rome is the "Roba di Roma" of William W. Story, giving, as it does, the history of many ancient customs, festivals, and traits of the people which were still prevalent in the Rome of his day, and mine, but which have now entirely disappeared. He understood his Rome thoroughly. He was a man of varied talents, none of them buried in a napkin. His statue of Cleopatra may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum; he was a painter and a poet; but he began life as a lawyer and wrote law-books that are still quoted, and I believe he was once a disciple of transcendental philosophy at Brook Farm. To be sure, if one spoke to a sculptor about Story's work, he was apt to praise his writing or painting, while if you mentioned his verse to a poet he fought shy of the subject and talked of his sculpture instead—but, taking him all in all, he was an able man in many different ways, though I think his most solid claim to fame is his admirable "Roba di Roma." I remember, many years after the time of which I am writing, I was in Paris and happened to be calling on Mrs. McCormick—a very charming woman, the wife of the McCormick of reaper fame—when Cabanel came in. He had painted a portrait of Mr. McCormick, who had afterward been decorated by the French Government with the Legion of Honor, so the picture had been sent to Paris from America in order that the artist might paint the red ribbon in the buttonhole of the coat. Cabanel was now calling to discuss the matter with Mrs. McCormick. By way of making conversation, she told Cabanel that her distinguished countryman Mr. W. W. Story was then in Paris, and asked if he had met him. Cabanel was compelled to acknowledge, with many apologies, that he had never heard of him.

"Not heard of him!" exclaimed Mrs. McCormick. "Why, he is a wonderful sculptor, a great painter, a poet, a lawyer of distinction!" etc., etc.

Cabanel listened attentively until she had closed her panegyric, then, throwing up both hands, exclaimed:

"Trop de choses, madame, trop de choses!"

A good portrait-painter in Rome was George Butler—his cats were particularly good. An athletic fellow, with a beautiful figure and a handsome face, he was an unusually fine fencer, though he had lost his right arm at Gettysburg. Now it happened that his friend Charles Caryll Coleman had an enemy—why, I need not mention—and this enemy and his friends had formed a sort of conspiracy against Coleman, planning to get him involved in a duel, so that they might take his life. One evening Coleman and Butler were at the opera with some ladies, and, in leaving, the enemy jostled Coleman in an insulting way. Coleman said to him:

"I cannot see you now as I am with ladies, but I will see you later."

After taking the ladies home, Butler and Coleman went to the Caffè di Roma on the Corso, and the enemy was there. As they left the café he followed and they turned and met him. It was a dark night, and mistaking Butler for Coleman he slapped his face, and Butler immediately knocked him down. The fellow jumped up and demanded satisfaction, but when they got into the light and he saw his mistake and found he had to deal with the best fencer in Rome, he wanted to get out of it, but Butler said:

"No, you don't! I have received a deadly insult and we must fight. Our weapons are swords."

So they fought. Butler soon had his antagonist at his mercy, but he did not want to kill him, and as the man wore glasses, Butler thought it would be amusing to pick them off without hurting him, but in doing this he did not quite calculate his distance and almost ran his sword through his opponent's skull, though he did not wound him mortally. Anyway, Coleman was troubled no more.

John Rollin Tilton was one of the best-known painters in Rome in 1870. His pictures were popular and he admired

them much himself. "My pictures," he once said to me, "are so luminous that they shine in the dark!" And I think that he really believed it.

His studio, overlooking the Villa Ludovisi, had windows opening on a long veranda, so that any one passing could see into the studio. Some visitors happened to glance in and spied Tilton with his coat off, looking rather dishevelled, sweeping out his room. They knocked at the door, there was a perceptible pause, then a "come in," and there he was, lying on a sofa, dressed in a velvet coat and reading a volume of Browning.

One time during the carnival, Arthur Dexter of Boston, a delightful man and a good deal of a wag, paid several surprise visits to his friends, disguised in domino and mask and accompanied by a well-known lady in Rome, also masked. One of these friends was Tilton, whose apartment in the Palazzo Barberini was on an upper floor and reached by a magnificent broad winding marble stairway that seemed almost endless, with steps so low that it was nearly an inclined plane. Dexter rang the bell at the door and Tilton opened it, clad only in dressing-gown and slippers; without a word they seized him, one on each side, and rushed him like lightning all the way down the winding stairs, and left him shivering in the cold courtyard. He did not recognize them and never knew who they were.

The Artists' Festival at Cervara was gotten up with extra enthusiasm in the spring of 1870, as it had been forbidden for the previous ten years. The German artists were the chief performers, though others joined in, and a motley crowd, dressed in every variety of absurd and picturesque costume—Arabs, Druids, Indians, Egyptians—some mounted on horseback but the greater majority astride of donkeys, assembled at an early hour at one of the gates and marched in procession to the *Tor' degli Schiavi*, that fine ruin on the Campagna, where they breakfasted and then went on to Cervara. The caves there are exceedingly picturesque, cut out of the solid rock, and here they danced, acted little plays, and rode most entertaining races—fifty or sixty horses and asses, with gayly decorated riders, raced up and down a meadow

for an hour or so, while the lookers-on dotting the hillsides applauded uproariously. As the shadows lengthened, a huge dragon crawled heavily out of one of the caverns and was quickly despatched by a nimble Saint George, mounted on a stick, whose comic victory brought the pageant to a close. Then home across the lovely Campagna, of which I never tired, its delicate colors forever changing into something even more enchanting.

In those days Rome was considered to be very unhealthy in hot weather, so I was not expected by the State Department at Washington to stay there during the summer. In August, 1870—a memorable date in the history of Italy—I was staying with my family at Bellagio in the Villa Giulia, a palace on Lake Como belonging to the King of Belgium, at that time used as a hotel. It was a fine old place, shaded by ancient horse-chestnut-trees, with lots of nice things to paint all about. One peaceful sunny morning I was sitting in a summer-house on the cliff overlooking the lake painting a little picture—I have it still, a small steamer crossing the blue water leaving a broad wake behind it—and thinking what a pleasant summer lay before me, thinking of anything rather than war, when a telegram was brought to me summoning me to Rome. War had been declared by the Italian Government against the Papal States, troops were marching toward Rome and were about to attack it.

As the United States was not represented at Rome at that time by any official except myself, I felt it my duty to return there at once; so my dreams of a long summer holiday were dashed and I started off for Rome, leaving my family at Bellagio.

All went quietly and well until the third morning, when the train stopped at a little station and the passengers—there were but three—were told that the train could go no farther, as the tracks had been torn up by the Italians. We found ourselves on the Campagna about twenty miles from Rome; it was a deserted spot, and there were no signs of a conveyance of any sort and nothing to be had to eat; but after exploring the neighborhood I found a wretched hut, inhabited by a

ragged old peasant, owner of a rickety box-wagon without springs or seats, drawn by a half-starved horse, his harness tied together with bits of string. As I was at the old man's mercy I had to promise him an enormous sum, I forget what, to induce him to take us to Rome. Then I returned to the train and offered the hospitality of my wagon to my fellow travellers, which they were only too glad to accept, and cheerfully shared the cost with me. They were pleasant young fellows, who proved to be connected with the Austrian Legation at Rome, kind but rather patronizing, asking me how I expected to get into the city. I told them I thought I would have no difficulty with my American passport, but they seemed doubtful and assured me of their protection, as, being in the diplomatic service, they would have no trouble.

The driver put some rough boards across the wagon for seats, and we filled the rest of it with our luggage. It was now about ten o'clock and we went on our way. We had had no breakfast except some luscious black and yellow grapes that a boy brought us on the train, so after a while we were glad to see a little "osteria" with a bush over the door, sign that wine was to be had within; but it proved, however, to have no wine, nor even bread. The only thing they could give us were three of the smallest eggs I have ever seen, and when I asked for salt they brought it on a vine-leaf, perfectly black, just as it had been dug from the soil; so we stood in the road and devoured our little eggs, saltless and breadless. We could not, like Robert Louis Stevenson's "Amateur Emigrant," "line ourselves" very comfortably with these little eggs, but we got nothing more to eat that day. It was scorching hot and the long white road was dusty. The Campagna at that season was burned to a uniform tint of light-tan color, with an occasional strip of green along the water-courses, but it was beautiful as always, the wide yellow plain gradually melting into the blue and pink of the distant mountains. When at last we reached the old Nomentana bridge we saw Rome, dominated by the dome of Saint Peter's, and the Italian army, sixty thousand strong, their tents dotting the hillsides,

and regiments of cavalry drilling on the plain.

All was bustle and confusion at the Porta Pia where we sought to enter. The front of the gateway and the walls on either side of it were piled high with sand-bags, and in front of the gate itself and almost obscuring it was an earthwork also strengthened by sand-bags. After a long altercation with our driver as to the amount of the "buono mano," which in Italy, no matter how much you pay, is never enough, one glance at my passport by the officials assured me of a prompt and polite invitation to enter; but when my Austrian acquaintances presented their passports their reception was quite different; so our relative positions were altered, and much to their chagrin, and in spite of my entreaties and assurances, they were obliged to remain outside of the walls all night. When I met them in Rome the next day their patronage of me had ceased. But they were good fellows, all the same, and in the retrospect I recall our long day together with pleasure.

Having my apartment all ready at 64 Via Sistina, I felt quite at home. I had my breakfast at the Caffè del Greco and my dinner at the Hotel d'Angleterre, and I allowed the keeper of the hotel, as I was his guest, to put up the American flag, which he seemed to think would be a protection from the northern invaders. There were no travellers and few Americans; all the studios were closed; one could not communicate with the outer world at all either by letter or telegraph—Rome was hermetically sealed. It was very quiet, but I rather enjoyed it, for I had plenty of time to sketch; but there was little else to do, except to interview stranded Americans who wanted the protection of the American flag, and it was surprising how many turned up whom I had never heard of. Among those who asked for protection were the students at the American College and the Propaganda, who, of course, had a right to it; and I was as liberal as I could be in according everybody such privileges, but I had to draw the line when an American lady, the wife of a distinguished Roman official, applied, for she was no longer an American citizen. She was very indignant and threatened to complain to Washington.

The day before the attack came I went to the grounds of the Villa Medici, to the top of a hill where one had a view of the encampment of the whole Italian army. When I arrived at the top I found there a number of Papal Zouaves with field-glasses, watching the Italian troops, as they expected an attack soon. The Zouaves were attractive dashing young fellows, a cosmopolitan lot from all nations—Americans, English, Irish, German, and French, many of noble families. These boys chatted very pleasantly, were gay and hopeful, and did not seem at all cast down at the prospect of a battle with a great army. Poor fellows, they did not realize what humiliation a day would bring forth for them.

Early next morning, at five o'clock, on September 20, 1870, heavy cannonading began. Calvi, my Italian vice-consul, became much excited, and said that he felt warlike and that it was grand, and suggested that we should go up on the roof and see the fun; but when we reached there, although the noise was deafening, for the fire was near, we could see nothing because of the intervening buildings. In a few minutes something whizzed through the air right between us and he exclaimed:

"What was that!"

"A bullet," I said.

Whereupon he seemed to lose interest and suggested that we descend, which we accordingly did, and as we went down through the skylight we saw where a bullet had lodged in the casing through which we had just come up.

We then walked out through the Via Sistina to the Piazza Barberini, where the ground was strewn with bits of shell, some of which we picked up. The firing by this time had ceased—it only lasted about two hours. From the Piazza we walked up to the Porta Pia and on the way passed the Villa Buonaparte, through the gates of which the Italians had entered at ten o'clock, by a gaping fissure that they had soon made in the old Roman wall, which was not at all prepared for modern artillery. I saw there a Papal Zouave lying dead on his back under an ilex-bush near the gate.

Near by was one of those long narrow straight paved streets, with a tiny side-

walk and high walls on either side, and this was lined on both sides as far as one could see, perhaps a quarter of a mile, with Italian Bersaglieri, in single file, with their rifles grounded. Presently there appeared the Papal Zouaves, without arms, marching two and two, very much dishevelled, among them my acquaintances of the day before, and as they passed, the Italians kept shouting, "Viva Italia!" and "Verdi!" which stands for "Vittorio Emanuele Re d' Italia," and making a singular rolling sound under their tongues that was like distant thunder, spitting on the Zouaves and thumping the butts of their guns on their toes and offering them every indignity. It was pitiful to see the poor fellows hopping about to avoid the blows—it was shocking and humiliating. Among them was a young man I had often seen, Charrette, who belonged to a noble French family—one lock of his black hair was perfectly white, and he was said to be very proud of this, as it had descended in his family as a distinguishing mark for many generations—he, poor fellow, was hopping about and trying to protect his toes with the rest. The next day the Zouaves were all assembled in the great Square of Saint Peter's and expelled from Rome, and we never saw them more. The whole affair was very different from the gallant defense of the Quattro Venti of Rome by Garibaldi in 1849.

As soon as it was known that Rome had surrendered, there was a perfect irruption of Italian flags; the colors floated from every window and above every tower—the people had evidently been gathering them and secreting them for a long while. Crowds paraded up and down the streets mad with joy, the soldiers, looking very friendly and cheerful, were welcomed and embraced, kissed and cheered by every one they met, and the public squares were soon filled with cavalry horses tethered to every projection, and piles of hay and other fodder scattered all over the pavements. It looked like war, though there had been little like a real battle.

The streets soon resumed their normal condition, except that there were no more gorgeous cardinals' carriages or Papal processions through the streets; but, instead,

the Royal Guard of Prince Humbert, mostly Roman nobles, in their gay uniforms and mounted on splendid horses, or troops of Bersaglieri, with their great black hats plumed with cocks' feathers, trotting along at double quick.

Yes, Rome had changed. It had jumped from the Middle Ages into the present and, alas! lost much of its picturesqueness. But there is no doubt that the people were delighted at the change—the vote for the Italian Government was forty-five thousand for and forty-five against.

With the advent of the Italians the population was soon increased by sixty thousand and it was difficult to house the newcomers; new shops were opened and remained open on Sunday—Papal Rome had been the most moral city, in *appearance*, that I had ever known—there was a wild speculation in land and building, but the supply soon outran the demand. Many of the nobility were involved, among them the Borghese, who, I understand, were almost ruined.

Rome was not made the capital of Italy until the next summer, and then there were great rejoicings throughout the country. We were in Venice at the time; flags waved from every window, meeting and crossing over the narrow streets, making an archway overhead, San Marco was wonderfully illuminated, and everywhere little printed bills were stuck up, expressing sympathy with Victor Emmanuel. One of them read:

"Glory to God for having given such long life to Pius IX, that he is able to see Rome made the capital of Italy."

King Victor Emmanuel never came to live in Rome, but merely visited it for a short time. He had an enthusiastic reception as he drove through the city accompanied by a military guard—a fat red-faced man, with a regal manner, bowing right and left as he passed. Prince Humbert and Princess Margherita came at once to Rome and established their court at the Quirinal Palace. They were both very gracious at their receptions;

she especially was charming—young and handsome, with a most sweet expression.

Another crowned head in Rome at this time was the Emperor of Brazil. He was a fine-looking man. I saw him at the opening of Parliament sitting in the royal box, wearing civilian dress set off by a pair of bright-green gloves with very long fingers.

Shortly after Rome was taken I was promoted from being consul to the Papal States to be consul-general for Italy at Rome, which increased my work, and as Mr. Marsh, the American Minister, resided in Florence, I also had charge of the legation and attended to any business connected therewith, both with the Vatican and the Italian Government. One of these extra duties of mine, usually performed by an accredited minister, was presenting Americans to Prince Humbert and Princess Margherita; I also continued to present my countrymen to the Pope.

I soon had a private audience with Prince Humbert, going by appointment one afternoon to the Quirinal. After registering my name in an anteroom, an attendant took me to the prince's library, where I found him sitting alone. He got up and shook hands and, as he was smoking, offered me a cigar. After talking about twenty minutes, I got up to go and he walked with me over to the fireplace, where we warmed ourselves and he went on smoking and talking, and when I left he went to the door and opened it himself. It was all very democratic—just like any pleasant call of one American gentleman on another. A single attendant was waiting outside and walked with me to the gate.

The horse that Prince Humbert habitually rode to the hunt was an immense animal, seventeen hands high, that looked as if he could jump anything, but they said the prince was not allowed to take any chances and was obliged to ride with circumspection and avoid being hurt. So royalty has its drawbacks in this as in many other ways.



GUIDE-POSTS AND CAMP-FIRES



BY HENRY VAN DYKE

SYMPATHETIC ANTIPATHIES

[THE FOURTH OF TWELVE PAPERS]



BEING by conviction as well as profession an adherent of the creed of good-will and an advocate of universal charity, I am not a little chagrined to discover, (and hereby confess,) the considerable part which distastes and antipathies play in my life.

My likings are strong enough to give assurance of health. The charms of a wooded mountain country and swift-flowing streams; American elm-trees, white pines, and silver birches; the taste of fresh asparagus, green peppers, and bacon; the company of frank, lively, sensible, and unenvious people; the reading of books well written on subjects worth writing about;—to all these and many other attractions I am open and pliable, without much reasoning or moral suasion.

On the other hand my dislikings, though less numerous, are quite as strong. A flat, bald country, dry or damp; dumpings, veal, and salt codfish; a clay soil; a lymphatic temperament in a woman, and a sour, jealous disposition in a man; books about nothing, written in a sloppy or pretentious style—these are things that I cannot abide.

Nor am I greatly concerned to justify such-like repugnancies by abstract reasoning or high ethical or political considerations. They belong to the sphere of personal privilege. Without some admixture of this kind, temperamental rather than logical, we can hardly maintain our existence as real individuals. Mankind, thus denatured, would be reduced to the dreary stratifications of class-consciousness. Given the label of his church, or political party, or handicraft, or profession, you could predict precisely what your quasi-man would be and do. The more eminent in his type, the more sap-

less and savorless would he be in his person. He would resemble that modern statue which Julius Hare describes in "Guesses at Truth": "Like the yolk of an egg cased in the soft albumen of a pseudo-ideal."

A man refined or sublimated beyond a capacity for simple, natural dislikes is distinctly not a likable character. Beneath the glossy surface of a superior neutrality in minor things, he may hide a major hatred, a fixed, unalterable enmity, irrational as the jaundice and implacable as a vendetta. Give me rather the man of frank though foolish aversions; the man who protests that he knows nothing about art but is quite sure of what he does *not* like, and declines to be bothered with it; the man who has no better cause to give for his repugnancy to So-and-So than that his mouth is cut the wrong way, or that he talks through his nose and pronounces "programme" to rhyme with "pogrom." These are pardonable prejudices. They are to be placed in the necessary, non-moral region of human life. They belong to the domain of unaccountable reactions, covered by the classic quatrain,—

"I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell."

Now, the subject of these famous lines was an eminently respectable scholar and prelate, dean of Christ Church, and afterward Bishop of Oxford, in the seventeenth century. The author of the lines was one Tom Brown, a student at Christ Church, and a vagarious fellow whom Addison characterized as "of Facetious Memory." Yet I am prepared to defend the irregular Tom Brown in his confession that he disliked the established John Fell without

assignable reasons. At all events, but for this whimsical aversion the name of Doctor Fell would hardly have become a household word. So far, it benefited him. But what it did to handicap Tom Brown's academic career, we know not.

It must be admitted, for candor's sake, that these unreasoned dislikes are not generally profitable in the affairs of life. They act as restraints and inhibitions: whether wise or not, He alone knoweth that alloweth them.

I recall that my father, (of blessed memory,) had such an aversion from an unknown man whom he used to meet and pass in his morning walks in the city of Brooklyn, going at a certain hour through Remsen Street from his house to his study in the church which he served. This man he pointed out to me once as we walked together. He was quite an ordinary citizen, tailor-made, glum-faced, with a white patch over one eye, and of a general flabby appearance, unpleasant but not terrifying. Yet my father felt so strong a detestation for the mere look of the man, that he regarded it as ominous and malign, and fell into the habit of walking around by way of Montague Street, rather than risk meeting his *bête noire* in Remsen Street. It was absurd no doubt, but not reprehensible; and it had one good result,—a little longer exercise in the fresh air every morning.

My own dislikings have often demanded payment for their indulgence. What shall a man who abhors veal, and believes that if he eats it he will presently faint away and perhaps die of acute indigestion,—what shall such a man do at the *tables-d'hôte* of Europe, and especially of Austria? He must practise vegetarianism, or bribe the waiter to procure a substitute for the unleavened *Kalbfleisch*.

My absolute inability to love flat and treeless countries, my positive aversion from sage-brush and alkali, have prevented me from sharing the eloquent affection of my Cousin John, for *The Desert*. He may have it all if he likes. Also he may have the paintings of Matisse, and the plays of the very Belgian Shakespeare, Maeterlinck, and the anthologies of Spoon River and other level and bald localities, if they please him. To me they are as veal, and clay, and salt codfish. *Je m'en fiche*. Poorer this abstinence may

make me, but it leaves me honest. And it does not deprive me of the pleasure of admiring the gusto, (to use Hazlitt's phrase,) with which my Cousin John praises the desert and finds excuse for its lack of eyebrows and eye-lashes in the wondrous lights reflected in its ever-open eyes. By proxy I enjoy it through his enjoyment.

"But not for all his faith can see,
Would I that desert-dweller be."

Here we approach, by a devious but necessary detour, the particular subject of this paper. Dislikes, aversions, repugnancies, are inevitable, and therefore to a certain extent defensible. But only those are wholesome and profitable which have in them a little ray of comprehension, a little drop of love.

Trust not your antipathies unless they are sympathetic.

Do you remember how Charles Lamb begins his essay on "All Fools' Day"?

"The compliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry first of April to us all!"

How often, if we have the priceless art of being sincere with ourselves, do we recognize in the qualities which displease us in others, the very imps and unruly sprites which cause the most trouble in our own interior economy! At home we are inclined to go gently with them, to make allowances, even to plead excuse for our bothersome offspring. And who shall say that this is altogether wrong or absolutely unwise? Many a vice is but a virtue overdriven. Pruning is better than extermination.

But why not apply the same principle to what we see in our neighbor's back garden, or in his front yard? Why not remember that he probably has as much trouble with his faults and foibles as we have with our own? And if they happen to be alike, why not use them for self-enlightenment and correction?

The things that we dislike in others may serve as mirrors to ourselves. But let us not follow the example of that foolish person described in the Epistle of St. James, who "beholding his natural face in a glass, goeth his way and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was."

Take that tendency to quick and fierce anger which the Romans called *iracundia*,

and in later Latin *stomachatio*, as if it were a sudden rising of the gorge. We call it irascibility. It is not a lovable quality. Yet those of us who are afflicted with it would not readily admit that it is only and altogether evil. We would plead the excuses of righteous wrath; we would claim that good fuel answers quickly to the flame; we would say, as if it were a complete justification, "you knew I had a hasty temper; why did you provoke me?" Suppose we should apply to others the same arguments and palliations that we use for ourselves. Suppose that the great quarrel of to-day between two irascible men, in which the interests of all nations and of many millions of mankind are involved, should have its natural antipathies loosened and resolved by the infusion of a good-humored drop of sympathy. Would it not have a happy effect?

I like the advice of Plutarch in the third volume of his "Morals," where he says, "Should you quarrel with your brother, *avoid intercourse with his enemies, and hold correspondence with his friends.*"

This seems to be a practical comment on the words of St. Paul, wherein we find both a reasonable concession to the infirmity of our human tempers and a Christian counsel for controlling them. "Be ye angry," says he, quite positively, as if we could not help it, "and sin not. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Anger that breaks out is troublesome. Anger that sinks in is fatal.

A well-founded mistrust of treacherous persons we may keep. But God save us from the poison of a cherished grudge.

Consider in like manner, the foible of vanity. Nothing is more apt to evoke antipathy, especially in those who are tintured with the same fault.

The arrival of a person with a too manifest good opinion of himself in a community where conceit is endemic, seems like a direct challenge to all the legitimate inheritors of self-complacency. It becomes their pleasure as well as their duty to meet the emergency and to rescue their neighbor from his annoying sin. Sometimes they go about it with open ridicule, which is wholesome and harmless enough, if it be free from malice. At other times a kind of League to Enforce Humility is silently formed and everybody is proud to have a modest part in its work.

The best leader in such a campaign of levelling improvement is usually a female who has passed middle age in unquestioned respectability and has established a local reputation for mordant wit. Being cased in the defensive armor of impenetrable self-satisfaction, she is the more free to let fly at random with her sharp-pointed tongue. An aged dame of this type I once knew, who was a terror to the fresh and exuberant, and a perpetual joy to herself. She was a past mistress in the art of making people feel uncomfortable when she thought they needed it. For those who crossed her path in the flush of a first success or in the glow of some long task finally accomplished, she had the vigilant eye of a sleepless monitor, and the swift, unerring weapon of a winged and barbed word. After such a discharge you could see her fluffing her feathers and preening herself like a hen who has just performed the miracle of laying an egg. "Aha," she seemed to say, "did you watch me do that? How neatly I brought that cockscorn down! Vanity is a thing that I cannot endure." Whereat one is reminded of the great word which George Meredith, in "The Egoist," makes Sir Willoughby Patterne utter to Clara, his hapless fiancée: "Beware of marrying an Egoist, my dear!"

An old English rhymester has a verse on this subject:

"The hunters of Conceit pursue a fox
Endowed with magic that deludes and mocks;
He doubles, turns, and ere they end the race,
Each dog that follows wears a foxy face;
The scent they ran by on themselves is found,
And now they chase each other round and round."

The wisest and most amiable of mankind are always aware of this subtle and tricky quality of conceit, which masquerades in our Sunday clothes and peeps out at us from our own photographs. Doth not Michel de Montaigne, after humbly acknowledging that he has no memory, mollify that self-accusation by remarking that "it is commonly seene by experience that excellent memories do rather accompany weake judgements"? Bravo, intrepid philosopher of Perigord and writer of the most frankly ingenious essays ever penned! Why should we take umbrage at your further confession? "Glorie and curiositie are the scourges of

our soules. The one induceth us to have an oare in every ship, and the other forbiddeth us to leave anything unresolved or undecided."

Listen also to a more reverend doctor, Blaise Pascal, of Paris and Port Royal. "We toil without ceasing," says he, "to adorn and to uphold our imaginary self, while we neglect our true self altogether. We would gladly act as poltroons to acquire the reputation of being brave. Those who write against glory would fain have the glory of having written well. Those who read them would fain have the glory of having read. *And I, who am writing this, perhaps I also have the same desire. And you, who read, perhaps you will have it also.* Curiosity is nothing but vanity. Generally one wishes to know merely in order to talk about it."

This is an admirable, thoroughgoing discourse, wherein the preacher includes himself with the congregation, and admits, smiling, that humor is not out of place in a serious sermon. Come from behind your pillar, brother Humilio! Seek not to evade your spoonful of the medicine. Come out, and let us all laugh together and repent and try to mend our ways.

'Tis no new discovery, this streak of vainglory running all through the stuff of our humanity. Plutarch lets in the light upon it when he notes that those who praise an obscure life seek to win fame by their praise of it. He compares them to watermen "who look astern while they row the boat ahead, still so managing the strokes of the oar that the vessel may make on to its port." A few paragraphs later, he goes even beyond this and praises outright the men who seek honor and good repute. "Would you have them out of the way," he asks ironically, "for fear they should set others a good example, and allure others to virtue out of emulation of the precedent?"

Yet undoubtedly there is a popular antipathy to those who evidently aim at eminence. Paul Elmer More, in one of his delightful Shelburne essays, describes it as a lurking malady of the democratic spirit, "a kind of *malaise* at distinction, wherever seen and however manifested." Against this I think we should be on our guard and protect ourselves by whatever prophylactic we can find, just as carefully as against the far more open fault of

vanity. Indeed this uneasy resentment at excellence is a covert form of vanity,—*vanitas vulgi*, which cries with the Irishman "One man is as good as another, and better too! Down wid all top-hats!"

It is to this ingrowing self-flattery of democracies rather than to the so-called ingratitude of republics that I would ascribe much of the niggling detraction that has followed many great men in our country. First, a brilliant burst of applause; then a steady rain of abuse; then, (after the man is dead,) a clearing sky and a worthy monument.

Washington, who liberated the country, was accused of truckling to the British and tyrannizing over the Americans. Lincoln, who preserved the Union, was accused of currying favor with the South because he declined to "hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple-tree," or perform other vengeful antics at the bidding of the Yankee irreconcilables. Roosevelt, who preached and practised Americanism on a four-square basis, was called a "grand-stand player," because he evidently relished the plaudits which followed a brave speech or a good stroke. And now a living statesman, whom I will not name, is accused of the same heinous crime of grand-stand play because he has plainly sought the honor of promoting the largest plan to defend peace on earth that the world has ever seen. Would that some of those who gibe and fleer at him might betray in themselves a like ambition, an equal willingness to toil, to put aside ease and comfort, to imperil health and life itself for the sake of realizing an ideal whose nobility and generous daring none can deny.

Grand-stand players, forsooth! Then so was Nelson a grand-stand player when he cried at Cape St. Vincent "Westminster Abbey or Victory." So was William of Orange when he aimed to win, and won, from all his people the more than kingly title of "Father." So was Themistocles, the savior of Athens, when he plainly took delight in the applause of the stadium, and showed himself *philotimotatos*, a lover of honor. So has every true hero and notable benefactor been of the company of those who labor to deserve, and are not ashamed to enjoy, the approval of their fellow men, if it come on the path of duty and in obedience to the divine command. By such renown their power for good is

increased, and the light of their example is shed abroad like a candle set on a high place.

Therefore I would not be among the detractors of the great or the minifiers of the illustrious. But the same trouble and toil which those criticasters give themselves to bedim good names and find or paint blots on fair 'scutcheons, would I gladly take to brighten the shield of virtue, to find the most favorable interpretation of the errors of the wise, and to discover new reasons for the admiration of the excellent. Well spoke Jesus the son of Sirach when he said: "Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us; leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their understanding men of learning for the people; all these were honored in their generations, and were a glory in their days."

But from these heights let us return to the case of Themistocles. It offers an amusing illustration of the vagaries of vanity in human nature. It appears that when the battle of Salamis had been gloriously won under his leadership, a council was held to award the supreme prize of valor. *Every general present voted for himself as FIRST in valor; but all voted for Themistocles as SECOND.* So the prize was given to him. And I imagine that it was done with general laughter and good humor.

In fact, the only kind of vanity in ourselves that is dangerous is that which cannot endure to be laughed at. And the only kind of vanity in others that is intolerable is that which denies itself to friendly callers, assumes an *alias*, and puts on the ragged cloak and broken sandals of a mock humility. All other kinds are tolerable; and if we are honest and mindful of our own infirmity, we can but feel toward them a sympathetic antipathy.

There are many other common faults and failings besides vanity, which we dislike in our neighbors and for which we may find some explanation, if not excuse, if we will but look more closely into ourselves. Does Grandioso exaggerate? Truly, it is a grievous habit. But have not you, dear Piscator, an inclination to round out your fish-stories with an extra pound? You do it for the pleasure of your hearers, of course, but will you not allow the same palliation to your friend?

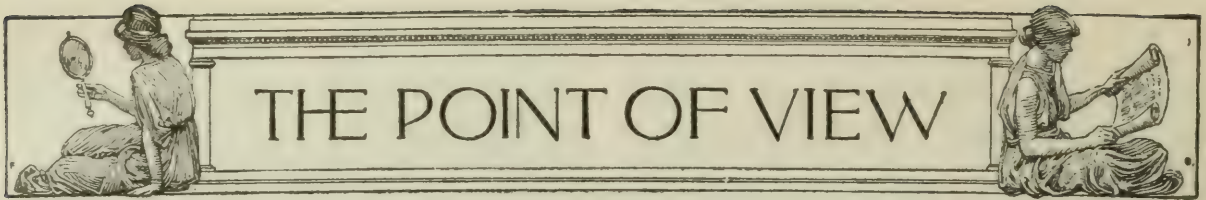
Dogmatism is antipathetic to most men. Yet there is hardly one of us who will not "lay down the law" when he gets on his favorite subject. So much the better, if we avoid sentences and penalties for unbelief.

To tell you of all the things to which my antipathies are sympathetic would be too long a tale. It would amount to a last confession and a judgment-day account. It would not interest you. The camp-fire of this night burns low. Before it goes out, let us turn back to our most common failing and universal antipathy, vanity, and see if we can find a little guide-post on the way out.

For the mitigation and restraint of conceit, when it becomes acute (either in its gratified or its ungratified form), there is no better remedy than to frequent the company of people to whom your occupation and your achievements (or failures) are unknown. Elsewhere you may find heating flattery, or freezing contempt. But here you may forget your wounds and cool your fever in that fresh and impartial air which belongs to the society of young children. If the little ones see you sad, they will give you a glance of sorrow, they know not why, and then demand a new story. If they see you glad, they will rejoice with you, they know not why, and then call you to their merriest play. It is helpful to get away from yourself.

Let the writer forsake his Poetry Societies and Literary Circles, and go into the woods where the lumbermen and guides and hunters have never heard of his books, yet manage to live with some joy. Let the captain of industry or finance take a little voyage among the fishermen who know nothing of his triumphs or defeats on the Exchange. Let the professor find friends among farmers or commercial travellers who ignore the difference between Q.E.D. and Ph.D. Let the artist forsake the academy or Greenwich Village for some region where his shibboleth is never spoken because it cannot be pronounced.

And the politician,—where shall he go, in this age of democracy? Merciful heaven, I know not,—unless it be to a Trappist monastery,—or, better still, among the little children, who are too young to have votes and too wise to seek offices.



THE POINT OF VIEW

The Judge
and the
Library

SAINT MARY'S CIRCLE lies as an island of greenness in the rippling streets of the country city. About it, aloof yet encircling, lift a pillared courthouse, a gray cathedral, and, stretching northerly and easterly, the public library.

Of a summer morning flowers bloom in the sunshine of the circle, but the entrance to the library, down Montgomery Street, is shaded by trees. Down that street, many a summer morning of the years just past, came, a rare sight now, a well-appointed private carriage, drawn by a pair of pampered and glistening horses. Unhurried, a bit fat, a bit elderly, yet with arched necks and high action, the horses jogged through the scurrying motors till the stout, elderly coachman pulled them in before the steps of the library. Then the coachman reached a hand around and opened the door, and through it, not too swiftly, for the weight of ninety years halts even a firm step, alighted a splendidly handsome old man, ruddy of color, of heavy and strong build, dressed immaculately in gray clothes topped with a soft gray hat. Two young men, happening down the street, uncovered with what might be called reverence, with affection also, and pride. This was the city's acknowledged "first citizen," and not a man or woman in the streets but knew and honored him. The judge's large gray eyes rested on the men with grave friendliness, and he returned their salute. He did not recognize them, but they were of his city, and so comrades. No man was ever more popular than the judge, and this instinctive stately comradeship was part of the reason.

"Good morning," he spoke in a strong, slightly husky tone, and behold, a goodness came into the morning; there was benediction in the greeting of the judge. Then, a little laboriously, perhaps, but with no indecision, he climbed the wide steps and entered the gateway of great society, the reception-room of books. Behind him lay distinguished years. Before him—only a little of time as we know it. The tumult and the shouting being past, the sunset and the soft shadows, as one faced west, were pleasant,

and in that quiet landscape the satisfaction which loomed largest to the judge, after the few deep satisfactions, was the library.

The black-haired, handsome young woman who gave him his books remembers well his ways. He would not bother with a borrower's card. Gentle as he was, he was yet an autocrat, and hampering formalities were not for him. He always knew what to ask for in new books. Biographies were his hobby. He wanted meaty ones, something a thorough, deliberate mind might set its teeth into, something not to be read in an evening, or a week of evenings. A big two-volume biography of an English statesman suited him. "The Life of William Pitt," by J. Holland Rose, the "Life and Speeches of Lord Rosebery," Spencer Walpole's "Lord John Russell"—these filled the bill. He was as delighted as a boy with a new knife when he found John Morley's little "Life of Robert Walpole"; no less with the "Retrospections of an Active Life" by John Bigelow, which tidbit comes in five volumes, each as large as a city directory.

A library is the faithful friend of many kinds of people. It holds out welcoming hands as varied as life, and always, if one but chooses wisely, helping hands. To the judge the library filled those days of sunset, sometimes lonely otherwise, with companionship of the large-minded sort which was his sort. Some of those fine, big books have been waiting for the old judge to come back. He may be with Pitt and Walpole now. One imagines that husky, deep voice of his greeting them with the old, grave friendliness, and, likely, a new, young enthusiasm in the meeting. He will be telling them, it may be, in his stately and simple way, of how much he liked reading about them, and how he went himself to get the volumes from the library.

No one has succeeded him as a biography borrower, and some of those old friends of his have not gone out of their shelves since he died. And the streets of the country city seem a bit empty, lacking, among the scurrying motors, the carriage, and the high-stepping, fat horses, and the handsome, splendid old judge, driving through Montgomery Street to the library.

Stevenson's
Gospel for
These Times

MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE, stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson, states, in a recently published short story, an inspiring philosophy born of the Great War. "My discovery," says his hero, "was to find out how tolerable life could be under the most horrifying conditions; how quickly indeed one got used to anything and made oneself comfortable. . . . I am almost ashamed to say how unafraid I have come back, how scornful of bugaboos that once filled me with real terror—ashamed, I mean, that I could ever have allowed them to terrify me. . . . I see life now as a great adventure, in which the vicissitudes are as likely to be enjoyable as the successes."

It has taken Mr. Osbourne and the rest of us a long time to overtake Stevenson; for this robust and tonic philosophy was always his. A devastating war was necessary to evoke in us the steadfast and the heroic; but the bright face of danger was always welcome to R. L. S. In the time of the French Revolution he would have gone gayly to the scaffold. His father, he tells us in one of his letters, died on his feet, "was on his feet the last day—still he would be up. This was his constant wish; also that he might smoke a pipe on his last day." So, too, the son. The smoke of his last pipeful, "reeking whitely into the darkness" of the undiscovered country, was a typically Stevensonian challenge to death.

"There is a strong feeling in favor of cowardly and prudential proverbs. . . . Most of our pocket wisdom is conceived for the use of mediocre people, to discourage them from ambitious attempts, and generally console them in their mediocrity." The cautious person who never gets his feet wet, the ingrained pacifist who shrinks from regarding life as a struggle—these types awaken Stevenson's loftiest scorn. "The spice of life is battle," he cries. "The friendliest relations are still a kind of contest; and if we would not forego all that is valuable in our lot, we must continually face some other person, eye to eye, and wrestle a fall whether in love or enmity. . . . Every durable bond between human beings is founded in or heightened by some element of competition." Here is a gospel with both feet planted sanely upon the ground—no sentimental vaporings about a colorless existence in which struggle is a

crime and in which a kind of weak amiability is the supreme virtue. Stevenson knew that there is no peace without victory—victory over the forces of Apollyon, Attila, and their descendants and compeers. To compromise feebly with evil is to form what Carlyle vigorously called "a Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society." Stevenson was not for becoming a member.

He recognized that it is the soldier's virtues that are the supreme virtues—courage and sacrifice. Culture without courage is an iridescent bubble; refinement without courage is merely decadence. "The great refinement of many poetical gentlemen," says Stevenson, "has rendered them practically unfit for the jostling and ugliness of life, and they record their unfitness at considerable length." There is nothing to add to the mordant simplicity of that comment. It disposes of a whole school of philosophy. Indeed, it challenges religion itself as we commonly conceive it. "We ask too much," he says. "Our religions and moralities have been trimmed to flatter us, till they are all emasculate and sentimentalized, and only please and weaken." Here is a striking kinship to that other famous Scotchman, Thomas Carlyle. Both believed firmly in the tonic effect of suffering. Both feared the effeminate ease of our modern Zions.

Stevenson had little patience, moreover, with persons busily occupied in dodging the responsibilities of life. The fugitive and cloistered virtue was for him, as for Milton, merely a new kind of vice, the vice of ineptitude. His supreme sinner is the man who runs away from life, who will not face and conquer his own weaknesses. He would have applauded Kipling's epitaph on an ex-clerk fallen in the war:

"Pity not! The Army gave
Freedom to a timid slave:
In which freedom did he find
Strength of body, will, and mind."

IT is always courage which links life to happiness. In one of his most celebrated passages Stevenson expounds this doctrine through the statement that he who struggles on through obstacles to the end is, whether he triumphs or not, already happy. "Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must

His Philosophy
of Happiness

come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor." This philosophy of happiness, which differs from mere facile optimism, is his most original and inspiring contribution to literature. It may be most briefly expressed in his epigram: "There is no duty we so much under-rate as the duty of being happy." This reminds one of Matthew Arnold's declaration of war upon low spirits, which, he says, are "noxious alike to body and mind, and *already partake of the nature of death.*" Stevenson's dictum is supplemented by another, from his "Christmas Sermon": "There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may." The happy person, he affirms, practically demonstrates the great Theorem of the Livableness of Life. "If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong."

The implications of such a gospel are evident. It disparages Puritanism. It encourages individuality. Every man his own savior is a tonic doctrine. It states the beginning of all social reform. It is hostile to coddling, to officious interference, and to any assumption of moral superiority. It says bluntly: "Begin with yourself; take pains with your own character." This is not encouraging to Bolsheviks and to prosperous wage-earners. It is not predatory. It is simple and businesslike. It enables us, as Burke advised, to start from where we are. It is Stevenson himself, the radiance of his clear spirit. All sound gospel is similarly an effluence of personality. As Emerson remarked, ineffectual gospel is always that formulated by a man of whom one feels: "What you are shouts so loud that I cannot hear what you say." Stevenson was never inaudible.

Nor was he cursed with a lack of humor—a defect which has ruined many gospel-leers and which has seriously limited the influence of such men as Wordsworth, Shelley, and Whitman. In his apparently mirthful

but remarkably penetrating study, *An Apology for Idlers*, Stevenson relates happiness to labor in a fashion refreshingly novel and sound. A man should do no more work than is consistent with his remaining in good spirits. "If a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain." But Stevenson's idler is not a loafer. He contributes his temperament to society—and does a moderate amount of work besides. R. L. S. himself, though he died at forty-four, contributed to good literature some twenty-five volumes. And the world seems unwilling to let them die. The busy person whom Stevenson rightly disparages is the "long-faced Barab-bas," and the business man who "sows hurry and reaps indigestion," who comes among his fellow men "swiftly and bitterly," and whom everybody dislikes. Be not laborious overmuch. It is the Greek philosophy of the golden mean, but piquantly and subtly stated, with a delightful dash of humor that is utterly Stevensonian. In other words, it has that rarest and most indispensable of literary qualities, charm.

Stevenson himself confesses, but with no trace of egotism, that it is charm which is the basis of enduring art—and, he might have added, of enduring philosophy couched in literary form and delivered from pedantry. The one excuse and breath of art, he says, is charm. "This is the particular crown and triumph of the artist—not to be true merely, but to be lovable; not simply to convince, but to enchant." Doctor Johnson used the very word in his description of John Wesley: "The dog enchants me with his conversation, and then breaks away to go and visit some old woman." The charm of Wesley as he preached before hostile mobs certainly had something gay and Stevensonian about it. But he was not so complete a man as Stevenson. The latter's philosophy has influenced through its appeal to man's whole nature. Stevenson was not merely a specialist in morals; he was a happy warrior for harmonious human perfection. Like Arnold, he deplored our "taste for the bathos"; and he had more charm than Arnold. That is his ultimate secret. Carlyle was savagely careless of charm; Ruskin had it only fitfully; Stevenson had made it a part of himself. As Mr. Chesterton has phrased it,

"Sane and sweet and sudden as a bird sings in the rain—
Truth out of Tusitala spoke and pleasure out of pain."

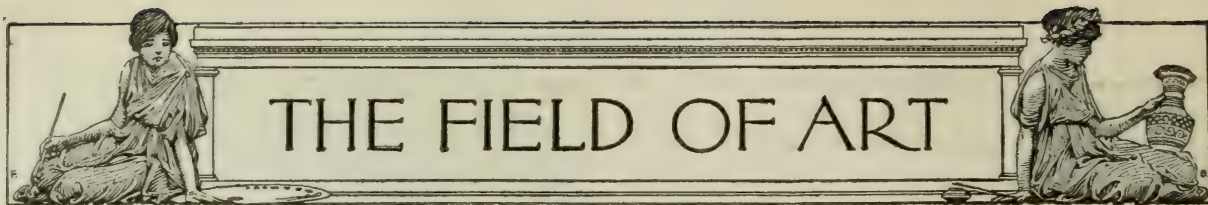
Sane—it is the one word to express the essence of Stevenson's gospel. It is drenched with the sanity of outdoors, of which he was so great and noble a lover. His visions of truth are born of nights under the stars on a bed of green boughs—though even a sick-bed does not dim his happiness. He loves the freedom of nature without walls. A nice balance between freedom and obligation is the centre of his speculation on life. When he travels through the Cévennes, he takes as sole companion—a donkey. A true Hazlittian, he believes in solitude as a promoter of success on a walking tour. "Freedom is of the essence. . . . You must have your own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl." This is not the speech of a Timon, but of a highly social being

who enjoys occasional hours in which to possess his soul in quiet. It is merely another side of his splendid sanity. The free winds of heaven must blow through any philosophy worth the knowing. Of Stevenson's we may always say,

"It came o'er my ear like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

To read him is to ride through a forest fragrance. Lover of Wordsworth, he showed that it is when we are nearest to Mother Earth that we are closest to the divine. It is not Stevenson who beats in the void his luminous wings in vain. He stands before us on the solid ground, a plain man with a magic, birdlike charm. Like the nightingale, through a lifetime of invalidism he sings with the thorn ever at his breast. And to his charm he adds permanent conviction, because his optimism is the invincible happiness of a sick man in a sick world.





OUR MONEY AND OUR MEDALS

By Adeline Adams

AN advertisement in the financial section of to-day's paper reminds us that Bassanio, in his famous casket scene, calls silver "thou pale and common drudge 'tween man and man." Of course no one expects common sense in a casket scene; still, the words seem rather unhand-some, coming from Bassanio, whom we all remember perfectly as a practical young man, with none of that money-is-no-object nonsense about him. Now money is, and should be, an object, an important, dignified object, and our coins should therefore have beauty and distinction as well as service-ability. The legal tender of a great nation must not be merely the drudge. It should have something of the historian about it, something of the herald, and it should be an inspiring sight for the eyes.

In the days of the ducat and zecchin, surely doges, popes, and kings cared very much about the looks of their coins and medals. Just as Browning's bishop orders his tomb in St. Praxed's, in the hope that art may inhibit oblivion, so every prince and cardinal clutched at immortality through a coin or a medal bearing on its obverse his profile, on its reverse some story or sugges-tion of his deeds. Human nature repeats itself. In 1917, on the completion of the Catskill aqueduct, our City Fathers called in Mr. French and Miss Longman to com-memorate this work in a medal, quite as Pope Clement VII, on the sinking of the great well at Orvieto, summoned his Ben-venuto to prepare for him a medal reverse showing Moses and the rock, with the leg-*end, Ut bibat populus.* We Americans de-sire beauty in our medals, and our sculptors have shown a genius for the medallist's art. But until lately our republic has not felt very keenly the need of beauty in our every-day, hand-to-hand pieces of silver, nickel, or copper.

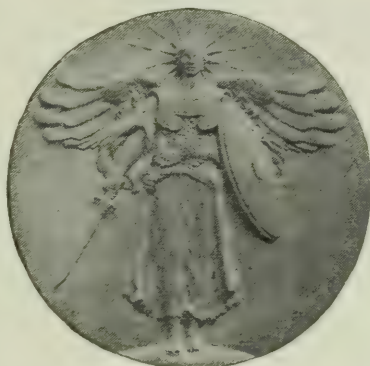
Among all our Presidents, Theodore Roosevelt was the first to heed the artists'

plea for beauty in our coins. Perhaps he was the first to whom the plea was made. At any rate, he it was who with character-istic vigor did something about it. He thought that Theodore Roosevelt and his fellow-citizens ought to have money as handsome as that of the Popes Clement and Paul, or of Tiberius, or even Alexander. Well aware that in commercial morality, in adaptability to purpose, in quality and quantity of production, our modern coinage excels that of the ancients, he saw that it often lacked beauty; and he looked to Augustus Saint-Gaudens to redesign our American cent, eagle, and double eagle. Both Roosevelt and Saint-Gaudens were "enthusiastic over the old high-relief Greek coins." "You have hit the nail on the head," writes the sculptor to the President, in 1905. "Of course the great coins (I might almost say the only coins) are the Greek ones you speak of, just as the great medals are those of the fifteenth century by Pisanello and Sperandio. Nothing would please me more than to make the attempt in the direction of the heads of Alexander, but the authorities on modern monetary require-ments would, I fear, 'throw fits,' to speak emphatically, if the thing was done now."

The story of Saint-Gaudens's work upon the designs for our coins, as told in his "Reminiscences," well illustrates the mod-ern clash between æsthetic aims and prac-tical requirements, a clash due largely to superspecialization in modern industry. "Is Saint-Gaudens a practical die-sinker?" asks the chief engraver at the Mint. "Will the Mint reproduce my designs as they really are?" demands the sculptor. Had Saint-Gaudens lived to go on with this work, dedicating to it his great gift for turning stumbling-blocks into stepping-stones, bet-ter results would have come from his efforts. It was natural that Roosevelt and Saint-Gaudens should wax enthusiastic together over the high-relief Greek coins with their

Alexanders and their owls and amphoræ, but sober second thought no doubt showed them that our coins, issued in quantities undreamed of in those numerous little old Greek towns with minting privileges, must be made to "stack," and to do other things not expected from the drachma or stater. What these two men really loved in the Greek coin was not its high relief or its care-free circumference, but its beauty. One good effect of the whole matter was that the public, pricked on by the press, began to take an interest, first in the controversy about the coins, then in the coins themselves. Above all, through Roosevelt's initiative, a good prec-

Engraving and Printing. If American money is as good as any in the world to-day, it ought to look the part, even on paper; but does it? For the enlightenment of every designer and rearranger of the various devices that go to create our American "greenback," making it at once safe for democracy and dangerous for counterfeiters, we ought to have a complete museum of all the moneys of the world, paper as well as metal, not excluding those of the nations regarded as small or backward. Museums alone cannot save us, but they are a good first aid. What others have done may always be a warning or an example for the spirit.



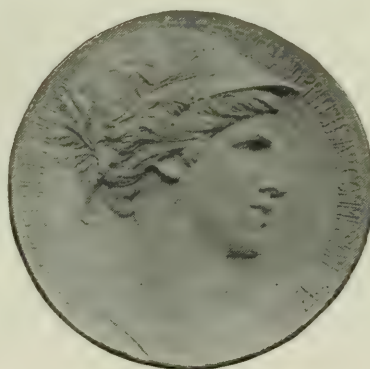
J. E. Fraser—Victory medal.



Robert Aitken—Watrous medal.



* A. A. Weinman—J. Sanford Saltus medal.



D. C. French—French and British War Commission medal, 1917.

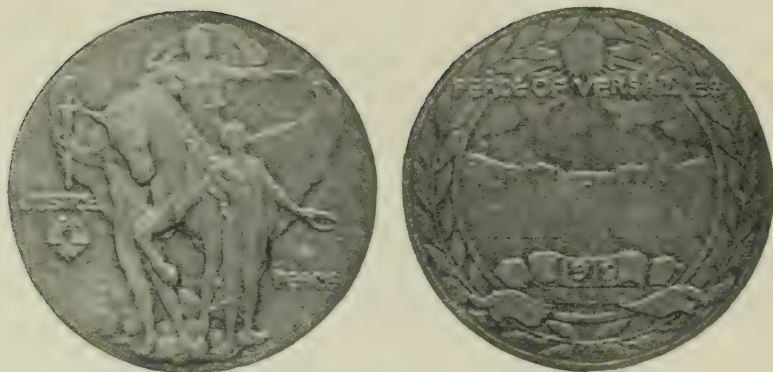
edent was established, and distinguished American sculptors have been since successfully employed to design our coins.

To-day, thanks to our spirited "buffalo" five-cent piece designed by Fraser, our silver dime and silver half-dollar by Weinman, our silver quarter-dollar by MacNeil, and our "Lincoln" cent by Brenner, our coinage compares favorably in appearance with that of other nations. A generation ago such a statement would not have been true. Nor can a similar statement be made to-day concerning our paper forms of legal tender. In general, our paper money is uglier than necessity warrants, even admitting all the very real difficulties which stand in the way of finding for beauty a happy issue out of our National Bureau of

For instance, the French ten-sou piece bearing the medallist Roty's figure of "La Semeuse" did much to change the minds of medalists the world over. That figure in its simplicity sang

a new song in coins. Designers of coins received from it, according to their temperaments, either a jolt to their old ideas or a clear call for their new ones. Certainly any designer who should copy this little figure in its big field, and call it his own, is both knavish and foolish, and adds nothing to art. But if a designer, heartened by a new note heard from a new horizon, will heed the spirit of that which has moved him, he will not play the mocking-bird, but will start a new song of his own, avoiding alike

* Given by the American Numismatic Society for "signal achievement in the art of this medal."



The Chester Beach Peace medal.

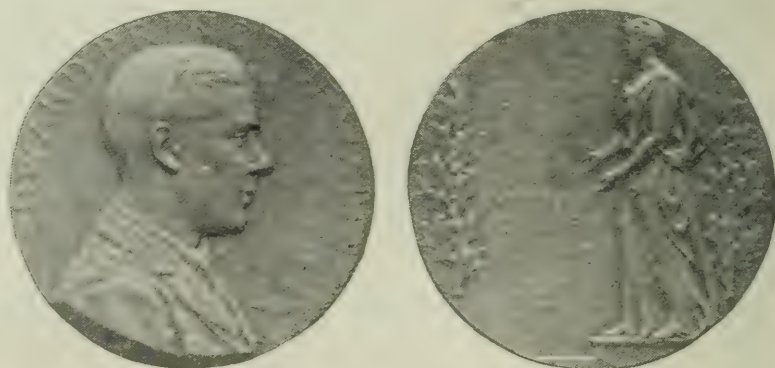
that sort of originality which is outrageous and uncivilizing, and that sort of assimilation which is either predatory or downright lazy.

No less than Roty in his "La Semeuse," our American sculptor Fraser in his "buffalo nickel" gave his fellow countrymen an every-day thing to be proud of—something that speaks to us of our beginnings as a nation, reminding us that the end of the trail for one race is often a new start for another. We shall make a mistake if we think that this coin interprets in nickel just a plainsman's offhand talk. Its simplicity is not rudeness.

We know how Cellini fought and bled over his coins and medals and saltcellars. If he were living to-day, what a dust he would raise in Mint and mart and lobby, and what head-lines would be dedicated to his service! Impetuous worker though he was, he admits that it took him two hundred hours to model the profile of Bembo for the Bembo medal. With the thirty-hour week to which we tend nowadays, that would have meant nearly seven weeks of work. But luckily most artists, Cellini included, would be ashamed to work as little as thirty hours a week. The Pegasus on the reverse of this medal was finished in wax in three hours; all of which shows that in art the space covered and the time needed are not always proportionate. "This horse," cries puzzled Bembo, "looks to me ten times more difficult to do than the little portrait on which you have bestowed so much pains. I cannot understand what made it such a labor." So we in our day,

unless we can put ourselves very perfectly in the artist's place, often understand such things as little as did that scholarly cardinal. For example, many artistic persons (I mean persons who always take the artistic point of view, right or wrong) are horrified by the intervention of the reducing machine. But the modern medallist has come to recognize this machine as a help, not a hindrance.

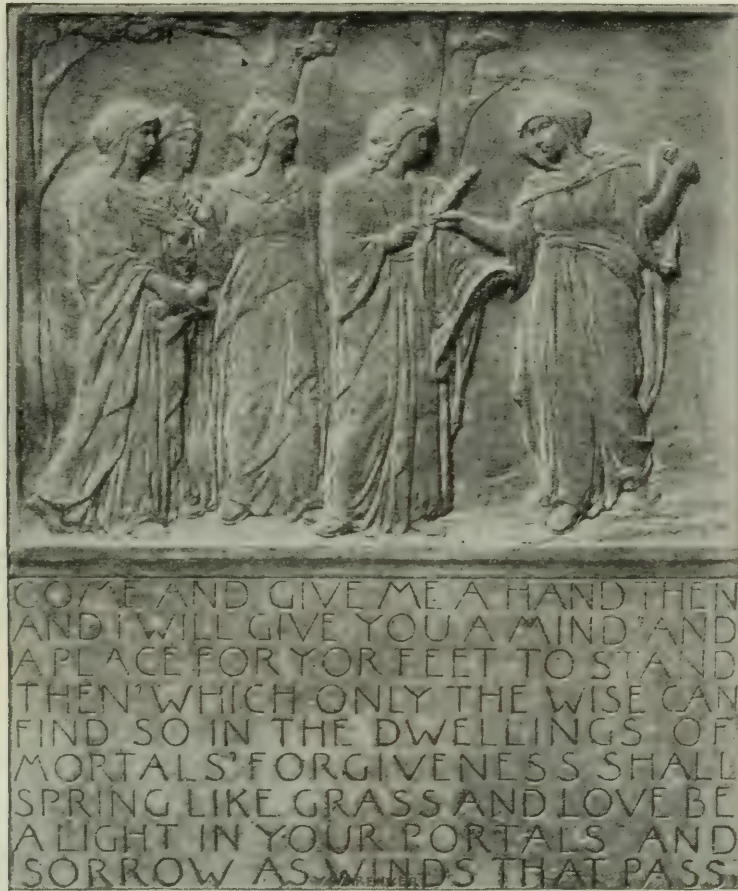
Our new relations toward France have revived for us our acquaintance with the work of a brilliant generation of French medallists, Roty, Chaplain, Charpentier, Bottée, and others. In nineteenth-century France, these men created a renaissance in their art almost as significant as that achieved in fifteenth-century Italy by Pisano, Matteo de Pasti, Sperandio, Fiorentino, and a host of anonymous masters, three of whom, since their works are loved while their names are lost, have been provided with names taken from the symbolic forms they used in their medal-reverses. Thus the charming portrait of Nonnina Strozzi is by the "médaillieur à l'espérance," while the profile of Filippo Strozzi is by the "médaillieur à l'aigle," and that of Lorenzo Mocchi by the "médaillieur à la fortune." The medal or plaquette of to-day may be either cast from a mould or struck from a die; we are proficient in both methods, and may (within limits) choose the one which suits our aims. But the characteristic medal of the Renaissance was cast rather than struck, the process of striking being by no means perfected in the days of Pisano and Sperandio, whatever improvements may have followed soon



John Flanagan—The Prince of Wales medal.

after. The cast medal gave these men an opportunity for greater size, higher relief, larger fluency of handling, in fact a more expansive treatment generally. Hence the force and freedom of these little bas-relief portraits, which from first to last resume in an exceedingly vivid way the story of the Renaissance. A similar freedom is found in the cast medals of the best French and

ish Museum, points out that "there have been few periods since the sixteenth century during which the efficacy of the medal for political manifesto has not been recognized by some Government or other." He adds that the German medals which by 1917 had found their way to neutral countries "comprise at least 580 varieties." In a dispassionate way, Mr. Hill tells us much that



Victor Brenner plaquette.

American medallists. But when a large number of medals is required, as in the case of our Victory medal, the severer process of the die must be used, and the medallist will design his work in accord with the process. And as man is forever striving for that which is just beyond, a larger liberty is being gradually attained in the struck medal, both here and in France.

The emotions roused by the War have given birth to many medals, in many lands, and for many purposes, some of them healing, some destructive, some satirical. In a monograph on *The Commemorative Medal in the Service of Germany*, Mr. Hill, keeper of the department of coins and medals, Brit-

ish Museum, points out that "there have been few periods since the sixteenth century during which the efficacy of the medal for political manifesto has not been recognized by some Government or other." He adds that the German medals which by 1917 had found their way to neutral countries "comprise at least 580 varieties." In a dispassionate way, Mr. Hill tells us much that we shall do well not to harp upon, but in passing we may note that of the two notorious "Lusitania" medals, the first, that by Karl Götz, is described in a German numismatic organ as a "satirical medal flagellating the light-mindedness of the Cunard Line," while the second, by Eberbach, bears the legend, "Heimtücke und gewarnter Leichtsinn an Bord der Lusitania." It is doubtful whether sculpture can effectively serve satire. At times, in the Renaissance medals, just as in certain canvases by Sargent, a profoundly psychological realism may look like satire. But there is no conscious parade of satire—no "Go to, mark me, I shall now be satiri-

cal." Paul Manship, most merrily imaginative of our sculptors—the Puck who puts a girdle round about the earth from the Middle Minoan Period to the Manhattan of today—having made many medals of the kindlier sort, lately tried his deft hand at a "Hate-medal." Even a "Hate-medal," by Mr. Manship, would naturally have some engaging quality, some amiable scherzo playing through it. But we who sat in the elders' seats shook our heads, saying: "To some, this may be a joy forever, but for us, it is not a thing of beauty!"

Among minor facts of history picked up by our soldiers abroad, they learned that their buttons, insignia, medals, and decorations were less interesting in design than those of the other fighters, both friends and foes. Not being a military nation, the United States had not given undue attention to such matters. However, without unreasonable delay, the War Department, in counsel with our Federal Art Commission, took measures to improve the artistic quality of these details. And while many persons still think it out of place to drag in art when treating of buttons, nearly all will agree that a distinguished service cross and a medal of honor should be beautiful.

Without publicity and without compensation, a group of our noted sculptors devoted themselves to this work of improving our medals and insignia, taking infinite pains, and in general receiving warm appreciation for their efforts. Certain high officials, to be sure, "knew what they liked," and clung to their likings, thereby causing complications for the sculptors. To know what we like is a satisfaction, but to know what we lack is civilization, is it not? At the present writing, the artists' patriotic adventure is by no means completed, but in any event, they know that good has already been accomplished:

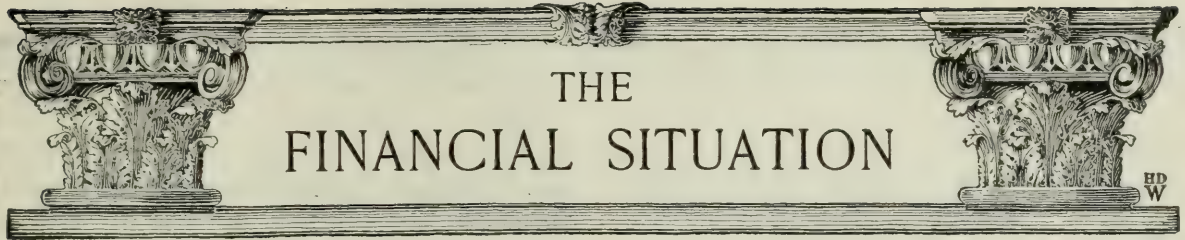
—"nihil est ab omni
parte beatum."

Since the armistice Mr. Weinman has designed the Victory button and Mr. Fraser the Victory medal, to both of which all our soldiers are entitled. International interest attaches to the Victory medal, because all the victorious nations agreed to issue exactly the same specifications for it, while each nation chooses its own sculptor. Which country will emerge most gallantly, with the most beautiful Victory medal? The situation is unique.



Paul Manship—Jeanne d'Arc medal.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.



THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

THE CHANGING ECONOMIC OUTLOOK

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

The Three Predictions IN all the confusion of forecast as to what would be Europe's economic condition after the war was over, there were three distinct lines of prophecy. One of them deserved less serious consideration than the others, for the reason that it was altogether vague and formless. This was the prophecy of a "ruined Europe," sometimes expanded into prophecy of a "ruined world" or a "wreck of civilization." The defect of prophets of this type was that they did not explain what was to be the nature of the ruin.

At times they seemed merely to mean inability of the belligerent states to pay their debts; in other words, general repudiation of the public faith. More often the meaning apparently was collapse of all government, followed by political anarchy and chaos; a condition for which the state of Europe after the fall of the Roman Empire and the state of parts of Europe after the Thirty Years' War, may more or less dimly have suggested the picture. Macaulay's New Zealander, taking his stand "in the midst of a vast solitude" and "on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's," would have been in line with this idea. But the prophecy was not put so plainly. It was never possible to discover exactly what the prophets expected. Probably they themselves were not sure.

Possibilities on Return of Peace OF the two other groups, one appeared to take for granted—in its war time predictions, at any rate—an immediate industrial revival on return of peace; resumption of the economic status of 1913 and 1914, with home production and international trade stimulated by orders for goods to repair the ravages of

war; in short, restoration of the *status quo*. The third group, while looking confidently for Europe's ultimate recovery and, much later on, for a new forward movement in the world's economic development, reckoned also on an extremely trying period for the immediate aftermath. The shock of reaction, in their view, would be felt with great severity when the immediate stimulus of war enthusiasm, war expenditure and war purchases, should cease to operate.

To take up the old mode of national life would not be easy. It would be found that trade had drifted away from its former channels; that materials were scarce and production fearfully handicapped through the loss of man-power in battle; that labor had become arrogant; that cost of living had gone to extravagant heights from which it would be declared impossible to bring it down; that the inflation of currencies, the piling up of taxes, the burden of inflated currencies and monumental public debts, would have created conditions, immediately on return of peace, which in many quarters would resemble either economic paralysis or economic chaos. Nevertheless, Europe and the rest of the world would in due course, and at no very distant date, begin to emerge from this morass of circumstance. That would happen, first because Europe would have to move forward if its people were to retain the means of existence, and afterward because the spur of competition would drive all the nations to exert every effort to regain their place in the economic order.

THE expected interval of reaction was commonly described as the "transition period." The principal matter of

(An article entitled "Liberty Bonds on a New Investment Basis," by Stevens Palmer Harman, appears on page 79 following.)

doubt, in the mind even of those who believed in eventual return to normal conditions, was how long that period would last and what would be its particular character, and that would not depend upon economic considerations only. The situation was bound to be deeply influenced by the course of events in national and international politics. The question of what was likely to happen in the money markets, the markets of production and trade, or the foreign-exchange market, might be surmised with reasonable assurance. But if war were to blaze up again here and there, if a wave of anarchistic socialism were to sweep over the whole of Europe, upsetting governments and institutions, and if even the nations outside of Europe were to rush without restraint into reckless political experiment, the reflex influence on economic conditions would be very formidable. These political events might not be probable. But they were undeniably possible, and only the test of actual experience could prove how far they would have to be reckoned with. Their scope and persistence would play an important part in determining both the severity and the duration of the transition period.

In reasonable measure, then, these unfavorable incidents were allowed for by judicious watchers of the course of events, and expectation of them did not obscure the generally hopeful outlook. But when the world had actually entered the aftermath of war, events began to move in a way which nobody had looked for. No one in November of 1918 had imagined Bolshevik Russia successfully invading the provinces of her neighbors, or the English labor-unions threatening a general strike, or Fiume setting up as an independent state in defiance of the rest of Europe, or the Senate Foreign Relations committee reporting on the treaty in terms of smart persiflage, or Vienna accepting the status of a fallen city, or the American Railway Brotherhoods serving an ultimatum on Congress which demanded future control of the roads under the auspices and in the exclusive pecuniary interests of the railway employees.

Financial reaction, high prices, disor-

dered money and exchange markets, even increasing inflation of the currencies, were in the natural order of expectation. But the economic phenomena of the period were so far colored by these political events and by the European famine and distress which came with them, that even well-balanced minds began to think that the outlook must be far worse than they had imagined. Under such circumstances, people who had formerly predicted the wreck of civilization plucked up courage; their ideas began to be repeated rather widely, even in the financial community. It was in this mood that the present year began, and with its beginning came the Senate's refusal to act on the treaty, the abandonment of all concerted plans to finance Europe with American capital, and the overwhelming collapse of exchange rates on London, Paris, Belgium, Rome, and Berlin.

YET the rather remarkable fact remained that this first winter season of restored peace, which most people believed would provide the test of the world's actual situation, was coming to an end, if not quietly and uneventfully, at least without the predicted cataclysm. A little reflection, confirmed by the subsequent course of events, showed that these various unpleasant occurrences were isolated and temporary in character, and not at all an indication of the engulfing of European society in anarchy. On the contrary, Germany had absolutely suppressed her own Bolshevik insurrection. France held in November its first national election since 1914, and the people voted heavily against the political agitators; the so-called "extremists" losing 50 seats in the Deputies and the Radical Socialists 85, while the Moderates and Liberals gained more than 130. Outside of D'Annunzio's exploit at Fiume, there was no insurrection in Italy. The French labor-unions publicly repudiated alliance with the Bolsheviks; an attempted general railway strike in France was defeated by labor itself. The League of Nations had become a political fact without the United States, and five of the European neutral states had voted to participate in it.

**The First
Winter
After the
War**

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Roosevelt *to Authors and Artists*

COLONEL ROOSEVELT was a tremendous reader, and if he liked a book he was accustomed to write a frank letter to the author and tell him so. No matter how busy with public affairs, these appreciative and critical letters went to authors, young and old. Among those published in the June number are letters to

LORD MORLEY,

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR,

HENRY BORDEAUX,

BOOTH TARKINGTON,

EDITH WHARTON,

BRANDER MATTHEWS,

OWEN WISTER, *and*

JAMES FORD RHODES.

Mount Lloyd George *and* the Great Glacier

described by Paul L. Haworth, author of the notable volume "On the Headwaters of Peace River," who returned to the Far North of Canada last summer and secured a good view of the mountain and glaciers which he had only glimpsed before.

Citizens in the Making goes to the root of the Alien Problem. Judge Franklin Chase Hoyt, of the Children's Court, gives here some unusual experiences and incidents in treating these youngsters who may become criminals or may become useful citizens.

Bourdelle, the Successor of Rodin. Here is a great French sculptor, recognized years ago by Rodin and little known in this country. Louise Eberle has visited him and with his authority publishes selections from his remarkable sculptures.

Herbert Spencer. A centennial review of the great philosopher is made by Doctor George Sarton, of the Carnegie Institution. He is seen as a great force in Synthetic Philosophy.

The New Woman in the Philippines. Miss Emma Sarepta Yule has been a teacher in the Islands for many years and knows them intimately. The article will surprise most readers with a glimpse of the rising civilization.

Can an Editor be a Gentleman? discussed by a prominent editor who prefers to be anonymous.

Henry van Dyke's Essay this month is entitled "Firelight Views."

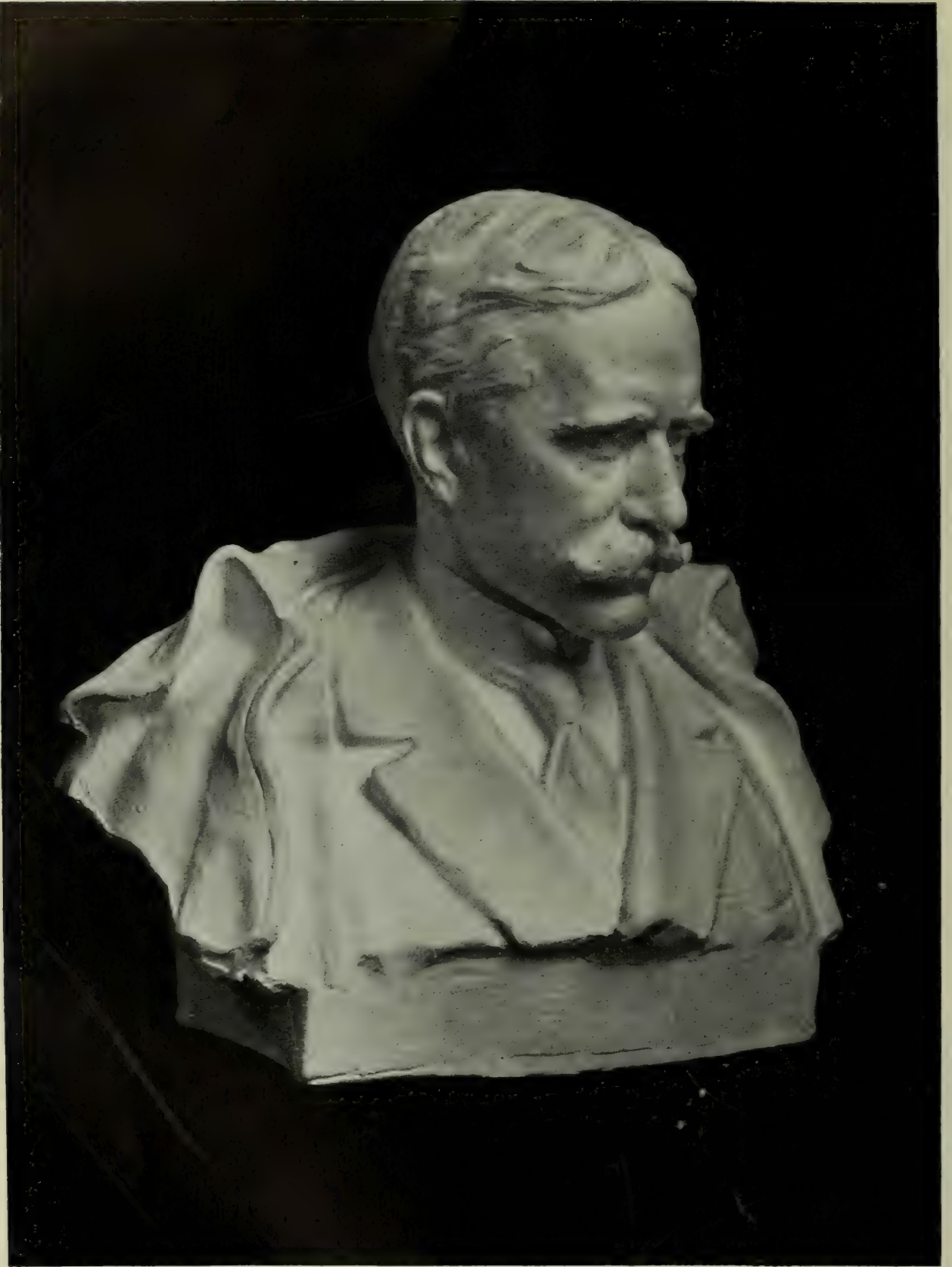
An Unusual Variety of Fiction. *John Fox's* best and last novel, "Erskine Dale—Pioneer." ¶ A character sketch of an old army type, "The Bugler," by *Gene Markey*. ¶ "Four Fists"—dramatic episodes in the life of a man who was taught by blows—by a new writer, *F. Scott Fitzgerald*. ¶ A Decoration Day story, "Old Glory Bill," by *Anna Belle Rood Ittner*.

A new field for fiction; the alien coal miners in Pennsylvania, from the human and domestic side; the first story, "A Necessary Dependent," by Sarah Atherton, who knows them.

The Field of Art: "American Sporting Prints," by Frank Weitenkampf. **The Point of View—The Financial Situation,** by Alexander Dana Noyes.

SCRIBNER'S *for* June

THE LEADING HIGH GRADE MAGAZINE



HENRY VAN DYKE.

From the recently completed bust by William Ordway Partridge.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVII

MAY, 1920

NO. 5



KOREA'S REBELLION

THE PART PLAYED BY CHRISTIANS

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS MADE IN KOREA BY C. LE ROY BALDRIDGE

SEOUL, KOREA.



O be in Korea now is to see unroll before you melodrama with human realities for its complications and living beings for its figures. This is a revolution such as men in back-parlors-to-let reconstruct for lurid literature. It is compound of the one-time Russian nihilist plottings and Oriental mystery. And always it lives before you. The "jickie-coolie" who carries your bags on his back from the railway station to the sumptuous hotel which the

Japanese have built, here may be district magistrate in the subterranean "Provisional Government of the Republic of Korea." The Japanese boy who obsequiously brings you your soup in the same hotel may be an executive in the omnipresent Japanese secret service. Probably they are not, but the fact that they might be and that even stranger things have been revealed to you gives interest to them and thrill to everything. Underground plottings, hidden rendezvous, buried printing-presses, passwords and codes and trap-doors, midnight gen-

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darmerie raids, solitary confinement and the torture-chamber, unexplained suicides, sudden disappearances, spies and counter-spies, emissaries in disguise and wild pursuits in the night—here are all the conventional elements of the shilling shocker.

Life moves now in Korea with swiftness and primitive force, for all the surface of Eastern lethargy that gives it the appearance of calm. Under the surface

prestige of position. A few nights ago he did. With two leaders of the independence movement who had smuggled themselves into the palace he escaped over its wall and was driven in an automobile to an outlying village. There in the home of a farmer the three men changed their clothes to coolie costumes and went on donkeys to a railway station, where they boarded the train as fourth-



A Ki-Saeng of the capital.

you feel it always throbbing. Suddenly and dramatically it breaks up from below. There is the incident of the Eui Hwa Kun, Prince Eui, brother of the last Korean emperor, the semi-imbecile Yi. Prince Eui is Western-educated and well travelled in Western lands. Like all the survivors of the royal family and all the old nobility, he lives here in one of the former royal palaces, to all intents and purposes a prisoner. But the tidings of Korea's rising have been brought to him through properly placed servants and messages sent to him asking him to make his escape and go to Shanghai and then to America and Europe, there to lay Korea's case before the West with his

class passengers. They went north in safety as far as Hsin Wiju, the last town on the Korean side of the Korean-Chinese border, where they planned to get off and make their way along the Yalu River and then board a junk to take them safely across to the Chinese side. They alighted from the train. A party of Japanese detectives met them. They had been betrayed by a Korean, a spy in the service of the Japanese. And Prince Eui is back in his palace to-day under a doubled guard. He will not escape again.

The Japanese have made of this a triumph, exulting over it in their official organ. The Koreans, knowing it was by the treachery of one of their own he was

captured, are the more bitterly chagrined.

In these last few days also all the schools have gone on strike. The pupils, refusing to continue the study of Japanese forced on them to the exclusion of their own language, have "walked out." In one school youngsters of ten and eleven drew up before the Japanese principal in the military formation that the Japanese educational regulations prescribe and came to attention. A young spokesman stepped out of the ranks and crisply informed the principal that they demanded the discontinuance of the study of the Japanese language and the exclusive use of Japanese text-books—

which also is prescribed. The principal, amazed, explained that he had no authority to change the system and that in these "dizzy times"—as the Japanese always put it—the government could not make any changes. The boys marched with military precision to a corner of the schoolroom, tore their text-books into small bits, and marched back before the principal. Their spokesman again stepped forth and informed the principal that they would return when they could study their own language. The line smartly saluted and marched out. It has not returned. The same scene substantially was being enacted in other schools, and with the exception of a few Christian



Her husband is serving a long sentence in a Japanese prison; her eldest son died as a result of tortures; her youngest is in jail for participating in the independence movements.

institutions where the regulations are allowed to be winked at the schools are still closed.

Shortly before that a national wailing day had been set. It was to be a day of public mourning all over the country for the loss of Korea's liberty. In all cities the public was to gather at noon at stated places and sharp at the stroke of twelve begin the traditional Korean funeral wail

rades, but there are those who say that tears are better than money, better than shouting 'Mansei' (Hurrah, or Long Live Korea), better than fighting, and we the undersigned think so, too. Therefore we are making this arrangement: On the seventh day of the eleventh moon in every central place in each province there is to be a great mourning. In regard to the capital, Seoul, let volunteers to the num-



The farmyard—going to the well.

—*Ai-go, Ai-go, Ai-go—Ai-go, Ai-go, Ai-go*—rising always higher and higher, faster and faster, to a crescendo that tightens the heart of them who hear it. Thus runs an almost literal translation of the instructions secretly transmitted:

"Our beloved fellow-countrymen: If we desire to shake off the oppression of the enemy and become a free people, three things must necessarily be done; blood and money and tears must all be spent. In the days following the demonstrations beginning with the first day of the third moon the necessary blood and money were freely offered by our com-

ber of ten be prepared and sent thither. Those who compose this Band of Lamentation are not to wait for one another's initiative in the matter, neither are they to reply to any interrogations of the enemy, but at the sound of the noon gun they are to come out into the Great Bell Road and make a great wailing. Let them weep in any way they choose. Grief will be turned to joy. Great mourning will be transformed into glory. Do not be afraid even though the enemy afflict you. The very measures of force which they employ are a fortunate thing for our cause. Moreover, let all, even the

young persons and the women, take part and give a weeping. Do not make use of words, merely weep audibly. This communication will be followed by another."

But for one time—and it does not hap-

sions, have gathered crying "Mansei," there have been the usual baton charges by police and more forceful measures by troops, and young men and as many young women dragged off to police sta-



The ancient bell-tower of Seoul, where students hammered the bell and cried "Mansei" till beaten senseless by police.

pen often—the Japanese intelligence service obtained a copy of the instructions. The day before the appointed day of lamentation troops were brought out into the main streets, machine guns were conspicuously posted, police searched houses for suspected leaders, and at the last moment the demonstration was called off. But others have taken place here and elsewhere, before and since. The proces-

tions in groups. And in the evening there have been the usual police squads making house-to-house search of whole districts, and emerging now and then with suspected plotters—sometimes a middle-school boy of fifteen, sometimes a young girl brought up in the strict seclusion of the Korean upper-class home, sometimes a middle-aged pastor, sometimes an aged woman. And in the night, dropped into

the doors of offices, shops, and homes—how and by whom nobody knows—mimeographed flimsy sheets of Korean writing. It is the *Tong Nip Sin Men*, the *Independence Newspaper*, the Korean counterpart of *La Libre Belgique*, its counterpart also in the romantic and daring accompaniments of its production. Police sergeants in the corner sentry-boxes find copies on their benches, prison guards find them distributed in the cells. Hundreds have been caught in distributing the paper and far more arrested on suspicion of connection with its publication, but if among these have been its editors, that has not prevented its continued ap-

in press cables. The extent to which it not only influences life but has disorganized it is almost incredible. In all strata of Korean society, from the peasant and coolie to the Confucian scholar and the nobility, the families are few that have not been represented on the Japanese prison rolls. Schools have been left with one-third of their pupils and perhaps none of their teachers, shops have been left without owner or clerk, churches without pastors and almost without congregations.

On my first day in Korea I went to the old Methodist church here in Seoul where the annual conference was in session.



A Bible class.

pearance. No sooner is one group satisfactorily found guilty of responsibility for it than it again appears on the table of the procurator who conducted the prosecution.

I have said that this is a revolution. By all the laws of political conflict it would be more accurate to say it was one, for by those tests it is over. It was crushed, swiftly and terribly, a few days after its outburst in March. But even a tourist can see that, so far from being over, it is in full struggle, the more intense for being repressed. It is the first concern of all Koreans, the dominant fact that controls their every-day existence, even if it lacks the public spectacular elements, the clashes of arms, that get place

There, I was told, I could find Korean Christians and foreign-missionary workers from every province in the country, and thus get at once a national picture of existing conditions. Squat, of dark-red brick and with a cube of a tower over its entrance, it is the conventional church of any small Middle Western American town—a stone's throw from the former imperial palace, now empty of concubines and singing-girls, eunuchs and yang ban, pomp and intrigue; and on all sides the thatched roofs and mud walls of the Korean houses and the half-Eastern half-Western nondescript of the new Japanese wishes. It is fantastic or incongruous, as you wish, but also typical of the "new" Korea—of the new East, in fact.

The church auditorium was a similar mixture of times and manners and civilizations. There was a sprinkling of foreigners, a yet larger sprinkling of Koreans in ill-fitting Western clothes—rare is he of Eastern blood who wears Western

movement in March and that he had just been released from prison. I showed my surprise and expressed a desire to meet him. A converted Korean now a minister of the gospel, who has been in prison as political agitator, ought at least



A scholar who also has served his term in prison for Korea.

clothes well—and the others all in the flowing white native garments and the small inverted flower-pot hats of transparent bamboo thread, the distinguishing mark of their people. On the proscenium were an American bishop, a Korean secretary, and an American minister as interpreter, who spoke the two languages with equal fluency.

It seemed a tame enough gathering and I wondered what it could tell me of revolutions. Then a Korean pastor arose to speak. The old resident who was escorting me whispered that he was one of the men involved in the independence

to give me an interesting view, I said. My companion laughed.

"In this room," he said, "there are sixty Koreans, all pastors or evangelists. About forty of them have been in prison. There are some twenty-five more who ought to be here who are still in prison serving out their sentences."

It is a representative picture of Korea, a good introduction to the nature of its uprising. Surely no man can say a revolt so expressed is the work of "professional agitators." To this at least no man can cry the familiar "Bolshevik." It is simpler than that. It is a purely political

movement, a struggle for liberty as we knew that word and such struggles a hundred years ago. Now, my desire here is not to deal primarily with the political aspects of that struggle or to argue the merits of the issues raised; it is not they that give this national rising its unique character, and, also, they have already

been economically exploited for another people's profit; sentence of death is slowly being executed on their race culture and their four-thousand-year-old civilization. One need not stay here long or seek long for concrete evidence. No Korean is permitted to go to Europe or America to study. No Korean who has been



A business man.

been made clear by much statement. It is affirmed by Korea, and not denied by Japan, and plain to anybody who has ever been in Korea, that Korea has been ruled by Japan purely as a possession, in the old imperialistic conception of that relationship.

The Koreans have had no political rights, no freedom of speech, no press, free or restricted; they have been denied the right to use their own language in their own schools, they have been denied the right to learn their own history or even to read it; they and their land have

abroad for more than five years can re-enter the country. Japanese teachers in the schools—nine out of ten teachers of Korean children are Japanese—wear clanking swords and military uniforms. A publication, even a religious weekly, that deals even by inference with contemporary events, that mentions even inadvertently that the war is over, is suppressed. A pastor who admonishes his flock to purge their souls of the devils within them is arrested, the Japanese holding that to be a reference to them and an incitation to rebellion. All the

wealth and the sources of wealth in the country are in the hands of Japanese. These are matters of written record and beyond challenge. I state them without animus and without desire to fix blame, recognizing them to be the inevitable accompaniment of the old imperialism and to have characterized the colonial rule of other powers. But it must be remembered also that that does not make them any the more endurable to the Koreans. Philosophical justifications and the truths of comparative history make small consolation for a people burdened under oppression. The natural, logical result, in conformance with all the laws of history, has been revolt.

Nor do I wish to dwell at any length on the early history of that revolt and the method by which it was put down last March. That, too, has been dealt with sufficiently. The brutality exercised by the Japanese police and gendarmerie on unarmed demonstrators merely venting their patriotism by cheering, the terrible



A schoolboy.



Three months in jail for crying "Mansei."

tortures to which thousands were put to extract evidence or force confessions, the floggings to unconsciousness and even death with heavy bamboos, the wholesale arrests and imprisonment for long periods without trial, the firing of churches filled with worshippers held in by rings of bayonets and slowly burning to death—all that is now a familiar tale. And Japan has made public acknowledgment of its wrongdoing—at least by implication—in the removal of the governor and the higher officials around him. For charity's sake, in the hope that it might be an isolated and accidental error, let it be forgotten. But obviously it cannot so soon be forgotten by those whose bodies still bear the mark of the rack, and that constitutes a factor in the situation that must be given emphasis if the situation is to be understood.

The Koreans are irreconcilable, come what may.

As I have said, these are not the things

that distinguish this rising from many another, from other surgings upward of nationalism in other parts of the world even now. What makes it unique is the combination of passive resistance as a weapon and its use with all that sense of the histrionic that characterizes all Orientals, even the least emotional outwardly of the Orientals, the Korean. The ele-

manœuvre control of the government into the hands of Japan. Among the thirty-three men were some who had incurred Japanese displeasure before, and had suffered tortures and long imprisonment. They gathered in the restaurant, had a last feast together, and then notified the police by telephone of their action. They were found seated around the table when



"Sunday."

ments of the situation are in themselves dramatic—a people held down in rigid oppression, proud, humiliated, unarmed, without instruments for action or outlet for expression, arrayed against a powerful military empire standing over it with set bayonet—and they have been disposed with a fine feeling for effect, an instinct for the tableau.

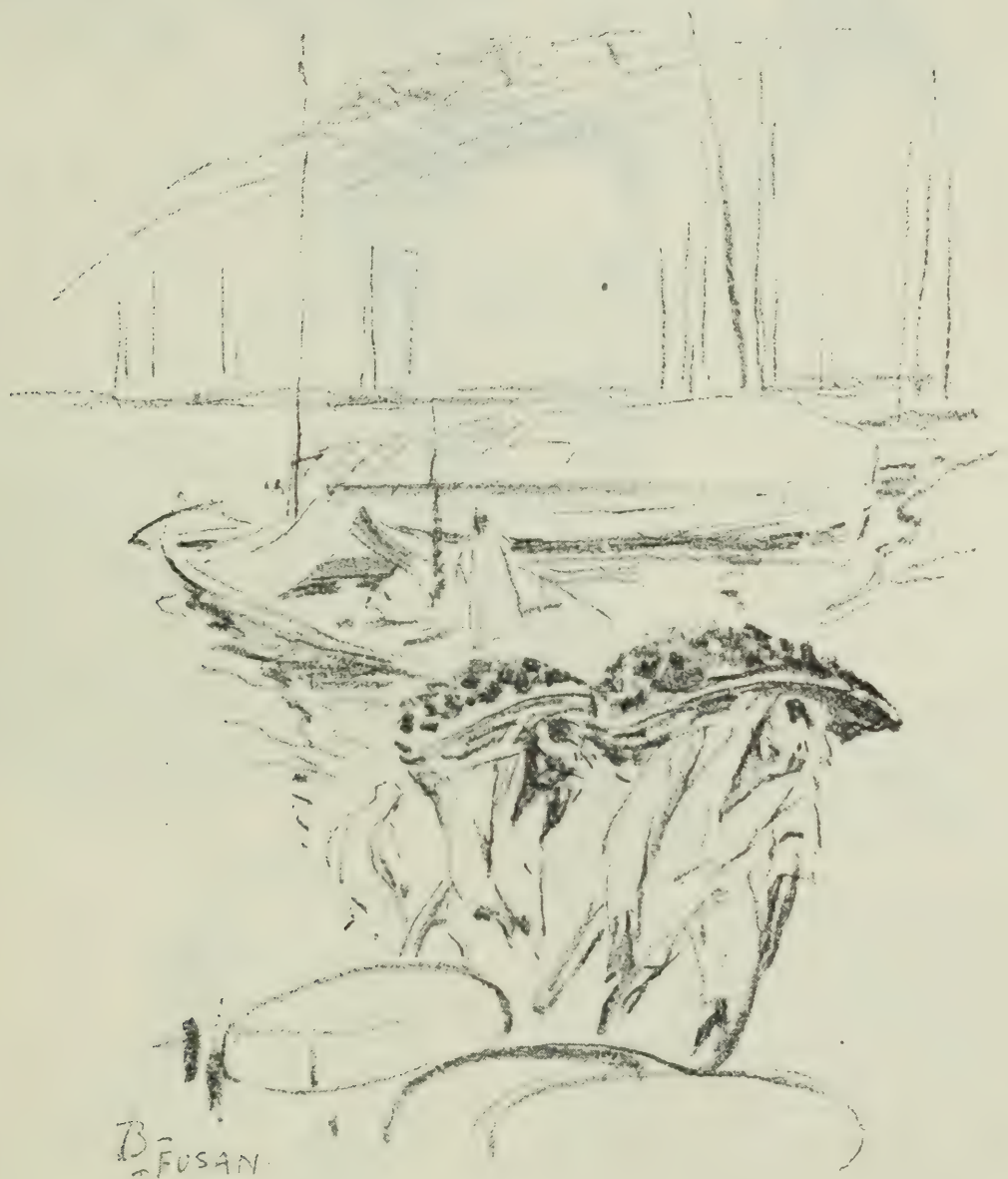
The last night in February thirty-three men who had drawn up a declaration of independence gathered in a private room of Seoul's most famous restaurant. It was the same room in which ten years before had met the cabal of Korean officials who were making final plans to

police automobiles filled with armed men arrived. They entered the automobiles without resistance and were driven off to the big prison here, where they have been kept in solitary confinement ever since.

In the days of the Korean kingdom watch-fires were lit nightly on the hills that ring this city and the neighboring country, each signalling to the other that the guards were posted over the land. It is a pretty legend that at each nightfall the emperor looked from the window of his palace, and as he saw the last fire lit on the hill behind the Nandaimon, the Great South Gate of the capital, he said to himself, "All is well within my em-

pire," and turned away to the evening's pleasures. In the last few decades of Korea's fading greatness, with the coming of the foreigner and his railways and his telegraphs and the entrance of the

of terrible scenes. There had been unending demonstrations. Procession after procession had formed, marching straight into the clubbed rifles, bayonets, and sabres of the solid ranks of police, gen-



Fusan.

conqueror, the custom had become only a memory. But a few days after the first demonstrations that heralded Korea's revolt the fires were lit again as of old, and as the flames arose, first above one village and then another, the whole countryside echoed to the cries of "Mansei."

It was a thrilling night, that night in Seoul when the fire blazed up again behind the Nandaimon. It had been a day

darmes, and troops. Then charges, hundreds cut down and beaten down and hundreds more taken off to prison. And then more processions, more charges, more bloodshed and more arrests, and yet more throughout the day. High tension hung over the city at sunset when the last procession had been broken up, and unnatural quiet. And then, as if all Seoul had known and was only awaiting the

moment, there was a glow in the southwest, a curl of smoke and a dart of flames on the hill, and the city's suppressed passion spent itself in a triumphant cry as the ancient fire flared up in sight of the palace. Seoul will long remember that night.

If there is much talk of processions in

they merely parade—parade and cry their national cheer. And let him who sneers that the Oriental has no physical courage picture to himself such a parade—hastily gathered groups of men and women, boys and girls, all in their sedate white garb, marching defenseless against those bayonets and batons. They are under no



A teacher.

what I have called a revolution, it is because such has been Korea's strategy of combat. Its people, remember, are unarmed; to have even the mildest form of a weapon in one's possession has been a serious offense since the Japanese annexation. Their communications, their movements, their very words have been under the closest restriction and supervision. If they have chosen passive resistance as their method of warfare, it is not only by design but by force of circumstances. So

self-deception as to what will be theirs; they have seen what has happened to those like them who have gone before. And as each group is mowed down and scattered, another is formed and follows in its steps to the same end. No greater courage is that which fights trench to trench and bayonet to bayonet. If it is heroic, it is also effective. It may prove more effective than cannon, as the Japanese have discovered. For military science knows no defence to oppose

against men who merely fold their arms and no offense against men who merely close up their shops for weeks and refuse to open them. There is nothing but extermination, and even world public opinion sets a check against that.

The Koreans are not only folding their arms, however. Only their resistance to armed force is passive. The Land of the Morning Calm that you find described in books exists now almost exclusively in the books. You may still see little groups of elderly gentlemen in their quaint hats squatting in drowsy sunshine and exchanging gossip over their long pipes. You still find here a soft detachment, movement at a slow and gentle pace, voices at a lower pitch, all the dreamy languor that fits Korea to our connotation of the word Oriental better than any other Far Eastern land. But also you find in almost any issue of the *Seoul Press*, the Japanese Government's English-language organ, announcements of the arrest of political offenders here and in every other city. And in the rumors that fly thick over the city you hear strange tales of sensational captures, more sensational escapes, new risings to come and others frustrated in the planning, uncoverings of caves beneath innocent-seeming peasant



A student.

houses, fleeing nobility and fortunes transmitted by coppers from village to village, documents smuggled over the border, word by word inscribed on grains of rice. These are what lie beneath the Morning Calm.

In yesterday's *Seoul Press* was a meagre paragraph reporting the arrest of two men on the Yalu River bridge, the boundary between Korea and China, the scene of the historic battle between Japanese and Russian forces for mastery of Korea in 1904, the scene also of the duel of Japanese and Korean wits for mastery of Korea in 1919. The story of that arrest is this. Ten days ago three youths in the independence movement set out for the border disguised as coolies, making the six-hundred-mile journey in short stages from town to town. There they were to await a large sum of money which would be brought them to be taken across the border and down to Shanghai, where sits what is known as the provisional cabinet, the public arm of the secret government that functions in Korea—of which more later. The money was to be brought to them in small sums by women coming

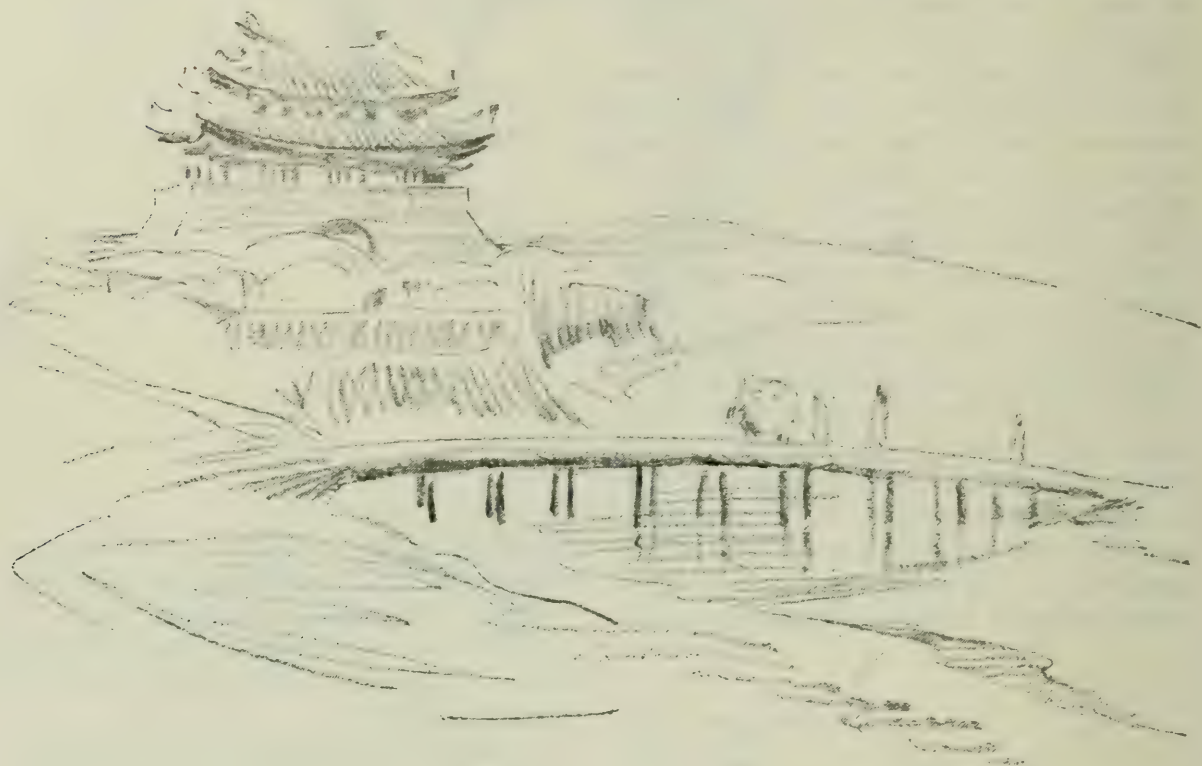


A coolie.

from various directions: the communications service of the independence movement is largely the work of women— young girls and grandmothers—who carry copies of the *Independence* newspaper, documents, and instructions in the numerous folds of their numerous garments. The money arrived and was turned over to the three messengers. For a day and a night they lay in hiding near the bridge to calculate a favorable time for the crossing;

river, but the body was washed up on the Chinese side and the eighty thousand yen is now held by the Chinese customs. Such is one story that is known; there are hundreds that are not known of the mysterious transactions on the Yalu.

Of the duel of spies and counter-spies this incident is illustrative. For years a Korean of an old official family had been in the Japanese service. He was one of their confidential men here in Seoul. For



Pyeng-Yang.

the approach to the bridge and the bridge itself are heavily guarded by the Japanese. Early in the morning they started. One carried eighty thousand yen (forty thousand dollars), another forty thousand yen, the third thirty thousand. They started across separately to divert suspicion, still garbed as coolies. The first, who had the largest sum, was nearly across when he looked back and saw that the other two were already in the hands of Japanese police and that others were coming after him. He ran to the rail of the bridge and leaped. As he struck the water fifty feet below, one shoulder crashed on one of the bridge supports. He went to the bottom. Japanese police feverishly dragged the

months after the outbreak of the revolt he had been one of the most active of all in Japan's employ in uncovering the revolutionists' plans and hunting down rebel leaders. And then the Japanese by a freak of chance caught him at a meeting of those leaders. He was one of them, and had been, long before the revolt broke out. His part was to win the confidence of the Japanese, and thereby keep the Koreans informed of Japanese activities and intentions. He was caught at the meeting, but he never came to justice. He killed himself in his cell. He had told his Korean associates before that if ever the choice had to be made, death would come by his own hand. Of such as he

there are many. The Koreans who are still in the employ of the Japanese as spies are admittedly numerous and it behooves even a foreigner to walk and talk with caution in Korea, but of those also there are not a few who are in the Japanese service as reporters to the Korean rebels.

Behind all these activities is what is really the inner government of Korea to-day. This is the organization that planned and carried out the original uprising and now directs the independence movement that has grown out of it. What constitutes that government—where its ramifications touch, how it functions—that nobody knows, least of all the Japanese; I am told that not even the Koreans in it know, to each being revealed only his own part. It has its national officials, its provincial departments, its district magistrates, and its village headmen, and in Shanghai it has the "cabinet" through which it maintains touch with the foreign world. It levies taxes, authorizes expenditures, issues or-

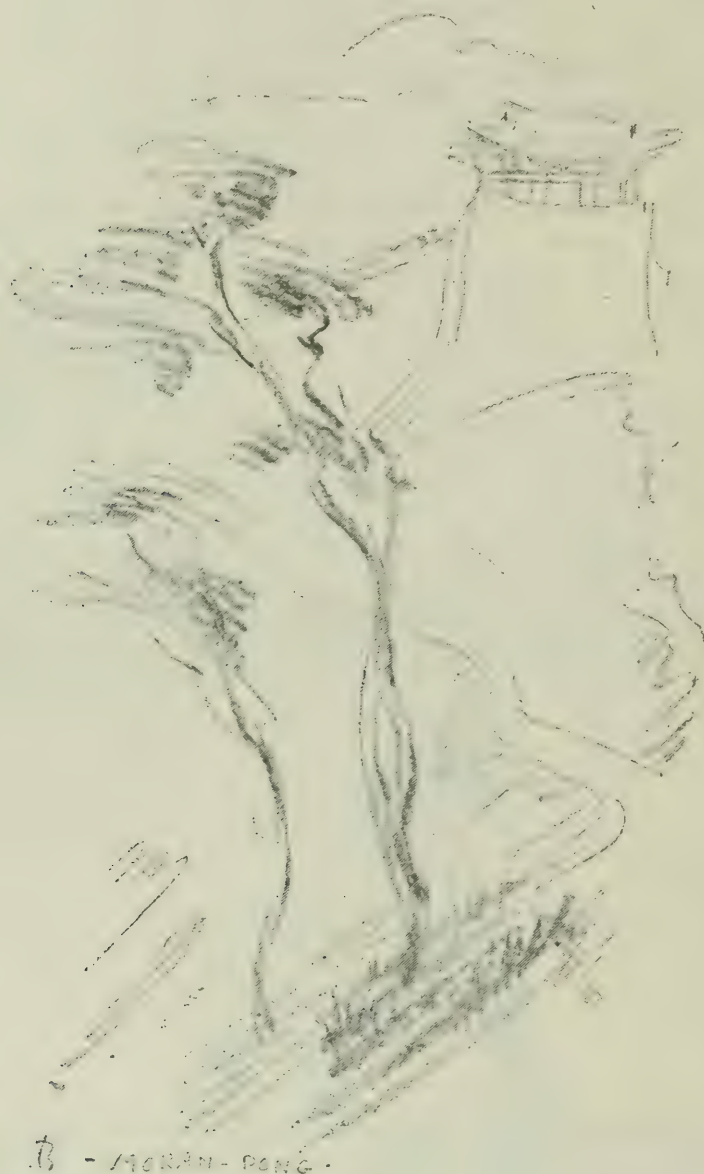
ders and executes them. And it does so notwithstanding that it has no permanent headquarters, must do its work in secret, with spies at every turn, is denied means of communication, and has always hanging over its members the peril of discovery and heavy punishment. Millions of yen have been raised and expended the last six months: coppers from peasants and coolies, gold from rich merchants and landholders, and more of the former than the latter, because the Japanese supervision over the affairs of wealthy men prevents their giving much financial help to the movement. In part, this money is the realized value of old rings, silver trinkets, family jewels and heirlooms that have been smuggled into China and there sold. There is a steady traffic of this kind, young girls collecting the jewels and relaying them to the border at their own peril. Communications are carried on with equal effectiveness. Orders issued in Seoul are delivered in provinces four hundred miles away in forty-eight hours and spread abroad in less to all



A young nurse.

whom they concern, by means the Japanese, with all their spies, have been unable to fathom. Only last week another demonstration was planned to be held and instructions had been sent out weeks

acted. For the Yalu is the only means of egress from the country, except into Japanese soil. And over the bridge that spans the broad river is a daily stream of men and women in peasant clothes with con-



A sketch.

in advance. At the last moment it was deemed best to postpone it. New instructions were issued. That word was carried from one end of the country to the other in ample time to forestall the demonstration, except in one remote village, which had its procession in splendid isolation.

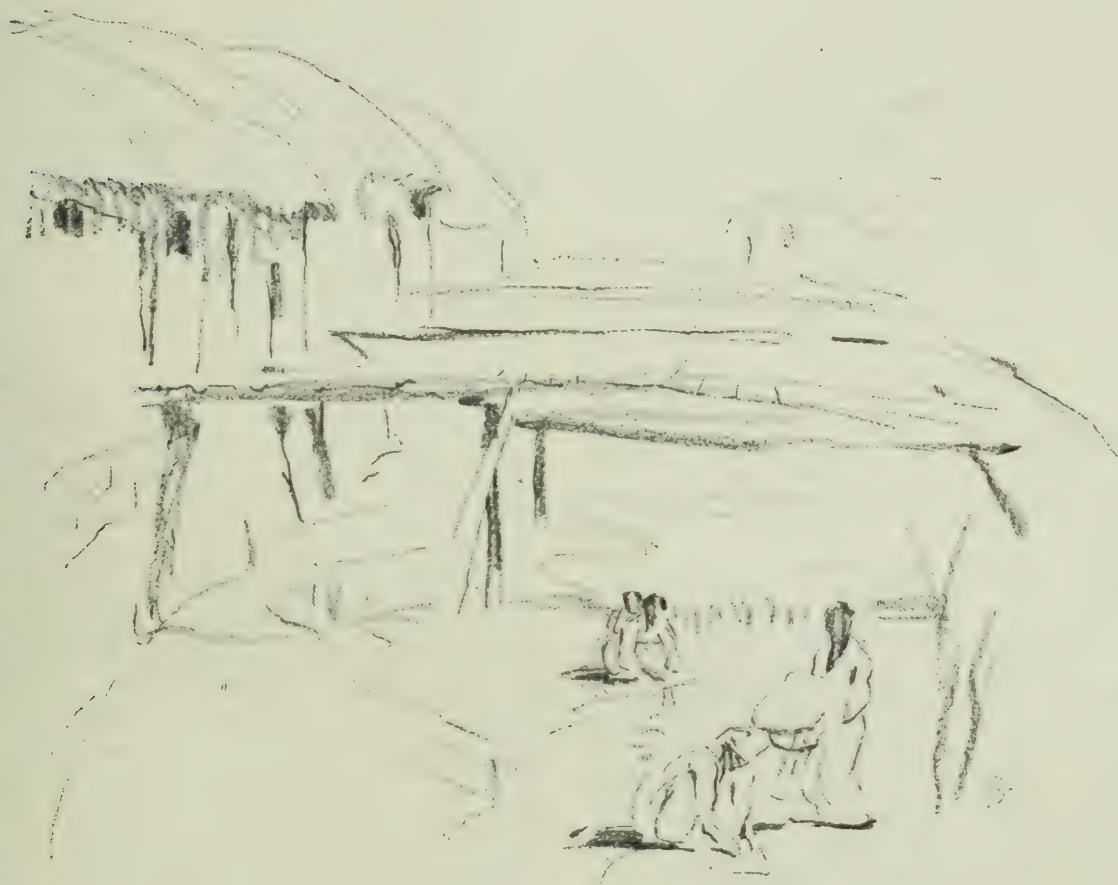
It is in the maintenance of regular communications with the Shanghai representatives that the drama on the Yalu is en-

cealed packets of letters, documents, money, and jewelry. But the guards that line that bridge are numerous and active, and there is also a stream that feeds back from it into the prisons. And the money that has been confiscated there runs into the hundreds of thousands.

The underground means of communication carries even through prison walls and from cell to cell. Tales of secret church services in prison, with each cell a

pew, have been brought to missionaries by released Christian prisoners, and amply vouched for. The Korean Christian takes his religion and its rites seriously, especially the offering up of prayer. But the Japanese bureaucracy has not been oversympathetic to Christianity in Korea—a missionary would wax wroth at the mildness of that statement—and group

meets, each member in his own cell. At that time all the men and women in the class are sitting in their cells reading a designated chapter, and at the close of the meeting they are in prayer together. In one prison the leader of the class, a Methodist pastor, is in solitary confinement, but yet he leads it. In this prison there are even hymnal devotions. From



Washing clothes in the ancient way.

religious worship is forbidden in practically all of the prisons. Yet group religious worship is held nevertheless—without any group. A minister is designated, a time for service is set, and the service is held—the minister in his cell, each worshipper in his. And at the appointed time for the close of the service the minister leads in prayer, and every head is bent in prayer. There is even Bible study. At regular intervals a chapter is decided on for study over a certain period and “announced” to the class by whatever telegraphic system has been evolved in each prison. At a stated time the class

the cell from which he has never emerged since he entered it and in which he has never been seen by one of his own kind the Methodist pastor selects and “gives out” a hymn for each service. And at the designated time his whole flock is singing it, each in his own cell, silently and in unison, under the eye of the prison guards, who see not nor hear.

I have already touched on the part the Christian Koreans have played—it would be more accurate to say the leadership they have taken. No picture of the independence movement or of Korean life in any aspect is adequate that does not

include the church as one of its high lights. Now, even the Japanese have withdrawn the charge that the movement is exclusively Christian and that it was instigated by American missionaries for American political purposes. But it is true that the Korean Christians are a unit in its support, that the majority of its leaders are Christian, and that the originating impulse is largely Christian. And that is only natural: first, because the Christians are the most influential class in Korea, and, second, because conversion to the church necessarily means contact with Western ideas and Western thought. And those necessarily mean the development of a spirit that cannot and will not endure subjection to the iron military rule of an alien conqueror. In that sense Christianity is responsible for the unrest in Korea and in that sense the Christian church is the enemy the Japanese have to fight. And that will be increasingly true as time goes on, for Christianity is making rapid strides in Korea, the more rapid for the part the Christians have played in the rebellion.

But what fundamentally is responsible for the unrest and what ultimately must be conquered is that which the Japanese have themselves created, that which stands out most conspicuous and most important in the events now moving in Korea. That is the spirit of new Korea. A change has been wrought in these last ten years past the wildest imaginings of those who knew the Koreans best ten years ago. Korea's own sloth, its corrup-

tion, and its decadence cost it its national integrity then. And it has learned the price now and is paying it. But the bitter lesson is being learned, especially by the younger generation. There is patriotism in Korea now, for the first time in centuries. Love of country has been learned in the losing of it, and the value of liberty in the deprivation of it. A stir has gone through the traditional sluggishness of Korea. Men have not only enrolled themselves in a disinterested cause but are really working for it; and that, too, is new in Korea. In Korea's awakening and its first practical signs lies the highest drama of the rebellion. The awakening and a vital nationalism, these undoubtedly Japanese rule has given the Koreans. And the Koreans say it has given them nothing else. But they may be enough. I sat in a courtroom here when prisoners, being released under suspended and reduced sentences, were brought before the judge. To each of them the question was put, "Will you shout 'Mansei' for independence again?" And each in turn answered "Yes," most of them adding, "Until we are independent." It was no idle vaunting or bravado. Some of them have already been rearrested for resuming their part in the movement. Many others are serving their second terms. It may be foolhardy; it may be foredoomed to failure; it may be, in the light of hard military facts, suicidal, but the spirit exists. In any event, so long as it does exist there will be warfare in Korea, under the surface or in the open.



WHAT FOCH REALLY SAID

THE HISTORIC SCENE WHEN THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED
IN A RAILWAY CAR

BY RAYMOND RECOULY (CAPTAIN X)

Author of "Foch: the Winner of the War," "General Joffre and His Battles"



IN the early days of November, 1918, the Germans, thoroughly worn out by the Allies' continual attacks, giving them no rest from Flanders to Toul, were in full retreat, a retreat that nothing could save from becoming a complete rout. To avoid that crushing defeat, the greatest, perhaps, that had befallen any nation, the German staff and New Government decided to acknowledge they were beaten, ask for an armistice, and sign it without delay, no matter how hard its conditions.

For weeks past Foch had felt his enemy collapsing. He had an intuition that Germany was hopelessly beaten, and that the war would be over before the winter. That intuition gradually became a certainty. He inspired all those with him with that belief. However terrible the fatigue, wear and tear of the Anglo-French troops, the daily thinning out of their numbers, the great losses just sustained by the Americans in their first attacks; that fatigue, wear and tear, and loss, according to him, were as nothing when compared with those of the enemy.

One after the other Germany had seen her allies give way: Bulgarians, Turks, and Austrians had laid down their arms. Bulgaria had been the first to sue for mercy; Turkey had followed; toward the end of October the Austrians, whose armies were in full flight, asked for an armistice, and seemed fully bent on accepting all our terms.

Meanwhile the Allied armies on the French front, Belgian, English, French, and American, were again attacking, and pressing forward in their final thrust for victory.

Foch, with all the genius of an untiring conductor, led the whole orchestra; those under his orders knew no rest and, it is only fair to add, asked for none.

As early as October 12 he wrote to Pershing: "In our present military situation we may hope for great things, if only the Allied armies will all strike at once, and with ever-increasing vigor."

Under his impetus, that is exactly what the Allies were doing. His rôle lay in directing those attacks, in regulating and co-ordinating them so as to increase incessantly the violence of each successive blow.

As soon as the glorious results of the previous day were known he telegraphed to Pétain and Pershing, on the 2d of November, that it was absolutely necessary to enlarge upon those successes without a moment's loss, and to keep harassing the enemy unmercifully.

On the 6th he sent congratulations to Pershing, urging him to continue.

And now that gigantic attacking front extending from the North Sea to the Meuse had become too small for him. He determined to enlarge it so as to strike the final blow. For several weeks past he had been preparing a formidable offensive in Lorraine in the direction of the Sarre. Foch hurried on this attack with all speed, certain it would be the last of the war. On the 23d of October he asked Pétain to direct the offensive eastward of Metz. Two great French armies, the Tenth, commanded by Mangin, the Eighth, under Gérard, were intrusted with this mission; they were supported by six American divisions. The German staff had no longer any reserve troops to stay this formidable blow, which, were it to succeed, threatened to cut off all hope of retreat for its armies. The Lorraine front was being held with the greatest difficulty by worn-out divisions, thinned-out effectives, utterly incapable of offering any serious resistance. And so, at the beginning of November, the evacuation of Metz and Thionville was decided upon.

Foch's sole preoccupation was that the attack should take place without delay. On November 3 he wrote to Pétain urging him to hurry forward preparations. On the 5th, writing again, he said: "The chief thing is not to wait until all is ready, but to strike at once!"

At that most critical hour of the war Foch was, in every sense of the word, the inspirer of victory. Led by him, every army in France was pressing forward. More than 200 divisions of Belgian, English, American, Italian, and French troops took part in this gigantic offensive, every detail of which had been carefully planned. How very different from that first attack of July 18, when only twenty divisions were in action! In the short space of fourteen weeks, as in some great orchestra the theme had ascended crescendo, until every instrument was playing its part.

The German staff was at bay. All its communications cut off. Incapable of further resistance, its divisions were everywhere collapsing. It knew only too well that the terrible blow about to be struck in Lorraine would spell final defeat. Then it would be by thousands that their troops would be taken prisoners. Rather than face so appalling a calamity, the enemy had decided, from the very beginning of November, to accept any conditions however terrible.

Soon after midnight on the 7th of November Foch got the radio he had been expecting: the enemy sued for mercy. The radiogram ran thus:

The German Supreme Command, in accordance with orders from the German Government, to Marshal Foch:

The German Government having been informed by the President of the United States that Marshal Foch was invested with full power to receive its accredited representatives, and let them know the conditions of the armistice, informs him of the names of its plenipotentiaries, and asks him to indicate the place where they can reach the French lines. In the name of Humanity they also ask for a cessation of hostilities.

At one twenty-five Foch sent back his answer:

The German plenipotentiaries will have to go to the outpost on the main road from Maubeuge-la-Capelle-Guise.

General Debeney, commanding the army holding that sector, had already been told to expect them.

At a council held on November 4 the Allies had at last come to an understanding over the terms of the armistice, which in reality far more resembled a complete capitulation.

About half-past four on the 7th Foch left his headquarters at Senlis by special train. It was the first journey of the famous railway-carriage bureau in which the armistice was to be signed, one of the restaurant cars of the "Sleeping-Car Company," especially fitted up for that purpose. The generalissimo's train went through Compiègne. At six-thirty it reached the little station of Rethonde, about ten kilometres from Compiègne, situated between that town and Soissons, in the forest of Laigle.

About a hundred yards from the station was a shunting line that divided into two a little farther on, forming what French technicians call an "épi," a spike, or ear of corn. These rails had been laid down at the beginning of the battle for the services of the A. L. G. P. (Artillerie lourde à grande portée). Foch's train took its place on one of these rails, about 700 yards from the station, right in the forest; the neighboring line being held open for the German plenipotentiaries' train.

The marshal was accompanied by his chief-of-staff General Weygand, Major Redinger, Major de Mièri, Laperche, the interpreter, who in civilian life was a business man at Abbeville, two A. D. C.'s, Captains Boutel and Pupier, interpreting officers.

The English were represented by Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, head of the delegation, and Admiral Hope.

All dined together. The dinner was extremely gay and cordial. The final text of the armistice, that had been slightly altered at the last moment, was typed between Senlis and Rethonde.

During the night radios were received explaining the delay in the arrival of the German plenipotentiaries, owing to the obstruction of all their roads. Due at the advanced posts at five o'clock, it was not until ten that they reached Haudroy, a little hamlet two kilometres from La

Capelle. They were received at the outposts by a captain of the 171st Regiment, who conducted them to La Capelle, where Major de Bourbon-Busset, chief of General Debeney's 2nd Bureau, took charge of them. A short halt was made at the Villa Paque, in La Capelle. The German cars stopped there, French ones taking the plenipotentiaries to General Debeney's headquarters, at Homblières. A frugal supper was served. At half past one in the morning the Germans regained their motor-cars and proceeded to Ternier where the special train was waiting to take them to Rethonde.

About seven in the morning, in the dawn of an autumnal day, Foch's officers perceived the red lights of the train bringing the Germans. It proceeded backward along the shunting-lines, the tail-end carriage thus drawing up alongside the marshal's engine. It had rained all night; the weather was dull and misty.

The German delegation was composed of Herr Erzberger, President; Count Oberndorf, plenipotentiary minister; General von Winterfeld, former military attaché in Paris, commanding a division on the front; Commander Vanselow; Captain Geyer, an infantry officer; Captain Helldorf, a cavalry officer, who was to act as interpreter. He had very little to do, however, all the interpreting being done by the marshal's interpreter, Laperche.

The German delegates were conducted to their train by Major Schutz, of Alsatian origin, who spoke German fluently, and who had brought them from Homblières, Debeney's headquarters.

Schutz was the first to leave the carriage, and, going to the marshal's train, asked when he would be willing to receive the enemy plenipotentiaries. Foch sent back word that he would receive them at nine o'clock. Meanwhile the Germans ate a hearty breakfast; the sight of butter seemed to fill them with joy.

They started forth punctually at nine o'clock, following the line to the end carriage. A planked way had been made for going from one train to another. As they passed along, the gendarmes guarding Foch's train presented arms. Heading the cortège were: Von Winterfeld, with the two captains Geyer and Hell-

dorf; then Vanselow; in the rear, chatting together, Herr Erzberger and Oberndorf. They were received in the restaurant-car by Weygand, seconded by Laperche, Admiral Hope, and a British officer.

There was a cold salute; a bow in return; no presentations. The Germans took their places by the table, where their names were written, and remained standing. Von Winterfeld was wearing the undress uniform of a major-general—a "feld-grau" tunic a little shorter than those worn by the French, a "Saxon" collar with the insignia of a general, a plaited cord ending in a comet's tail, a wide band of red on the breeches, yellow gaiters, a short rapier; round his neck the Order of the Red Eagle. He threw off his grey, fur-lined coat on entering. Those who had known him before the war, when he was military attaché in Paris, found him much changed, very aged, white, and thin. He appeared depressed and upset, but bore himself with distinction; he was what the French call "racé," of good old family.

On the other hand, no one could be more common than Commander Vanselow—bald and clean-shaven, a typical German in all his ugliness.

Oberndorf, the diplomatist, well dressed, wearing a bowler hat, a blue suit, a fur coat with a sealskin collar, and gaiters, was not lacking in a certain elegance—a sort of "sleeping-car" elegance that reminded one of the gaitered Germans one used to meet by thousands in pre-war days in the palaces and gaming-houses of the "Côte d'Azur."

Herr Erzberger was a typical sausage-eating, beer-drinking, fat German student. He looked like a beer barrel balancing itself on its legs! He had piercing eyes, an intelligent face somewhat lacking in frankness. He was wearing a common sort of travelling-coat just like those worn by commercial travellers in Germany. He was badly dressed, neglected, like the majority of politicians in all countries, not forgetting those in our own.

The officers seemed embarrassed and upset. Not so the civilians, who did not seem to care at all. They talked familiarly together; it was impossible to believe that their country's fate was hanging in the balance, and that they were there to

sign the most "Kolossal" capitulation the world had ever seen.

Scarcely had the Germans taken up their places when Weygand went out to fetch the marshal, who was in his private compartment with Admiral Wemyss. There was a short pause. The glass doors opened to admit Foch, a triple row of gold oak leaves on his "képi," carrying a despatch-box. He was wearing his customary iron-grey uniform with its double row of ribbon decorations, breeches, and yellow gaiters. His piercing eyes, gruff voice, and curt manner were impressing.

Admiral Wemyss, a very distinguished-looking man, followed.

Foch paused on the threshold, glanced round, and gave the military salute. He took his place at the centre of the table, bowed slightly, and removed his "képi." At this rectangular table that took up nearly all the available space of the car, the seats had been thus arranged: in the centre Foch, having Weygand on his right, on his left Admiral Wemyss, then Admiral Hope. Opposite Foch, Winterfeld; facing Wemyss, Herr Erzberger; in front of Hope, Oberndorf; opposite Weygand, Vanselow. On one of the smaller sides the two interpreters, Laperche and Helldorf.

In the midst of a dead silence Foch asked in his clear voice: "To whom have I the honor of speaking?"

Erzberger, replying in German: "To the plenipotentiaries sent by the German Government."

He handed his credentials to the marshal, who took them, saying: "I will examine them." Thereupon Foch left the car accompanied by Admiral Wemyss and went to his private compartment. These credentials were in duplicate.

A first radio had designated Von Gundel, an infantry general, commanding part of an army in Alsace, as head of the military mission; but he had declined, unwilling to undertake such a mission; a second letter showed he had been replaced by Winterfeld. There was a short silence, that seemed like hours. Every one remained standing during this embarrassing pause. Returning, Foch went to his place, and, still standing, asked: "What is the object of your visit?"

Erzberger: "We have come to inquire into the terms of an armistice, to be concluded on land, on sea, and in the air."

Laperche translated his reply.

Foch: "I have no terms to submit to you."

Oberndorf, the diplomatist, interceding: "If the marshal prefers, we may say that we are here to learn the conditions on which the Allies would be willing to grant us an armistice."

Foch: "I have no terms."

Erzberger, drawing forth a greasy paper: "President Wilson has informed our government that Marshal Foch has been invested with the power of submitting the Allies' conditions to the German plenipotentiaries."

Foch: "I will let you know the Allies' conditions when you have asked for an armistice. Do you ask for an armistice?"

"Ja!" exclaimed Oberndorf and Erzberger together.

Foch: "In that case I will read you the terms drawn up by the Allied governments."

He sat down, every one following.

Weygand then read the chief clauses of the armistice. It took quite an hour, for the document had to be translated. As the reading continued, Winterfeld seemed more and more depressed, the civilians indifferent.

The German plenipotentiaries listened in silence. A copy had been handed to Erzberger when Weygand began reading.

The reading over, Erzberger put the document into his pocket. Winterfeld then got up and handed a written reply, which he read in the name of the German delegation.

"We have just heard," said he, "the terms on which the Allies are willing to conclude an armistice. Although the German Government will do its utmost to examine these conditions with the shortest delay possible, they will require a certain time. So as to avoid further bloodshed during that time, might we not agree to immediately suspend hostilities?"

Foch: "I am but the mouthpiece of the Allied governments. It is those governments that have drawn up the conditions of the armistice limiting the delay to seventy-two hours' duration. I have

therefore no power to suspend hostilities without their authorization."

Herr Erzberger then asked whether there was any objection to members of the German delegation conferring with members of the Allied delegation.

Foch and Wemyss informed them that Weygand and Hope were authorized to discuss details with the German delegates.

It was agreed that the three days' limit should end at eleven (French time) on the morning of the 11th of November, and that the Germans must make known their reply before that date.

Herr Erzberger asked permission to send a message to his government. He intrusted Weygand to send it through the intermediary of the German headquarters. The message ran thus: "We have had a first interview with the Allies' delegates. To our request for a temporary suspension of hostilities, Foch opposed a formal refusal. All we could obtain was a delay of seventy-two hours for our reply. Captain Helldorf is sent to Spa, bearer of the conditions that have been given us. Please facilitate his journey to Berlin."

The sitting was over. Foch was the first to leave; then the Germans, Winterfeld staying behind to send off the radio.

Helldorf had to go back by the same way and motor to Spa, the German general headquarters. He left about two, accompanied by Major Bourbon-Busset.

But he was delayed on the road by sundry obstacles, showing the complete disorganization of the German army, its slack discipline, the blocked-up roads, etc. When he reached the German outposts with the white flag, and going through the usual formalities, he was received by a volley. Notwithstanding the waving of the flag, sounding of the bugle regulation calls, etc., etc., the shooting did not cease. This adventure, which in less serious times might have appeared comical, lasted all night. At dawn the next day the situation was unchanged. It was not until the morning that the German delegate was able to penetrate into the German lines. Meanwhile as soon as the incident became known by the marshal's staff, means had been devised to send a German officer by air, and the plane was already equipped and ready.

During the afternoon of the 8th Winterfeld held private intercourse with Weygand and Hope. These conversations were of the highest importance. He drew a most striking picture of the German army; no one could have painted it in blacker colors. According to him, discipline was a thing of the past; orders were disobeyed; roads and railways encumbered. The Germans were now obliged to retreat through a difficult country, hilly and with but scant means of communication. The troops resembled flocks of sheep. The revolution had broken out in Germany. In many towns Bolshevik risings were to be feared. It was absolutely necessary that the Allies should allow Germany to keep part of her army intact, and beware of destroying the only force capable of maintaining order in the country. For that Germany needed her machine guns and railways. In drawing so black a picture of things Winterfeld was not absolutely sincere, and Weygand was not his dupe. He purposely exaggerated German misery, its fear of Bolshevism, so as to soften the Allies' conditions. But other sources amply confirmed the slack discipline and the disorderly retreat.

These conversations continued in the afternoon of the 8th and the morning of the 9th.

On that day Major von Bapst reached Rethonde, coming from the German headquarters, where he was especially intrusted with the organization of the transport service. Received by Weygand, he insisted on what had already been said. The Spartacists, he announced, held all the bridges on the Rhine; not a single munition nor goods train could reach the left bank. The whole army was thus bottled up in Belgium. Talking to Laperche, the interpreter, Bapst said: "Just a year ago we were stationed opposite the Russians at Brest-Litovsk; we were then the victors; and we dictated a victorious peace! 'Bolshevism is among us,' said one of the Russian delegates to me one day. 'Look out! To-morrow it will be amongst you.' When he prophesied that," continued Bapst, "I laughed at him, so absurdly remote did the idea that Bolshevism could ever menace Germany seem. But now that menace has become

a reality. 'A year ago, Brest-Litovsk; to-day, Rethonde! What a terrible collapse!'

On the afternoon of the 9th the Germans sent a list of their objections to certain of the armistice clauses. Foch examined them in the evening. On the morning of the 10th he sent back his answer; nearly all the German demands were rejected.

Those two days were most eventful ones for Germany. Prince Max of Baden resigned. Would Germany appoint a government, and with what moral and material power would it be invested? That was the problem the Allies had to face, not without a certain amount of anxiety.

Meanwhile, in the silent forest at Rethonde, the hours flitted one by one, and the delay fixed by Foch was near expiration. On the afternoon of the 10th Foch informed Herr Erzberger that at eleven o'clock the next day hostilities would be renewed; the German delegates being unable to sign without their government's authorization, it was absolutely necessary that the government should let its decision be known at once.

During a conversation with Winterfeld, Oberndorf, and Weygand, as the latter was expressing fears that the change of government might cause delay in the reply, Winterfeld said abruptly to Oberndorf:

"No matter whether the new chancellor be called Haase, Ebert, or whatever name you please, he will be compelled to sign, all the same!"

So as to let the Germans take a little exercise and not remain all day confined to their carriage, a piece of ground had been arranged in the forest so that they could walk about freely, about ten gendarmes, composing their escort, discreetly watching over them.

Every evening the trains went to Compiègne to take on water, the isolated little station of Rethonde having no water supply. The trains generally started at dinner-time; the French one leading, the German following. On that particular evening, just as Foch's train reached the Rethonde station, the military commandant asked for an officer of the commandant's staff.

General Desticker was telephoning

from Senlis a German radio, intercepted by our posts:

German Government to German plenipotentiaries.

The plenipotentiaries are authorized to sign the armistice. Signed: The Chancellor of the Empire. Then followed a number of three ciphers. It was seven when this radio reached the marshal. In the train, back in the station, another radio came from Senlis with the same wording as the former, but accompanied by a long list of protestations from the German Government at the Allies' harsh treatment, that would reduce the nation, women and children, to starvation. Then came a long radio from Hindenburg. The German train returned to the shunting-lines about nine o'clock.

Weygand immediately asked Herr Erzberger if he were ready to sign. He said yes. The three ciphered figures at the end of the radio was the prearranged signal proving the authenticity of the telegram. But first of all Hindenburg's message had to be deciphered.

At half past twelve that night the Germans announced their readiness to hold a final sitting.

They arrived in the dark of night and took their places in the same carriage as at first. Then the marshal came in. Every one sat down. Foch then read the final conditions of the armistice. The whole of the document was gone through with its two schedules. The reading took a long time. Then it was again discussed. The Germans asked for a certain number of alterations. Foch granted some, but refused the others. All this went on until a quarter past five.

Foch asked the Germans to sign on a blank page before the final clauses agreed to should be typed. They consented. It was decided that, the signatures having been exchanged at five in the morning, it would be six hours later, namely, at eleven o'clock, that operations should cease all along the front.

Two penholders were used for the appending of the signatures: one for the French and English, another for the Germans. The marshal kept the first one for himself, and offered the other one to Mr. Clemenceau. It was half past five when this memorable sitting was over.

Foch returned to his private compartment and rested a few moments in his armchair, then returned to the bureau carriage. In the meantime the secretaries had finished copying out the whole of the document; the "dossier" was ready. Foch took charge of it. All breakfasted together, then he motored to Paris so as to personally announce the joyous event to M. Poincaré and M. Clemenceau.

Captain Geyer, in the name of the German plenipotentiaries, called about half past nine to fetch the document. It was handed him in exchange for a signed receipt. At twelve the German train left Rethonde. The French one, without the marshal, who had already left, started at a quarter past twelve.

Whilst stopping a few minutes on the bridge near Compiègne, Foch's officers saw in the distance, near Tergnier, the fast-receding train bearing the German plenipotentiaries. Weygand, motoring to Versailles, left the train at Compiègne.

Joyous peals rang from every steeple in the town. The animation and enthusiasm were all the more striking since for the last three days Foch's staff had been living in the depths of a forest, far from every human sound. The station was full of gay young soldiers. Recognizing General Weygand as he was leaving his carriage, they bore him in triumph on their shoulders.

"Here's the marshal's train," they shouted. It was surrounded and taken by storm. They begged for the flowers on his table, which Captain Boutal, the A. D. C., gave them.

Meanwhile, in Paris, toward the end of the morning the news of the signing of the armistice had spread like wild-fire throughout the city. The bells rang out gayly, guns saluted the glad tidings, flags sprang as by magic from every window, merry crowds filled the streets, here and there cortèges lined up, soldiers and civilians, old and young, women, old men, children, all mingled in the same joy, the same wild enthusiasm.

The French, who had so patiently endured and waited through long years of bloodshed, at last found, in this supreme hour of their history, a just reward for all

their suffering, marvellous energy, and fortitude.

One often wonders why the conditions of the armistice, however hard, were not made ten times harder, and why the Allies did not exact an unconditional surrender, since they were, after all, wholly victorious and complete masters of the situation.

Germany knew all was up with her. Beaten militarily by the irresistible force of the Allies' attacks, she knew retreat was doomed to disaster, when all her war material and prisoners by thousands would fall into the enemy's hands; beaten politically, also, for she was in the throes of a revolution that added further trouble and anarchy to the general state of depression. The Allies were therefore in a position to exact all they demanded. They could have forced Germany to capitulate, to withdraw her troops, and abandon all her guns, machine guns, ammunition, aeroplanes, etc.

It is quite certain that an unconditional capitulation like the one imposed on the French at Sedan, for example, would have impressed the German mind far more vividly.

They would then have felt they were really beaten, realized the shattering of their great military power. As it was, they did not realize it. The intelligent, thinking part of the people knew how matters stood. They knew the army was defeated, as defeated as it was possible for an army to be. But the bulk of the nation? It saw the troops return to the "Vaterland" with arms and baggage, and believed, and everything was done to stimulate that belief, that the German armies, still intact, had been vanquished, not on the battle-fields of France, but by the revolution at home. Anxious to clear its reputation, the German staff did all it could to spread that popular belief throughout the country.

Ludendorff's vastly interesting "Memoirs" that I am now reading were written with the one object of exonerating the staff from all responsibility and imputing all the blame to the government, statesmen, diplomats, etc.

There was no excuse for the Allies: they knew Germany; France especially

had paid dearly enough for that knowledge; they knew how German militarism had poisoned the German. Why, then, did they not exact still harder conditions?

I have often discussed the subject with military and political men, who had taken a prominent part in the drawing up of the armistice: the haunting spectre of Bolshevism weighed no doubt heavily on their decision. Germany was threatened on many sides by anarchist risings. Anything might happen in a country in full revolution, where in a few days whole dynasties had crumbled to earth, should it be left without sufficient means of military repression. That would have placed the Allies in a very awkward position; they would have been forced to conclude a treaty with a country having no government, or one scarcely worthy of the name. Whilst crippling her armies and preventing them from doing further harm, it was, therefore, considered prudent to leave her sufficient troops to cope with the situation at home.

Several weeks previously the military and political heads of the Entente had been busy discussing the conditions of the armistice. During the last weeks of October the British staff had urged treating on more lenient terms than those obtained by Foch. The English scarcely realized at the time the real state of the German army. Their own troops, who had been strenuously fighting with the utmost valor for weeks without a rest, were very worn out. Sir Douglas Haig thought that the German staff, by shortening its front and withdrawing as far as the Rhine, might still be capable of considerable resistance and holding out for another year.

Not so Foch, who was of quite another opinion. From the end of July he was convinced the war would be over in 1918. He succeeded in making all the others share that conviction. It was he and his staff who drew up the military clauses of the armistice. His main idea was to cripple the German army without utterly destroying it, so that should events warrant, it would only take a few days for the Allies to completely master it. Was that

aim attained? Most emphatically, yes. Deprived of the bulk of its machine guns, artillery, aeroplanes, etc., compelled to retreat to the other side of the Rhine, the German army was utterly incapable of offering any serious resistance. Holding the three main bridges of Cologne, Coblenz, Mayence (Kehl was added to the list later on), the Allies were thus able to command the vital points of the country, the coal-fields of the Ruhr, Essen, the largest cities, etc. Germany was thus bound hand and foot. Had she refused to accept the conditions the Allies imposed on her, it would not have taken them long to force her to cry for mercy.

From a military point of view the armistice had thus fulfilled all expectations. Marshal Foch could not foresee that it would take months and months over the terms of peace. How could he suppose that by their ridiculous methods, or rather want of method, they would delight in muddling up and complicating the simplest of questions?

An armistice—as its name signifies—is a purely military convention. But the French Government, that should have foreseen that the Treaty of Peace would take a long time to compile, would have been fully justified in including a certain number of political, economical, and financial questions of the greatest importance in this military convention. The extradition of German officers accused of crime could and should have been exacted. The Germans would then have handed them over without any difficulty. The question of the Kaiser could likewise have been solved. France would have been perfectly justified in demanding the immediate restitution of all the Germans had stolen in the northern provinces, furniture, machinery, cattle, etc., etc. She could have claimed the immediate payment of several millions, enabling her to start the rebuilding of those provinces the Germans had wantonly destroyed.

All that ought to have been settled as soon as the armistice was signed.

France would have been all the richer, and the rest of the world all the quieter, had those measures been taken.

ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHNN

XV



STRIKING figure the lad made riding into the old capital one afternoon just before the sun sank behind the western woods. Had it been dusk he might have been thought to be an Indian sprung magically from the wilds and riding into civilization on a stolen thoroughbred. Students no longer wandered through the campus of William and Mary College. Only an occasional maid in silk and lace tripped along the street in high-heeled shoes and clocked stockings, and no coach and four was in sight. The governor's palace, in its great yard amid linden-trees, was closed and deserted. My Lord Dunmore was long in sad flight, as Erskine later learned, and not in his coach with its six milk-white horses. But there was the bust of Sir Walter in front of Raleigh Tavern, and there he drew up, before the steps where he was once nigh to taking Dane Grey's life. A negro servant came forward to care for his horse, but a coal-black young giant leaped around the corner and seized the bridle with a welcoming cry:

"Marse Erskine! But I knowed Fire-fly fust." It was Ephraim, the groom who had brought out Barbara's ponies, who had turned the horse over to him for the race at the fair.

"I come frum de plantation fer ole Marse," the boy explained. The host of the tavern heard and came down to give his welcome, for any Dale, no matter what his garb, could always have the best in that tavern. More than that, a bewigged solicitor, learning his name, presented himself with the cheerful news that he had quite a little sum of money that had been confided to his keeping by Colonel Dale for his nephew Erskine. A

strange deference seemed to be paid him by everybody, which was a grateful change from the suspicion he had left among his pioneer friends. The little tavern was thronged, and the air charged with the spirit of war. Indeed, nothing else was talked. My Lord Dunmore had come to a sad and unbemoaned end. He had stayed afar from the battle-field of Point Pleasant and had left stalwart General Lewis to fight Cornstalk and his braves alone. Later my Lady Dunmore and her sprightly daughters took refuge on a man-of-war—whither my lord soon followed them. His fleet ravaged the banks of the rivers and committed every outrage. His marines set fire to Norfolk, which was in ashes when he weighed anchor and sailed away to more depredations. When he intrenched himself on Gwynn's Island, that same stalwart Lewis opened a heavy cannonade on fleet and island, and sent a ball through the indignant nobleman's flag-ship. Next day he saw a force making for the island in boats, and my lord spread all sail; and so back to merry England, and to Virginia no more. Meanwhile Mr. Washington had reached Boston and started his duties under the Cambridge elm. Several times during the talk Erskine had heard mentioned the name of Dane Grey. Young Grey had been with Dunmore and not with Lewis at Point Pleasant, and had been conspicuous at the palace through much of the succeeding turmoil—the hint being his devotion to one of the daughters, since he was now an unquestioned loyalist.

Next morning Erskine rode forth along a sandy road, amidst the singing of birds and through a forest of tiny upshooting leaves, for Red Oaks on the James. He had foresworn Colonel Dale to secrecy as to the note he had left behind giving his birthright to his little cousin Barbara,

and he knew the confidence would be kept inviolate. He could recall the road—every turn of it, for the woodsman's memory is faultless—and he could see the merry cavalcade and hear the gay quips and laughter of that other spring day long ago, for to youth even the space of a year is very long ago. But among the faces that blossomed within the old coach, and nodded and danced like flowers in a wind, his mind's eye was fixed on one alone. At the boat-landing he hitched his horse to the low-swung branch of an oak and took the path through tangled rose-bushes and undergrowth along the bank of the river, halting where it would give him forth on the great, broad, grassy way that led to the house among the oaks. There was the sun-dial that had marked every sunny hour since he had been away. For a moment he stood there, and when he stepped into the open he shrank back hastily—a girl was coming through the opening of boxwood from the house—coming slowly, bareheaded, her hands clasped behind her, her eyes downward. His heart throbbed as he waited, throbbed the more when his ears caught even the soft tread of her little feet, and seemed to stop when she paused at the sun-dial, and as before searched the river with her eyes. And as before the song of negro oarsmen came over the yellow flood, growing stronger as they neared. Soon the girl fluttered a handkerchief and from the single passenger in the stern came an answering flutter of white and a glad cry. At the bend of the river the boat disappeared from Erskine's sight under the bank, and he watched the girl. How she had grown! Her slim figure had rounded and shot upward, and her white gown had dropped to her dainty ankles. Now her face was flushed and her eye flashed with excitement—it was no mere kinsman in that boat, and the boy's heart began to throb again—throb fiercely and with racking emotions that he had never known before. A fiery-looking youth sprang up the landing-steps, bowed gallantly over the girl's hand, and the two turned up the path, the girl rosy with smiles and the youth bending over her with a most protecting and tender air. It was Dane Grey, and the heart of the watcher turned mortal sick.

XVI

A LONG time Erskine sat motionless, wondering what ailed him. He had never liked nor trusted Grey; he believed he would have trouble with him some day, but he had other enemies and he did not feel toward them as he did toward this dandy mincing up that beautiful broad path. With a little grunt he turned back along the path. Firefly whinnied to him and nipped at him with playful restlessness as though eager to be on his way to the barn, and he stood awhile with one arm across his saddle. Once he reached upward to untie the reins, and with another grunt strode back and went rapidly up the path. Grey and Barbara had disappeared, but a tall youth who sat behind one of the big pillars saw him coming and rose, bewildered but not for long. Each recognized the other swiftly, and Hugh came with stiff courtesy forward. Erskine smiled:

"You don't know me?" Hugh bowed:

"Quite well." The woodsman drew himself up with quick breath—paling without, flaming within—but before he could speak there was a quick step and an astonished cry within the hall and Harry sprang out.

"Erskine! Erskine!" he shouted, and he leaped down the steps with both hands outstretched. "You here! You—you old Indian—how did you get here?" He caught Erskine by both hands and then fell to shaking him by the shoulders. "Where's your horse?" And then he noticed the boy's pale and embarrassed face and his eyes shifting to Hugh, who stood, still cold, still courteous, and he checked some hot outburst at his lips.

"I'm glad you've come, and I'm glad you've come right now—where's your horse?"

"I left him hitched at the landing," Erskine had to answer, and Harry looked puzzled:

"The landing! Why, what—" He wheeled and shouted to a darkey:

"Put Master Erskine's horse in the barn and feed him." And he led Erskine within—to the same room where he had slept before, and poured out some water in a bowl.

"Take your time," he said, and he

went back to the porch. Erskine could hear and see him through the latticed blinds.

"Hugh," said the lad in a low, cold voice, "I am host here, and if you don't like this you can take that path."

"You are right," was the answer; "but you wait until Uncle Harry gets home."

The matter was quite plain to Erskine within. The presence of Dane Grey made it plain, and as Erskine dipped both hands into the cold water he made up his mind to an understanding with that young gentleman that would be complete and final. And so he was ready when he and Harry were on the porch again and Barbara and Grey emerged from the rose-bushes and came slowly up the path. Harry looked worried, but Erskine sat still, with a faint smile at his mouth and in his eyes. Barbara saw him first and she did not rush forward. Instead she stopped, with wide eyes, a stifled cry, and a lifting of one hand toward her heart. Grey saw too, flushed rather painfully, and calmed himself. Erskine had sprung down the steps.

"Why, have I changed so much?" he cried. "Hugh didn't seem to know me, either." His voice was gay, friendly, even affectionate, but his eyes danced with strange lights that puzzled the girl.

"Of course I knew you," she faltered, paling a little, but gathering herself rather haughtily—a fact that Erskine seemed not to notice. "You took me by surprise and you have changed—but I don't know how much." The significance of this too seemed to pass Erskine by, for he bent over Barbara's hand and kissed it.

"Never to you, my dear cousin," he said gallantly, and then he bowed to Dane Grey, not offering to shake hands.

"Of course I know Mr. Grey." To say that the gentleman was dumfounded is to put it mildly—this wild Indian playing the courtier with exquisite impudence and doing it well! Harry seemed like to burst with restrained merriment, and Barbara was sorely put to it to keep her poise. The great dinner-bell from behind the house boomed its summons to the woods and fields.

"Come on," called Harry. "I imagine you're hungry, cousin."

"I am," said Erskine. "I've had noth-

ing to eat since—since early morn." Barbara's eyes flashed upward and Grey was plainly startled. Was there a slight stress on those two words? Erskine's face was as expressionless as bronze. Harry had bolted into the hall.

Mrs. Dale was visiting down the river, so Barbara sat in her mother's place, with Erskine at her right, Grey to her left, Hugh next to him, and Harry at the head. Harry did not wait long.

"Now, you White Arrow, you Big Chief, tell us the story. Where have you been, what have you been doing, and what do you mean to do? I've heard a good deal, but I want it all."

Grey began to look uncomfortable, and so, in truth, did Barbara.

"What have you heard?" asked Erskine quietly.

"Never mind," interposed Barbara quickly; "you tell us."

"Well," began Erskine slowly, "you remember that day we met some Indians who told me that old Kahtoo, my foster-father, was ill, and that he wanted to see me before he died? I went exactly as I would have gone had white men given the same message from Colonel Dale, and even for better reasons. A bad prophet was stirring up trouble in the tribe against the old chief. An enemy of mine, Crooked Lightning, was helping him. He wanted his son, Black Wolf, as chief, and the old chief wanted me. I heard the Indians were going to join the British. I didn't want to be chief, but I did want influence in the tribe, so I stayed. There was a white woman in the camp, and an Indian girl named Early Morn. I told the old chief that I would fight with the whites against the Indians and with the whites against them both. Crooked Lightning overheard me, and you can imagine what use he made of what I said. I took the wampum belt for the old chief to the powwow between the Indians and the British, and I found I could do nothing. I met Mr. Grey there." He bowed slightly to Dane and then looked at him steadily. "I was told that he was there in the interest of an English fur company. When I found I could do nothing with the Indians I told the council what I had told the old chief." He paused. Barbara's face was pale and she

was breathing hard. She had not looked at Grey, but Harry had been watching him covertly and he did not look comfortable. Erskine paused.

"What!" shouted Harry. "You told both that you would fight with the whites against both! What'd they do to you?"

Erskine smiled.

"Well, here I am. I jumped over the heads of the outer ring and ran. Firefly heard me calling him. I had left his halter loose. He broke away. I jumped on him and you know nothing can catch Firefly."

"Didn't they shoot at you?"

"Of course." Again he paused.

"Well," said Harry impatiently, "that isn't the end."

"I went back to the camp. Crooked Lightning followed me and they tied me and were going to burn me at the stake."

"Good heavens!" breathed Barbara.

"How'd you get away?"

"The Indian girl, Early Morn, slipped under the tent and cut me loose. The white woman got my gun and Firefly—you know nothing can catch Firefly." The silence was intense. Hugh looked dazed, Barbara was on the point of tears, Harry was triumphant, and Grey was painfully flushed.

"And you want to know what I am going to do now?" Erskine went on. "I'm going with General George Rogers Clark—with what command are you, Mr. Grey?"

"That's a secret," he smiled coolly.

"I'll let you know later," and Barbara, with an inward sigh of relief, rose quickly, but would not leave them behind.

"But the white woman?" questioned Harry. "Why doesn't she leave the Indians?"

"Early Morn—a half-breed—is her daughter," said Erskine simply.

"Oh!" and Harry questioned no farther.

"Early Morn was the best-looking Indian girl I ever saw," said Erskine, "and the bravest." For the first time Grey glanced at Barbara. "She saved my life," Erskine went on gravely, "and mine is hers whenever she needs it." Harry reached over and gripped his hand.

As yet not one word had been said of Grey's misdoing, but Barbara's cool disdain made him shamed and hot, and in

her eyes was the sorrow of her injustice to Erskine. In the hallway she excused herself with a courtesy, Hugh went to the stables, Harry disappeared for a moment, and the two were left alone. With smouldering fire Erskine turned to Grey.

"It seems you have been amusing yourself with my kinspeople at my expense." Grey drew himself up in haughty silence—Erskine went on:

"I have known some liars who were not cowards."

"You forget yourself."

"No—nor you."

"You remember a promise I made you once?"

"Twice," corrected Erskine. Grey's eyes flashed upward to the crossed rapiers on the wall.

"Precisely," answered Erskine, "and when?"

"At the first opportunity."

"From this moment I shall be waiting for nothing else."

Barbara, reappearing, heard their last words, and she came forward pale and with piercing eyes:

"Cousin Erskine, I want to apologize to you for my little faith. I hope you will forgive me. Mr. Grey, your horse will be at the door at once. I wish you a safe journey—to your command." Grey bowed and turned—furious.

Erskine was on the porch when Grey came out to mount his horse.

"You will want seconds?" asked Grey.

"They might try to stop us—no!"

"I shall ride slowly," Grey said. Erskine bowed.

"I shall not."

XVII

NOR did he. Within half an hour Barbara, passing through the hall, saw that the rapiers were gone from the wall and she stopped, with the color fled from her face and her hand on her heart. At that moment Ephraim dashed in from the kitchen.

"Miss Barbary, somebody gwine to git killed. I was wukkin' in de ole field an' Marse Grey rid by cussin' to hisself. Jist now Marse Erskine went tearin' by de landin' wid a couple o' swords under his arm." His eyes too went to the wall.

"Yes, bless Gawd, dey's gone!" Barbara flew out the door.

In a few moments she had found Harry and Hugh. Even while their horses were being saddled her father rode up.

"It's murder," cried Harry, "and Grey knows it. Erskine knows nothing about a rapier."

Without a word Colonel Dale wheeled his tired horse and soon Harry and Hugh dashed after him. Barbara walked back to the house, wringing her hands, but on the porch she sat quietly in the agony of waiting that was the rôle of women in those days.

Meanwhile, at a swift gallop Firefly was skimming along the river road. Grey had kept his word and more: he had not only ridden slowly but he had stopped and was waiting at an oak-tree that was a corner-stone between two plantations.

"That I may not kill you on your own land," he said.

Erskine started. "The consideration is deeper than you know."

They hitched their horses, and Erskine followed into a pleasant glade—a grassy glade through which murmured a little stream. Erskine dropped the rapiers on the sward.

"Take your choice," he said.

"There is none," said Grey, picking up the one nearer to him. "I know them both." Grey took off his coat while Erskine waited. Grey made the usual moves of courtesy and still Erskine waited, wonderingly, with the point of the rapier on the ground.

"When you are ready," he said, "will you please let me know?"

"Ready!" answered Grey, and he lunged forward. Erskine merely whipped at his blade so that the clang of it whined on the air to the breaking-point and sprang backward. He was as quick as an eyelash and lithe as a panther, and yet Grey almost laughed aloud. All Erskine did was to whip the thrusting blade aside and leap out of danger like a flash of light. It was like an inexperienced boxer flailing according to rules unknown—and Grey's face flamed and actually turned anxious. Then, as a kindly fate would have it, Erskine's blade caught in Grey's guard by accident, and the powerful wrist behind it seeking merely to wrench the weapon

loose tore Grey's rapier from his grasp and hurled it ten feet away. There is no greater humiliation for the expert swordsman, and not for nothing had Erskine suffered the shame of that long-ago day when a primitive instinct had led him to thrusting his knife into this same enemy's breast. Now, with his sword's point on the earth, he waited courteously for Grey to recover his weapon.

Again a kindly fate intervened. Even as Grey rushed for his sword, Erskine heard the beat of horses' hoofs. As he snatched it from the ground and turned, with a wicked smile over his grinding teeth, came Harry's shout, and as he rushed for Erskine Colonel Dale swung from his horse. The steel blades clashed, Erskine whipping back and forth in a way to make a swordsman groan—and Colonel Dale had Erskine by the wrist and was between them.

"How dare you, sir?" cried Grey hotly.

"Just a moment, young gentleman," said Colonel Dale calmly.

"Let us alone, Uncle Harry—I——"

"Just a moment," repeated the colonel sternly. "Mr. Grey, do you think it quite fair that you with your skill should fight a man who knows nothing about foils?"

"There was no other way," Grey said sullenly.

"And you could not wait, I presume?" Grey did not answer.

"Now, hear what I have to say, and if you both do not agree the matter will be arranged to your entire satisfaction, Mr. Grey. I have but one question to ask. Your country is at war. She needs every man for her defense. Do you not both think your lives belong to your country and that it is selfish and unpatriotic just now to risk them in any other cause?" He waited for his meaning to sink in and sink it did.

"Colonel Dale, your nephew grossly insulted me, and your daughter showed me the door. I made no defense to him nor to her, but I will to you. I merely repeated what I had been told and I believed it true. Now that I hear it is not true I agree with you, sir, and I am willing to express my regrets and apologies."

"That is better," said Colonel Dale heartily, and he turned to Erskine, but Erskine was crying hotly:

"And I express neither."

"Very well," sneered Grey coldly. "Perhaps we may meet when your relatives are not present to protect you."

"Uncle Harry—" Erskine implored, but Grey was turning toward his horse.

"After all, Colonel Dale is right."

"Yes," assented Erskine helplessly, and then—"it is possible that we shall not always be on the same side."

"So I thought," returned Grey with lifted eyebrows, "when I heard what I did about you!" Both Harry and Hugh had to catch Erskine by an arm then, and they led him struggling away. Grey mounted his horse, lifted his hat, and was gone. Colonel Dale picked up the swords.

"Now," he said, "enough of all this—let it be forgotten."

And he laughed.

"You'll have to confess, Erskine—he has a quick tongue and you must think only of his temptation to use it."

Erskine did not answer.

As they rode back Colonel Dale spoke of the war. It was about to move into Virginia, he said, and when it did—both Harry and Hugh interrupted him with a glad shout:

"We can go!" Colonel Dale nodded sadly.

Suddenly all pulled their horses in simultaneously and raised their eyes, for all heard the coming of a horse in a dead run. Around a thicketed curve of the road came Barbara, with her face white and her hair streaming behind her. She pulled her pony in but a few feet in front of them, with her burning eyes on Erskine alone.

"Have you killed him—have you killed him? If you have—" She stopped helpless, and all were so amazed that none could answer. Erskine shook his head. There was a flash of relief in the girl's white face, its recklessness gave way to sudden shame, and, without a word, she wheeled and was away again—Harry flying after her. No one spoke. Colonel Dale looked aghast and Erskine's heart again turned sick.

XVIII

THE sun was close to the uneven sweep of the wilderness. Through its slanting

rays the river poured like a flood of gold. The negroes were on the way singing from the fields. Cries, chaffing, and the musical clanking of trace-chains came from the barnyard. Hungry cattle were lowing and full-uddered mothers were mooring answers to bawling calves. A peacock screamed from a distant tree and sailed forth, full-spread—a great gleaming winged jewel of the air. In crises the nerves tighten like violin strings, the memory-plates turn abnormally sensitive—and Erskine was not to forget that hour.

The house was still and not a soul was in sight as the three, still silent, walked up the great path. When they were near the portico Harry came out. He looked worried and anxious.

"Where's Barbara?" asked her father.

"Locked in her room."

"Let her alone," said Colonel Dale gently. Like brother and cousin, Harry and Hugh were merely irritated by the late revelation, but the father was shocked that his child was no longer a child. Erskine remembered the girl as she waited for Grey's coming at the sundial, her face as she walked with him up the path. For a moment the two boys stood in moody silence. Harry took the rapiers in and put them in their place on the wall. Hugh quietly disappeared. Erskine, with a word of apology, went to his room, and Colonel Dale sat down on the porch alone.

As the dusk gathered, Erskine, looking gloomily through his window, saw the girl flutter like a white moth past the box-hedge and down the path. A moment later he saw the tall form of Colonel Dale follow her—and both passed from sight. On the thick turf the colonel's feet too were noiseless, and when Barbara stopped at the sun-dial he too paused. Her hands were caught tight and her drawn young face was lifted to the yellow disk just rising from the far forest gloom. She was unhappy, and the colonel's heart ached sorely, for any unhappiness of hers always trebled his own.

"Little girl!" he called, and no lover's voice could have been more gentle. "Come here!"

She turned and saw him, with arms outstretched, the low moon lighting all the



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The steel blades clashed, Erskine whipping back and forth in a way to make a swordsman groan.

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tenderness in his fine old face, and she flew to him and fell to weeping on his breast. In wise silence he stroked her hair until she grew a little calmer.

"What's the matter, little daughter?"

"I—I—don't know."

"I understand. You were quite right to send him away, but you did not want him harmed."

"I—I—didn't want anybody harmed."

"I know. It's too bad, but none of us seem quite to trust him."

"That's it," she sobbed; "I don't either, and yet——"

"I know. I know. My little girl must be wise and brave, and maybe it will all pass and she will be glad. But she must be brave. Mother is not well and she must not be made unhappy too. She must not know. Can't my little girl come back to the house now? She must be hostess and this is Erskine's last night." She looked up, brushing away her tears.

"His last night?" Ah, wise old colonel!

"Yes—he goes to-morrow to join Colonel Clark at Williamsburg on his foolish campaign in the Northwest. We might never see him again."

"Oh, father!"

"Well, it isn't that bad, but my little girl must be very nice to him. He seems to be very unhappy too."

Barbara looked thoughtful, but there was no pretense of not understanding.

"I'm sorry," she said. She took her father's arm, and when they reached the steps Erskine saw her smiling. And smiling, almost gay, she was at supper, sitting with exquisite dignity in her mother's place. Harry and Hugh looked amazed, and her father, who knew the bit of tempered steel she was, smiled his encouragement proudly. Of Erskine, who sat at her right, she asked many questions about the coming campaign. Colonel Clark had said he would go with a hundred men if he could get no more. The rallying-point would be the fort in Kentucky where he had first come back to his own people, and Dave Yandell would be captain of a company. He himself was going as guide, though he hoped to act as soldier as well. Perhaps they might bring back the Hair-Buyer, General Hamilton, a prisoner to Williamsburg, and then he would join Harry and Hugh

in the militia if the war came south and Virginia were invaded, as some prophesied, by Tarleton's White Rangers, who had been ravaging the Carolinas. After supper the little lady excused herself with a smiling courtesy to go to her mother, and Erskine found himself in the moonlight on the big portico with Colonel Dale alone.

"Erskine," he said, "you make it very difficult for me to keep your secret. Hugh alone seems to suspect—he must have got the idea from Grey, but I have warned him to say nothing. The others seem not to have thought of the matter at all. It was a boyish impulse of generosity which you may regret——"

"Never," interrupted the boy. "I have no use—less than ever now."

"Nevertheless," the colonel went on, "I regard myself as merely your steward, and I must tell you one thing. Mr. Jefferson, as you know, is always at open war with people like us. His hand is against coach and four, silver plate, and aristocrat. He is fighting now against the law that gives property to the eldest son, and he will pass the bill. His argument is rather amusing. He says if you will show him that the eldest son eats more, wears more, and does more work than his brothers, he will grant that that son is entitled to more. He wants to blot out all distinctions of class. He can't do that, but he will pass this bill."

"I hope he will," muttered Erskine.

"Barbara would not accept your sacrifice nor would any of us, and it is only fair that I should warn you that some day, if you should change your mind, and I were no longer living, you might be too late."

"Please don't, Uncle Harry. It is done—done. Of course, it wasn't fair for me to consider Barbara alone, but she will be fair and you understand. I wish you would regard the whole matter as though I didn't exist."

"I can't do that, my boy. I am your steward and when you want anything you have only to let me know!" Erskine shook his head.

"I don't want anything—I need very little, and when I'm in the woods, as I expect to be most of the time, I need nothing at all." Colonel Dale rose.

"I wish you would go to college at Williamsburg for a year or two to better fit yourself—in case——"

"I'd like to go—to learn to fence," smiled the boy, and the colonel smiled too.

"You'll certainly need to know that, if you are going to be as reckless as you were to-day." Erskine's eyes darkened.

"Uncle Harry, you may think me foolish, but I don't like or trust Grey. What was he doing with those British traders out in the northwest?—he was not buying furs. It's absurd. Why was he hand in glove with Lord Dunmore?"

"Lord Dunmore had a daughter," was the dry reply, and Erskine flung out a gesture that made words unnecessary. Colonel Dale crossed the porch and put his hand on the lad's shoulders.

"Erskine," he said, "don't worry—and—don't give up hope. Be patient, wait, come back to us. Go to William and Mary. Fit yourself to be one of us in all ways. Then everything may yet come out in the only way that would be fitting and right." The boy blushed, and the colonel went on earnestly:

"I can think of nothing in the world that would make me quite so happy."

"It's no use," the boy said tremblingly, "but I'll never forget what you have just said as long as I live, and, no matter what becomes of me, I'll love Barbara as long as I live. But, even if things were otherwise, I'd never risk making her unhappy even by trying. I'm not fit for her nor for this life. I'll never forget the goodness of all of you to me—I can't explain—but I can't get over my life in the woods and among the Indians. Why, but for all of you I might have gone back to them—I would yet. I can't explain, but I get choked and I can't breathe—such a longing for the woods comes over me and I can't help me. I must go—and nothing can hold me."

"Your father was that way," said Colonel Dale sadly. "You may get over it, but he never did. And it must be harder for you because of your early associations. Blow out the lights in the hall. You needn't bolt the door. Good night, and God bless you." And the kindly gentleman was gone.

Erskine sat where he was. The house

was still and there were no noises from the horses and cattle in the barn—none from roosting peacock, turkey, and hen. From the far-away quarters came faintly the merry, mellow notes of a fiddle, and farther still the song of some courting negro returning home. A drowsy bird twittered in an ancient elm at the corner of the house. The flowers drooped in the moonlight which bathed the great path, streamed across the great river, and on up to its source in the great yellow disk floating in majestic serenity high in the cloudless sky. And that path, those flowers, that house, the barn, the cattle, sheep, and hogs, those grain-fields and grassy acres, even those singing black folk, were all—all his if he but said the words. The thought was no temptation—it was a mighty wonder that such a thing could be. And that was all it was—a wonder—to him, but to them it was the world. Without it all, what would they do? Perhaps Mr. Jefferson might soon solve the problem for him. Perhaps he might not return from that wild campaign against the British and the Indians—he might get killed. And then a thought gripped him and held him fast—*he need not come back*. That mighty wilderness beyond the mountains was his real home—out there was his real life. He need not come back, and they would never know. Then came a thought that almost made him groan. There was a light step in the hall, and Barbara came swiftly out and dropped on the topmost step with her chin in both hands. Almost at once she seemed to feel his presence, for she turned her head quickly.

"Erskine!" As quickly he rose, embarrassed beyond speech.

"Come here! Why, you look guilty—what have you been thinking?" He was startled by her intuition, but he recovered himself swiftly.

"I suppose I will always feel guilty if I have made you unhappy."

"You haven't made me unhappy. I don't know what you have made me. Papa says a girl does not understand and no man can, but he does better than anybody. You saw how I felt if you had killed him, but you don't know how I would have felt if he had killed you. I don't myself."

She began patting her hands gently and helplessly together, and again she dropped her chin into them with her eyes lifted to the moon.

"I shall be very unhappy when you are gone. I wish you were not going, but I know that you are—you can't help it." Again he was startled.

"Whenever you look at that moon over in that dark wilderness, I wish you would please think of your little cousin—will you?" She turned eagerly and he was too moved to speak—he only bowed his head as for a prayer or a benediction.

"You don't know how often our thoughts will cross, and that will be a great comfort to me. Sometimes I am afraid. There is a wild strain on my mother's side, and it is in me. Papa knows it and he is wise—so wise—I am afraid I may sometimes do something very foolish, and it won't be *me* at all. It will be somebody that died long ago." She put both her hands over both his and held them tight.

"I never, never distrusted you. I trust you more than anybody else in the whole world except my father, and he might be away or"—she gave a little sob—"he might get killed. I want you to make me a promise."

"Anything," said the boy huskily.

"I want you to promise me that, no matter when, no matter where you are, if I need you and send for you you will come." And Indian-like he put his forehead on both her little hands.

"Thank you. I must go now." Bewildered and dazed, the boy rose and awkwardly put out his hand.

"Kiss me good-by." She put her arms about his neck, and for the first time in his life the boy's lips met a woman's. For a moment she put her face against his and at his ear was a whisper.

"Good-by, Erskine!" And she was gone—swiftly—leaving the boy in a dizzy world of falling stars through which a white light leaped to heights his soul had never dreamed.

(To be continued.)

HENRY JAMES

BY EDMUND GOSSE, C. B.

[SECOND ARTICLE]



THE abrupt change in Henry James' outlook on life, which was the result of his violent disillusion with regard to theatrical hopes and ambitions, took the form of a distaste for London and a determination, vague enough at first, to breathe for the future in a home of his own by the sea. He thought of Bournemouth, more definitely of Torquay, but finally his fate was sealed by his being offered, for the early summer months of 1896, a small house on the cliff at Point Hill, Playden, whence he could look down, as from "an eagle's nest," on the exquisite little red-roofed town of Rye, and over the wide floor of the marsh of Sussex. When the time came for his being turned out of this retreat, he positively could not face the problem of returning

to the breathless heat of London in August, and he secured the vicarage in the heart of Rye itself, for two months more. Here, as earlier at Point Hill, I was his guest, and it was wonderful to observe how his whole moral and intellectual nature seemed to burgeon and expand in the new and delicious liberty of country life. We were incessantly in the open air, on the terrace (for the vicarage, though musty and dim, possessed, like the fresher Point Hill, a sea-looking terrace), sauntering round the little town, or roving for miles and miles over the illimitable flats, to Winchelsea, to Lydd, to the recesses of Walland Marsh, even, on one peerless occasion, so far afield as to Midley Chapel and the Romseys.

Never had I known Henry James so radiant, so cheerful or so self-assured. During the earlier London years there

had hung over him a sort of canopy, a mixture of reserve and deprecation, faintly darkening the fulness of communion with his character; there always had seemed to be something indefinably non-conductive between him and those in whom he had most confidence. While the play-writing fit was on him, this had deepened almost into fretfulness; the complete freedom of intercourse which is the charm of friendship had been made more and more difficult by an excess of sensibility. Henry James had become almost what the French call a *buisson d'épines*. It was therefore surprising, and highly delightful, to find that this cloud had ceased to brood over him, and had floated away, leaving behind it a laughing azure in which quite a new and charming Henry James stood revealed. The summer of 1896, when by a succession of happy chances I was much alone with him at Rye, rests in my recollection as made exquisite by his serene and even playful uniformity of temper, by the removal of everything which had made intercourse occasionally difficult and by the addition of forms of amenity that had scarcely been foreshadowed.

On reflection, however, I find that I am mixing up memories of June at Point Hill and of September at the vicarage with the final Rye adventure, which must now be chronicled. When he was obliged to turn out of his second refuge, he returned to London, but with an ever-deepening nostalgia for the little Sussex town where he had been happy. In the following summer, the voice of Venice called him so loudly that he stayed in London longer than usual, meaning to spend the autumn and winter in Italy. He thought meanwhile of Bournemouth and of Saxmundham, he went on his bicycle round the desolate ghost of Dunwich, but his heart was whispering "Rye" to him all the while. Nothing then seemed available, however, when suddenly the unexpected vacancy of the most eligible residence conceivable settled, in the course of a couple of days, the whole future earthly pilgrimage of Henry James. The huge fact was immediately announced in a letter of the 25th of September, 1897:

"I am just drawing a long breath from having signed—a few moments since—a most portentous parchment: the lease of

a smallish, charming, cheap old house in the country—down at Rye—for 21 years."

"(It was built about 1705.)"

"It is exactly what I want and secretly and hopelessly coveted (since knowing it) without dreaming it would ever fall. But it *has* fallen—and has a beautiful room for you (the King's Room—George II's—who slept there); together with every promise of yielding me an indispensable retreat from May to October (every year). I hope you are not more sorry to take up the load of life that awaits, these days, the hunch of one's shoulders than I am. You'll ask me what I mean by 'life.' Come down to Lamb House and I'll tell you."

There were the most delightful possibilities in the property, which included a small garden and lawn, the whole hemmed in by a peaceful old red wall, plentifully tapestried with espaliers. The noble tower of Rye church looked down into it, and Henry James felt that the chimes sounded sweetly to him as he faced his garden in monastic quiet, the little market-town packed tightly about him, yet wholly out of sight.

Meanwhile the intellectual release had been none the less marked than the physical. The earliest result of his final escape from the lures of the Vivian of the stage had been the composition of a novel, "The Spoils of Poynton," in a manner entirely different from that of his earlier long romances. This was published in 1897, and in the meantime he had set to work on a longer and more ambitious romance, "What Maisie Knew." In these he began the exercise of what has been called his "later manner," which it would be out of proportion to attempt to attempt to define in a study which purports to be biographical rather than critical. It is enough to remind the reader familiar with Henry James's writings that in abandoning the more popular and conventional method of composition he aimed at nothing less than a revolution in the art of the novelist.

While thus actively engaged in a new scheme of life, he found it more and more difficult to break "the spell of immobility" which enveloped him. He who had been so ready to start on any call of impulse in any direction, found it impossible to bring himself to respond, at

Christmas, 1897, to the appeal of Madame Alphonse Daudet to come over to Paris to grace the obsequies of her illustrious husband. The friends—and the author of “Jack” was the most intimate of James’s Parisian acquaintances—had not met after 1895, when Daudet had spent a month in London mainly under the charge of Henry James, since which time the French novelist’s life had been sapped and drained from him by a disease the symptoms of which were beginning to be painfully manifest when he was with us in London. The old French friends were now disappearing. Their places in Henry James’s affection were partly filled by Paul Bourget and by Maurice Barrès, whose remarkable and rather “gruesome” book, “*Les Déracinés*,” now supplied James with an endless subject of talk and reflection.

The first novel actually completed at Lamb House was “*The Awkward Age*,” which was ready for the printers early in 1898. The ecstasy with which he settled down to appreciate his new surroundings is reflected in that novel, where the abode of Mr. Longdon is neither more nor less than a picture of Lamb House. It was a wonderful summer and autumn, and, as Henry James said, “the air of the place thrilled all the while with the bliss of birds, the hum of little lives unseen, and the flicker of white butterflies.” The MS. of “*The Awkward Age*” was no sooner finished, than he took up the germ of an incident dimly related to him years before at Addington, by Archbishop Benson, and wove it into “*The Turn of the Screw*,” a sort of moral (or immoral) ghost-story which not a few readers consider to be the most powerful of all his writings, and which others again peculiarly detest. I admit myself to be a hanger-on of the former group, and I have very vivid recollections of the period when “*The Turn of the Screw*” was being composed. The author discussed it with a freedom not usual with him. I remember that when he had finished it, he said to me one day: “I had to correct the proofs of my ghost-story last night, and when I had finished them I was so frightened that I was afraid to go upstairs to bed!”

By the close of 1898 he had got rid of the flat in De Vere Gardens, which had

become a mere burden to him, and had taken what he called an “invaluable south-looking Carlton-Gardens-sweeping bedroom” at the Reform Club in Pall Mall, which served his brief and sudden pilgrimages to town for many seasons. Lamb House, in the course of this year, became his almost exclusive residence, and it is to be noted that at the same time a remarkable change came over the nature of his correspondence. He had been a meticulous, but not very inspired letter-writer in early youth; his capacity for epistolary composition and his appetite for it had developed remarkably in the middle years (1882–1890). During the hectic period of his theatrical ambition it had dwindled again. But when he settled finally at Rye, spreading himself in luxurious contentment within the protection of his old brick garden-wall, the pink and purple surface of which stood in his fancy as a sort of body-guard of security passed down for that particular purpose through mild ages of restfulness—as soon as he sat, with his household gods about him, in the almost cotton-woolly hush of Lamb House, he began to blossom out into a correspondent of a new and splendid class. The finest and most characteristic letters of Henry James start with his fifty-fifth year, and they continue to expand in volume, in richness and in self-revelation almost to the close of his life. On this subject, Mr. Percy Lubbock, than whom no one has known better the idiosyncracies of Henry James, has described his method of correspondence in a passage which could not be bettered:

“The rich apologies for silence and backwardness that preface so many of his letters must be interpreted in the light, partly indeed of his natural luxuriance of phraseology, but much more of his generous conception of the humblest correspondent’s claim on him for response. He could not answer a brief note of friendliness but with pages of abounding eloquence. He never dealt in the mere small change of intercourse; the post-card and the half-sheet did not exist for him; a few lines of inquiry would bring from him a bulging packet of manuscript, overwhelming in its disproportion. No wonder that with this standard of the meaning of a letter he often groaned under

his postal burden. He discharged himself of it, in general, very late at night; the morning's work left him too much exhausted for more composition until then. At midnight he would sit down to his letter-writing and cover sheet after sheet, sometimes for hours, with his dashing and not very readable script. Occasionally he would give up a day to the working off of arrears by dictation, seldom omitting to excuse himself to each correspondent in turn for the infliction of the 'fierce legibility' of type."

This amplitude of correspondence was the outcome of an affectionate solicitude for his friends, which led him in another direction, namely in that of exercising a hospitality toward them for which he had never found an opportunity before. He did not, however, choose to collect anything which might remotely be called "a party"; what he really preferred was the presence of a single friend at a time, of a companion who would look after himself in the morning, and be prepared for a stroll with his host in the afternoon, and for a banquet of untrammelled conversation under the lamp or on the expanse of the lawn after the comfortable descent of nightfall.

His practice in regard to such a visitor was always to descend to the railway station below the town to welcome the guest, who would instantly recognize his remarkable figure hurrying along the platform. Under the large soft hat would be visible the large pale face, anxiously scanning the carriage-windows and breaking into smiles of sunshine when the newcomer was discovered. Welcome was signified by both hands waved aloft, lifting the skirts of the customary cloak, like wings. Then, luggage attended to, and the arm of the guest securely seized, as though even now there might be an attempt at escape, a slow ascent on foot would begin up the steep streets, the last and steepest of all leading to a discreet door, which admitted directly to the broad hall of Lamb House. Within were, to right and left, the pleasant old rooms, with low windows opening straight into the garden, which was so sheltered and economized as to seem actually spacious. Further to the left was a lofty detached room, full of books and lights, where in summer Henry James

usually wrote, secluded from all possible disturbance.

The ascent of arrival from the railway grew to be more and more interesting as time went on; and as the novelist became more and more a familiar and respected citizen, it was much interrupted at last by bows from ladies and salaams from shopkeepers; many little boys and girls, the latter having often curtsied, had to be greeted, and sometimes patted on the head. These social movements used to inspire in me the inquiry: "Well, how soon are you to be the mayor-elect of Rye?" a pleasantry which was always well received. So obviously did Henry James, in the process of years, become the Leading Inhabitant, that it grew to seem no impossibility. Stranger things had happened! No civic authority would have been more conscientious and few less efficient.

His outward appearance developed in accordance with his moral and intellectual expansion. I have said that in early life Henry James was not "impressive"; as time went on his appearance became, on the contrary, excessively noticeable and arresting. He removed the beard which had long disguised his face, and so revealed the strong lines of mouth and chin, which responded to the majesty of the skull. In the breadth and smoothness of the head—Henry James became almost wholly bald early in life—there was at length something sacerdotal. As time went on he grew less and less Anglo-Saxon in appearance and more Latin. I remember once seeing a canon preaching in the Cathedral of Toulouse who was the picture of Henry James in his unction, his gravity, and his vehemence. Sometimes there could be noted—what Henry would have hated to think existing—a theatrical look which struck the eye, as though he might be some retired *jeune premier* of the Français, *jeune* no longer; and often the prelatical expression faded into a fleeting likeness to one or other celebrated Frenchman of letters (never to any Englishman or American), somewhat of Lacordaire in the intolerable scrutiny of the eyes, somewhat of Sainte-Beuve, too, in all except the mouth, which, though mobile and elastic, gave the impression in rest of being small. All these comparisons and suggestions, however, must be

taken as the barest hints, intended to mark the tendency of Henry James's radically powerful and unique outer appearance. The beautiful modelling of the brows, waxing and waning under the stress of excitement, is a point which singularly dwells in the memory.

It is very difficult to give an impression of his manner, which was complex in the extreme, now restrained with a deep reserve, now suddenly expanding, so as to leave the auditor breathless, into a flood of exuberance. He had the habit of keeping his friends apart from one another; his intimacies were contained in many water-tight compartments. He disliked to think that he was the subject of an interchange of impressions, and, though he who discussed everybody and everything with the most penetrating and analyzing curiosity must have known perfectly well that he also, in his turn, was the theme of endless discussion, he liked to ignore it and to feign to be a bodiless spectator. Accordingly, he was not apt to pay for the revelations, confidences, guesses, and what-not which he so eagerly demanded and enjoyed by any coin of a similar species. He begged the human race to plunge into experiences, but he proposed to take no plunge himself, or at least to have no audience when he plunged.

So discreet was he, and so like a fountain sealed, that many of those who were well acquainted with him have supposed that he was mainly a creature of observation and fancy, and that life stirred his intellect while leaving his senses untouched. But every now and then he disclosed to a friend, or rather admitted such a friend to, a flash or glimpse of deeper things. The glimpse was never prolonged or illuminated—it was like peering down for a moment through some chasm in the rocks dimmed by the vapor of a clash of waves. One such flash will always leave my memory dazzled. I was staying alone with Henry James at Rye one summer, and as twilight deepened we walked together in the garden. I forget by what meanders we approached the subject, but I suddenly found that in profuse and enigmatic language he was recounting to me an experience, something that had happened, not something repeated or imagined. He spoke of standing on the pavement of a city, in the

dusk, and of gazing upward across the misty street, watching, watching for the lighting of a lamp in a window on the third story. And the lamp blazed out, and through bursting tears he strained to see what was behind it, the unapproachable face. And for hours he stood there, wet with the rain, brushed by the phantom hurrying figures of the scene, and never from behind the lamp was for one moment visible the face. The mysterious and poignant revelation closed, and one could make no comment, ask no question, being throttled one's self by an overpowering emotion. And for a long time Henry James shuffled beside me in the darkness, shaking the dew off the laurels, and still there was no sound at all in the garden but what our heels made crunching the gravel, nor was the silence broken when suddenly we entered the house and he disappeared for an hour.

But the gossamer thread of narrative must be picked up once more, slight as it is. Into so cloistered a life the news of the sudden loss of Edward Burne-Jones, in June, 1898, fell with a sensation; he had "seen the dear man, to my great joy, only a few hours before his death." In the early spring of the next year, Henry James actually summoned resolution to go abroad again, visiting at Hyères Paul Bourget and the Vicomte Melchior de Vogué (of whose "*Le Roman Russe*" and other essays he was a sturdy admirer), and proceeding to Rome, whence he was "whirled by irresistible Marion Crawford off to Sorrento, Capri, Naples," some of these now seen for the first time. He came back to England and to Lamb House at the end of June, to find that his novel of "*The Awkward Age*," which was just published, was being received with a little more intelligence and sympathetic comprehension than had been the habit of greeting his productions; what he haughtily, but quite justly, called "the lurid asininity" of the press in his regard now beginning to be sensibly affected by the loyalty of the little clan of those who saw what he was "driving at" in the new romances, and who valued it as a pearl of price. Nevertheless there was still enough thick-witted denunciation of his novels to fill his own "clan" with anger, while some even of those who loved him best admitted themselves bewildered by

"The Awkward Age." Nothing is more steadily cleared away by time than the impression of obscurity that hangs over a really fine work of imagination when it is new. Twenty years have now passed, and no candid reader any longer pretends to find this admirable story "bewildering."

The passing of old friends was partly healed by the coming of new friends, and it was about this time that Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. W. E. Norris began to be visited and corresponded with. In 1900 and 1901 Henry James was slowly engaged with luxurious throes of prolonged composition, in dictating "The Ambassadors," which he "tackled and, for various reasons, laid aside," only to attack it again "with intensity and on the basis of a simplification that made it easier" until he brought it successfully through its voluminous career. In the summer of 1902 Mrs. Wharton, who had dedicated to him, as a stranger, her novel of "The Valley of Decision," became a personal acquaintance, and soon, and till the end, one of the most valued and intimate of his friends. This event synchronized with the publication of his own great book, "The Wings of a Dove." It was followed by "The Golden Bowl." He now turned from such huge schemes as this—which in his fatigue he described as "too inordinately drawn out and too inordinately rubbed in"—to the composition of short stories, in which he found both rest and refreshment.

On this subject, the capabilities of the *conte* as a form of peculiarly polished and finished literature, he regaled me—and doubtless other friends—at this time with priceless observations. I recall a radiant August afternoon, when we sallied from his high abode and descended to the mud of the winding waters of the Brede, where, on the shaky bridge across the river, leaning perilously above the flood, Henry James held forth on the extraordinary skill of Guy de Maupassant, whose posthumous collection, "Le Colporteur," had just reached him, and on the importance of securing, as that inimitable artist so constantly secured, one straight, intelligible action which must be the source of all vitality in what, without it, became a mere wandering anecdote, more or less vaguely ornamented. Henry James was

at this time, I think, himself engaged upon the series of short stories which ultimately appeared under the title of "The Better Sort," each one, as he said, being the exhibition of a case of experience or conduct. He collected and published in these years several such volumes of short compositions, in which he endeavored, and admirably effected his endeavor, to combine neatness of handling with that beauty of conception which became more and more the object of his passionate desire. The reader naturally recalls such perfect specimens of his craft as "The Real Right Thing" and "The Beast in the Jungle."

For many years he had let his fancy toy with the idea of returning, on a visit only, to America. In 1904 this project really took shape, and the long-debated journey actually took place. In August he set sail for New York, ostensibly for the purpose of writing a book of American impressions. The volume called "The American Scene," published in 1906, gives his account of the adventure, or rather of certain parts of it. He lived through the first autumn with his family, in the mountains of New Hampshire, and, after a sojourn in Cambridge, spent Christmas in New York. He then went south, in search of warmth, which he found at last in Florida. By way of Chicago, St. Louis, and Indianapolis he reached California in April, 1905. He delivered in various American colleges two lectures, specially written for the purpose, which came out as a little volume in the United States, but have not yet appeared in England. His impressions of America, in the volume which he published after his return, stop with Florida, and give therefore no record of the extreme pleasure which he experienced in California, of which his private letters were full. He declared, writing on April 5, 1905, from Coronado Beach—that "California has completely bowled me over. . . . The flowers, the wild flowers, just now in particular, which fairly *rage* with radiance over the land, are worthy of some purer planet than this. . . . It breaks my heart to have so stinted myself here," but return eastward was imperative, and in August, 1905, he was back again, safe in the silence of Lamb House.

Throughout the following autumn and

winter he was, as he said, "squeezing out" his American impressions, which did not flow so easily as he had hoped they would. Many other enterprises hung temptingly before him, and distracted his thoughts from that particular occupation. Moreover, just before his plan for visiting the United States had taken shape, he had promised to write for a leading firm of English publishers "a romantical-psychological-pictorial-social" book about London, and in November, 1905, he returned to this project with vivacity. There is a peculiar interest about works that great writers mean to compose and never succeed in producing, and this scheme of a great picturesque book about London is like a ghost among the realities of Henry James's invention. He spoke about it more often and more freely than he did about his solid creations; I feel as though I had handled and almost as though I had read it. Westminster was to have been the core of the matter, which was to circle out concentrically to the city and the suburbs. Henry James put me under gratified contribution by coming frequently to the House of Lords in quest of "local color," and I took him through the corridors and up into garrets of the palace where never foreign foot had stepped before. There was not, to make a clean breast of it, much "local color" to be wrung out, but Henry James was indefatigable in curiosity. What really did thrill him was to stand looking down from one of the windows of the library on the terrace crowded with its motley afternoon crew of members of both houses and their guests of both sexes. He liked that better than to mingle with the throng itself, and he should have written a superb page on the scene, with its background of shining river and misty towers. Alas! it will not be read until we know what songs the Sirens sang.

All through the quiet autumn and winter of 1906 he was busy preparing the collective and definite, but far from complete, edition of his novels and tales which began to appear some twelve months later. This involved a labor which some of his friends ventured to disapprove of, since it included a rewriting into his latest style of the early stories which possessed a charm in their unaffected immaturity. Henry James was conscious, I

think, of the arguments which might be brought against this reckless revision, but he rejected them with violence. I was spending a day or two with him at Lamb House when "Roderick Hudson" was undergoing, or rather had just undergone, the terrible trial; so the revised copy, darkened and swelled with MS. alterations, was put into my hands. I thought—I dare say I was quite mistaken—that the whole perspective of Henry James's work, the evidence of his development and evolution, his historical growth, were confused and belied by this wholesale tampering with the original text. Accordingly I exclaimed against this dribbling of new wine into the old bottles. This was after dinner, as we sat alone in the garden-room. All that Henry James—though I confess, with a darkened countenance—said at the time was "the only alternative would have been to put the vile thing"—that is to say the graceful tale of Roderick Hudson—"behind the fire and have done with it!" Then we passed to other subjects, and at length we parted for the night in unruffled cheerfulness. But what was my dismay, on reaching the breakfast-table next morning, to see my host sombre and taciturn, with gloom thrown across his frowning features like a veil. I inquired rather anxiously whether he had slept well? "Slept!" he answered with dreary emphasis. "Was I likely to sleep when my brain was tortured with all the cruel and—to put it plainly to you—monstrous insinuations which you had brought forward against my proper, my necessary, my absolutely inevitable corrections of the disgraceful and disreputable style of 'Roderick Hudson'?" I withered, like a guilty thing ashamed, before the eyes that glared at me over the coffee-pot, and I inly resolved that not one word of question should ever escape my lips on this subject again.

Early in 1907 he was tempted once more, after so long absence, to revisit France. While in America he had acquired the habit of motoring, which he learned to enjoy so much that it became the greatest physical pleasure of his life, and one which seemed definitely to benefit his health. He motored through a great part of France, and then proceeded to his beloved Italy, where he spent some

radiant summer days under the pines near Vallombrosa, and later some more with his lifelong friend, Mrs. Curtis, in her wonderful Palazzo Barbaro in Venice. Ten weeks in Paris must be added to the foreign record of this year, which was the last of those which Henry James was able to dedicate to that Latin world which he loved so well and comprehended so acutely. The "nightmare," as he called it, of his collected edition kept him closely engaged for months after his return—it ultimately ran into a range of twenty-four volumes—but he was also sketching a novel, "The Ivory Tower," which was to embody some of his American recollections; this was never finished. He met new friends of the youngest generation, such as Hugh Walpole and Rupert Brooke, and they gave him great happiness.

He seemed to be approaching old age in placidity and satisfaction, when, toward the end of 1909, he was seized by a mysterious group of illnesses which "deprived him of all power to work and caused him immeasurable suffering of mind." Unfortunately his beloved brother William was also failing in health and had come to Europe in the vain search for recovery; their conditions painfully interacted. The whole year 1910 was one of almost unmitigated distress. Henry accompanied Mr. and Mrs. William back to their home in New Hampshire, where in the autumn not only the eminent philosopher but a third brother, Robertson James, died, leaving Henry solitary indeed, and weighed upon by a cloud of melancholy which forbade him to write or almost to speak. Out of this he passed, in the spring of 1911, and returned to Lamb House, where he had another sharp attack of illness in the autumn of 1912. It was now felt that the long, pale winters over the marsh at Rye were impossible for him and the bedroom at the Reform Club insufficient. He therefore rented a small flat, high up over the Thames in Cheyne Walk, where he was henceforth to spend half of each year, and died. He sat, on occasion of his seventieth birthday, to Mr. Sargent for the picture which is now one of the treasures of the National Portrait Gallery; this was surprisingly mutilated, while being exhibited at the Royal Academy, by a "militant suffragette";

Henry James was extraordinarily exhilarated by having been thus "impaired by the tomahawk of the savage," and displayed himself as "breasting a wondrous high-tide of postal condolence in this doubly-damaged state." This was his latest excitement before the war with Germany drowned every other consideration.

The record of the last months of Henry James's life is told in the wonderful letters that he wrote between the beginning of August, 1914, and the close of November, 1915. He was at Rye when the war broke out, but he found it absolutely impossible to stay there without daily communication with friends in person, and, contrary to his lifelong habit, he came posting up to London in the midst of the burning August weather. He was transfigured by the events of those early weeks, overpowered, and yet, in his vast and generous excitement, himself overpowering. He threw off all the languor and melancholy of the recent years, and he appeared actually grown in size, as he stalked the streets, amazingly moved by the unexpected nightmare, "the huge horror of blackness" which he saw before him. "The plunge of civilization into the abyss of blood and darkness by the wanton feat of these two infamous autocrats" made him suddenly realize that the quiet years of prosperity which had preceded 1914 had been really, as he put it, "treacherous," and that their perfidy had left us unprotected against the tragic terrors which now faced our world. It was astonishing how great Henry James suddenly seemed to become; he positively loomed above us in his splendid and disinterested faith. His first instinct had been horror at the prospect; his second anger and indignation against the criminals; but to these succeeded a passion of love and sympathy for England and France, and an unyielding but anxious and straining confidence in their ultimate success. Nothing could express this better than the language of a friend who saw him constantly, and studied his moods with penetrating sympathy. Mr. Percy Lubbock says:

"To all who listened to him in those days it must have seemed that he gave us what we lacked—a voice; there was a trumpet note in it that was heard no-

where else and that alone rose to the height of the truth."

The impression Henry James gave in these first months of the war could not be reproduced in better terms. To be in his company was to be encouraged, stimulated, and yet filled with a sense of the almost intolerable gravity of the situation; it was to be moved with that "trumpet note" in his voice, as the men fighting in the dark defiles of Roncevaux were moved by the sound of the oliphant of Roland. He drew a long breath of relief in the thought that England had not failed in her manifest duty to France, or "shirked any one of the implications of the Entente." When, as at the end of the first month, things were far from exhilarating for the Allies, Henry James did not give way to despair, but he went back to Rye, possessing his soul in waiting patience, "bracing himself unutterably," as he put it, "and holding on somehow (though to God knows what!) in presence of the perpetrations so gratuitously and infamously hideous as the destruction of Louvain and its accompaniments."

At Lamb House he sat through that gorgeous tawny September, listening to the German guns thundering just across the Channel, while the advance of the enemy through those beautiful lands which he knew and loved so well filled him with anguish. He used to sally forth and stand on the bastions of his little town, gazing over the dim marsh that became sand-dunes, and then sea, and then a mirage of the white cliffs of French Flanders which were actually visible when the atmosphere grew transparent. The anguish of his execration became almost the howl of some animal, of a lion of the forest with the arrow in his flank, when the Germans wrecked Reims Cathedral. He gazed and gazed over the sea south-east, and almost fancied that he saw the flicker of the flames. He ate and drank, he talked and walked and thought, he slept and waked and lived and breathed, only the war. His friends grew anxious; the tension was beyond what his natural powers, transfigured as they were, could be expected to endure; and he was persuaded to come back to Chelsea, although a semblance of summer still made Rye attractive.

During this time his attitude toward

America was marked by a peculiar delicacy. His letters expressed no upbraiding, but a yearning, restrained impatience that took the form of a constant celebration of the attitude of England, which he found, in those early months, consistently admirable. In his abundant and eloquent letters to America he dealt incessantly on the shining light which events were throwing on "England's moral position and attitude, her predominantly incurable good nature, the sublimity or the egregious folly, one scarcely knows which to call it, of her innocence in face of the most prodigiously massed and worked-out intentions of aggression." He admitted, with every gesture of courtesy, that America's absence from the feast of allied friendship on an occasion so unexampled, so infinitely momentous, was a bitter grief to him, but he was ready to believe it a necessity. For his own part, almost immediately on his return to London in October, 1914, Henry James began to relieve the mental high pressure by some kinds of practical work for which nothing in his previous life had fitted him, but into which he now threw himself with even exhausting ardor. He had always shrunk from physical contact with miscellaneous strangers, but now nothing seemed unwelcome save an aloofness which would have divided him from the sufferings of others. The sad fate of Belgium particularly moved him, and he found, close to his flat in Cheyne Walk, a centre for the relief of Belgian refugees, and he was active in service there. A little later on, he ardently espoused the work of the American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps. His practical experiences and his anxiety to take part in the great English movement for relief of the Belgians and the French are reflected in the essays which were collected last year under the title of "Within the Rim."

We were, however, made anxious by the effect of all this upon his nerves. The magnificent exaltation of spirit which made him a trumpeter in the sacred progress of the Allies was of a nature to alarm us as much as it inspirited and rejoiced us. When we thought of what he had been in 1911, how sadly he had aged in 1912, it was not credible that in 1915 he could endure to be filled to overflowing by this tide of febrile enthusiasm. Some of

us, in the hope of diverting his thoughts a little from the obsession of the war, urged him to return to his proper work; and he responded in part to our observations, while not abandoning his charitable service. He was at work on "The Ivory Tower" when the war began, but he could not recover the note of placidity which it demanded, and he abandoned it in favor of a novel begun in 1900, and then laid aside, "The Sense of the Past." He continued, at the same time, his reminiscences, and was writing the fragment published since his death as "The Middle Years." But all this work was forced from him with an effort, very slowly; the old sprightly running of composition was at an end, the fact being that his thoughts were now incessantly distracted by considerations of a far more serious order.

The hesitations of Mr. Wilson, and Henry James's conviction that, in the spring of 1915, the United States Government was "sitting down in meekness and silence under the German repudiation of every engagement she solemnly took with" America, led to his taking a step which he felt to be in many respects painful, but absolutely inevitable. His heart was so passionately united with England in her colossal effort, and he was so dismally discouraged by the unending hesitation of America, that he determined to do what he had always strenuously refused to do before, namely, apply for British naturalization. Mr. Asquith (then prime minister), Doctor George

Prothero (the editor of *The Quarterly Review*), and I, had the honor and the gratification of being chosen his sponsors. In the case of so illustrious a claimant the usual formalities were passed over, and on the 26th of July, 1915, Henry James became a British subject. Unhappily he did not live to see America join the Allies, and so missed the joy for which he longed above all others.

But his radiant enthusiasm was burning him out. In August he had a slight breakdown, and his autumn was made miserable by an affection of the heart. He felt, he said, twenty years older, but "still, I cultivate, I at least attempt, a brazen front." He still got about, and I saw him at Westminster on the evening of the 29th of November. This was, I believe, the last time he went out, and two days later, on the night between the 1st and the 2d of December, he had a stroke. He partly rallied and was able to receive comfort from the presence of his sister-in-law, Mrs. William James, who hurried across the Atlantic to nurse him. At the New Year he was awarded the highest honor which the King can confer on a British man of letters, the Order of Merit, the insignia of which were brought to his bedside by Lord Bryce. On the 28th of February, 1916, he died, within two months of his seventy-third birthday. His body was cremated, and the funeral service held at that "altar of the dead" which he had loved so much, Chelsea Old Church, a few yards from his own door.

EVENING

By Louis Dodge

I SHALL not mind—not when the sun rides high
And men too busy are to love or weep;
I think I shall not miss the unsinging sky
As in the silent grave I lie asleep.

But oh, the earth shall throb above my heart
In that soft hour, after the day is done,
When from one river nook, serene, apart,
The spars rise thick against the setting sun.

DISTRACTING ADELINE

By Harriet Welles

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON C. DEXTER



If you are the unmarried member of a large family of sisters and brothers, sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law, you will understand, without my going into details, just how unreasonable such a clan can be and will appreciate my position when they insistently blame me because my brother's wife, Adeline, became interested in spiritualism while she was away with me.

I have explained to them many times that, if Adeline had a tendency toward dabbling into that sort of thing, she would have found an opportunity no matter with whom she might have been. And I add that, at the time, it was most inconvenient for me to give up my plans and take Adeline on that journey to distract her mind.

And then I ask why, if I am to be blamed for allowing her to get interested in spiritualism, they shouldn't be equally responsible for letting her go on with it? This question always irritates my oldest sister-in-law and she retaliates by saying——

But let me tell you the whole thing.

My nephew, Jack Malcolm—son of my favorite brother, Ned, and my sister-in-law, Adeline—was the only boy in the family of the age to go to the Great War, and he went at the earliest opportunity.

We have, as a family, "run to girls" in this generation, and Jack was fairly snowed under with socks and sweaters, collapsible wash-basins and drinking-cups, folding combs and mirrors, and other impedimenta donated by his numerous aunts and girl cousins—in fact, at the last, even politely simulated gratitude forsook him and he demanded of my niece, Caroline, that she spread among the family the sad information that he, and his luggage, were not the only things that the *Imperator* was to carry on her voyage to Brest.

"Mother's the worst of all!" growled Jack to me; "she's bought me a folding-bed and a steamer chair! I'll never advise people to 'have a heart,' again—what they need to have is more sense!"

Jack and I have always been chums and, knowing him, I smiled through my tears as I said good-by, for I was sure that he would return. Death was an idle meaningless word that I could not couple with his gay youth and endless vitality.

And so, when the news came loitering in that he was missing, I could not rally from my sense of shocked unbelief and stunned unreality; nor could I comprehend that, never again, would I see the erectly held head or rollic forth with him on some "entirely undignified and unsuitable" outing. Those, and the old, unforgotten days when I waited for tidings of my beloved younger sister—lost, returning from her honeymoon in Italy on a doomed ship—were, for me, the hardest I have ever known. I used, in the night and early morning, to awaken partly and wonder what the horrible thing that was haunting me *could be*. And with consciousness the leaden suffering came back—except that, in Jack's case, I could not make his loss seem real—nor could I weep.

This solace was not denied Adeline. She could and did cry uncontrolledly on every occasion—so much so that, as the weeks dragged into months, the family glanced, with growing apprehension, at Ned, and wondered uneasily how much longer his tautly strung nerves and unnatural calm could stand the strain.

Conditions culminated on the day when Jack's regiment, home-coming, marched up the avenue, and vociferous crowds hailed their safe return. Adeline insisted on seeing them; then, on reaching home, gave way to wild hysterics and wailing.

Ned's face was gray and drawn before it was over, the doctor summoned, and a hastily convened family council were unanimously agreed that the doctor's ad-

vice should be followed: Adeline must go away on a journey to distract her mind—and at once. But who would go with her? With equal unanimity they decided upon me.

"But I don't want to go!" I cried; "you're always saying that I am flighty and have an unfortunate sense of humor. Why don't one of you steady, sane, sensible ones go? 'Just because I'm not married' isn't any reason. Ned would rather have me here running the house, anyhow!"

My sisters-in-law murmured sternly of pressing duties and adjured me to remember the need of family loyalty and of the necessity of patient kindness in the present sad crisis. But I refused to be convinced. I rebelled.

Just then my oldest sister-in-law closed her eyes and wearily shook her head. She means by this to signify that the family into which she has married have exhausted her patience and sapped her vitality, and, although I am only too familiar with her methods of procedure, I knew that I was vanquished. I made a few more objections but they talked me down.

In view of our mourning it was arranged as suitable that Adeline and I should visit a certain famous summer encampment and school where, it was hoped, the lectures on widely differing subjects and the activities of the summer students—gathered from every State of the Union—might prove of interest and diversion.

"Not that anything can make me forget for a minute," quavered Adeline, huddling down in her Pullman chair and feeling for her handkerchief. She was a forlorn figure in deepest black—the only spot of color a small, red-edged, service pin with its golden star; the nearer passengers glanced at her with helpless sympathy and tried, during the long journey before we reached our destination, to do any small kindnesses within their power.

While I never forgot the reason which was responsible for my visit to the summer school I was, during the next few days, increasingly interested in the breadth and scope of the work. The lectures were amazingly varied—the subjects ranging from talks on community kitchens to detailed descriptions on the

place of the Indian in the new democracy; from nature plays to concerts; from reviews of current books to an account of American consuls and consulates; from forum debates on everything from bolshevism to foreign missions. I was so interested that, at first, I did not notice that Adeline was increasingly bored until, on the sixth day, I suddenly realized that our visit was not going well. Adeline was definitely restless and dissatisfied and the lectures, as a distraction, were not a success. I felt blue and baffled as I tried to make her reconsider her refusal to go to any more entertainments.

"I'm bored to tears with the forum discussions and that woman who *always* gets up and asks what influence suffrage will have on everything from socialism to rheumatism," reiterated Adeline fretfully; then hesitated. "I've been talking to some people down-stairs, and they told me of the most interesting place less than four hours' ride from here. They say that that *most remarkable* things happen! It's a colony of those sort of psychoanalysis-tis's you were interested in last winter," volunteered Adeline cannily, and paused. "I've decided to go there . . . and see if . . . I can't get some message . . . from Jack," she faltered, and felt for her handkerchief.

"But psychoanalysis couldn't do that!" I cried stupidly; then remembered some chance overheard conversations. "If you are talking about that settlement of spiritualists . . . Surely, Adeline, you *couldn't* allow yourself to *pretend* to be deceived by those dreadful people!"

The next three days were unbearable. Adeline, vacillating between tears and silence, refused to leave her room or to eat until I, nearly frantic, had grudgingly consented to spend two days at the hotel in the spiritists' colony. "I'll do this with the distinct understanding that you never refer to it again," I stipulated grimly. "The family told me to distract Adeline—" I compromised mentally.

"I told the clerk not to forward any mail. We'll be back before it could reach us," I informed her as we climbed into the station omnibus. Having won her point she assented with the utmost cheerfulness.

Have you ever thought about the number of curious settlements and odd little gatherings of fanatical experimenters car-

rying forward, more or less sincerely, their exotic ideas on art, literature, and religion—and the lesser dilutions that trade on human weakness, ignorance, sorrow, and credulity—all over our big, tolerant country?

Adeline's discovery was one of these.

Hardly had we paid the entrance fee that admitted us inside the high fence which encloses the colony when advertising signs, promising every variety of experiment in the supernatural, came into view. Adeline hurried me, and our luggage, toward the ramshackle hotel and, our rooms secured, we fared forth.

"We'll try this first one," suggested Adeline, knocking excitedly at a beplacarded door. "Not I!" I answered, "I'll wait for you here."

Adeline was gone for about twenty minutes while I, sitting on the steps, had time to ruminate on exactly *what* our combined family would say—or do—if, at the moment, they knew how we were disporting ourselves. The experiment might be a distraction to Adeline but, having a vivid imagination, my mental picture of the adjudging relatives was almost more than I could bear. I groaned sepulchraly.

"What *is* the matter with you?" inquired Adeline from the doorway. "That one wasn't much good," she volunteered discontentedly; "she asked me if I had any children, and when I shook my head and felt for my handkerchief she told me that 'Wild Rose' whispered to her that all my children would have been born dead. She seemed to think that should cheer me!"

"Well, I told you! Let's go home!" I suggested hopefully.

Adeline wheeled and faced me. "Can't you *bear* to see a person trying to find a little comfort—without making it just as hard as you can?" she stormed.

After that I followed her through a nightmare afternoon.

We visited six mediums and attended an open-air gathering. I did not see the first six, but the open-air performance (like the food samples they give you, in shops) was to build up a taste for the goods and thereby encourage trade. Adeline and I sat on the second of forty benches.

A plump girl, seated on a narrow platform, was mistress of ceremonies. "Will some medium volunteer?" she asked.

A slender, very nervous woman answered the appeal and came forward. Selecting a bracelet from among the "personal articles" proffered she demanded: "Who do you want a message from?" "My husband," faltered a showily dressed girl.

The medium swayed unsteadily. "I feel . . . a pointed chin . . . a *rather* pointed chin . . . against my cheek. . . . I have a sense of a . . . beard. . . . No? . . . Then a mus-tache. . . . No? . . . Well, then, eyelashes! (he had eyelashes, I guess—didn't he?) and blue-gray eyes. . . . No? Well, then: *dark* eyes . . . and a voice whispers: 'Tell her it's all right, here. *Everything is all right, here!*'" The medium chanted in a high voice; she twisted the bracelet in her hands while her voice rose to a shrill, hysterical shriek. "He says that everything is all right," she chanted; then, dropping to a normal tone: "Next!"

A woman, asking for her sister, was disposed of; the medium returned to her seat and the plump girl, rising, gave her name and address for the benefit of any who might be interested.

Another medium took her place and selected a nickel wrist-watch from a boy in khaki. If he desired a message from the beyond he was not given a chance to say so. "What *you* need is more push," she told him, "go ahead fer what you want—brush folks aside that gets in yer way. It's a free world! Lots of times the spirits and me lay on our backs and talk it over. 'Folks is too shy! If I had it to do over—' the spirits sez!" She paused, and clasped her head between her hands. "Wait—wait—wait!" she screamed, and added: "A spirit's awful anxious to tell me something! Yes! . . . Yes! . . . Yes!" She faced the audience. "Any one here who's lost some one in an automobile accident?" she questioned.

A pretty young girl arose. "My brother," she answered faintly.

"He's all right! He's here, right now! Says to tell you everything's all right!" exulted the medium.

"Marvellous!" breathed Adeline, writing down the address given out by the plump girl.

"There are over two hundred people here! I don't believe you could gather



"I've decided to go there . . . and see if . . . I can't get some message . . . from Jack."—Page 559.

that many together, nowadays, and *not* find some one who had lost a relative or friend in an automobile accident—" I commenced.

"Hush!" whispered Adeline fiercely.

The next medium, fixing her eyes on Adeline's pin with the golden star and noting Adeline's youthful face, resurrected a brother, fumbled it into a husband, then, helped by my sister-in-law, decided that the lost one was a son and gave an elaborate and cheering message. I felt faint and sick as I listened, but Adeline's transfigured expression spurred me to action. "If that had *really* been Jack's spirit—and we had hauled it back

to perform before these dreadful people—the message he would have given that medium to deliver to us would have put a permanent African kink into every hair on our heads," I muttered with grim sincerity.

Adeline was shocked. "Aren't you *afraid* to be so sacrilegious?" she whispered, turning her back on me.

The medium was continuing: "The spirits crowd about me," she chanted; "ask me for any one you want!"

An elderly woman arose. "Is my . . . dear one . . . here?" she gasped hysterically.

The medium waved her arms. "Sure!

Sure! Says to tell you everything is grand—just grand!” wailed the spiritualist.

“Neuter gender’s a great convenience, isn’t it?” I whispered to Adeline, who ignored me.

An old lady was given a message from her grandmother. (“How could the medium know that her grandmother was dead?” Adeline demanded triumphantly. “Because, if she were alive, she’d be one hundred and fifty years old and have a job with Barnum and Bailey,” I said, fighting to the last.)

The dreary business dragged to a close. When the open-air meeting was over we, with about twenty others, patronized a knocking medium who answered questions by one, two, or three hollow thumps under the floor. Before the demonstration she gave us a detailed account of the work of the Fox Sisters—“first American spiritualists and knocking mediums”—stopping, as each new person entered, to collect the required fee. “She was, of the lot, the most convincing,” I commented, as we walked away; “I’d diagnose her disease as mental autointoxication—although, of course, she undoubtedly needs the money. Curious thing, when you think of it, Adeline, but those Fox females and their spiritualism must have commenced at about the time when the average American began to have a little surplus money beyond what they, and their families, needed for the bare necessities. No money-ee no trance-ee!”

“How, if she’s a fake and has an accomplice in the cellar, does the knocking follow her out on the front lawn?” demanded Adeline stubbornly.

“Double-jointed toes have a habit of riding around on some people’s feet,” I responded with weary patience. After that I lapsed into silence and waited outside, while Adeline patronized three private establishments until it was time to repair to the ramshackle hotel and the worst meal that ever masqueraded as a dinner. Adeline, usually much more critical than I, never noticed the soiled linen, chipped dishes, and messy food, and, almost immediately after the repast, she suggested that we go to bed. I was willing, for I felt tired out.

Adeline had little to say beyond suggesting that we leave the door between

our rooms open, and I dropped into uneasy slumber almost as soon as I lay down on the humpy, uncomfortable, old, wooden bed.

I lived through about fifty years and seven thousand heated family councils, in my dreams, that night. Once, partially waking, I realized that Adeline was shaking me and heard her say: “For goodness’ sake stop groaning! I’d think that you were being murdered!” To which I replied with dignity: “I couldn’t have been groaning, because I wasn’t asleep. I was merely telling my oldest sister-in-law—” and lapsed again into slumber.

Toward morning when, after a tussle with a masked medium, I had tumbled from the roof, I was fully awakened by a loud crash and a jolting fall, and found myself and the mattress dumped down on the dirty floor. From the doorway came Adeline’s voice: “If you aren’t converted by what you’ve gone through *this night* you’re stupider and blinder than even *I* think!”

I arose stiffly and examined the wreckage. “I don’t usually get converted by a broken bed-slat,” I rejoined, pulling the wafer-like mattress out onto the floor and settling down on it. Later, relenting, I called to her: “Are the mosquitoes bothering you?”

“Are you sure that it isn’t prickly heat from getting upset and cross so often?” inquired Adeline sweetly.

“Not unless prickly heat sings around your head before it comes out on you,” I answered.

This ended the conversation.

Except that Adeline located the cleverest and most expensive of the mediums—a man, this time—the second day was like the first. And yet, in its after-effects, not like the first, for the man was, in a certain slimy, unhealthy way, *very* clever. I shall always be thankful that she did not hear of him until that last afternoon, for I shall remember the hours spent in the outer office, in company with his clerk and assistant, as one of the most humiliating experiences of my life.

This special dealer in things occult charged one dollar a minute—and his waiting-room was crowded. I commenced my vigil (Adeline withdrew to

the opposite side of the room while awaiting her turn) by being amused by two ladies from Texas who wished to know whether an oil-well, in which they had invested, would turn out profitably. I heard one ask the medium this question as the door closed on her. Three minutes later she emerged and volunteered: "He's pretty smart! I asked about the oil-wells, and he said they were all right. I'm going to tell my brother-in-law that. He says there's no oil within two hundred miles!" "I wouldn't!" advised her friend nervously; "your brother-in-law might insist on hearing where you got your new tip." "And then I asked him to tell me where I was from, and he answered: 'Why waste my time, and yours, by telling you that you come from Texas?'"

Her friend chimed in: "Emmie, do you remember old Mrs. Dowd who was stricken with one of these religions? Oh, yes, you do remember her! Carrie Foster's aunt? Well, she was so filled with kindness that she used to sit in her window and wish every one who passed a good time. As soon as I heard of it I did my walking on another street because I was sure that her idea of a good time wasn't at all the same as mine. She was forever saying 'everything is all right,' too."

"If you cut those words out of the English language these people would go out of business," I commented, and turned to find the assistant's shifty eyes fixed on me. The Texans laughingly agreed and bade me good-by. After they were gone the assistant lounged over. "What do you want here?" he demanded.

I took up a newspaper, but he stood in front of me. "What are you waitin' for?" he asked.

"I am waiting for a lady who is foolish enough to be having an appointment here," I answered icily.

He stared at me, walked away, and returned. "I heard what you said to those women. If you're wise you'll cut out that sort of criticism around here," he ordered.

"I presume that it pays you to overhear all that you can," I said.

He flushed an ugly red. "You folks with money ain't wanted here. Money don't interest *us*! *We* don't care a d— for money!" he snarled.

I thought of the minutes and dollars Adeline was squandering, but, as that was her affair, I made no comment except to ask if he wasn't confusing money with literacy.

This made him angry. "If you don't shut your mouth I'll put you out! It ain't healthy around here for folks that give us sass!" he bellowed.

I turned my back and looked out of the window. I was tired; I was disgusted; I was angry with Adeline and the whole sordid experience and I sat staring fixedly at the patterned shadows of the leaves . . . wavering . . . shifting . . . moving . . . in tiny spots of light and mottled shade . . . and then, quite suddenly, it faded away. Motionless, dumb, I stared. . . .

She came in out of the sunlight through an old doorway festooned with flowering wistaria—my beloved younger sister. The shimmering satin of her wedding-dress made a shining sheath for her slender body; the yellowing folds of our grandmother's lace wedding-veil made a gracious frame for her radiant face. With her, as in my last memory, came the scent of the great bouquet she carried—and the background of an old garden with prim, box-edged flower-beds riotous with blue delphinium and multi-colored phlox.

She smiled at me across the shadowy space. Gone—were the gray years; gone—the agonized days of waiting for the ship which never made port. If she had experienced the suffering and terror which I, in my anguish, had so vividly imagined as I pictured the hungry sweep of the icy water, there was, in her serene face, no sign of remembrance, no mark of the ordeal. Gone was my desire to call to her the wistful, pathetic question: "Is it well—is it well with you?"

Even as I hesitated, she passed . . . fading again into the sunlight and unheeding my hasty, pitiful query: "But what of Jack?"

And then I found myself standing in the centre of the waiting-room. Mechanically I lifted my handkerchief and wiped, with a trembling hand, the perspiration from my face while the assistant leered maliciously at me. "Well, what of Jack?" he exulted; "if you're so superior why don't you find out?"

Much later, when Adeline joined me,

she had to borrow a quite considerable sum of money from me.

"I shall leave here to-morrow morning," I told her, as we walked toward the hotel.

"Our train goes at eleven-fifty," she agreed; "that just gives us time to attend an important meeting at nine." She laid a conciliating hand on my arm. "I've had such a marvellous experience—such a wonderful, comforting message from Jack. Never again can I be so selfish as to grieve or to wish him back. I've been a wicked woman; but now I know better."

I was aghast. "But, Adeline—" I commenced. She stopped me. "*Don't!*" she said.

During dinner she was silent and I, noting her rapt expression, steeled myself for a mighty effort and a stiff tussle.

"Let's sit out here and watch the moon come up," I suggested when the meal was over. She acquiesced without enthusiasm and we went out on the porch; I placed our chairs as far as possible from the omnipresent windows and asked carelessly what she thought of the view. She answered that she hadn't noticed it.

"What impresses you most about the people here?" I questioned. She answered: "Why—really—I don't know. I hadn't noticed them! What impresses you?"

"Their illiteracy, first," I answered soberly; "if one judged by the mediums here one would inevitably decide that the first thing *all* spirits *demand*ed of their spokesmen was a lack of education. And as none of the members of my family made friends of such people, I can't imagine their spirits taking orders, or sending messages, through them. Can you?"

She did not answer.

"Then, too, look at the majority of the 'regulars' in the audiences and waiting-rooms. Women, mostly—pathetic women, with dull, vacant expressions and clouded eyes—creatures of infinite pathos and appeal whom you would like to help but, most certainly, *not* to emulate!"

I stopped to watch a child—a curious, twisted, stooping child who was coming up the hill toward us.

"*What is it?*" whispered Adeline.

The little girl came nearer and, seeing us watching her, tossed back her hair, lifted a queer, distorted face, and grimaced at us as she limped crookedly away.

"What was the matter with her?" asked Adeline in a frightened whisper.

"She's the innocent example of the way human sin is paid for by human misery," I answered, and added: "In the old Mosaic Law God *forbade* men to have dealings with spirits. The penalty for men's disobedience was death. There's death—in different cankering forms—all around here, Adeline."

She moved impatiently. "Allegories bore me. Don't preach to me," she said with fretful emphasis. "If there's nothing in—all this—why does it go on?" she asked.

"Because, every year, through loneliness and loss there are a certain number of people who are pitifully beating their heads against the wall of the unknown. During these war years there has been an increasing number. And it pays charlatans like these to cater to them. It *pays them*, Adeline, to trade in suffering and ignorance and helplessness! Does any one ever get a helpful message—a warning against loss or accident or imminent trouble—the kind of message the watchful love of those awaiting us would want to send? No! You'd think that spirits were parrots and 'everything is all right' was the only sentence they'd learned!"

Adeline lifted her hand. "I really can't listen—" she said.

"I'm sorry that I shocked you," I apologized; "and, of course, some of these mediums have hypnotic powers—if they can get you to *look* at something and *think* about a certain person; but—"

Adeline stood up. "As an unmarried woman there are, of course, many things that are beyond your understanding, of which I am able to judge," she said; "as I want to have an early breakfast, I will bid you good night."

I am not youthful, but, as I sat there waiting for a moon that never came up, my thoughts were long, long ones!

The next morning's meeting was an elaborate and finished performance. Unopened, written questions were answered;

advice was given about love-affairs, domestic tangles, business ventures, and money matters; persons in the audience, receiving elaborate and intimate information and messages from departed relatives and friends, arose and testified with warmth that the medium had never seen them before and had no explainable way of getting the information; small clues were quickly grasped and enlarged upon. Every move showed a careful and painstaking attention to details. The sordid ordeal dragged on.

I was sitting—a dejected and heart-sick figure—when a diversion occurred. With a characteristic gesture the medium clasped his head and signalled for silence, then, to my amazement, he said: “Deborah insists on being heard! Yes, Deborah! Yes! I hear! You say that you have an important message for J. C. M.?”

He listened intently, then: “Will J. C. M. please stand up?” he said.

No one stirred. He repeated the initials.

“It’s you! *It’s you!* Get up!” whispered Adeline.

Mechanically I rose to my feet.

The medium glared at me. Then: “*Jack isn’t dead,*” he said; “my control, Deborah, says that Jack is all right. You’ll see him in a couple of days,” he said.

I caught my breath.

From beside me came a muffled cry. “That message was for me! Jack is mine!” wailed Adeline.

Blind with anger, I took a firm hold of her arm and propelled her toward the door. Something in the look on my face or the determined grasp with which I held her, stifled her attempt at protest or refusal. We spent the hour before the train started, and the two hours of our journey, in absolute silence.

As far as I am concerned, silence is the one boon I crave in connection with every detail of those hideous days.

At the desk of the summer school hotel the clerk beamed a welcome and smiled contagiously as he handed us the mail and a telegram.

“I’m as pleased as if it was one of my own kin!” he said; “when the message

was telephoned up, I rushed right to the phone and called up that spooky joint where you were. Their hotel wasn’t listed, so I gave the message to two or three people to give to you. May I congratulate you? Must seem like a miracle to get your boy back!” He beamed at Adeline.

I tore open my telegram.

“‘Break news to Adeline . . . Jack returns to-morrow. Wounded . . . gassed . . . shell-shock . . . lost record—’” the dancing words wavered unsteadily across the yellow paper.

“*Great Scott!*” ejaculated the clerk, and leaped over the low counter as Adeline, with a little moan, crumpled into a faint beside me.

Later, when the hastily packed trunks were ready, and I had paid the bill, the clerk remorsefully broached the subject. “If I had *dreamed* that my message hadn’t reached you, I wouldn’t have blurted it out like that! But that last fellow who answered the telephone was so particular about having me repeat the initials and spell out the names! I thought that, of course, you’d received it!” he said.

“Just *whom* did you telephone to?” I asked.

He flipped open the book and ran his finger down the list.

“H’m!” I commented; “I wouldn’t worry about that telephone message. We received it! There isn’t a doubt about that!”

Jack—lame, thinner, and quieter—is back with us.

Except that I can never see his smile, or hear his voice, without a deep feeling of humility and profound gratitude for the undeserved mercies which have been showered upon us, I have settled provisionally back into the old ways.

And yet—not quite.

Adeline’s interest in the occult, fostered by opposition, persists; and, since their disapproval does not concern or affect *her*, my brothers and sisters, my brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law (and especially my oldest sister-in-law), continue not only to blame me but repeatedly to tell me so!

Now really—aren’t they more unreasonable than the usual family?



A bit of old Plymouth.

THE TERCENTENARY
of
OLD PLYMOUTH

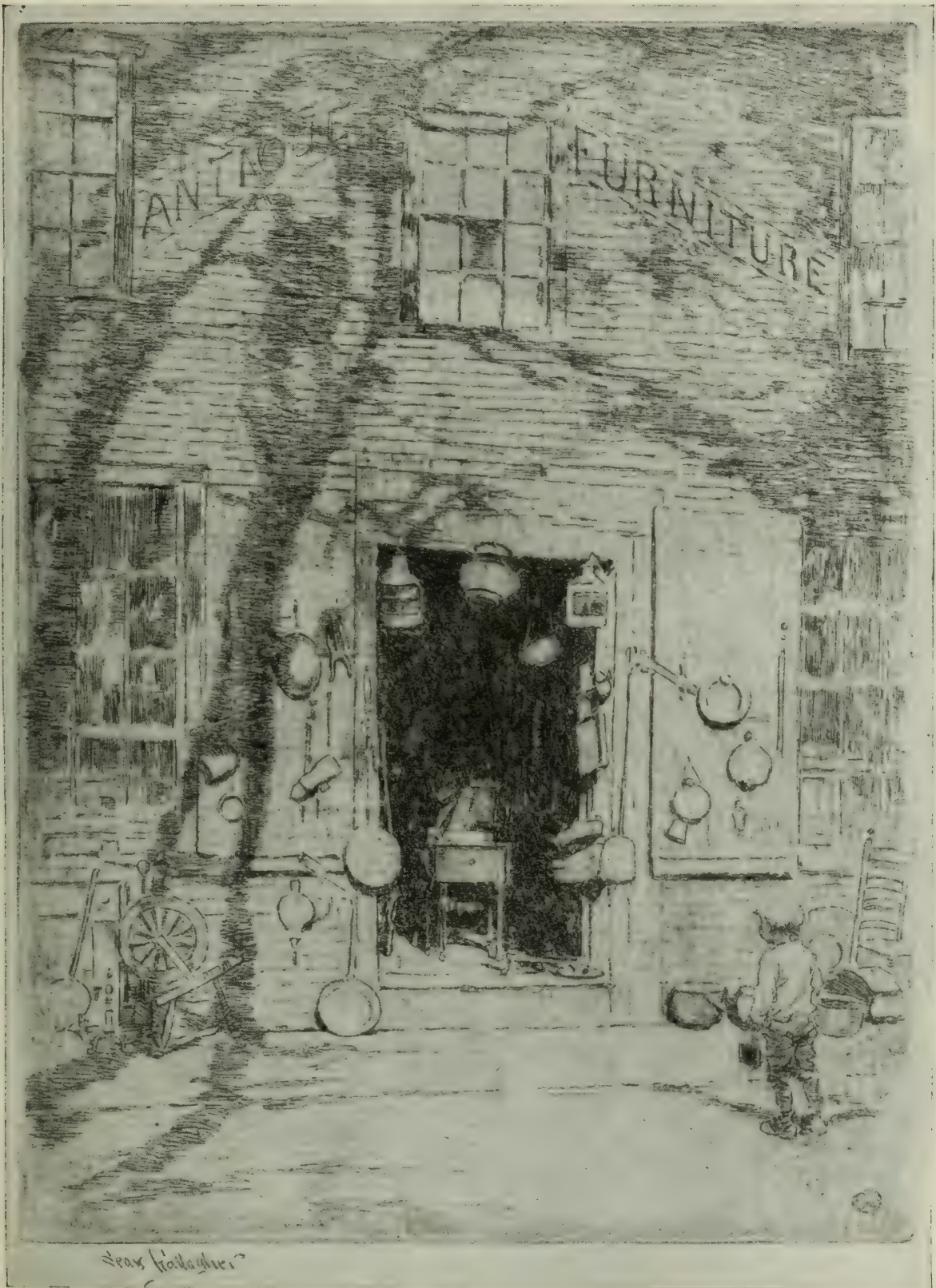
FIVE ETCHINGS BY
SEARS GALLAGHER



The town square.



Old Commons House.



Old curiosity shop.



Leyden Street.

PILGRIM AND PURITAN IN LITERATURE

By Arthur Hobson Quinn

Dean of the College, University of Pennsylvania



IF there was ever a race that knew the value of the written word, it was the Puritan of New England. For the arts of music, drama, and painting he cared little; he connected them with his dearest foe, Antichrist, or as Cotton Mather preferred to call him—"the devil's eldest son." But of the impulse to express himself in the forms permitted by his creed he was perennially conscious. He was not hampered by the conception already shaping itself in the minds of his Cavalier brethren in Virginia that the production of literature was a bit unworthy of the attention of a gentleman. The Puritan had that more democratic view of life which has ever been the prime essential of great creative effort, and his very social constitution provided the stimulus of mind striking fire against mind which makes always for expression. He was not content, either, with describing the things immediately around him. His imagination, vitally concerned with the other world, projected itself into the realm of the supernatural, finding there sometimes horror, sometimes beauty. And if the first-fruits are often repellent to us, it must always be remembered that this impulse, when it ceased to become a motive of life, became a motive of art and produced the supreme creation of "The Scarlet Letter."

Some ingenuity has been expended in the effort to draw a distinction between the social and economic conditions of the Pilgrims at Plymouth and the Puritans at Massachusetts Bay, but from the standpoint of literary expression they are one people. Christened by their enemies in England "Puritans," we find the Pilgrims adopting the name in the first and greatest of their books, William Bradford's account "Of Plimmouth Plantation." These three words comprise the title of the manuscript whose history reads like a romance. Left at his death in 1647

unpublished, it was used freely by other historians like his nephew, Nathaniel Morton, who in 1669 published his "New England's Memorial," which consists mainly of Bradford's History with the charm omitted. Thomas Prince also used it when he wrote his history, for there is a letter, dated 1728, in his handwriting on the manuscript. Cotton Mather had read it when he wrote his "Magnalia Christi Americana." Governor Hutchinson evidently had access to it as late as 1767. Then it disappeared until in 1855 American scholarship discovered that the Bishop of Oxford had been using it in his history of the "Protestant Episcopal Church in America," published in 1844, and that it lay in the library of the Bishop of London, at Fulham. How it reached that place no one knows, but probably some British officer carried it away with him during the Revolutionary War. Unavailing efforts were made for many years to secure its return to this country, but finally, through the diplomatic skill of Ambassador Bayard, the manuscript was presented to the State of Massachusetts and now reposes in the State House in Boston. It is a pleasant incident in the history of international comity that one of the strongest precedents by which the Consistorial Court of London felt itself authorized to return the manuscript was the voluntary action of the Library Company of Philadelphia in returning in 1866 to the British Government manuscripts of great value, forming indeed a vital portion of the national archives of Great Britain, which had come into its hands in 1799.

Bradford's History tells in a clear and forcible style of the wandering of the Pilgrims, first to Holland, then to New England, where, "being thus passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation, they had now no friends to wellcome them, nor inns to entertaine or refresh their weather beaten bodys, no houses or much less townes

to repaire too, to seeke for succoure." Whether the worthy governor, as he always speaks of himself, had been reading "Hamlet" is not now to be ascertained, but while it is not usual for him to ornament his discourse with metaphors, he had a fine sense of the value of words. Our interest, therefore, is not due entirely to their historical significance as he describes the struggles of the colonists with the natives, with their own consciences and those of their neighbors, or as he tells of the foundation of the form of government and the union of the settlements of Plymouth with those of Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut and New Haven. The journal is not only the record of the colony at Plymouth, it is the revelation of the soul of a man who loved and hated with vigor, who had a keen sense of personal dignity, and who was not afraid of any of his adversaries from the "Archbishop of Counterberies" to the "Narigansets," his independence extending even to the spelling. It is a challenge to the spirit to read in the journal for 1621:

"Sone after this ships departure, the great people of the Narigansets, in a braving maner, sente a messenger unto them with a bundle of arrows tyed aboute with a great sneak-skine; which their interpretours tould them was a threatening and a chaleng. Upon which the Govr, with the advice of others, sente them a round answere, that if they had rather have warre then peace, they might begine when they would; they had done them no wrong, neither did they fear them, or should they find them unprovided. And by another messenger sente the sneake-skine back with bulits in it; but they would not receive it, but sent it back againe."

One of Bradford's productions which did see the light during his lifetime was the journal kept jointly by him and by Edward Winslow, his fellow passenger on the *Mayflower*, from November 9, 1620, until December 11, 1621. It was published in London in 1622. There are passages, it is true, where the language is almost identical with that of Bradford's History, but the general tone is that of an impression received and transmitted rather than of a chronicle. Out of this

journal there comes to us, too, the sense of the community. The record of November 27, 1620, contains words that linger in the memory.

"It blowed and did snow all that day and night and froze withal. Some of our people that are dead took the original of their death here."

"Some of our people that are dead!" Even in the life beyond the grave they were still their people. It is this touch of human nature that makes the pages of Winslow's later narrative, published in London in 1624 under the title of "Good News from New England," even more interesting in some ways than Bradford's book. Winslow had a sense of the dramatic, and could stage his scenes with a feeling for climax. This quality is shown in his description of his visit to Massasoit, who lay at the point of death:

"When they had made an end of their charming, one told him that his friends, the English, were come to see him. Having understanding left, but his sight was wholly gone, he asked, who was come? They told him Winsnow, for they cannot pronounce the letter *l*, but ordinarily *n* in the place thereof. He desired to speak with me. When I came to him, and they told him of it, he put forth his hand to me, which I took. Then he said twice, though very inwardly, *Keen Winsnow?* which is to say, 'Art thou Winslow?' I answered, *Ahhe*, that is, 'Yes.' Then he doubled these words; *Matta neen Wonckanet namen, Winsnow!* that is to say, 'O, Winslow, I shall never see thee again.'"

That the old Indian survived was due to the effective medical treatment of his English friend, in whose description of his curative methods both the advocate of Christian Science and the historian of experimental pharmacology might find food for thought.

Winslow's work saw the light soon after its creation, but, as in the case of Bradford's History, the journal of John Winthrop waited for another generation to publish it. Yet its significance is unquestionable, for it does for the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay what the journal of Bradford did for the Pilgrims at Plymouth. It tells in a straightforward style, a bit plainer than Bradford's, of the

incidents of the journey oversea, and of the important and unimportant events that made up the history of the colony about Boston. It has been called the "History of New England," but it is not that—it is animated too much by a local point of view. The worthy Governor shared, too, with the rest of the colony, who debated solemnly for seven days concerning the stealing of a hog, a lack of sense of proportion. But the human interest is considerable. We read here of the beginnings of representative government in Massachusetts, and of the dramatic cutting out of the cross from the English flag, to be used later by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his story of "Endicott and the Red Cross." We see the rising spirit of independence in the determination to resist the proposed royal governor by force of arms, and out of his pages comes clearly the figure of young Henry Vane, later to be Cromwell's enemy.

It is interesting to read about the first "Hawthorn," who appears to have been a strong opponent of the democratic selection of magistrates, and we see a possible reason for the attitude which his descendant took toward the popular judgments of his time. In the description of the punishment of Mary Latham there is a suggestion which probably resulted in the letter which rested on the bosom of Hester Prynne, for Nathaniel Hawthorne read the literature of the Puritans with avidity, and it was, of course, in them and not in the custom-house of Salem, that he found the "Scarlet Letter."

Sometimes "the governor," as he always calls himself, unconsciously contributed to the gayety of later generations. For example he tells us:

"After much deliberation and serious advice, the Lord directed the teacher, Mr. Cotton, to make it clear by the Scripture that the minister's maintenance, as well as all other charges of the Church, should be defrayed out of a stock, or treasury, which was to be raised out of the weekly contribution."

Again he relates how he was lost in the woods and had to sleep there, and continues:

"It was through God's mercy a warm night; but a little before day it began to rain, and having no cloak he made shift

by a long pole to climb up into the house. In the morning there came thither an Indian squaw; but perceiving her before she had opened the door, he barred her out; yet she stayed there a great while, essaying to get in, and at last she went away, and he returned safe home."

The picture of the worthy governor, securing his reputation by dint of keeping the visitor in the rain makes one wish for the squaw's version of the vigil. But usually the impression is of far greater dignity, and in the speech which Winthrop made in 1645, when he was acquitted by the general court of the charge of having exceeded his authority, he presented the following definition of liberty, which is full of significance for us to-day:

"There is a twofold liberty, natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt) and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this, man, as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists; it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and cannot endure the least restraint of the most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty makes men grow more evil, and in time to be worse than brute beasts: omnes sumus licentia deteriores. This is that great enemy of truth and peace, that wild beast, which all the ordinances of God are bent against, to restrain and subdue it. The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal, it may also be termed moral, in reference to the covenant between God and man, in the moral law, and the politic covenants and constitutions, amongst men themselves. This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that only which is good, just and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard, (not only of your goods, but) of your lives, if need be. Whatsoever crosseth this, is not authority; but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained and exercised in a way of subjection to authority; it is of the same kind of liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free."

As was to be expected in a community that felt so keenly the importance of con-

duct, the element of conflict was not lacking, and in 1637 what may be called the first controversy in print was begun. In 1622 a rollicking person named Thomas Morton came to New England and he remained, a thorn in the side of the Puritans, until his death in 1649. They endeavored to pluck the thorn more than once, sending him to England loaded with chains and charges, but he always returned, unabashed, to trouble them again. In 1637 he published his "New English Canaan," a truly remarkable book, in which he describes the settlers at Plymouth and Boston in vigorous language, and gives an account of his own settlement, "Merrymount," at which he set up a May-pole and also probably drank more than was good for him. He certainly had a pleasant time and he claims that this was the real reason why "Captain Shrimp," as he persists in calling Miles Standish, was sent to attack him. He sets great store also upon his devotion to the Church of England, but one cannot visualize him as a man of real depth of religious feeling. He is more truly an apostle of personal liberty, and when he was sent to England to be tried the King sent him back because Charles could not find he had committed any serious crime. Viewed from an impartial standpoint, Morton's descriptions of his enemies are more highly flavored than Bradford's descriptions of him, and while the modern reader will feel that Merrymount may have been a gayer place to live in than Plymouth, he cannot fail to recognize the greater restraint and dignity on the Puritan side of the dispute. Certainly a comparative study of the two men's work furnishes an excellent opportunity to observe human nature when acting under strong prejudice. And in the history of human error no more enlivening chapter is to be found than Morton's efforts to derive the Indian dialects from the Latin language.

There were not wanting more accurate treatments of the Indian race, the work of Daniel Gookin justly entitling him to the credit of being the first American anthropologist. But his writing, scientific in tone, has much less of the human interest than is to be found in a little book published in 1682, called "The Sover-

ainty and Goodness of God, Together with the Faithfulness of His Promises Displayed; Being a Narrative of the Captivity and Restauration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson." The vitality of the interest in this production of a Puritan goodwife of Lancaster, Massachusetts, is shown in the thirty editions of the book that have been issued. It is a brief chronicle and Mary Rowlandson confined herself to events and the effects of her terrible experiences upon her own moral and physical being. In fact it is this intensely subjective quality in the narrative that has made it last through the centuries, and it is with a real sympathy that we find her telling her son, Joseph, when she meets him in captivity and he laments the plight of his father, who though in safety is mourning for them, that her own sufferings have dwarfed her ability to feel for others.

Her sufferings were indeed sufficient. The Indians attacked her town, Lancaster, February 10, 1675, and destroyed it. They killed nearly all of the inhabitants and carried her off a prisoner, with her wounded little girl of six. After traveling under the most cruel conditions for several days the child died—but the narrative itself must be heard:

"This was the comfort I had from them, miserable comforters are ye all, as he said. Thus nine days I sat upon my knees, with my Babe in my lap, till my flesh was raw again; my Child being even ready to depart this sorrowful world, they bade me carry it out to another Wigwam (I suppose because they would not be troubled with such spectacles). Whither I went with a very heavy heart, and down I sat with the picture of death in my lap. About two houres in the night, my sweet Babe, like a Lambe departed this life, on Feb. 18, 1675. It being about six yeares and five months old. It was nine dayes from the first wounding, in this miserable condition, without any refreshing of one nature or other, except a little cold water. I cannot but take notice, how at another time I could not bear to be in the room where any dead person was, but now the case is changed; I must and could ly down by my dead Babe, side by side all the night after. I have thought since of the wonderful goodness of God to me, in preserving me in the use of my reason and

senses, in that distressed time, that I did not use wicked and violent means to end my own miserable life. In the morning, when they understood that my child was dead, they sent for me home to my Master's Wigwam: (by my Master in this writing, must be understood, *Quanopin* who was a *Saggamore*, and married King *Phillips* wives' Sister; not that he first took me, but I was sold to him by another *Narrhaganset Indian*, who took me when I first came out of the *Garison*) I went to take up my dead Child in my arms to carry it with me, but they bid me let it alone: there was no resisting, but goe I must and leave it. When I had been at my Master's *wigwam*, I took the first opportunity I could get, to go look after my dead child: when I came I askt them what they had done with it? Then they told me it was upon the hill: then they went and shewed me where it was, where I saw the ground was newly digged, and there they told me they had buried it: *There I left that Child in the Wilderness, and must commit it, and myself also in this wilderness-condition, to him who is above all.*"

Her subsequent adventures, how she met her daughter Mary and her son Joseph only to be separated again from them, how she was finally brought back and ransomed, are all told with the same directness. But most impressive is the real sincerity with which she tells of the help her strong faith in God was to her—the comfort of her Bible—the way in which the steel of her character came out and the strong nature of the woman triumphed over danger, pain, and suffering.

The ending of the narrative is eloquent with faith and dramatic with repressed feeling.

"*I can remember,*" she says, "*the time when I used to sleep quietly without workings in my thoughts, whole nights together, but now it is other wayes with me.*"

Even in the midst of our admiration of Mary Rowlandson we cannot help but smile at the following passage, revealing to the social historian the habits of Puritan women of the better class, for she was the wife of a clergyman and her father was one of the most substantial men of the neighborhood.

"Then I went to see *King Phillip*, he bade me come in and sit down, and asked me whether I would smoke it (a usual complement nowadayes amongst Saints and Sinners) but this no way suited me. For though I had formerly used Tobacco, yet I had left it ever since I was first taken. *It seems to be a Bait, the Devil layes to make men loose their precious time:* I remember with shame, how formerly, when I had taken two or three pipes, I was presently ready for another, such a bewitching thing it is: But I thank God, he has now given me power over it: surely there are many who may be better employed than to ly sucking a stinking Tobacco-pipe."

The Puritan spirit was more in evidence than the literary spirit in the work of the seventeenth-century theologians like John Cotton or Thomas Hooker. No one would deny to these early divines both scholarship and industry, but what human interest they possess for us now is usually a by-product. When Cotton tells us in his "New Covenant" that "Agur reckoneth the he-goat among the four things that are comely in going" we feel that a certain lack of a sense of humor was one of the characteristics of the learned grandfather of Cotton Mather. The unconscious humorists of this clerical caste are more refreshing, however, than the one professed satirist of this early period. Nathaniel Ward, who wrote his "Simple Cobbler of Aggawamm" in 1647, is often spoken of as the first American humorist. The book is a tirade against religious toleration, the fashions of women, and in fact anything of which Ward happens to think. It has been highly praised, but really there is little in its humor but the easy distinction that comes from saying outrageous things. It is a far cry from Ward's depressing carnival of exaggeration to the sudden glory that flashes up from the pages of Lowell or Holmes.

The Puritan is more interesting in his prose mood than in his poetic one. He may have had poetry in his soul but he rarely let it escape into his verse. Yet the first book printed in the colonies, in 1640, the "Bay Psalm Book" is an ambitious attempt to translate "the whole Booke of Psalmes" into English metre. It was written by "the chief Divines in

the Country" and supervised by Richard Mather. As the preface truly states, the translators "have attended Conscience rather than Elegance, fidelity rather than poetry." Almost any portion of the translation would illustrate the danger that lurks in the path of those who paraphrase the splendid English of the Bible. This is one of the gems:

"The earth Jehovah's is
and the fulnesse of it
the habitable world and they
that thereupon do sit."

Such verse, however, was not the work of professed poets, which fact may or may not be pleaded in their behalf. The first professed poet was a woman, Anne Dudley, daughter of Governor Thomas Dudley and wife of Governor Simon Bradstreet. In 1650 her poems were published, apparently without her consent, by her brother-in-law in England under the title "The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America, or Several Poems compiled with great variety of Wit and Learning, full of delight." To do justice to the worthy lady, so intimately connected with two colonial administrations, she seems not to have been responsible for the first part of the title. In the second and posthumous edition of 1678, which had been corrected by her, all reference to the "Tenth Muse" is omitted, but she has been known by that name ever since.

The main bulk of her work consists of didactic verses in rimed couplets, beginning with a controversial treatment of the relative merits of the four elements, the four humors, and the four ages of man, in which the various abstractions urge their respective claims in a way that reminds one of the morality plays modified by the balancing qualities of grand opera. The four seasons are next described; then comes the masterpiece, a long poem on the "Four Monarchies," a chronicle beginning with Nimrod and terminating with an apology at Tarquin the Proud. She seems to have paraphrased this last work from Raleigh's "History of the World" to a considerable extent, and it is impossible to read her longer poems with any real interest now. Some of her shorter attempts are more

truly poetic. One of these, "Contemplations," is always mentioned as her best, and it does reflect some real interest in nature. More truly appealing, however, are the verses written to her husband before the birth of one of her children:

"How soon, my Dear, death may my steps attend,
How soon't may be thy Lot to lose thy friend,
We both are ignorant, yet love bids me
These farewell lines to recommend to thee,
That when that knot's unttyd that made us
one,
I may seem thine, who in effect am none.
And if I see not half my dayes that's due,
What nature would, God grant to yours and
you;
The many faults that well you know I have,
Let be interr'd in my oblivions grave;
If any worth or virtue were in me,
Let that live freshly in thy memory
And when thou feelst no grief, as I no harms,
Yet love thy dead, who long lay in thine arms:
And when thy loss shall be repaid with gains
Look to my little babes my dear remains.
And if thou love thyself, or loved'st me
These O protect from step Dames injury."

If Anne Bradstreet's work had the significance of sincerity and the charm that came from real human feeling, the verse of her chief rival can lay claim to the first in large measure but not at all to the latter. Michael Wigglesworth, a Harvard graduate and a clergyman, wrote a great deal of verse, in a jingling metre, always upon theological themes, such as "God's Controversy with New England" and "Meat Out of the Eater, or Meditations Concerning the Necessity, End and Usefulness of Afflictions unto God's Children." The first of these, a warning to New England to depart from her carnal ways and live once more the plain and godly life of the first settlers, begins auspiciously:

"Good Christian Reader, judge me not
As too censorious
For pointing at those faults of thine
Which are notorious."

Wigglesworth preserves the proprieties by having the Deity talk in five and six stress verse, reserving the commoner measure for his own use, until just at the end when the sole human note in the poem is struck in the lines beginning: "Ah, dear New England: dearest land to me:"

His masterpiece, however, was "The

Day of Doom," a description of the day of Judgment, published in 1662. This is probably the most extreme expression of the doctrine of terror as the moving force of the world. God is pictured as a being without mercy or justice, and with the characteristics of a shrewd lawyer, bent on making the best of a bad case. Wigglesworth draws a pleasing picture of the "goats" that stand at God's left hand, concluding with this group:

"Moreover, there together were
children flagitious,
And Parents who did them undo
by nurture vicious.
False-witness-bearers and self-forswearers,
Murderers and Men of Blood,
Witches, Enchanters and Ale-house haunters
beyond account there stood."

Perhaps the most interesting, because the most appalling, is the section devoted to the unbaptized children. Those who have been privileged to view the burying ground on Copp's Hill in Boston where the bones of these infants were thrown together in heaps, can best appreciate the earnestness with which the children plead their cause:

"If for our own transgression,
or disobedience
We here did stand at thy left hand
just were the Recompense:
But Adam's guilt our souls hath spilt
his fault is charged on us;
And that alone hath overthrown,
and utterly undone us."

And they properly urge:

"Not we, but he ate of the Tree
whose fruit was interdicted:
Yet on us all of his sad Fall
the punishment's inflicted.
How could we sin that had not been,
or how is his sin our
Without consent, which to prevent
we never had the pow'r?"

But Wigglesworth is a match for them and he proceeds to demolish their case:

"Then answered the Judge most dread,
God hath such doom forbid,
That men should die eternally
for what they never did.
But what you call old Adam's Fall,
and only his Trespass,
You call amiss to call it his,
both his and yours it was."

Then possibly feeling that this argu-

ment was a bit weak he makes the Lord lose his temper:

"Am I alone of what's my own,
no Master or no Lord?
And if I am, how can you claim
what I to some afford?
Will you demand Grace at my hand,
and challenge what is mine?
Will you teach me whom to set free,
and thus my Grace confine?"

"You sinners are, and such a share
as sinners, may expect;
Such you shall have; for I do save
none but my own Elect.
Yet to compare your sin with their
who liv'd a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less,
though every sin's a crime."

"A Crime it is, therefore in bliss
you may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I shall allow
the easiest room in Hell."

The poem was vastly popular at the time of its publication, eighteen hundred copies being sold in New England within a year. Considering the population, therefore, "The Day of Doom" was far more widely read than "Evangeline" or "Snowbound" in their day, and even as late as 1800 persons were found in New England who could repeat it verbatim.

Wigglesworth's narrative poems may be looked upon as the epics of theocracy. The social constitution of New England which rested upon the rule of a community by a minister who dominated its thought and life through his ability and the system he represented, found its prose epics in the works of a singularly interesting family who set the tone of thought for almost a century. The first of the line, Richard Mather, who came to New England in 1635 on account of the difficulty he experienced in staying in the mother country and not wearing a surplice at the same time, had a share in the writing of the "Bay Psalm Book." His works, however, are of comparatively slight importance compared with those of his famous son and his still more famous grandson. The former, Increase Mather, was pastor of the North Church of Boston, and was President of Harvard College for sixteen years. His printed works include more than a hundred and sixty titles and range over a wide area, from divinity and ethics to comets and dancing. But

the most interesting phases of his writing deal with the supernatural. In 1684 he published his "Essay for the Recording of Illustrious Providences," for which he collected many occurrences which tended to prove the reality of the relations of human beings with the other world. He had literally sent a dragnet throughout New England to find instances that suited his purpose, and although one can hardly believe that he credited them all, he certainly gave their relators the benefit of the doubt. He says rather quaintly in the beginning that "He undertakes a difficult province that shall relate all that might be spoken on such a subject, both in that it cannot but be gravaminous to surviving relations when such things are published, also in that men are apt to misapply the unsearchable judgments of God." What a word was lost to the language of criticism when "gravaminous" failed to find a place in it!

This was but a preparation for the "Cases of Conscience Concerning Evil Spirits" which appeared in 1693, when the witchcraft delusion was on in full force, and its companion, "A Further Account of the Tryals of the New England Witches," which amplified his son's longer work on the same subject. They reveal both the sincerity and the blind superstition of the writers, who solemnly debate evidence which would have been laughed out of court in almost any other part of the colonies. Father and son worked together in defense of their position; in fact, Cotton Mather in his "Wonders of the Invisible World" which also appeared in 1693 goes into much more detail than his father and argues with the passion and devotion usually belonging to those who are fighting against the future, for the justice of judges who hanged their fellow creatures on the word of a defective. We who are removed blissfully from those times, can even admire the eloquence of the Mathers and can view their literary crusade against the powers of darkness and common sense with a certain fascination on account of the very horror of the situation and with a feeling that after all these men believed strongly in something and were good fighters who gave and asked no quarter.

There is a certain naïveté in Cotton Mather too that is refreshing. He is best in the fields of imagination and when he says: "But because the people of God would willingly be told whereabouts we are, with reference to the wrath and the time of the devil, you shall give me leave humbly to set before you a few conjectures," we know we are in for a pleasant time. If one doubts Mather's ability to be entertaining let him read "The first conjecture," beginning, "The Devil's eldest Son seems to be toward the end of his last Half-time."

He died in 1728 before his father, but his bibliography far exceeded that of Increase. He published four hundred and seventy-five works, many of which of course are short, and the great production of his life, his "Magnalia Christi Americana," is invaluable as a revelation of the Puritan spirit although as history it is unreliable. In such a section of it as the "Antiquities" we see him in his most interesting phase, that in which the imagination sports with history. It is delightful to find him, after manfully waving aside a temptation to claim that the English discovered America three centuries before Columbus, stating that "if this *New World* were not found out first by the *English*; yet in those regards that are of all the greatest, it seems to be found out more *for* them than any other."

If the Mathers represent the extreme development of the Puritan spirit both in its interest in the supernatural and in its spiritual intolerance, it is just as truly represented on the side of its independence and its revolt against injustice by the work of Robert Calef. This sensible merchant of Boston was not afraid to lift his voice in protest against the rule of the ministers who were supporting the witchcraft delusion. As early as 1693 he was writing letters to Cotton Mather in which he showed the absurdity of the testimony on which the belief in witches was based and in 1700 he published his "More Wonders of the Invisible World," of which the most interesting portion is the "Impartial Account of the Most Memorable Matters of Fact touching the Supposed Witchcraft in New England." Here he tells of the trials of those accused of witchcraft and when he is simply re-

counting events his style is clear and forcible. The interest comes, however, largely from the subject matter. No one can read his pages without a feeling of intense sympathy for those who were condemned to death on the testimony of half insane wretches who liked the notoriety into which their words were bringing them and who, doubtless, felt a professional pride in killing as many as possible. It was a state of frenzy in which no one knew when he might be denounced, and even disbelief in witchcraft was a crime. It is all the more to Calef's credit that he stood against ecclesiastical tyranny just as the earlier Puritans stood against political tyranny. Calef's work is also interesting because we meet here Giles Corey, his wife Martha, Tituba, the Indian witch and other characters used in Longfellow's drama of "Giles Corey," and because we are brought into a scene dramatic enough in itself, but rendered more significant by its relation to Nathaniel Hawthorne. Calef tells us:

"The 30th of June, 1692, the court according to adjournment again sat; five more were tried, viz., Sarah Good and Rebecca Nurse, of Salem Village; Susanna Martin, of Amsbury; Elizabeth How, of Ipswich; and Sarah Wildes, of Topfield: these were all condemned that sessions and were all executed on the 19th of July.

"At the trial of Sarah Good, one of the afflicted fell in a fit; and after coming out of it she cried out of the prisoner, for stabbing her in the breast with a knife, and that she had broken the knife in stabbing of her; accordingly a piece of the blade of a knife was found about her. Immediately information being given to the court, a young man was called, who produced a haft and part of the blade, which the court having viewed and compared, saw it to be the same; and upon inquiry the young man affirmed, that yesterday he happened to break that knife, and that he cast away the upper part, this afflicted person being then present. The young man was dismissed, and she was bidden by the court not to tell lies; and was improved after (as she had been before) to give evidence against the prisoners.

"At execution, Mr. Noyes urged Sarah Good to confess and told her she was a witch, and she knew she was a witch; to which she replied, 'You are a liar; I am no more a witch than you are a wizard; and if you take away my life, God will give you blood to drink.'"

As we read this last phrase, our memories bring up another scene, where in his new House of the Seven Gables, built upon ground that he had fraudulently wrested from an innocent victim of the witchcraft delusion, Colonel Pyncheon sits dead. Then in Hawthorne's words:

"There is a tradition, only worth alluding to as lending a tinge of superstitious awe to a scene gloomy enough without it, that a voice spoke loudly among the guests, the tones of which were like those of old Matthew Maule, the executed wizard, saying—'God hath given him blood to drink!'"

To complete the significance of Hawthorne's use of this material it is only necessary to add that his ancestor, Judge Hawthorn, was sitting at the time on the bench with Judge Noyes and was included in the curse which his descendant has used so artistically in his novel.

A large share in the witchcraft delusion was taken by another striking figure of the time, Samuel Sewall, who was for some years Chief Justice of the Colony. One of the most pathetic documents of the time is his confession, made publicly in 1697, of his sorrow for the share he had taken in the killing of those accused of witchcraft. But of all the chronicles of the time which tell us of the manners and customs of the Puritans and give us a glimpse of their intimate life, his journal is the most fruitful. Especially interesting are his marriages, of which he contracted three. On May 26, 1720, we read in the Journal: "About midnight my dear wife expired to our great astonishment, especially mine." Undaunted by his sixty-eight years, he began in October his courting of Madam Winthrop. His own words tell the story best:

"Oct. 1. Satterday, I dine at Mr. Stoddard's: from thence I went to Madam Winthrop's just at 3. Spake to her, saying my loving wife died so soon and suddenly, 'twas hardly convenient for me to think of Marrying again; however I

came to this Resolution, that I would not make my Court to any person without first Consulting with her. Had a pleasant discourse about 7 (seven) Single persons sitting in the Fore-seat 7^r 29th, viz. Madam Rebekah Dudley, Catharine Winthrop, Bridget Usher, Deliverance Legg, Rebekah Loyd, Lydia Colman, Elizabeth Bellingham. She propounded one and another for me; but none would do, said Mrs. Loyd was about her age."

"Oct. 12. At Madam Winthrop's Steps I took leave of Capt. Hill, etc.

"Mrs. Anne Cotton came to door (twas before 8.) said Madam Winthrop was within, directed me into the little Room, where she was full of work behind a Stand; Mrs. Cotton came in and stood. Madam Winthrop pointed to her to set me a Chair. Madam Winthrop's Countenance was much changed from what 'twas on Monday, look'd dark and lowering. At last, the work, (black stuff or Silk) was taken away, I got my Chair in place, had some Converse, but very Cold and indifferent to what 'twas before. Ask'd her to acquit me of Rudeness if I drew off her Glove. Enquiring the reason, I told her twas great odds between handling a dead Goat, and a living Lady. Got it off."

"Oct. 21. About 6 a-clock I go to Madam Winthrop's; Sarah told me her Mistress was gon out, but did not tell me whither she went. She presently order'd me a Fire; so I went in, having Dr. Sibb's Bowels with me to read. I read the two first Sermons, still no body came in; at last about 9 a-clock Mr. Jn^o Eyre came in; I took the opportunity to say to him as I had done to Mrs. Noyes before, that I hoped my Visiting his Mother would not be disagreeable to him; He answered me with much Respect. When 'twas after 9 a-clock He of himself said he would go and call her, she was but at one of his Brothers: A while after I heard Madam Winthrop's voice, enquiring something about John. After a good while and Claping the Garden door twice or thrice, she came in. I mention'd something of the lateness; she banter'd me, and said I was later. She receiv'd me Courteously. I ask'd when our proceed-

ings should be made publick: She said They were like to be no more publick than they were already. Offer'd me no Wine that I remember. I rose up at 11 a-clock to come away, saying I would put on my Coat. She offer'd not to help me. I pray'd her that Juno might light me home, she open'd the Shutter, and said twas pretty light abroad; Juno was weary and gon to bed. So I came hóm by Star-Light as well as I could."

"Nov. 2nd. Midweek, went again, and found Mrs. Alden there, who quickly went out. Gave her about $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of Sugar Almonds, cost 3^s per £. Carried them on Monday. She seem'd pleas'd with them, ask'd what they cost. Spake of giving her a Hundred pounds per annum if I dy'd before her. Ask'd her what sum she would give me, if she should dy first? Said I would give her time to Consider of it. She said she heard as if I had given all to my Children by Deeds of Gift. I told her 'twas a mistake, Point-Judith was mine etc. That in England, I own'd my Father's desire was that it should go to my eldest Son; 'twas 20£ per annum; she thought 'twas forty. I think when I seem'd to excuse pressing this, she seem'd to think twas best to speak of it; a long winter was coming on. Gave me a Glass or two of Canary."

"Nov. 7th. I went to Mad. Winthrop; found her rocking her little Katee in the Cradle. I excus'd my Coming so late (near Eight.) She set me an arm'd Chair and Cusheon; and so the Cradle was between her Arm'd Chair and mine. Gave her the remnant of my almonds; She did not eat of them as before; but laid them away; I said I came to enquire whether she had alter'd her mind since Friday, or remained of the same mind still. She said, Thereabouts. I told her I loved her, and was so fond as to think that she loved me: She said had a great respect for me. I told her, I had made her an offer, without asking any advice; she had so many to advise with, that 'twas a hindrance. The Fire was come to one short Brand besides the Block, which Brand was set up in end; at last it fell to pieces, and no Recruit was made: She gave me a Glass of Wine. I think I re-

peated again that I would go home and bewail my Rashness in making more haste than good Speed. I would endeavour to contain myself, and not go on to solicit her to do that which she could not Consent to. Took leave of her. As came down the steps she bid me have a Care. Treated me Courteously. Told her she had enter'd the 4th year of her Widowhood. I had given her the News-Letter before: I did not bid her draw off her Glove as sometime I had done. Her Dress was not so clean as sometime it had been. Jehovah jireh!"

"Midweek, Nov. 9th. Dine at Bro^r Stoddard's: were so kind as to enquire of me if they should invite M^m Winthrop; I answer'd No. Had a noble Treat. At night our Meeting was at the Widow Belknap's. Gave each one of the Meeting One of Mr. Homes's Sermons, 12 in all; She sent her servant home with me with a Lantern. Madam Winthrop's Shutters were open as I pass'd by.

"About the middle of Dec^r Madam Winthrop made a Treat for her Children; Mr. Sewall, Prince, Willoughby: I knew nothing of it; but the same day abode in the Council Chamber for fear of the Rain, and din'd alone upon Kilby's Pyes and good Beer."

It was just a hundred years to a day from the time when the Pilgrims sighted land to the night when Judge Sewall walked by Madam Winthrop's house and saw that the shutters were open, but not

for him. In a literary sense he marks the end of an era, for he was in a way the last of the Pilgrims. Born in England and coming to this country as a boy of nine, he was thoroughly of New England and yet when we compare his work with that of the next generation, we see that there is a difference. The tone of the Colonial is more insistent in Bradford, in Winslow, in Winthrop, in Sewall, than in those to come after them.

In 1720, Jonathan Edwards was seventeen years of age and Benjamin Franklin a child of eleven. To them belongs another century, greater far in literary achievement. But in that which closed in 1720 there was a spirit which was all its own—the high spirit of adventure. It showed in New England in the courage of the pioneers, Pilgrims or Puritans, not only the courage that launches into the unknown sea of peril, but also the intrepidity that meets the daily grinding of events upon the heart and soul. It showed, too, the courage that dared to leave the things of this world and wrestle with the beings of another. And if this courage in the presence both of the known and the unknown was often misdirected, it challenges still the admiration of all strong men in this generation for the men of strength of an earlier day. It is this quality of high heart that sets a seal of greatness upon the founders of New England, and fortunately for their descendants they left a literature in which that spirit found an adequate expression.

AN EPITAPH

By Margaret Cable Brewster

So brief a time she dwelt with us it seemed
As though, when she had gone, we had but dreamed
Of stars and flowers, and all Earth's rare delight,
And, waking, knew Earth's radiance veiled in Night.

THE CUT-GLASS BOWL

By F. Scott Fitzgerald



LHERE was a rough stone age and a smooth stone age and a bronze age and many years afterward a cut-glass age. In the cut-glass age, when young ladies had persuaded young men with long, curly mustaches to marry them, they sat down several months afterward and wrote thank-you notes for all sorts of cut-glass presents—punch-bowls, finger-bowls, dinner glasses, wine glasses, ice-cream dishes, bonbon dishes, decanters, and vases—for, though cut-glass was nothing new in the nineties, it was then especially busy reflecting the dazzling light of fashion from Back Bay to the fastnesses of the Middle West.

After the wedding the punch-bowls were arranged on the sideboard with the big bowl in the centre; the glasses were set up in the china-closet; the candlesticks were put at both ends of things—and then the struggle for existence began. The bonbon dish lost its little handle and became a pin-tray up-stairs; a promenading cat knocked the little bowl off the sideboard and the hired girl chipped the middle-sized one with the sugar-dish; then the wine glasses succumbed to leg fractures and even the dinner glasses disappeared one by one like the ten little niggers, the last one ending up, scarred and maimed, as a tooth-brush holder among other shabby genteels on the bathroom shelf. But by the time all this had happened the cut-glass age was over, anyway.

It was well past its first glory on the day the curious Mrs. Roger Fairboalt came to see the beautiful Mrs. Harold Piper.

"My dear," said the curious Mrs. Roger Fairboalt, "I love your house. I think it's quite artistic."

"I'm so glad," said the beautiful Mrs. Harold Piper, lights appearing in her young, dark eyes; "and you *must* come often. I'm almost *always* alone in the afternoon."

Mrs. Fairboalt would have liked to remark that she didn't believe this at all and couldn't see how she'd be expected to—it was all over town that Mr. Freddy Gedney had been dropping in on Mrs. Piper five afternoons a week for the past six months. Mrs. Fairboalt was at that ripe age where she distrusted all beautiful women—

"I love the dining-room *most*," she said, "all that *marvellous* china and that *huge* cut-glass bowl."

Mrs. Piper laughed, so prettily that Mrs. Fairboalt's lingering reservations about the Freddy Gedney story quite vanished.

"Oh, that big bowl!" Mrs. Piper's mouth forming the words was a vivid rose petal. "There's a story about that bowl——"

"Oh——"

"You remember young Carleton Canby? Well, he was very attentive at one time, and the night I told him I was going to marry Harold, seven years ago, in ninety-two, he drew himself way up and said: 'Evlyn, I'm going to give a present that's as hard as you are and as beautiful and as empty and as easy to see through.' He frightened me a little—his eyes were so black. I thought he was going to deed me a haunted house or something that would explode when you opened it. That bowl came, and of course it's beautiful. Its diameter or circumference or something is two and a half feet—or perhaps it's three and a half. Anyway, the sideboard is really too small for it; it sticks way out."

"My dear, wasn't that *odd*! And he left town about then, didn't he?" Mrs. Fairboalt was scribbling italicized notes on her memory—"hard, beautiful, empty, and easy to see through."

"Yes, he went West—or South—or somewhere," answered Mrs. Piper, radiating that divine vagueness that helps to lift beauty out of time.

Mrs. Fairboalt drew on her gloves, approving the effect of largeness given by

the open sweep from the spacious music-room through the library, disclosing a part of the dining-room beyond. It was really the nicest smaller house in town, and Mrs. Piper had talked of moving to a larger one on Devereaux Avenue. Harold Piper must be *coining* money.

As she turned into the sidewalk under the gathering autumn dusk she assumed that disapproving, faintly unpleasant expression that almost all successful women of forty wear on the street.

If *I* were Harold Piper, she thought, I'd spend a *little* less time on business and a *little* more time at home. Some *friend* should speak to him.

But if Mrs. Fairboalt had considered it a successful afternoon she would have named it a triumph had she waited two minutes longer. For while she was still a black receding figure a hundred yards down the street, a very good-looking distraught young man turned up the walk to the Piper house. Mrs. Piper answered the door-bell herself and with a rather dismayed expression led him quickly into the library.

"I had to see you," he began wildly; "your note played the devil with me. Did Harold frighten you into this?"

She shook her head.

"I'm through, Fred," she said slowly, and her lips had never looked to him so much like tearings from a rose. "He came home last night sick with it. Jessie Piper's sense of duty was too much for her, so she went down to his office and told him. He was hurt and—oh, I can't help seeing it his way, Fred. He says we've been club gossip all summer and he didn't know it, and now he understands snatches of conversation he's caught and veiled hints people have dropped about me. He's mighty angry, Fred, and he loves me and I love him—rather."

Gedney nodded slowly and half closed his eyes.

"Yes," he said, "yes, my trouble's like yours. I can see other people's points of view too plainly." His gray eyes met her dark ones frankly. "The blessed thing's over. My God, Evylyn, I've been sitting down at the office all day looking at the outside of your letter, and looking at it and looking at it——"

"You've got to go, Fred," she said

steadily, and the slight emphasis of hurry in her voice was a new thrust for him. "I gave him my word of honor I wouldn't see you. I know just how far I can go with Harold, and being here with you this evening is one of the things I can't do."

They were still standing, and as she spoke she made a little movement toward the door. Gedney looked at her miserably, trying, here at the end, to treasure up a last picture of her—and then suddenly both of them were stiffened into marble at the sound of steps on the walk outside. Instantly her arm reached out grasping the lapel of his coat—half urged, half swung him through the big door into the dark dining-room.

"I'll make him go up-stairs," she whispered close to his ear; "don't move 'til you hear him on the stairs. Then go out the front way."

Then he was alone listening as she greeted her husband in the hall.

Harold Piper was thirty-six, nine years older than his wife. He was handsome—with marginal notes: these being eyes that were too close together and a certain woodenness when his face was in repose. His attitude toward this Gedney matter was typical of all his attitudes. He had told Evylyn that he considered the subject closed and would never reproach her nor allude to it in any form; and he told himself that this was rather a big way of looking at it—that she was not a little impressed. Yet, like all men who are pre-occupied with their own broadness, he was exceptionally narrow.

He greeted Evylyn with emphasized cordiality this evening.

"You'll have to hurry and dress, Harold," she said eagerly; "we're going to the Bronsons'."

He nodded.

"It doesn't take me long to dress, dear," and, his words trailing off, he walked on into the library. Evylyn's heart clattered loudly.

"Harold——" she began, with a little catch in her voice, and followed him in. He was lighting a cigarette. "You'll have to hurry, Harold," she finished, standing in the doorway.

"Why?" he asked, a trifle impatiently; "you're not dressed yourself yet, Evie."

He stretched out in a Morris chair and

unfolded a newspaper. With a sinking sensation Evylyn saw that this meant at least ten minutes—and Gedney was standing breathless in the next room. Supposing Harold decided that before he went up-stairs he wanted a drink from the decanter on the sideboard. Then it occurred to her to forestall this contingency by bringing him the decanter and a glass. She dreaded calling his attention to the dining-room in any way, but she couldn't risk the other chance.

But at the same moment Harold rose and, throwing his paper down, came toward her.

"Evie, dear," he said, bending and putting his arms about her, "I hope you're not thinking about last night—" She moved close to him, trembling. "I know," he continued, "it was just an imprudent friendship on your part. We all make mistakes."

Evylyn hardly heard him. She was wondering if by sheer clinging to him she could draw him out and up the stairs. She thought of playing sick, asking to be carried up—unfortunately, she knew he would lay her on the couch and bring her whiskey.

Suddenly her nervous tension moved up a last impossible notch. She had heard a very faint but quite unmistakable creak from the floor of the dining-room. Fred was trying to get out the back way.

Then her heart took a flying leap as a hollow ringing note like a gong echoed and reechoed through the house. Gedney's arm had struck the big cut-glass bowl.

"What's that!" cried Harold. "Who's there?"

She clung to him but he broke away, and the room seemed to crash about her ears. She heard the pantry door swing open, a scuffle, the rattle of a tin pan, and in wild despair she rushed into the kitchen and pulled up the gas. Her husband's arm slowly unwound from Gedney's neck, and he stood there very still, first in amazement, then with pain dawning in his face.

"My golly!" he said in bewilderment, and then repeated: "My golly!"

He turned as if to jump again at Gedney, stopped, his muscles visibly relaxed, and he gave a bitter little laugh.

"You people—you people—" Evylyn's arms were around him and her eyes were pleading with him frantically, but he pushed her away and sank dazed into a kitchen chair, his face like porcelain. "You've been doing things to me, Evylyn. Why, you little devil! You little devil!"

She had never felt so sorry for him; she had never loved him so much.

"It wasn't her fault," said Gedney rather humbly. "I just came." But Piper shook his head, and his expression when he stared up was as if some physical accident had jarred his mind into a temporary inability to function. His eyes, grown suddenly pitiful, struck a deep, unsounded chord in Evylyn—and simultaneously a furious anger surged in her. She felt her eyelids burning; she stamped her foot violently; her hands scurried nervously over the table as if searching for a weapon, and then she flung herself wildly at Gedney.

"Get out!" she screamed, dark eyes blazing, little fists beating helplessly on his outstretched arm. "You did this! Get out of here—get out!—get out! Get out!"

II

CONCERNING Mrs. Harold Piper at thirty-five, opinion was divided—women said she was still handsome; men said she was pretty no longer. And this was probably because the qualities in her beauty that women had feared and men had followed had vanished. Her eyes were still as large and as dark and as sad, but the mystery had departed; their sadness was no longer eternal, only human, and she had developed a habit, when she was startled or annoyed, of twitching her brows together and blinking several times. Her mouth also had lost: the red had receded and the faint down-turning of its corners when she smiled, that had added to the sadness of the eyes and been vaguely mocking and beautiful, was quite gone. When she smiled now the corners of her lips turned up. Back in the days when she revelled in her own beauty Evylyn had enjoyed that smile of hers—she had accentuated it. When she stopped accentuating it, it faded out and the last of her mystery with it.

Evylyn had ceased accentuating her smile within a month after the Freddy Gedney affair. Externally things had gone on very much as they had before. But in those few minutes during which she had discovered how much she loved her husband Evylyn had realized how indelibly she had hurt him. For a month she struggled against aching silences, wild reproaches and accusations—she pled with him, made quiet, pitiful little love to him, and he laughed at her bitterly—and then she, too, slipped gradually into silence and a shadowy, unpenetrable barrier dropped between them. The surge of love that had risen in her she lavished on Donald, her little boy, realizing him almost wonderingly as a part of her life.

The next year a piling up of mutual interests and responsibilities and some stray flicker from the past brought husband and wife together again—but after a rather pathetic flood of passion Evylyn realized that her great opportunity was gone. There simply wasn't anything left. She might have been youth and love for both—but that time of silence had slowly dried up the springs of affection and her own desire to drink again of them was dead.

She began for the first time to seek women friends, to prefer books she had read before, to sew a little where she could watch her two children to whom she was devoted. She worried about little things—if she saw crumbs on the dinner-table her mind drifted off the conversation: she was receding gradually into middle age.

Her thirty-fifth birthday had been an exceptionally busy one, for they were entertaining on short notice that night, and as she stood in her bedroom window in the late afternoon she discovered that she was quite tired. Ten years before she would have lain down and slept, but now she had a feeling that things needed watching: maids were cleaning downstairs, bric-à-brac was all over the floor, and there were sure to be grocery-men that had to be talked to imperatively—and then there was a letter to write Donald, who was fourteen and in his first year away at school.

She had nearly decided to lie down, nevertheless, when she heard a sudden

familiar signal from little Julie downstairs. She compressed her lips, her brows twitched together, and she blinked.

"Julie!" she called.

"Ah-h-h-ow!" prolonged Julie plaintively. Then the voice of Hilda, the second maid, floated up the stairs.

"She cut herself a little, Mis' Piper."

Evylyn flew to her sewing-basket, rummaged until she found a torn handkerchief, and hurried down-stairs. In a moment Julie was crying in her arms as she searched for the cut, faint, disparaging evidences of which appeared on Julie's dress!

"My *thu-umb*!" explained Julie. "Oh-h-h, t'urts."

"It was the bowl here, the he one," said Hilda apologetically. "It was waitin' on the floor while I polished the side-board, and Julie come along an' went to foolin' with it. She yust scratch herself."

Evylyn frowned heavily at Hilda and, twisting Julie decisively in her lap, began tearing strips off the handkerchief.

"Now—let's see it, dear."

Julie held it up and Evylyn pounced.

"There!"

Julie surveyed her swathed thumb doubtfully. She crooked it; it waggled. A pleased, interested look appeared in her tear-stained face. She sniffled and waggled it again.

"You *precious*!" cried Evylyn and kissed her, but before she left the room she levelled another frown at Hilda. Careless! Servants all that way nowadays. If she could get a good Irishwoman—but you couldn't any more—and these Swedes——

At five o'clock Harold arrived and, coming up to her room, threatened in a suspiciously jovial tone to kiss her thirty-five times for her birthday. Evylyn resisted.

"You've been drinking," she said shortly, and then added qualitatively, "a little. You know I loathe the smell of it."

"Evie," he said, after a pause, seating himself in a chair by the window, "I can tell you something now. I guess you've known things haven't been going quite right down-town."

She was standing at the window combing her hair, but at these words she turned and looked at him.

"How do you mean? You've always said there was room for more than one wholesale hardware house in town." Her voice expressed some alarm.

"There *was*," said Harold significantly, "but this Clarence Ahearn is a smart man."

"I was surprised when you said he was coming to dinner."

"Evie," he went on, with another slap at his knee, "after January first, 'The Clarence Ahearn Company' becomes 'The Ahearn, Piper Company'—and 'Piper Brothers' as a company ceases to exist."

Evylyn was startled. The sound of his name in second place was somehow hostile to her; still he appeared jubilant.

"I don't understand, Harold."

"Well, Evie, Ahearn has been fooling around with Marx. If those two had combined we'd have been the little fellow, struggling along, picking up smaller orders, hanging back on risks. It's a question of capital, Evie, and 'Ahearn and Marx' would have had the business just like 'Ahearn and Piper' is going to now." He paused and coughed and a little cloud of whiskey floated up to her nostrils. "Tell you the truth, Evie, I've suspected that Ahearn's wife had something to do with it. Ambitious little lady, I'm told. Guess she knew the Marxes couldn't help her much here."

"Is she—common?" asked Evie.

"Never met her, I'm sure—but I don't doubt it. Clarence Ahearn's name's been up at the Country Club seven months—no action taken." He waved his hand disparagingly. "Ahearn and I had lunch together to-day and just about clinched it, so I thought it'd be nice to have him and his wife up to-night—just have nine, mostly family. After all, it's a big thing for me, and of course we'll have to see something of them, Evie."

"Yes," said Evie thoughtfully, "I suppose we will."

Evylyn was not disturbed over the social end of it—but the idea of "Piper Brothers" becoming "Ahearn, Piper Company" startled her. It seemed like going down in the world.

Half an hour later, as she began to dress for dinner, she heard his voice from downstairs.

"Oh, Evie, come down!"

She went out into the hall and called over the banister.

"What is it?"

"I want you to help me make some of that punch before dinner."

Hurriedly rehooking her dress, she descended the stairs and found him grouping the essentials on the dining-room table. She went to the sideboard and, lifting one of the bowls, carried it over.

"Oh, no," he protested, "let's use the big one. There'll be Ahearn and his wife and you and I and Milton, that's five, and Tom and Jessie, that's seven, and your sister and Joe Ambler, that's nine. You don't know how quick that stuff goes when *you* make it."

"We'll use this bowl," she insisted. "It'll hold plenty. You know how Tom is."

Tom Lowrie, husband to Jessie, Harold's first cousin, was rather inclined to finish anything in a liquid way that he began.

Harold shook his head.

"Don't be foolish. That one holds only about three quarts and there's nine of us, and the servants'll want some—and it isn't strong punch. It's so much more cheerful to have a lot, Evie; we don't have to drink all of it."

"I say the small one."

Again he shook his head obstinately.

"No; be reasonable."

"I *am* reasonable," she said shortly. "I don't want any drunken men in the house."

"Who said you did?"

"Then use the small bowl."

"Now, Evie——"

He grasped the smaller bowl to lift it back. Instantly her hands were on it, holding it down. There was a momentary struggle, and then, with a little exasperated grunt, he raised his side, slipped it from her fingers, and carried it to the sideboard.

She looked at him and tried to make her expression contemptuous, but he only laughed. Acknowledging her defeat but disclaiming all future interest in the punch, she left the room.

III

At seven-thirty, her cheeks glowing and her high-piled hair gleaming with

a suspicion of brilliantine, Evylyn descended the stairs. Mrs. Ahearn, a little woman concealing a slight nervousness under red hair and an extreme Empire gown, greeted her volubly. Evylyn disliked her on the spot, but the husband she rather approved of. He had keen blue eyes and a natural gift of pleasing people that might have made him, socially, had he not so obviously committed the blunder of marrying too early in his career.

"I'm glad to know Piper's wife," he said simply. "It looks as though your husband and I are going to see a lot of each other in the future."

She bowed, smiled graciously, and turned to greet the others: Milton Piper, Harold's quiet, unassertive younger brother; the two Lowries, Jessie and Tom; Irene, her own unmarried sister; and finally Joe Ambler, a confirmed bachelor and Irene's perennial beau.

Harold led the way into dinner.

"We're having a punch evening," he announced jovially—Evylyn saw that he had already sampled his concoction—"so there won't be any cocktails except the punch. It's m' wife's greatest achievement, Mrs. Ahearn; she'll give you the recipe if you want it; but owing to a slight"—he caught his wife's eye and paused—"to a slight indisposition, I'm responsible for this batch. Here's how!"

All through dinner there was punch, and Evylyn, noticing at the salad that Ahearn and Milton Piper and all the women were shaking their heads negatively at the maid, knew she had been right about the bowl; it was still half full. She resolved to caution Harold directly afterward, but when the women left the table Mrs. Ahearn cornered her, and she found herself talking cities and dressmakers with a polite show of interest.

"We've moved around a lot," chattered Mrs. Ahearn, her red head nodding violently. "Oh, yes, we've never stayed so long in a town before—but I do hope we're here for good. I like it here; don't you?"

"Well, you see, I've always lived here, so, naturally——"

"Oh, that's true," said Mrs. Ahearn and laughed. "Clarence always used to

tell me he had to have a wife he could come home to and say: 'Well, we're going to Chicago to-morrow to live, so pack up.' I got so I never expected to live *anywhere*." She laughed her little laugh again; Evylyn suspected that it was her society laugh.

"Your husband is a very able man, I imagine."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Ahearn assured her eagerly. "He's brainy, Clarence is. Ideas and enthusiasm, you know. Finds out what he wants and then goes and gets it."

Evylyn nodded. She was wondering if the men were still drinking punch back in the dining-room. Mrs. Ahearn's history kept unfolding jerkily, but she had ceased to listen. The first odor of massed cigars began to drift in. It wasn't really a large house, she reflected; on an evening like this the library sometimes grew blue with smoke, and next day one had to leave the windows open for hours to air the heavy staleness out of the curtains. Perhaps this partnership might . . . she began to speculate on a new house . . .

Mrs. Ahearn's voice drifted in on her:

"I really would like the recipe if you have it written down somewhere——"

Then there was a sound of chairs in the dining-room and the men strolled in. Evylyn saw at once that her worst fears were realized. Harold's face was flushed and his words ran together at the ends of sentences, while Tom Lowrie lurched when he walked and narrowly missed Irene's lap when he tried to sink onto the couch beside her. He sat there blinking dazedly at the company. Evylyn found herself blinking back at him, but she saw no humor in it. Joe Ambler was smiling contentedly and purring on his cigar. Only Ahearn and Milton Piper seemed unaffected.

"It's a pretty fine town, Ahearn," said Ambler, "you'll find that."

"I've found it so," said Ahearn pleasantly.

"You find it more, Ahearn," said Harold, nodding emphatically, "'f I've an'-thin' do 'th it."

He soared into a eulogy of the city, and Evylyn wondered uncomfortably if it bored every one as it bored her. Apparently not. They were all listening at-

tentively. Evylyn broke in at the first gap.

"Where've you been living, Mr. Ahearn?" she asked interestedly. Then she remembered that Mrs. Ahearn had told her, but it didn't matter. Harold mustn't talk so much. He was such an ass when he'd been drinking. But he plopped directly back in.

"Tell you, Ahearn. Firs' you wanna get a house up here on the hill. Get Stearne house or Ridgeway house. Wanna have it so people say: 'There's Ahearn house.' Solid, you know, tha's effec' it gives."

Evylyn flushed. This didn't sound right at all. Still Ahearn didn't seem to notice anything amiss, only nodded gravely.

"Have you been looking—" But her words trailed off unheard as Harold's voice boomed on.

"Get house—tha's start. Then you get know people. Snobbish town first toward outsider, but not long—not after know you. People like you"—he indicated Ahearn and his wife with a sweeping gesture—"all right. Cordial as an'-thin' once get by first barrer-bar-bar-rer—" He swallowed, and then said "barrier," repeated it masterfully.

Evylyn looked appealingly at her brother-in-law, but before he could intercede a thick mumble had come crowding out of Tom Lowrie, hindered by the dead cigar which he gripped firmly with his teeth.

"Huma uma ho huma ahdy um——"

"What?" demanded Harold earnestly.

Resignedly and with difficulty Tom removed the cigar—that is, he removed part of it, and then blew the remainder with a *whut* sound across the room, where it landed liquidly and limply in Mrs. Ahearn's lap.

"Beg pardon," he mumbled, and rose with the vague intention of going after it. Milton's hand on his coat collapsed him in time, and Mrs. Ahearn not ungracefully flounced the tobacco from her skirt to the floor, never once looking at it.

"I was sayin'," continued Tom thickly, "'for 'at happened"—he waved his hand apologetically toward Mrs. Ahearn—"I was sayin' I heard all truth that Country Club matter."

Milton leaned and whispered something to him.

"Lemme 'lone," he said petulantly; "know what I'm doin'. 'At's what they came for."

Evylyn sat there in a panic, trying to make her mouth form words. She saw her sister's sardonic expression and Mrs. Ahearn's face turning a vivid red. Ahearn was looking down at his watch-chain, fingering it.

"I heard who's been keepin' y'out, an' he's not a bit better'n you. I can fix whole damn thing up. Would've before, but I didn't know you. Harol' tol' me you felt bad about the thing——"

Milton Piper rose suddenly and awkwardly to his feet. In a second every one was standing tensely and Milton was saying something very hurriedly about having to go early, and the Ahearns were listening with eager intentness. Then Mrs. Ahearn swallowed and turned with a forced smile toward Jessie. Evylyn saw Tom lurch forward and put his hand on Ahearn's shoulder—and suddenly she was listening to a new, anxious voice at her elbow, and, turning, found Hilda, the second maid.

"Please, Mis' Piper, I tank Yulie got her hand poisoned. It's all swole up and her cheeks is hot and she's moanin' an' groanin'——"

"Julie is?" Evylyn asked sharply. The party suddenly receded. She turned quickly, sought with her eyes for Mrs. Ahearn, slipped toward her.

"If you'll excuse me, Mrs.——" She had momentarily forgotten the name, but she went right on: "My little girl's been taken sick. I'll be down when I can." She turned and ran quickly up the stairs, retaining a confused picture of rays of cigar smoke and a loud discussion in the centre of the room that seemed to be developing into an argument.

Switching on the light in the nursery, she found Julie tossing feverishly and giving out odd little cries. She put her hand against the cheeks. They were burning. With an exclamation she followed the arm down under the cover until she found the hand. Hilda was right. The whole thumb was swollen to the wrist and in the centre was a little inflamed sore. Blood-poisoning! her mind cried in ter-

ror. The bandage had come off the cut and she'd gotten something in it. She'd cut it at three o'clock—it was now nearly eleven. Eight hours. Blood-poisoning couldn't possibly develop so soon. She rushed to the 'phone.

Doctor Martin across the street was out. Doctor Foulke, their family physician, didn't answer. She racked her brains and in desperation called her throat specialist, and bit her lip furiously while he looked up the numbers of two physicians. During that interminable moment she thought she heard loud voices downstairs—but she seemed to be in another world now. After fifteen minutes she located a physician who sounded angry and sulky at being called out of bed. She ran back to the nursery and, looking at the hand, found it was somewhat more swollen.

"Oh, God!" she cried, and kneeling beside the bed began smoothing back Julie's hair over and over. With a vague idea of getting some hot water, she rose and started toward the door, but the lace of her dress caught in the bed-rail and she fell forward on her hands and knees. She struggled up and jerked frantically at the lace. The bed moved and Julie groaned. Then more quietly but with suddenly fumbling fingers she found the pleat in front, tore the whole pannier completely off, and rushed from the room.

Out in the hall she heard a single loud, insistent voice, but as she reached the head of the stairs it ceased and an outer door banged.

The music-room came into view. Only Harold and Milton were there, the former leaning against a chair, his face very pale, his collar open, and his mouth moving loosely.

"What's the matter?"

Milton looked at her anxiously.

"There was a little trouble——"

Then Harold saw her and, straightening up with an effort, began to speak.

"'Sult m'own cousin m'own house. —— common nouveau rish. 'Sult m'own cousin——"

"Tom had trouble with Ahearn and Harold interfered," said Milton.

"My Lord, Milton," cried Evylyn, "couldn't you have done something?"

"I tried; I——"

"Julie's sick," she interrupted; "she's poisoned herself. Get him to bed if you can."

Harold looked up.

"Julie sick?"

Paying no attention, Evylyn brushed by through the dining-room, catching sight, with a burst of horror, of the big punch-bowl still on the table, the liquid from melted ice in its bottom. She heard steps on the front stairs—it was Milton helping Harold up—and then a mumble, "Why, Julie's a'right'."

"Don't let him go into the nursery!" she shouted.

The hours blurred into a nightmare. The doctor arrived just before midnight and within a half-hour had lanced the wound. He left at two after giving her the addresses of two nurses to call up and promising to return at half-past six. It was blood-poisoning.

At four, leaving Hilda by the bedside, she went to her room and, slipping with a shudder out of her evening dress, kicked it into a corner. She put on a house dress and returned to the nursery while Hilda went to make coffee.

Not until noon could she bring herself to look into Harold's room, but when she did it was to find him awake and staring very miserably at the ceiling. He turned blood-shot, hollow eyes upon her. For a minute she hated him, couldn't speak. A husky voice came from the bed.

"What time is it?"

"Noon."

"I made a damn fool——"

"It doesn't matter," she said sharply. "Julie's got blood-poisoning. They may"—she choked over the words—"they think she'll have to lose her hand."

"What?"

"She cut herself on that—that bowl."

"Last night?"

"Oh, what does it matter?" she cried; "she's got blood-poisoning. Can't you hear?"

He looked at her bewildered—sat half-way up in bed.

"I'll get dressed," he said.

Her anger subsided and a great wave of weariness and pity for him rolled over her. After all, it was his trouble, too.

"Yes," she answered listlessly, "I suppose you'd better."

IV

IF Evylyn's beauty had hesitated in her early thirties it came to an abrupt decision just afterward and completely left her. A tentative outlay of wrinkles on her face suddenly deepened and flesh collected rapidly on her legs and hips and arms. Her mannerism of drawing her brows together had become an expression—it was habitual when she was reading or speaking and even while she slept. She was forty-six.

As in most families whose fortunes have gone down rather than up, she and Harold had drifted into a colorless antagonism. In repose they looked at each other with the toleration they might have felt for broken old chairs; Evylyn worried a little when he was sick and did her best to be cheerful under the wearying depression of living with a disappointed man.

Family bridge was over for the evening and she sighed with relief. She had made more mistakes than usual this evening and she didn't care. Irene shouldn't have made that remark about the infantry being particularly dangerous. There had been no letter for three weeks now, and, while this was nothing out of the ordinary, it never failed to make her nervous; naturally she hadn't known how many clubs were out.

Harold had gone up-stairs so she stepped out on the porch for a breath of fresh air. There was a bright glamour of moonlight diffusing on the sidewalks and lawns, and with a little half yawn, half laugh, she remembered one long moonlight affair of her youth. It was astonishing to think that life had once been the sum of her current love-affairs. It was now the sum of her current problems.

There was the problem of Julie—Julie was thirteen, and lately she was growing more and more sensitive about her deformity and preferred to stay always in her room reading. A few years before she had been frightened at the idea of going to school, and Evylyn could not bring herself to send her, so she grew up in her mother's shadow, a pitiful little figure with the artificial hand that she made no attempt to use but kept forlornly in her pocket. Lately she had been taking lessons in using it because

Evylyn had feared she would cease to lift the arm altogether, but after the lessons, unless she made a move with it in listless obedience to her mother, the little hand would creep back to the pocket of her dress. For a while her dresses were made without pockets, but Julie had moped around the house so miserably at a loss all one month that Evylyn weakened and never tried the experiment again.

The problem of Donald had been different from the start. She had attempted vainly to keep him near her as she had tried to teach Julie to lean less on her—lately the problem of Donald had been snatched out of her hands; his division had been abroad for three months.

She yawned again—life was a thing for youth. What a happy youth she must have had! She remembered her pony, Bijou, and the trip to Europe with her mother when she was eighteen—

"Very, very complicated," she said aloud and severely to the moon, and, stepping inside, was about to close the door when she heard a noise in the library and started.

It was Martha, the middle-aged servant: they kept only one now.

"Why, Martha!" she said in surprise.

Martha turned quickly.

"Oh, I thought you was up-stairs. I was jist—"

"Is anything the matter?"

Martha hesitated.

"No; I—" She stood there fidgeting. "It was a letter, Mrs. Piper, that I put somewhere."

"A letter? Your own letter?" asked Evylyn, switching on the light.

"No it was to you. 'Twas this afternoon, Mrs. Piper, in the last mail. The postman give it to me and then the back door-bell rang. I had it in my hand, so I must have stuck it somewhere. I thought I'd just slip in now and find it."

"What sort of a letter? From Mr. Donald?"

"No, it was an advertisement, maybe, or a business letter. It was a long, narrow one, I remember."

They began a search through the music-room, looking on trays and mantel-pieces, and then through the library, feeling on the tops of rows of books. Martha paused in despair.

"I can't think where. I went straight to the kitchen. The dining-room, maybe." She started hopefully for the dining-room, but turned suddenly at the sound of a gasp behind her. Evylyn had sat down heavily in a Morris chair, her brows drawn very close together, eyes blinking furiously.

"Are you sick?"

For a minute there was no answer. Evylyn sat there very still and Martha could see the very quick rise and fall of her bosom.

"Are you sick?" she repeated.

"No," said Evylyn slowly, "but I know where the letter is. Go 'way Martha. I know."

Wonderingly, Martha withdrew, and still Evylyn sat there, only the muscles around her eyes moving—contracting and relaxing and contracting again. She knew now where the letter was—she knew as well as if she had put it there herself. And she felt instinctively and unquestionably what the letter was. It was long and narrow like an advertisement, but up in the corner in large letters it said "War Department" and, in smaller letters below, "Official Business." She knew it lay there in the big bowl with her name in ink on the outside and her soul's death within.

Rising uncertainly, she walked toward the dining-room, feeling her way along the bookcases and through the doorway. After a moment she found the light and switched it on.

There was the bowl, reflecting the electric light in crimson squares edged with black and yellow squares edged with blue, ponderous and glittering, grotesquely and triumphantly ominous. She took a step forward and paused again; another step and she would see over the top and into the inside—another step and she would see an edge of white—another step—her hands fell on the rough, cold surface—

In a moment she was tearing it open, fumbling with an obstinate fold, holding it before her while the typewritten page glared out and struck at her. Then it fluttered like a bird to the floor. The house that had seemed whirring, buzzing a moment since was suddenly very quiet; a breath of air crept in through the open

front door, carrying the noise of a passing motor; she heard faint sounds from up-stairs and then a grinding racket in the pipe behind the bookcases—her husband turning off a water-tap—

And in that instant it was as if this were not, after all, Donald's hour except in so far as he was a marker in the insidious contest that had gone on in sudden surges and long, listless interludes between Evylyn and this cold, malignant thing of beauty, a gift of enmity from a man whose face she had long since forgotten. With its massive, brooding passivity it lay there in the centre of her house as it had lain for years, throwing out the ice-like beams of a thousand eyes, perverse glitterings merging each into each, never aging, never changing.

Evylyn sat down on the edge of the table and stared at it fascinated. It seemed to be smiling now, a very cruel smile, as if to say:

"You see, this time I didn't have to hurt you directly. I didn't bother. You know it was I who took your son away. You know how cold I am and how hard and how beautiful, because once you were just as cold and hard and beautiful."

The bowl seemed suddenly to turn itself over and then to distend and swell until it became a great canopy that glittered and trembled over the room, over the house, and, as the walls melted slowly into mist, Evylyn saw that it was still moving out, out and far away from her, shutting off far horizons and suns and moons and stars except as inky blots seen faintly through it. And under it walked all the people, and the light that came through to them was refracted and twisted until shadow seemed light and light seemed shadow—until the whole panoply of the world became changed and distorted under the twinkling heaven of the bowl.

Then there came a far-away, booming voice like a low, clear bell. It came from the centre of the bowl and down the great sides to the ground and then bounced toward her eagerly.

"You see, I am fate," it shouted, "and stronger than your puny plans; and I am how-things-turn-out and I am different from your little dreams, and I am the flight of time and the end of beauty and

unfulfilled desire; all the accidents and imperceptions and the little minutes that shape the crucial hours are mine. I am the exception that proves no rules, the limits of your control, the condiment in the dish of life."

The booming sound stopped; the echoes rolled away over the wide land to the edge of the bowl that bounded the world and up to the great sides and back to the centre where they hummed for a moment and died. Then the great walls began slowly to bear down upon her, growing smaller and smaller, coming closer and closer as if to crush her; and as she clinched her hands and waited for the swift bruise of the cold glass, the bowl gave a sudden wrench and turned over—and lay there on the sideboard, shining and inscrutable, reflecting in a hundred prisms, myriad, many-colored glints and gleams and crossings and interlacings of light.

The cold wind blew in again through the front door, and with a desperate, frantic energy Evylyn stretched both her arms around the bowl. She must be quick—she must be strong. She tightened her arms until they ached, tauted the thin strips of muscle under her soft flesh, and with a mighty effort raised it

and held it. She felt the wind blow cold on her back where her dress had come apart from the strain of her effort, and as she felt it she turned toward it and staggered under the great weight out through the library and on toward the front door. She must be quick—she must be strong. The blood in her arms throbbed dully and her knees kept giving way under her, but the feel of the cool glass was good.

Out the front door she tottered and over to the stone steps, and there, summoning every fibre of her soul and body for a last effort, swung herself half around—for a second, as she tried to loose her hold, her numb fingers clung to the rough surface, and in that second she slipped and, losing balance, toppled forward with a despairing cry, her arms still around the bowl . . . down . . .

Over the way lights went on; far down the block the crash was heard, and pedestrians rushed over wondering; up-stairs a tired man awoke from the edge of sleep and a little girl whimpered in a haunted doze. And all over the moonlit sidewalk around the still, black form, hundreds of prisms and cubes and splinters of glass reflected the light in little gleams of blue, and black edged with yellow, and yellow, and crimson edged with black.

INTERVAL

By Roger Burlingame

How suddenly it stilled when morning came
Down the dim valley of the Aire,
As if the great dull guns had hushed in shame,
Seeing that God was there.

It seemed as if the tired gunners slept
In that dim time between the dark and day,
And only the sobbing river waked and wept
The dead along its way.

And in that quiet interval of prayer,
Clothed in the morning mist, with bended head,
Jesus came down the valley of the Aire,
Walking among our dead.

And I, who in the night had seen them die,
Their faces buried in the upheaved sod,
I prayed. And as I prayed I slept, for I
Had seen the peace of God.



They hold their dainty heads high on their long necks.—Page 599.

FIVE DAYS AMONG THE VOLCANOES

By Alice Day McLaren

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



DURING our stay in South America we made a visit to the great mining-camp of Chuquicamata situated ten thousand feet above the sea on the desert of central

Chile. Nothing could be more complete than that desert—not a bush, not a shrub, not a tuft of grass. The Chileans kept saying to us apologetically, "How ugly it is!" but to people who love desert scenery it was exceptionally beautiful with its wonderful shifting forms and colors. It lay spread out below Chuquicamata as far as the eye could penetrate, with its ever-changing violet, rose, and blue, sometimes hard and clear-cut and again hazy and tremulous. To the east rose the distant rim of the blue and purple Andes with their white, snow-clad peaks, and during our visit to the mine we took the most glorious five-day riding-trip right back into those mountains. We wanted to see the headwaters of some of the streams from which Chuquicamata

was to bring her own potable water, and so the trip was organized. There were five of us, a hydraulic engineer, a lawyer from the mine familiarly called "Judge," a mining engineer still more familiarly called "Perky," W., and myself.

The first stage of our journey was accomplished in a big Locomobile, a forty-five-kilometre run over the desert in the pale blue of the early morning to a village called Chiu-chiu, pronounced chew-chew or choo-choo, whichever you like better. It is situated in a break in the desert through which runs the river Loa; a tiny mud village of a handful of houses and a wee mud church. While our horses, which had been sent the day before, were being saddled we visited the church with the village padre. It was a pitiful little building, four adobe walls with a little belfry and a roof made of organ cactus split and plastered over with mud. A few cheap ornaments and images adorned the interior, and an inverted tea-box formed the step to the altar. One little



A tiny mud village and a wee mud church.—Page 593.

image of the Virgin Mary is especially prized, and the villagers are said to stand before it in awe and adoration. It can be wound up and will put a tiny handkerchief repeatedly to its eyes from which well real tears (provided the little tank in the head has been filled with water beforehand). I should think it might be embarrassing for the padre if one of his parishioners should request the Virgin to weep unexpectedly. There was an air of immense simplicity and pathos about that little church. In the yard were a number of hard-baked graves, a few faded artificial flowers hanging to the unpainted crosses in the glaring sun. Three or four spaniels who had followed us from the village with friendly tail waggings ran in and out of the church unrebuked, sniffing about the altar or lying down and panting. The church dates back to the sixteenth century, and we saw quantities of the old, hand-kept records written on

vellum and bound in sheepskin. The priest had a little, struggling garden of which he was very proud. In fact, the whole valley is supposed to be agricultural, but the small, yellow-green patches of alfalfa straggling along the river in the merciless sunlight made me sad. It was such a one-sided fight, somehow; not a drop of rain, not a bit of moisture in the air, and a thirsty desert soil grudgingly yielding a sparse vegetation. And after the toil of irrigation, the struggle to live, what did life amount to anyway in that God-forsaken spot, without education, without amusements, without ambition! And yet the inhabitants seemed fairly happy in a sort of mournful way, so perhaps I was wasting sympathy.

We had a breakfast of tinned stuff, coffee, and bread in the company's store and made ourselves a sandwich or two for future reference. At ten o'clock the caravan was ready, each of us mounted

on a horse, with a mule apiece for the next day's march, three guides or *propios*, and five pack-mules. We were eight persons and eighteen animals (lower animals), a goodly cavalcade. At first the five loose mules and the pack-mules showed a craving to return to Chiu-chiu, and the *propios*, picturesquely mounted on high saddles and gay embroidered saddle-bags and blankets, would stick their spurs into their mounts, shout and curse, and gallop and swing their *reatas* in regular movie style and finally round them up again.

We trekked straight back across the baked earth and stone toward the snow-covered volcanic peak of Toconce, our objective for the day being the village of Turi at its foot. The sun was pitiless, and the glare of the whitish desert would have been unbearable if we had not been equipped with goggles. Our faces soon began to bake, or fry, depending upon

whether the owner of the face believed in cold-cream or not. Part of us were "greasers" and part not, but we all used lip stick in good old New York fashion. Perky had a red one, and his ruby lips combined with a blond mustache and yellow goggles were very bizarre. We did not pass a living soul on the day's march. At about three we stopped at an abandoned stone corral, ate our sandwiches and drank lukewarm gin and ginger. There is a saying: "All liquor is smooth on the pampa." It is true. That liquor was delightfully smooth, and we resumed our march much picked up.

At five-thirty we were in sight of Turi, but it took us another hour and a half to get there. Meanwhile the sun went down, turning the mountains dark blue and purple and turning the air to ice. We put on our sweaters and rode hard to keep warm. We came into a region of marsh and yellow grass where our tired horses



A typical street in an oasis village.

sank and stumbled, then into a stretch of small desert bushes, and reached the metropolis of Turi above which the volcano rose abruptly. Turi consisted of some stone corrals, two mud huts, and a mud oven like a huge beehive, where bread was baked for the construction camp some kilometres beyond. The inhabitants were one Indian family in charge of the baking. It was bitter cold, and while the *propios* were unloading the animals and feeding them with fodder which we had packed with us we put up the small A tent, brought out of regard for the "lady," unrolled our thin mattresses, and spread each our eight thick army blankets upon them. At least I spread seven and wrapped the eighth around my shivering form, Indian fashion. The ground all around was a network of springs and connecting streams, and the water was warm, straight up from some volcanic stratum beneath, and slightly mineral in taste and smell. We remedied this with some of the "smooth liquor of the pampa"—whiskey this time.

Meanwhile the *propios* had made a brush fire against a corral wall as much out of the chill pampa wind as possible and had heated a great kettle of tinned chicken soup with rice, warmed some sausages, and the Indian from the "bakery" brought us each a hot, golden loaf of camp bread. No meal was ever so delicious as we huddled together against the wall, tired out, the smell of boiling coffee in our nostrils. We sat around the warm fire and drank our coffee and smoked and rested, and suddenly the moon came up over Toconce, flooding her snow slope and the desert behind us with light. We parted for the night. A cup of water we had carried to our tent for drinking purposes was already frozen solid. We took off our shoes and puttees, pulled woollen caps over our heads, and turned in. The pampa wind lifted the edges of the tent and ran down our backs and necks regardless of how we tried to tuck in our blankets. The munching and occasional snorting of the animals were the only sounds in the vast white stillness, and we fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

Sunrise got us up again, and we were soon pulling off sweaters and knitted

caps. By nine we were on the march, this time on mules. I had a white one, La Blanca, especially recommended as being "muy rica," very rich, a great expression in Chile for any and every thing. Food, weather, motors, babies, even shots at tennis or hands at bridge, may be "rich." La Blanca was, in truth, rich in tricks and sloth, and as she started off with her little mincing steps I felt a bit foolish. Our tall hydraulic engineer, his feet almost touching the ground, looked ridiculous, too, and the Judge, who is rather a dude in dress and was clothed in a perfect-fitting though slightly elderly riding-suit, looked distinctly out of place. Perky, his blue eyes twinkling and his lips freshly reddened, might have been on a trick animal in a circus. W., on a big, rather evil-looking, Roman-nosed mule with soft black hair, was the only one who seemed suited to his mule. That is a doubtful compliment. W. has neither a Roman nose nor soft black hair, nor is he evil-looking, but I mean his mule was more appropriate—that is, W., not being excessively tall, and the mule being big, the pair was less incongruous than the rest of us.

That day was one of wonders, for we began to climb around Toconce into a rift between two volcanic ranges. I wish I had the power of poetic description, for if ever a scene deserved it that one did. There was every variety of volcanic eruption; sometimes a great river of hardened gray lava flowing away like huge rapids; again a point, miles long, of softly rounded brown hills which had bubbled out of one of the big peaks ages ago; here there would be great clefts and breaks in the solid stone; there a huge series of steps; once we passed an enormous round hill built tier upon tier exactly like a giant wedding-cake. In the cracks between the tiers the earth had gathered and the scrub desert bushes had taken root, so that the cake looked as if it had wreaths of smilax around it. (Now, that wedding-cake idea is quite poetic, is it not?) The variety of colors was infinite, reds, grays, browns, and purples.

Besides the natural wonders, we here came upon some of the man-wrought wonders, the pipe-line which was being laid from the headwaters of the Toconce

River, way back behind the mountains, all the way across the desert to Chuquicamata. Most of the surveying and grading was finished, winding up kilometre after kilometre, and all the pipe was lying on the ground ready to join up. I stared at that great nine-inch pipe and marvelled. How could it ever have been

wagons," however, had merely a technical interest for us.

At noon we reached a second camp where we were given lunch in the foreman's tent. Everything came from tins except the bread and bacon, but it was a feast for us. "All food is smooth on the pampa," too, after you have been riding



The horses had to wait until we crossed the Toconce.

dragged up those steep trails by mules? In the middle of the morning we passed a construction camp, hundreds of laborers, horses, and mules. Every bite the men eat, every bit of fodder for the animals is brought first by boat to Antofagasta, then to Chuquicamata by rail, thence in carts to Chiu-chiu and on muleback over the desert and up into the mountain passes. Even the fuel and water must, in many cases, be hauled for miles, and several times during the morning we passed water wagons. "Water

for hours. Our horses and mules were frantic to get at some barrels of water, but that liquid is too precious to give to dumb animals, and they had to wait until four o'clock when we crossed the Toconce. I must say a word for the horses. Three of them were near thoroughbreds and entirely unused to roughing it, but not once during that long, tiresome day, as they followed the pack-animals, did their spirits lag or their heads droop. They showed themselves true citizens of the world, and that night, as we camped fif-

teen thousand feet up in the intense cold, they ran the range foraging for their unaccustomed food of tough bunches of desert grass, returning to camp next morning as fresh and fit and as willing to start as the mules.

We had expected to find some fodder at Toconce, our camp for the night, but in the afternoon we passed a big Swedish section boss returning from there, and he told us that the dam at headwaters was finished and the camp broken up. I was ahead of the rest of the cavalcade, with the tall engineer, who knew the big Swede, and as they greeted each other the section boss glanced at me, passed the back of his hand over his mouth, grinned, and said: "Nice comp'ny you've got, sir." I was quite pleased that he thought so, as my face was, by that time, something like the outer crust of a roast of beef; but the engineer was embarrassed and quickly introduced me as Mrs. W., emphasis on the Mrs., and explained that W. was a short way behind. The Swede held out a horny hand with two fingers missing, and we shook hands with great cordiality. When W. came up I told him about the incident and said proudly: "You know I am the only white woman who has ever been up here." He looked at my frizzled physiognomy and answered thus briefly: "H'm, white woman!"

That night W. and I spread our blankets in a little stone corral and then watched preparations for supper. The *propios* pulled a part of a leg of beef from a piece of sacking. It was covered with dust, bits of jute, and mule hair, a repulsive object. In a few minutes several nice steaks were cut, all the objectionable things trimmed away, and they were broiling with bacon over the fire. Our fuel that night was most curious. In that part of the desert grows a great fungus, like a gigantic mushroom, two or three feet across. It is like thick moss or peat when dried and makes a splendid fire. We each had one for a seat at dinner-time, grouped around the fire, and must have looked in our blankets like gnomes at a feast. Just after eating, or while eating, W. and the Judge both got mountain-sickness from the high altitude. It affected them differently. The Judge had a violent headache and broke out in a cold sweat,

shivered, and his heart beat fast and hard. W. felt sick and dreadfully depressed and breathed with difficulty. I was frightened and convinced that I should go back from that trip a widow, and I cursed myself for not having had a home-nursing course. The night was bitter cold and W. could not get warm. He shivered under his pile of blankets and searched in vain for a comfortable position, drew thick breaths, and in spite of his fatigue could not sleep. At midnight he became quiet and fell into a doze.

The next morning the invalids looked sadly battered. The Judge was pale beneath his sunburn and a two days' growth of black beard. One of W.'s eyes was swollen shut from dust, and he looked miserable and comic in a bright green tam-o'-shanter which I had given him for a trench helmet. On account of this unforeseen complication we decided to give up a side trip to some geysers back in the mountains and make a short trek to our next camp. With sunrise and coffee the sick ones revived, and we started the ascent toward the highest point of our trip. I was anxious about W., but the *propios* prescribed a bit of garlic for the mountain-sickness. It is used either as smelling-salts or internally and is a heart stimulant, so we rode along side by side with our bits of garlic, I from sympathy and self-defense, and also because I found it rather pleasant, and crossed the divide in safety. Some may think that the cure was worse than the disease, but these persons have probably never tasted garlic *au naturel* and only associate it with the odor of fetid kitchens. It is milder than a spring onion, and when you have "all outdoors" around you the after effect is negligible.

Before we left Toconce we had to send one of the guides back with two mules for feed for the animals, who could not have borne another night on the range with its scant offering. In this part of the country the snow came right down across our path (really not a path, for it was a perfectly trackless desert), and I was disappointed to find that the perennial snows are not soft and fluffy, but solid ice. My idea of snowballing in the Andes had to be abandoned. You could fell an ox with a ball of that snow.

Hundreds of llamas, domesticated ones, were running the range for grazing. They were so pretty and tame and came galloping up to us curiously to look at the horses. They had never seen horses and the latter had never seen llamas, and they stared at each other in mutual astonishment. The llamas are all shades of color,

birds resident there. We saw plenty of tracks, but ne'er an ostrich, not even one with its head in the sand. It would have been so interesting to see a wild ostrich on its native heath! Perky had once found a couple of eggs on a former trip and had put them under an unsuspecting hen. She could scarcely cover them, but



I was ahead of the rest of the cavalcade, with the tall engineer.—Page 598.

white, black, tan, brown, reddish, and mixed, and they have feet like camels and the softest, most appealing eyes. Their hair is thick and fluffy, and they hold their dainty heads high on their long necks with an air of tremendous dignity. In their ears they wear tufts of ribbon of different colors, which is the herder's way of branding them, and when they run on their long legs they look like ballet-dancers flirting their skirts. This part of the desert is known as the Pampa of the Ostrich, as there are many of those

sat on them six weeks in a passion of maternal feeling with no result. Finally he had to bury the eggs and put the hen in a bucket of water to cool her ardor. What would that poor fowl have done if she had hatched them? It would have been worse than ducklings.

Three or four hours after we crossed the divide we came to a stream, and we followed it down to our camping-place, which we reached at four o'clock. It consisted of the usual stone corrals and a stone hut or "refuge" put up for the

convenience of herders. During the entire day, however, we had seen no human being in charge of the herds of llamas. We turned our animals, now frantic for food, into a corral and investigated our camp. The interior of the hut was perfectly clean, not a speck of litter on the dirt floor. The roof was made of split organ cactus tied together with rawhide thongs and thatched with bundles of desert grass also tied with rawhide. Many thatches were off, letting the sky be seen. There was a table of the cactus-and-hide construction, and it was the only bit of furniture in the hut. On it, weighted with a stone, was a bit of paper which read: "I have lost my Laura. She is young and has light brown hair. I should be glad of information as to her whereabouts" (signed). I was quite thrilled by this romance, but Perky informed me that all the llamas have names and are known by them to the herders—so Laura was only a llama.

As six o'clock approached and the *propio* who had been detailed to fetch fodder did not appear, we began to be worried and climbed a hill south of our camp to scan the plain. Sure enough, way off to the southwest we saw a little cloud of dust. We shouted and whistled and fired off revolvers, but the pampa wind, strong against us, drowned our signals, so one of the *propios* quickly jumped on a horse bareback and galloped after the disappearing supper. Half an hour later they all came back, and the horses and mules, scenting the hay, ran to the corner of the corral with whinnys and outstretched heads. We all helped spread the banquet, bunches of hay all around like plates and grain poured upon them. The animals began to eat with dignity and restraint but with very great earnestness.

From the open door of the "refuge," where we spread our blankets that night, we could look straight up the snow-clad side of a smoking volcano. In the early morning I woke to see the moon, now old, flooding it with light. The moonlight on those volcanic peaks is a sight I shall never forget.

That day we moved on to our last camp, "The Eyes of St. Peter," a group of warm springs and lakes and a river

flowing from them. We were completing our semicircle, and a cart from Chuquicamata, which had come the opposite way, met us there, loaded with fresh supplies, shotguns and ammunition, wading-boots, and all the necessary paraphernalia for duck. "The Eyes of St. Peter" are alive with birds. Our camp was another group of huts one of which was occupied by a Bolivian Indian family. The old lady, the head of the family, sat on the ground in her bright shawl, her multitudinous full skirts ballooning around her and her little jaunty straw hat tilted forward, weaving a wondrous llama-wool blanket on a home-made hand loom.

We had a beautiful afternoon's shooting. I got tempted by a flock of flamingoes and shot an innocent bird which proved not to be handsome enough to stuff. He is on my conscience. They are very stunning as they fly overhead in the sun, white backs and pink-lined wings. The ducks and geese are a very sporting proposition, for they fly swift and high and have so much down as a protection against the cold that they are nearly shot-proof unless you hit them between the eyes or behind the left ear or some other vital spot. However, we came in toward dark with a respectable bag. We were rather short of ammunition, and for one of the guns, a No. 10, we had only five cartridges. One of the *propios* had been despatched with this to the river to scare up the birds from there, and he came back with seven ducks. We thought he must be an excellent shot until he told us that he had lain behind a tuft of grass until a flock of birds settled on the water and then had let both barrels go "Boom! boom!" as he expressed it, and had got all seven at one time. When we told him that it was unfair he opened his mouth and laughed long and loudly with a great display of white teeth. Ammunition cost money. Ducks did not. Why waste money? We found that the old Bolivian woman had made a visit of etiquette and had left an offering of four dressed duck. As we waited while they were sizzling with ham and other dainties over the fire we heard the sound of bleating, and over the divide in front of us poured a great herd of sheep and llamas, two Indian girls in

bright costume urging them down to their fold. It did not seem like a scene staged in the twentieth century. It seemed more like Jerusalem in Bible times.

That night the ground seemed unusually hard, and toward morning I thought my hip-bone was certainly com-

he had seen her and she had complained of suffering with rheumatism. He had told her to bathe frequently in the warm mineral water and to wear a pair of warm woollen socks which he gave her. On her visit to us she wore that pair of woollen socks although I doubt if she had obeyed the other injunction. We



Straight up the snow-clad side of a smoking volcano.—Page 600.

ing through the flesh. I put my hand to my side to see and found two cartridges which I had neglected to remove from my pocket. No wonder I was uncomfortable. We were up early for the morning's shooting and broke camp shortly after noon. The old Indian woman came over to say good-by and to inherit anything which might be left. She was an old friend of Perky's, who is wonderful with the people and adored by them for miles around Chuquicamata. The year before

gave her a cup of gin and ginger. "Does it intoxicate?" she asked. "Not much," said Perky. "It is a fine Yanqui drink and good for rheumatism." (May heaven forgive him!)

She drank it and loved it. Then Perky offered her a cigarette, which he lighted for her to her intense delight. Then we began to give her odds and ends of our camp supplies, jam, bacon, sugar, and tinned milk. She clutched everything and tucked it away in her shawl.



The perennial snows are not soft and fluffy, but solid ice.—Page 598.

Finally Perky hit on a tin of lobster. "Do you know lobster?" he asked. "Try it, it is good for rheumatism!" We laughed, and she laughed (gin-and-gingerly) and tucked it in the shawl. Perky, encouraged by our amusement, began to offer her the strangest remedies for rheumatism, sardines, anchovies, cheese, and pâté fois gras. I don't believe that those things will hurt her much, but I am sure they won't cure her. At length she had such a bundle that she could scarcely stagger to her feet, and Perky gallantly exclaimed: "Let me carry it for you. I am a man." She stared at him astounded. The women are the burden-bearers among the Indians. As we rode away a very smiling old Indian waved and cried out: "Hasta luego! Hasta luego!" ("Until a little while!")

We were counting on catching the night train from Bolivia, which runs only twice a week, so we trotted practically

every step of the last twenty-two kilometres to the station of San Pedro. We were in high spirits on that final dash, and in the excitement I waved my arm at a mule which was galloping beside me and jocosely shouted: "Upele!" Either the mule did not like the joke or was also full of animal spirits, but he put down his head and let his heels fly twice in rapid succession. The first kick grazed my puttee and the second caught me on the bottom of the foot and lifted me clear off the saddle. Luckily he did not hit me in a vulnerable spot either time, but I understand now what is meant by "respecting the business end of a mule." At San Pedro we left the animals to be taken home by the *proprios* and boarded the train. You can imagine the astonishment in the civilized dining-car when four bearded bandits with gunny-bags of ducks over their shoulders and one burned banditess in a short riding-coat

and flamingo feathers in her hat stalked into the car. I wish I could add that all hands went up, but I can say with perfect truth that all knives and forks remained momentarily suspended in mid-air.

We reached the nearest station to Chuquicamata at eleven o'clock and had a forty-minute run by motor, the great plant with its thousands of electric lights visible like a huge jewel on the mountain-side all the time. As I got ready for my bath that night, after five days without having removed my clothes, I reflected that after being alternately frozen and baked, sleeping on the ground, eating tinned food at odd hours, covered with dust and caked with mud from "The Eyes of St. Peter," chapped, cracked-

lipped, and dirty as I had never been—that I had never felt so physically fit in my life.

The next evening our *proprios*, who were the best guides I have ever seen, came in with the animals and camp kit and proceeded to go on the most glorious drunk with the gratifications they had received. The "day after," in a desperate state of remorse, they asked for their "boletos azules," the blue tickets of discharge. These were issued for the moral effect, and later the offenders were forgiven as they were all three valuable men at the mine. I was relieved that we were not the cause of their complete undoing. Besides, I cannot blame them for celebrating anything so perfect as those five days among the volcanoes.

A LASS WHO LOVED A SAILOR

By Jane Grey Potter

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER



THOSE who have read Mrs. Deland's tales of Doctor Lavendar and the people of Old Chester will remember the pleasant flutter of suspicion with which the villagers received back their fellow citizen, Oscar King. He had left town while still a young man, and had been travelling about the world ever since. What skeletons might there not be rattling from his mysterious past! He had "left town—he had travelled—one never knows!"

A navy woman frequently finds herself in the shoes of Oscar King. When, during her husband's cruise, she returns, a "navy widow," to her home town, and thinks to knit and fit herself back into its every-day life—at least temporarily—she learns with some amusement, or perhaps some sadness, or perhaps some resentment, that it can't be done. As one navy wife remarked: "When your status

is somewhere between that of a Methodist parson and a travelling circus, you can put yourself down as an alien! And a spicy alien, too! Far be it from me," said she, "to forget a conversation I overheard upon the occasion of a visit to a distant cousin, whom I had not seen since youthful days:

"*John.* Where is the cocktail shaker?"

"*Mrs. John.* I don't know! But you'll have to find it. And don't forget to offer her a cigarette. She's in the navy, so she probably drinks *and* smokes!"

The fundamental departure of navy life as it contrasts with civil life is that it is so frequently departing! To the average family, even in restless America, normal home life means being settled in one spot for the course of one's natural existence. Travel a bit? Yes, of course. But only as far as one's person and baggage are concerned, not one's Lares and Penates. Those do not travel. They are never moved except for the periodical

housecleaning. As for jerking them up by the roots and planting them in new soil every year, or two years, or even three—why, such an idea is preposterous, immoral!

But the female creature is by nature adaptable. There is many a woman who,



inheriting a strong predilection for the status quo, becomes, nevertheless, the wife of a sea-rover, and in not so long a time finds herself not only reconciled but wedded to the changes and chances of her new career. And as that career unfolds the richness (financial excepted!), the fulness and the variety of tours of duty in California, on the China coast, in the Philippines, in Panama, the settled life of the ordinary citizen seems to her the apotheosis of the dull.

With servants during ten years responding to names as divergent as Patrick Dulin, Ah Long, Goshikaisha, and Constantino Peñafrancia, may not a woman count her housekeeping experience alone as one long string of adventures?

Navy life of thirty years ago certainly had its hardships. An "old-timer" in the service will speak proudly of those days of "wooden ships and iron men," and compare them, not always approvingly, to these later ones of "wooden men and iron ships!" Then, when orders came for sea, a woman gazed into a bleak and manless world, a prospect which might stretch continuously for three or four years on end. When those sailing ships, or even steam corvettes, hove up their anchors, they sailed away upon real *cruises*—to wander month in month out about the world, from the Straits of Ma-

gellan to the coast of High Barbaree. Their ports were few and outlandish, and few were the wives even to attempt to "follow" on such pilgrimages.

The father who left a family of two might return to find it a family of three. A child might be born and breeched before his paternal ancestor ever set eyes upon him. Communication facilities were poor. Mails were scarce. Danger was in the offing, and in her community the wife of a naval officer, with some justification, was regarded as being in almost the same plight as those wives of Gloucester fishermen who give up their consorts each year to the voracious maw of the sea, and never know when the great sacrifice will be required of them.

Apparently she is still too commonly so regarded, and yet, in comparison, the navy wife of to-day has life made easy for her. Suppose her husband is ordered to sea. She knows where she stands. His ship, however large or however small, is definitely grouped with a definite fleet, and has laid down for it a definite programme as to its movements.

Is it the U. S. S. *New York*, for instance? She belongs to Division Six of the Battleship Force of the Atlantic Fleet. She goes for her winter cruise to Guantanamo, Cuba, takes a cruise or two for target practice off the Virginia capes, and the rest of the year is to be



found at her home yard, where she goes for repairs.

Is it the U. S. S. *Chicago*? She belongs to Division One of the Pacific Fleet. For her winter cruise she skirts the shores of Southern California, goes as far west as Honolulu, or as far north as Vancouver, and has for her home station dur-



Patrick Dulin.

Ah Long.

Goshikaisha.

Constantino.

ing the remaining months of the year San Francisco, or Mare Island, or the Bremerton Yard at Seattle.

Is it the U. S. S. *Brooklyn*? She belongs to the Asiatic Fleet. With Shanghai for her base, she sallies forth for cruises off the shores of Manila Bay and the coasts of Japan. She is likely to be in port more than half the time.

Roughly speaking, the Atlantic coast, the Pacific coast, the Asiatic coast—these are the limits of the possible wanderings of a navy wife during the periods of sea duty. Transportation is not allowed her, nor may she set foot for travelling purposes aboard a government ship, except on an army transport, which conveys both army and navy families to duty in such places as Honolulu, Guam, Japan, China, and the Philippines at the benevolent rate of one dollar per person per day. But travel to all these regions is comfortable and safe, and the navy woman who has good health—and not too large and growing a family!—may not unreasonably expect to see them for herself.

Shore duty may mean a return to the same places, or a two or three years' stay in such widely scattered spots as New

Orleans; Bath, Maine; Samoa; our newly acquired Virgin Islands; San Diego, California; or Santo Domingo; New London, Connecticut; or Pensacola, Florida.

Getting settled for shore duty has an ever-present zest. There is always the enthusiasm of a new experience, and the happy prospect of home life and a reunited family.

It is an old saying that a navy wife is bound to be happy half the time! The gentle intimation is, of course, that if she loves her husband she will enjoy their years together; if she hates him, she will enjoy their years apart!

The wife of the business man or the banker or lawyer often says commiseratingly to the navy wife: How do you stand the awful separations? The retort might be: When I do see my husband, he is my comrade—how much of one is yours?

A husband who when he is at home has leisure to walk, to read, to talk, to play with his family is a very

real person in that family life. Such is the naval officer. No shadow of "the office" overhangs him, no exhaustion from business cares spoils him as a companion. The navy wife feels, after all, that she can often give Mrs. Civilian



U. S. S. *New York*.



Children with live dolls strapped to their backs.

cards and spades on the enjoyment of married life.

The indictment of navy life as "frivolous" is a nudge on the wrong rib. True, there are many frivolous and addle-pated persons in the navy—but so are there outside the navy!

Frivolity is a person's tissue, not his garment. A stable residence encourages and engenders a sense of responsibility and obligation, so the theory goes—an unstable residence promotes shallowness and flippancy of character. This ought to be true, perhaps, but is it? A roving life did not prevent one navy woman from becoming deeply engaged in hospital work, another in settlement work, another in organization connected with infant hygiene, another with mothers' pensions, and still another with a whole winter's campaign for shorter hours legislation for working women.

How much the individual makes her life, and how much her life makes the individual may be a moot point, but there

is nothing to bear out the idea that life in the navy produces flippancy any more than does life in a city or a small town, or on the farm!

That a life of such hardships as are commonly ascribed to the navy should be thought at the same time to promote frivolity of character is something of a paradox. Can one spend one's days suffering and simpering all at once? The truth is that life in the navy has to offer about the same proportion of solids and syllabub as has life anywhere else. Let him that is frivolous be frivolous still, but for heaven's sake not blame it on the navy!

Along with the solid virtues of a "settled" life does there not go sometimes the vice of narrowness, and possibly a tendency toward a too-provincial allegiance? Service folk have their own narrowness, to be sure, sometimes in the form of a semi-defensive service-consciousness. But their minds by dint of frequent change of angle are perforce dynamic, not static. The perspective of the antipodes is differ-



A gardener up to the knees in blooms.

ent from that of the homeland, even to the most wooden-headed.

The navy, if one but stops to think of it, is, in fact, a powerful internationalizer.

You know better the wider brotherhood of men when you live with them in the four corners of the earth. You have a lively interest in those four corners; more, you have

the fondness for them which is linked with personal remembrance. The Philippines are no longer a mere geographical name—they are a warm feeling at your heart. You are astride a mountain-pony, climbing a trail in the long shadows of a quiet evening. Before you lies a still, sun-bathed-valley, with puffs of white cloud resting against the hilltops. Your pony stops, turns, and far away to the east over the rim of a gulf whose yellow shores seem cut with a pair of com-

passes, swims the misty circle of a full moon. You sit and gaze from east to west, from west to east until the sudden night comes down, and you turn your pony's head toward the valley where cottage lights come blinking out through the pine-trees. The drone of a jew's-harp floats weirdly to your ears, and as you draw to one side of the narrow trail a line of hillmen passes, staves in their hands, *camote* baskets on their backs. In response to your salutation, they give you

back: "Good morning!" the only English words they know.

An affection for the country, for its people, is planted by such hours as these, as no school-books or lectures can ever plant it.

Japan is not a "menace"—not a political view-halloo, not an economic in-

truder. It is a day of crystal clear profiles along a white-capped lake; a flight of mossy steps beneath cryptomeria-trees softly dripping in the rain; a glimpse through parting clouds of a mountain's snowy breast; a group of laughing children with live dolls strapped to their backs; a pair of gentle peasant folk helping each other with their huge burden of fagots; a patient gardener up to the knees in blooms, showing with pride and joy the products of his nature-loving hands.

Do those who decry armies and navies realize that by such links—the links of dear memories—the world is drawn closer? That when they send their "militarists" to the far outposts of other lands they are sending not militarists, perhaps, but peacemakers?

Navy life does set upon its children the mark of its wanderings, but it may be that out of the threads of those wanderings they are weaving a stuff that is precious to the world.



Astride a mountain-pony, climbing a trail in the long shadows of a quiet evening.

WHY WE BUY

A STUDY IN ADVERTISING

By Henry Foster Adams

Assistant Professor of Psychology, University of Michigan



GOOD recipe for the construction of an advertisement can be made from five sources. The consensus of opinion of advertising men concerning specific points gives impressions gained from practical experience. The records of returns from mail-order campaigns present facts of the same general nature but of greater exactness. Laboratory experiments with advertisements as material show with great accuracy the reactions of small numbers of persons. The natural history of advertisements and the persistent tendencies disclosed are valuable, for there is a natural selection and survival of the fittest here as elsewhere. But as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so, lastly and most important, the effect of the advertisement upon the readers is the final test.

To obtain the data last mentioned, *Scribner's Magazine* carried on a contest from December, 1915, to June, 1917, in which prizes were offered for the best criticisms of advertisements. From this, about six thousand contributions were received. The critics were practically unanimous in pointing out certain general characteristics which each advertisement should possess.

To gain attention is the primary function of the advertisement. One which is never noticed can have no effect. The methods used to catch the eye may be divided into two general classes, the objective and the subjective. Under the former are grouped the physical characteristics of the advertisement, such as size, color, position, and repetition. Under the subjective group, which involves the personal reaction to the advertisement, are placed the interests, purposes, desires, and hierarchies of values that result from heredity and experience.

An important objective factor is posi-

tion, both on the page and in the magazine. A small advertisement on the inside portion of the sheet has slight chance of being noticed, both on account of its insignificance and because so much of it is hidden by the curving of the magazine pages. Normally, the eye first rests upon the upper left quarter of the page—a result of our reading habits. The second best place is the upper right quarter.

The location in the magazine is also a matter of no slight moment, for some half-dozen places are more in evidence than any others. These “preferred positions” are the outside of the back cover, the inside of the front and back covers and the pages facing them, the page opposite the table of contents, and the two pages facing the reading matter.

Large advertisements are obviously more likely to be observed than small ones. For if the page is noticed at all, some part of a full-page announcement will be seen. It is a plausible inference, especially in view of space rates, that the half and quarter pages should have respectively only half and quarter the value of the full page. However, the practical results indicate that the quarter page is about half, and the half page about three-quarters as effective as the full page in gaining attention.

The frequency with which the advertisement appears is another determinant of attention. The first insertion prepares the mind for subsequent ones, making them more likely to be noticed. But the same advertisement, seen too often, is shunned. As was the case with size, doubling or quadrupling the number of appearances of the advertisement increases its likelihood of being seen in a less than proportionate way.

Color is practically certain to catch the eye. This is partially on account of its novelty and much of its value would be lost if it were more generally used. Col-

ors, furthermore, differ among themselves in attention value, the order of effectiveness, as determined by experiments of the writer, being orange, red, black, blue, green, yellow, violet, and gray, when shown on a white background.

The essential subjective requisite is interest. The advertisement will not arrest all, but it should affect probable customers. Each announcement is an automatic sorter of readers; many will attend, a few will be interested. Some will be caught emotionally, others logically; a few will remember the commodity, and a still smaller number will buy. Of those who remember, some will purchase at a later time. In this way the weeding-out process goes on until those who are in the market have bought. A delightful instance of the sifting process was found in the replies received in the *Scribner* advertising contest. Advertisements were chosen for appreciation by a surprising number of critics because of occupational congruity; the plumber selecting bathroom fixtures, the sportsman guns and cartridges, the trained nurse medicine, the society woman correspondence-paper, the maiden candy, and the tooth-sufferer dentifrice.

By an overwhelming majority, the critics voted that the advertisement should appeal to reason and common sense. Readers do not want to be bulldozed into action; they prefer to make up their own minds concerning the value of the commodity and determine whether it will satisfy their needs. They think it only fair that the good points of the commodity be shown, and the various uses demonstrated.

It is imperative, however, that the advertisement be more than a mere statement of fact; it must also be artistic. Three parts reason and two parts art are the figures of the critics. This does not mean that it should be two-fifths picture and the remainder text, for the illustration may appeal to reason and the arrangement and meaning of the text to the artistic sense. Each ought to be both æsthetic and rational.

If the character of the commodity permits, the advertisement should, according to the critics, be dignified, refined, and free from vulgarity; for the aim of the

publicity may be defeated by objectionable pictures and statements. How the announcement of a humorous magazine can be dignified is difficult to see. Similarly, the subject-matter of those relating to underwear and bathroom fixtures does not permit of particularly refined treatment. But what is one man's meat is another's poison; what is crude to one is in good taste to another. As vulgarity is disgusting to some, refinement makes others squeamish. In this respect, again, the advertisement acts as an automatic sorter of readers, and, as water seeks its own level, each advertisement finds its own customers.

Lastly, the different parts of the advertisement should co-operate in driving home the message. This is particularly important with the picture and the text. If they are at variance, the person attracted by the illustration may lose interest in the remainder of the advertisement; whereas, if the two parts reinforce each other, the appeal is doubly powerful.

In addition to these general characteristics of advertisements, the critics also called attention to pleasing and discordant elements found in head-line, text, trade-mark, slogan, and picture.

At times the head-line is placed at the top of the advertisement with the picture below and again the order is reversed. There seems to be little difference in the merits of the two devices. Since the top of the page has the maximum attention value, that feature of the advertisement which is most brief and interesting should be put in that position. Though a picture is usually more interesting than a caption, the head-line has other advantages. If the head-line is uppermost, its function is to arouse interest in the picture, to get the mind of the reader adjusted for the hoped-for interpretation. When the picture is at the top of the page the head-line serves as its title. A title adds appreciably to our understanding and enjoyment of a picture, possibly because it saves wear and tear of the mental machinery.

Like the title of a book, the head-line of an advertisement should insure the reading of the text. A number of devices are employed to make it "catchy." If the head-line is long it is less likely to be

read. Good captions may of course be long and poor ones short, but the general rule points in the opposite direction. An examination of 1,230 head-lines in *Scribner's Magazine* showed exactly two-thirds to be from two to five words in length. The use of short words is also an asset, the usual length, in the same head-lines, being two syllables.

Rhetorical and typographical stratagems are devised to catch the eye. Interrogations, exclamations, and imperatives in large type are sometimes massed at the strategic position of greatest attention value. The more staid head-lines offer statements of fact or use the firm or commodity name. The caption containing a statement of fact is the most popular form. One which emphasizes the firm name, while ranking second from point of use, is decidedly less interesting to the reader. Of the remaining forms the question is the best approved, for it arouses curiosity without antagonism.

Oddly enough, there are peculiar seasonal fluctuations in the construction of the head-lines. They are noticeably shorter in spring and autumn than in summer and winter. The question is used somewhat more frequently during the extreme temperatures, while the number of imperatives increases in spring and autumn. In the temperate months there is a slight increase in the number of statements with a corresponding decrease in the employment of the firm and commodity name. Whether this is a result of the advertiser's acumen or of his humanity is a question which cannot be decided here. It has been demonstrated, however, that better mental work is accomplished during the spring and autumn than in the winter and summer months.

The great majority of head-lines followed a rhythm of a relatively simple sort. About two-thirds were falling rhythms, the first syllable being accented and the last unaccented. The other third were rising rhythms. The falling rhythms are in general primitive, simple, natural, impulsive, straightforward, and anticlimactic. The rising apparently go faster and work up to a climax, showing a gain in dramatic effect. More interesting than the form of the rhythm, however, is the position of the final accent. If the

last syllable is stressed, it is said to be a strong ending, otherwise a weak one. The weak ending gives the impression that the statement is finished and done with; nothing more need be added to complete the sense or the æsthetic demands. The strong ending, on the other hand, leaves the reader with the feeling that more ought to follow; he is thereby stimulated to a further perusal of the text. Of the head-lines examined, 40 per cent had strong endings, 60 per cent weak.

In the contest, certain head-lines were selected as being above the average and others were considered inferior. The differences in effectiveness cannot be explained in terms of length, for the average difference was less than 5 per cent. But the accentuation of the final syllable was undoubtedly of considerable importance, for of the preferred head-lines 63 per cent had strong endings, of the disapproved only 37 per cent. Other causes of inferiority were incompleteness, misleading statements, glaring effect of type on background, unpleasant effect upon the eyes, and difficulty in reading.

No advertisement is stronger than its weakest link, and the part most frequently defective is the text. If it is hard to read because of small type, long or diagonal lines, jumbled appearance and general "mussiness," the chance observer will pass on to something else that offers less difficulty. The lengths of line most favorable for easy and rapid reading are about two and one-half and three and one-half inches in length. A shorter line, or a longer one, slows up the reading process and makes it more difficult.

Small letters are read from 10 per cent to 25 per cent faster than capitals of the same type face. The height of the letters, too, is important, the most satisfactory type for reading purposes being from one-ninth to one-sixth inch in height. The letters should also be sufficiently broad and black to be easily visible. News Gothic, Cushing Old Style, and Century Old Style are the most legible of the types which have been tested. Italics are read with almost the same ease as small letters of the same type face. Artistic and fancy types may be satisfactorily employed when there is not a great

deal of printed matter in the advertisement.

The paragraphs should be short, well related in shapes and sizes, and placed at correct distances, so that they may give balance, harmony, and unity. The arrangement should be pleasing to the eye.

Incorrect English is inexcusable in an advertisement. While it may attract attention, it immediately repels, leaving not only an unpleasant impression of the advertisement but of the commodity as well.

Brevity is the soul of advertising. While a thought diluted with many words leaves the mind cold, a concentrated message burns into it readily. Too great condensation, however, renders it inert through ignorance. Copy writers have been known to study the Bible and Shakespeare to determine the secret of brief, lucid clearness.

The vocabulary of the average man is surprisingly limited and the advertiser cannot afford to use words which may be outside of its range. Unfamiliar words have a double effect; they obscure the meaning of the text, and in a milder way suggest that the article is as much out of the reader's class as the advertisement.

Coupling the advertisement to an event of national interest and importance is a wise manoeuvre. Since most persons are already interested in current topics, the use of an opportune head-line, picture, or argument easily attracts and holds the attention. The advertisement takes advantage of the news interest.

Of fundamental importance is a message which carries conviction to the readers. On the negative side, scepticism results from incompleteness, vagueness, obscurity, indefiniteness, confusion, studied effects, and deceit. Boasting, too, is out of place, for it is sure to awaken distrust. On the positive side, impressions of truthfulness, honesty, sincerity, straightforwardness, and spontaneity guarantee belief. Discussion or debate, formal or informal, oral or written, is a commonly used method of convincing a person. A debate is the most useless thing in the world, for it leads to no practical result. In it, the shotgun policy is pursued, many pellets of argument being discharged broadcast, thus increasing the chances of bagging the game. An ad-

vertisement is not a debate; like a rifle, it is loaded with one bullet of great penetrating power which must hit the bull's-eye or be wasted entirely. Too many arguments spoil the advertisement. If several are given at once, each will be incomplete and futile, for space is limited. The interest felt in one will be lost when another is presented.

Conviction, however, affects only reason; it leaves the will undisturbed. We may firmly believe that X is the best automobile in the world, Y the most satisfactory rouge, and Z the most remarkable cheese ever invented, but this certainty does not cause us to buy any of them. In addition, persuasion is necessary. By some influence short of physical compulsion our wills are to be brought to the decision which the advertiser desires.

Consequently, a matter of considerable interest to the advertiser is the relative persuasiveness of the different arguments, reasons, or selling points which may be urged for purchasing a commodity. Two very different types are being constantly employed: the appeal to emotion and the appeal to logic. Neither is ever used exclusively in any advertisement, but one is commonly emphasized at the expense of the other. If the emotional side is more prominent it is called a "short-circuit" appeal; if logic is the principal component "long-circuit" or "reason-why" copy. Investigations show that the public is about equally divided between them in its preference.

Conviction of the quality and superiority of the commodity is the most fertile seed to sow in the reader's mind. This is not accomplished by belittling competitors, for too often the rival gains by being mentioned. The argument should consist of more than mere affirmation; one good, solid reason should be given for the excellence of the commodity. Familiarity has bred contempt for superlatives, and, current slogans notwithstanding, they are a dead advertising language. The reader should be permitted to judge for himself between this, that, and the other product, for he will see the advertisements of all. The most certain means of insuring belief in the quality and worth of the article, before it is used, is by the excellence of the advertisements.

Many factors co-operate to produce this conviction. It is a psychological axiom that two experiences attended to in immediate succession tend to become connected in the mind. An advertisement, therefore, is judged by the company it keeps. Since the strongest association is between the advertisement and the commodity, wherever the former offends, the latter suffers with it in the public mind. A "cheap" medium makes the commodity appear cheap; a guaranteed or "money-back" advertisement is evidence of the character of the goods. Small space is dangerous, for it causes the article to appear insignificant and negligible, while too large space is equally objectionable, making the product seem costly, even of a spendthrift nature. Peculiar illusions result from the juxtaposition of small advertisements, especially if the borders are faint; for instance, a face-powder may seem to be recommended as a shoe-polish, a crib as a vegetable slicer, and a correspondence course as a pleasant vacation trip.

We hate to think, and we are never sure that our reasoning has reached a correct solution. Even inventors make practical trials before they thoroughly convince themselves or the public. But once an article has proved successful, we like to hear about it, for it saves us the trouble of trying it ourselves. Let others do the experimenting. When we learn from them that the device is adequate we'll follow along. Consequently, a recommendation by some person of national or world-wide fame is a capital selling point. The public is well aware, however, that such testimonials may be purchased from widely known persons; the one whose name appears, therefore, must be of known integrity.

Since some one has to be the first to use the article, it is advisable to make an appeal to the experimenter. This can best be done by giving a satisfactory description of the product—what it is, how it works, what it will do. Since there are fewer leaders than sheep, however, this selling point will be limited in its range of influence unless assisted by other suasions. The offer of a free trial may induce us to take a chance. It suggests, furthermore, that the maker has the ut-

most confidence in his product and its ability to satisfy us. If the article is inexpensive we may try it, feeling that little is lost if it should prove unsatisfactory.

The efficiency of the commodity is a strong argument with some. Economy of time, effort, and raw materials will appeal to the busy, the frail, and the economical, and above all to the efficiency expert.

Since physicians have taken to popularizing bacteria and their interesting habits, purity of commodity has become persuasive with a certain class. Oddly enough, this does not seem to be related to health. The latter appeal was rated very low by the critics, possibly because the persons illustrating this message are so offensively vigorous and well.

At this point logic turns a corner and wanders in pleasant byways for a time. For the next most popular selling points with the critics were the exclusiveness and the luxuriousness of the product. The former is apparently not devised for the *parvenu*, slight value being given to the statement that the article is used by the upper classes.

From now on, reason follows the straight and narrow path, emphasizing next the practical, the comfortable, and the convenient characteristics of the product. These selling points are followed numerically by the durability and scientific construction of the article. Other reasons, since they have only scattered mention, may be omitted.

In many cases, the advertisement appeals to the instinctive and emotional side of the reader. His attention may be arrested by curiosity. This is aroused most successfully by head-line or picture, or both together. A question-mark after the caption is sometimes effective, a strong ending frequently useful, but more successful than such mechanical ruses is the meaning. The effect of oddity of head-line is merely transient, a momentary pulling of the eye in that direction. Occasionally the picture presents a puzzle. We all revel in this kind of problem, but if it is too simple our intelligence is insulted and if too difficult it is tiresome and disagreeable. Furthermore, the time and energy spent in its

solution are stolen from the remaining portions of the advertisement. A very satisfactory way of arousing curiosity is by making the picture appeal to some of our instincts. Lastly, the object of the entire advertisement is to create a craving or strong desire for the article.

It is essential that the great majority of advertisements, to be really effective, possess high memory value. The need for the article is seldom immediately pressing when the advertisement is first seen, but it will some day demand satisfaction. For this reason, the advertiser should seek to form a strong association in the mind of the reader between the need and the way of satisfying it; namely, the trade or commodity name. This is necessary that the purchaser may ask for the goods by name and without ambiguity.

But the make-up of many advertisements is such that the cart is put before the horse, and the trade name calls up the need. This is because the normal direction of associations is forward from the temporally first experience to the second, not backward from the second to the first. Say the alphabet forward and then backward and you will realize the strength of this contention. Consequently the need should be given first, followed by the trade name. Then the normal mind, becoming aware of the need, will call up by association of ideas the remedy for it.

All trade names are divided into three kinds: those which use the firm name, those which are manufactured from syllables of the firm name and end in co, and those which are entirely different, often of a symbolic or descriptive nature. Those of the first sort are usually longest, though exceptions occur, while the two remaining varieties seldom run over two words in length. The better sort are easy to pronounce and have a decided rhythmic swing. They are "catchy" enough to have become parts of our conversational vocabularies. Some, in fact, are so prized by the firms that they are valued at many millions of dollars.

The most obvious method of keeping the trade name in the public mind is by constant repetition. Such dropping wears away in time the stone of public

indifference. The commodity name is mentioned at least once in the advertisement and may be given many times. In a few instances the entire background is filled in with the trade name. The most usual practice is to give it from three to five times in each advertisement.

Looked at from another angle, advertisements of the same commodity may be repeated a great many times. Two methods are in vogue: in one exactly the same advertisement is presented from time to time; in the other essential features are retained but the rest varied with each insertion. The former practice becomes tiresome to the reader, while the latter, because of its constant change, remains new and interesting throughout. Variation has been found to have much greater effect upon memory for the product than unaltered repetition.

In the endeavor to make the trade name memorable, the advertiser often increases the size of the space which he habitually uses. It has been found that increasing the size of the advertisement affects memory for the goods to a degree intermediate between that of duplication and variation.

Other devices for making the commodity name remembered are the trade-mark and the slogan. The former appeals primarily to the eye, the latter to the ear. The trade-mark is one of the unvaried parts of a series of advertisements. It has, consequently, high memory value through repetition. But it has another value as well. A bit of smooth, yellow, heavy metal, offered in payment of a debt, would be looked at with suspicion, whereas the same piece stamped by the U. S. A. would be eagerly accepted. So it is with reputable trade-marks. They are the stamps which the authorized maker puts upon his goods, showing that he is willing to be judged by them and live or die commercially by the public verdict.

The slogan is a short, pithy statement appearing in practically every advertisement of the commodity. It iterates and reiterates a distinctive feature of the product, which is stamped in the mind by repetition. Usually that characteristic is mentioned which the advertiser wishes to be symbolic of the article. It gives the

impression which he desires to be most firmly fixed in the public mind. Many slogans have become slang. Only a small percentage of advertisements, however, use slogans, a careful search through nineteen issues of *Scribner's Magazine* having disclosed only fifty-one which might be construed as belonging to that class. The slogan and the head-line are much alike structurally, though the former is usually a more finished product. It is generally shorter than the head-line and is somewhat more likely to have a strong ending.

To be attractive and artistic is the prime requisite of all pictures. The various laws of contrast, balance, depth, simplicity, and unity must be observed. The thousand and one devices which the artist has at his finger-tips for making the illustration attractive should be used unsparingly. There should not be too many pictures in one advertisement, nor should there be too many figures in one picture. Since the defect of many illustrations is their crowded, jumbled appearance, they should be simple, clear, neat, harmonious, and well arranged. A good practical rule is to put in no more detail than is absolutely necessary to bring out the point.

The picture, to be really effective, starts a pleasant reverie or surrounds the article with a glamour of romance. But selecting a picture which will stir the fancy along the desired lines is as difficult as putting a joke across in vaudeville. It must be tried out very cautiously, the conditions must be just right, the observers must be attuned to the artist. Whatever is presented must be very obvious; but it must not be too obvious, for that offends. The way must be prepared, the point led up to slowly, delicately, and subtly. Very little can safely be left to the interpretation of the observer. When the head-line is properly explanatory, greater liberties can be taken. But if there is a chance of misunderstanding, it will be taken advantage of by some. As we say in science, it must be made as "fool proof" as possible.

Necessarily, different methods must be employed with different articles. Pictures in food advertisements should be "tasty" and appetizing, or show the well-being which results from using the food.

A steer on the hoof is not appetizing, a tin can is probably a delicacy only to a goat, raw meat is tasteful only to the lower animals, and foods in process of preparation create little desire—the poor appetites of cooks being proverbial. But the food served in attractive dishes, on a table prettily decorated, makes our mouth water! In imagination we call up the delectable taste, the satisfied feeling which follows, and all's well.

Poor advertiser! He has to show his package or tin can so that we shall recognize it when on a shopping tour. What can he do? Let him work our imaginations, indulge our appetites, whet our desires in the beginning of his advertisement, then inform us that all this pleasure is to be obtained from a twenty-cent can and show a picture of the can.

Pictures of some products cannot be used to advantage. Imagine a picture of a diamond, or a pearl necklace, or an Oriental rug as it would appear in an advertisement. Could it make the article desirable? Such luxuries are suggestive of romance, but pictures cannot do them justice, cannot represent the changing hues and gleams that make them live.

The picture works as an essential part of the sorting mechanism, appealing to those who are in a position to possess the article and boring the others. The criticisms of two advertisements will illustrate the point. A piano advertisement was disapproved by one person because the picture was vague and indistinct; by another it was praised for calling up "a song at twilight, when the lights are low." The first critic was apparently non-musical and lacking in sentiment, the sort who would never purchase a piano for any purpose except appearance. Similarly the advertisement of a comic magazine was objected to because it was not funny. Obviously the person who could make such a statement in any seriousness would be a discontented subscriber.

In all these ways advertisements suggest methods to satisfy needs. Yet the insertion, to be a paying proposition, must do more than inform; it must cause a demand for the commodity. From this point of view, advertisements are intended to control certain of the actions of their readers.

Every action is the result of a stimulus, either a sense-perception or a memory. If the situation has occurred frequently in the racial experience, an inherited instinctive movement will have been developed to meet it. When no instinct is present to take care of the situation, each person develops a habit if the experience is frequently met with. Where neither habit nor instinct is available, the course of action must be reasoned out. Considerable delay occurs between the time we become aware of the stimulation and the time when we respond to it as a result of thinking. Where the habit and the instinct come into play, on the contrary, the action follows immediately and without thought.

Different styles of advertisements have been designed to appeal to these different tendencies. To tap the instincts and habits of the reader, "short-circuit" appeals are used. To appeal to reason and common sense, "long-circuit" or "reason-why" copy is prepared. In the first type there is no intention of arousing any thought process; the reader is supposed to be carried off his feet by the strong desire resulting from the emotion which accompanies each instinct. A pause for reflection is usually fatal. "Reason-why" copy invites delay, comparison, and reflection. Its initial endeavor is to convince and subsequently to persuade. "Short-circuit" copy is intended to persuade without previous conviction.

The great majority of our actions are instinctive and habitual. For this reason, portraying a customary scene, either by illustration or word-painting, may start a habit into action; sketching a situation which arouses an instinct may evoke immediate response. A direct command may happen to find the reader in an obedient mood.

Voluntary choice, on the other hand, is a battle of ideas; the forces for doing are arrayed on one side, those for not doing on the other; and to the victors belong the spoils. Each idea has a certain power to produce movement; the one which has much may be called a strong idea, the one which has little a weak one. The same idea is never twice alike in this respect, for it always appears with other ideas and the total power of the complex is constantly shifting.

Each idea will result in action unless prevented by another. Where two opposing notions are of equal strength there is no action. But this condition is always momentary; one somehow gains more force, overwhelms the other, and in obedience to the law a movement takes place expressive of the dominant thought.

The well-constructed advertisement offers one group of homogeneous ideas which should cause action on the part of the reader. Why is it he so frequently fails to behave in the desired way? There are two reasons: first, because inhibitive ideas appear in the mind in spite of the advertisement; second, because the ideas suggested have not sufficient motive power to carry the act of purchase to its completion.

Removing inhibitions is the most delicate, dangerous, yet important, work of the advertisement. Negative suggestions cannot be used, for they so frequently kill the buying impulse. Whatever is done must, therefore, be of a positive nature. One of the most pervasive inhibitions is that resulting from the need of economy. All of us want more things than we have, but are prevented from buying because we cannot afford them. Consequently, one of the most important parts of an advertisement is a statement of the price of the product. If we know at the outset that the cost is not prohibitive the argument is more cogent. Should the article be too expensive, the automatic sorting function of the advertisement at once asserts itself. Whatever be the nature of the inhibition—price, lack of use for the article, possession of another "just as good"—it can be to a certain extent compensated by an appropriate positive statement.

The other method of impelling action is by making the idea of the satisfaction which comes from the use of the article so vivid and strong that the opposition is simply overwhelmed. A weakling idea can be given a tonic which is as effective as in the case of other types of invalidism. Making the idea clear, distinct, sharp-cut, and unambiguous adds to its power. For some reason or other, ideas derived from full-page advertisements are more vivid than those obtained from smaller spaces. Repetition is effective in a milder

degree; calling up associated ideas aids mightily; hitting a person's hobby is tremendously effective. If the work which is demanded to obtain the article is decreased, a less energetic idea will be as effective as a stronger one where more is demanded. The return coupon is an illustration of this. We do not have to go to the trouble of writing a whole letter; it is done for us. All we have to do is sign and tear. The work is reduced to such an extent that we are frequently quite willing to do it.

The idea of the commodity derived from the advertisement may be indefinite. Then it is neither desired nor purchased, for an idea which lacks definiteness and form has no power of arousing desire and possesses but little greater motive power.

Too frequently advertisements do not tell with sufficient exactness how or where to procure the article and the initial motive power is insufficient to carry on a long and evasive search. Where the steps leading to the purchase are unknown or but vaguely realized, the ideas have not sufficient motive power to bring the sale to completion. So all of these ideas must be made clear, distinct, and vivid.

More important by far than any of these devices is the arousing of interest and desire in the mind of the reader. And since it is in their interests and desires that people differ most widely, this is the most difficult part of the whole process. It is so much a matter of heredity and individual experience that no two persons are alike. What will be a forceful argument with one will be pointless with another; what will arouse a strong desire in one will leave another cold. So the arguments, appeals, and persuasions which are offered by the advertisement are received or rejected, as the case may be. An idea which is well received is welcomed into the mind of the reader, it becomes intimate with other of his ideas. The whole complex takes on a new meaning, acquires a new force, and the reader convinces himself that X is the best commodity on the market. His own instincts and past experience make him desire it and the idea of owning finally assumes such force that he buys. No advertisement ever sold anything to anybody. It may quicken his desires, it may offer fuel to his thought processes, it may be the cause of his buying, but, in the last analysis, every person sells to himself.

SOISSONS

By Hardwicke Nevin

OVER these winter wastes where broke the wars
Now falls the weary night. And once again
High in the hollow dusk, burn the great stars
Like rockets, rise and gleam—upon the Aisne.
Over the buried dead no brown leaves hover;
No spring-scents linger. In her death-hung lair
Here Autumn mourned alone the passing year
And wailed unto the moon, that all was over.

Peace, like a snow, has feathered down and sighed,
And swung the living heart to a far height.
From wastes aflash with guns, these hearts that died
Have taken wing, for some great evening flight
On vaster pinions of the Soul; to skies
Of spring, brown autumn leaves—and memories.

APRIL

By William Hamilton Hayne

WHEN leaves and buds have started
In grove and garden-bed,
Then April, changeful-hearted,
Comes by with nymph-like tread,
Half singing and half sighing,
Half gay and half forlorn,
With tears for winter, dying,
And smiles for spring, new-born.



Esther A. Dodge

ARCADIANS IN THE ATTIC

By Rupert S. Holland

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD



DO you know a real Arcadian when you see one? They aren't always well-dressed or clean shaved or even young and cheerful-looking. They have nothing to do with Bohemians, since Arcadia is a state of the spirit and Bohemia a land of the flesh. Food and raiment and habitations have little to do with them; occasionally they may be found in the sumptuous dwellings of the very rich, but generally they live in most modest surroundings, having little liking for the responsibilities that great wealth entails.

There was a little room with two windows on lower Spruce Street where two Arcadians dwelt. The room was up three flights of stairs, which brought it fairly close to the stars at night. A stout and swarthy woman named Mrs. Moskowitz managed the house, and as long as she collected the rents promptly she felt that her obligations to the tenants were completely performed. The two Arcadians in the attic didn't mind this attitude; rather than wrangle with the landlady they would gladly have stuffed their hats into broken window-panes to keep out the rain.

One of them was young, just nineteen; the other was sixty. It would have been hard to say which had had the more remarkable experiences in his life, but the face of the boy showed no trace of them while the man's face bore considerable wrinkles. These did not concern the man, he hardly ever thought about himself, all his interest lay in the youth whom kind fortune had given him.

They had met at a little restaurant in New York, where they had happened to sit side by side at the same table for several days. Peter Sloan was making drawings for an advertising firm at the time, hack work that brought little pay and less reputation. George Contolios was blacking boots at a hotel stand in the day and

studying sculpture at an art school at night. Sloan, who had been to Greece, as he had been everywhere else in his wandering and unproductive life, was struck with the pure Hellenic beauty of the boy's face the first time he laid eyes on him.

The man, English by birth, nomad by disposition, could have made friends with a mummy if he had had the chance. He was always making friends with casuals like himself at café tables and on park benches. There was something about his gentle blue eyes and ruddy, bearded face, his big, loose-jointed body that invited confidences. He seemed to have oceans and oceans of time, even in a busy little restaurant off Sixth Avenue. "Athenian or Spartan?" he said in his deep, mellow voice as he gazed at the black-haired boy. "Or from one of the beautiful islands of the Ægean?"

"From Macedonia," came the answer with a quick smile. "But Greek, you understand. Once we were all Greek, and will be again. But the Turks had our country—that was why I left."

"The unspeakable Turk," mused Sloan, his eyes dwelling on the pure profile of the lad.

"Yes, the unspeakable Turk! I should have had to fight in his army if I had stayed on my father's farm."

"So you came to America?" the man observed. "Every one seems to come to America sooner or later nowadays. Tell me about it."

George told of his boyhood in the small Macedonian village, where his family had been tillers of the soil for generations. He had studied at a good Greek school until his father's death in one of the innumerable wars that swept over their province had forced the boy to turn his hand to the plough. With his mother and three sisters he could make a living from the farm. But day and night two ideas filled his mind and shut out everything else. He didn't want to fight in the Turkish



He was living for some one else, utterly and completely.—Page 622.

army, as his father had had to fight, and he did want to be a sculptor with all his heart and soul.

"Yes," said Peter Sloan at this point, "the mountains of Greece. I think the love of sculpture runs in the blood of men there."

"I loved the mountains so!" the boy exclaimed, his black eyes gleaming. "And to think of having to be a soldier of the Turk if I stayed there a year more!"

The man nodded. "I can feel your situation, my friend."

"My mother and I had many long talks, and at last she told me to take some of her money and try to get to the United States, the great land of liberty beyond the ocean. She and my sisters could manage the farm, she said. I must go at once, or the Turkish governor would have me. So I set out on foot and walked to the

nearest seaport, and there I found a ship ready to sail for Naples."

The Greek boy took a gulp of coffee, almost burning himself in his eagerness to be on with his Odyssey. "There the troubles began—when I had reached the harbor, with the ship about to sail. A Macedonian boy couldn't leave the country just because he wanted to and had the money for passage. I was almost ripe for the Sultan's army. The ship-captain wouldn't take me without certain papers from the Turkish officer of the port. I was desperate, when I happened to meet a Greek sailor and told him my story.

"The sailor told me he thought the Turkish officer could be persuaded to give me the papers in return for a sufficient present. He had known of such things being done. The sailor took me to the government office. There I gave a pres-

ent to a clerk, who passed me on to an aide. Another and larger present to the aide brought me to the head official. I gave this wretched Turk a third present, which was all the money I had left, and he made out my permission to leave the country. I had the papers, but all my money was gone."

"Blood-suckers!" muttered Sloan in his deep voice.

"But my good friend the Greek sailor helped me out again. He got me a berth as deck-hand on a freighter sailing for Genoa. There I worked for a month as a stevedore on the docks. At last I found a chance to ship as steward's boy on a liner bound for New York. Two weeks later I landed here, with ten dollars in my pocket. I went to the Greek colony and a kind woman gave me a bed and next day sent me with a note to a friend of hers who had a bootblack stand. Wasn't it luck? He needed another boy. Oh, but it's grand to be free!" George exclaimed with his smile of the young Dionysius that showed his fine white teeth. "And to think that I might have been fighting against my own people if I'd stayed at home!"

Peter Sloan capitulated to that smile of youth. He looked at the beautiful brow and nose and chin, the black hair and eyes, the olive skin touched with red of George Contolios, and he straightway fell to dreaming of the days when Praxiteles would have made such a head and body imperishable in marble. And this youth was a son of Praxiteles; he wanted to

be a sculptor! So had Peter wanted to be an artist himself in his ardent boyhood. "Tell me about your work, your real work, your art," he said. George told him, his face all animation, and the blue-eyed, bearded man lived through the joys of creation vicariously.

Dreams were the largest part of Peter Sloan's life now. Long ago he had given up the hope of accomplishing anything great himself, of making a name or money. The work he did was to pay for his living, and usually that living was meagre enough. But he was rarely unhappy, only when he saw somebody suffering for food or clothing and put his hand in his own pocket to find no money there. He knew that he had wasted opportunity, but since opportunity no longer knocked at his door he was content to enjoy the sun and rain of the sky.

George he took to his heart. George was youth and beauty and the creative spirit. He asked him to dine with him at his pet restaurant,

and that first dinner was followed by many others. George talked while Peter listened. The boy had learned to speak an excellent, quaint English. He was reading good books, occasionally he could spare enough pennies to hear good music. Here was the best of soil in which to grow fine fruit.

Peter went to the head of the night school where George was studying sculpture. The teacher said George had ability, a great deal of native talent. "But so many of these young Greeks and Ital-



A girl in a blue dress who camped in a doorway on the opposite side of the street.—Page 622.



"We took our lunch with us and ate it by the side of a little stream."—Page 623.

ians have that," he observed. "They rarely get the opportunity to do the work they're capable of doing. They get a job that takes all their time, or they have to work so hard they lose all their punch, or they want to make money quickly. It's a long, hard road—that of sculpture—and it's only one in a thousand sticks it out."

How well Peter knew that, he who had never stuck anything out himself. But George Contolios really had talent! The man reflected that he had known that before the teacher told him.

Over the Greek boy and his future Peter Sloan pondered as he had never pondered over any problem of his own. The upshot of it was that he got up the nerve to call on a famous sculptor and ask his advice as to what George ought to do. "Study at the academy in Philadelphia," said the eminent one, who had graduated there himself. "They have the best teacher in America at present. Of course it hasn't the atmosphere of Paris, but it's a good place to work."

Peter was used to living anywhere, he had no prejudice against Philadelphia, he could turn out his advertising pictures there as well as anywhere else. By this time he was so wrapped up in George Contolios that he would have gone to the

North Pole with him had that been necessary for the youth's proper development. He told George that he ought to go to the academy in Philadelphia, and produced a roll of three hundred dollars that he had saved up. "You can get a job over there just as easily as here," Peter said. "And a better one than blacking boots in a hotel too. Meantime I'm going to advance you the money to pay for your tuition."

"Why, Mr. Sloan," said the boy, his black eyes dancing, "this is wonderful!"

"It is, it is!" agreed the man, as delighted as George. "And I'm going with you to see that you work hard."

So they came to the house of Mrs. Moskowitz on lower Spruce Street and climbed the three flights of stairs to their attic under the stars. Peter went on with his commercial drawing and paid almost all the rent and the food and clothing bills. George got a little clerical work to do for one of his new teachers, but he found that if he was to make the most of his opportunities he would have to be at the academy all day and most of the evenings. And Peter urged him to do this, Peter didn't want him to talk or think about paying back any debt; George could do that when he had won his spurs as a sculptor.

Many a night their supper was oatmeal and crackers and stewed prunes cooked over the gas-burner in the attic. Many a day they came in with feet soaking wet because of the holes in their shoes. Many a time when they went out to have a royal feast and spend a whole dollar Peter would see some fellow who looked hungrier than they did and the dollar would be halved before they reached their dining place. Yet in spite of his thin overcoat in winter and the days when he went without any lunch at all and the long hours he spent at his drawing-board, Peter Sloan's blue eyes were as cheery and his deep voice as hearty as ever. He was living for some one else, utterly and completely. As for George Contolios, doing the work he loved, he throve like a young Greek god drinking nectar.

They had their Sundays together and occasional evenings. Always Peter sat up until the boy came home. When Peter was flush they sat in the top gallery at orchestra concerts, and two or three times in the winter they heard grand opera from up under the roof. In the summer life was easier, warm clothing and heat and light were not so necessary; they could go to the park or out in the open country, and sit in the city squares when the attic was too hot. They were Arcadians, a perfect pair of them; the Greek boy with his work and his friend, the wandering man with some one else to care for, some one who might be and do all his own artistic soul had ever dreamed of.

So they lived in their attic, slept and worked and often ate there, for three years, weathering all sorts of storms. Peter had not been mistaken, the boy—he always thought of George as “the boy”—had a mind as fine as his body. He shunned evil things as instinctively as a painter shuns the commonplace; he wanted beauty and knew that corruption would dim his sight. He put temptation out of his way as if it had been a serpent. All this Peter knew, not from words, but because the boy's thoughts were almost as clear to him as his own.

More than that, Peter knew that the boy was on the way to justifying his dreams of him as a sculptor. He won prizes at the academy, the teachers spoke of him as they spoke of but few, Peter had

himself seen much of his work and recognized in it the inborn feeling for line and form and mass, trained to power by constant work and lighted by inspiration. “What he needs now is a couple of years in a great atelier,” thought Peter, and his mind turned instinctively to Paris, where he himself had once painted. “He has the tools; he must have the atmosphere. I will go with him and see him drink at the spring.” Forthwith Peter began to lay aside a small sum every week to take the boy to the city where art is in the air. There should be a new sculptor come out of Greece to make glad the eyes of men.

It was now the third spring that Peter Sloan and George Contolios had climbed the dusty, carpetless stairs of Mrs. Moskowitz to Arcadia under the roof. George was to get his diploma from the academy the middle of that coming June, and Peter already had a sizable nest-egg, the result of extra work, tucked away in a corner of the battered old steamer-trunk that served him as wardrobe and safe as well as sideboard and footstool. The couple of hardy maples that miraculously grew from the Spruce Street pavement were already a delicate green, and some of the lodgers in the block of boarding-houses dared to sit on the door-steps in the evening. As Peter and George came back from their supper the man noticed that the boy frequently nodded and doffed his cap to a girl in a blue dress who camped in a doorway on the opposite side of the street.

So far the Arcadians had paid little attention to their neighbors, but in the spring it was natural to notice door-step dwellers. Peter, returning from an errand one afternoon, encountered George and the girl in blue eating ice-cream cones as they strolled along the street. Peter eyed the girl. She was pretty, after the fashion of eighteen years, slim and lithe, and her gown was very becoming. Of course, she was not to be compared to the handsome youth beside her, but if George felt impelled to make an acquaintance with some one of the opposite sex, Peter saw nothing wrong in his present companion.

Spring came on faster. Magnolias were out in the square. On several evenings after supper George lingered on the door-step when Peter climbed the stairs, and the man suspected that George

slipped over the way for a little chat with the girl. "Well, he needs friends of his own age," the man said to himself as he took off his coat and sat down to his work that was to increase the nest-egg. "I wonder he didn't make friends with some of the girls at the academy long ago." The consoling thought came to him that his own companionship was all that George had wanted.

"Ah, what a night!" said George, as he came in about ten on one such evening. He stood at the window. "Have you seen the new moon, Peter? A night like this makes me think of the view of the mountains from the door of our farmhouse in Macedonia. I wish you could see it sometime. The purple-black valleys and the silver tops."

"I mean to see it, Georgio," answered Peter, giving the boy his pet name. "We will be going to Europe soon, to Paris, and then you and I will run away for a flying visit to your mother and sisters. Perhaps we will stop at Athens. I was in Athens once in the autumn. Oh, those skies of Greece!"

The boy gazed at the night for some time, then slowly turned about to the man who was working at the drawing-board by the light of the one gas-burner. "There's a girl who lives across the street that I want to make a bust of. She has a lovely broad forehead, and soft curling hair. I've shown her a new way to do her hair. Her name's Mary Anders. I thought I'd have her pose up here, if you don't mind."

It was on the tip of Peter's tongue to caution George against bringing young women up the three flights of stairs of Mrs. Moskowitz's lodging-house, but he checked the impulse. George was an artist, a sculptor. The landlady knew that. He had been modelling in clay in their room at odd minutes all the winter. Peter looked about the apartment, at the two clumsily made up cot-beds, at the litter of things in the corners.

George, following his friend's glance, said: "I've told her all about our diggings. She won't mind that. And she's persuaded her mother to let her come."

"All right, Georgio. I guess it'll be good practice for you. There's nothing like working from the live model."

Mary Anders came, a slip of a girl with soft brown hair and eyes as clear as stars. She was a bit bashful at Peter's presence at first, but no one could be bashful with the big, bearded fellow long. She sat in the one sound chair in the room, and George, his sleeves rolled up, set to work with the clay. Peter, bending over his drawing-board, glanced at the youth occasionally. How handsome he was with the tense look of creation in his black eyes! Once or twice Peter glanced at Mary. She was pretty, he recognized what the boy had said about her forehead and hair, she had an attractive dimple. But she was no more to look at than hundreds of girls in the city. George Contolios was far more worthy of being modelled than Mary Anders.

Next time Mary was more chatty; but her talk seemed neither very illuminating nor very witty to Peter. She talked about her friends and trips to the country, movies she had been to and novels she had read. Peter lured her to speak of music; her knowledge and even her taste were limited there. He tried her on art, on pictures; she knew very little about them. She didn't even look sorry at her own ignorance, she merely asked George how he was getting along.

May came, and George took Mary out to the country to spend a whole Sunday, while Peter spent the day in the attic drawing an automobile for a trade catalogue. When George came in that night he was plainly elated. "It was the most glorious day!" he said. "We took our lunch with us and ate it by the side of a little stream. We picked violets and brought home some branches of dogwood. You should have been out in the country too, Peter, instead of drudging here."

Peter's blue eyes smiled. "I'd like to see the springtime through your eyes, Georgio mio."

"We must go out together soon, Peter. Before the fruit-trees lose all their blossoms."

"Any time you say."

They didn't go out together. The idea slipped from George's mind, too many other thoughts were filling it at the time. He worked hard at the bust and sometimes when he had finished a session he would insist on Mary going with him to

a little ice-cream parlor around the corner to reward her for keeping so still. Peter could hear their voices as they raced down the stairs. Then the attic room seemed uncommonly lonely. It had never been so empty before, even with George away. Mary had come into Arcady, and Peter was conscious she had brought a change.

The man knew the boy so well that he could read as in a book what was happening to him. He did not need to be told the cause of the youth's long silences and excited outbursts, nor where he was spending the restless evenings as spring became summer. He watched George at his work, saw his dissatisfaction as his skill seemed unable to express all that he found in his model, noted how quickly he forgot even that work itself when Mary stretched out her hand and said: "Now, George, it's time for us to go for a walk before supper."

Meantime the nest-egg in the old steamer-trunk grew, for Peter had never worked so hard in his life as he did those days when his spirit was in trouble.

On a Sunday when George and Mary had gone to the country together Peter put on his weather-worn slouch hat, took the stick that had journeyed with him for years, and set out for the park. Many and many a time he had spent a Sunday by himself, viewing the human scene against its varied background. He had always been contented, whether the day brought him some adventure with another wanderer like himself or gave him only nature as a companion. But that contentment had flown. No longer were the blue eyes merely speculative, they were troubled with deep concern.

George was in love with this girl. Peter, most charitable of men, was ready to admit that Mary Anders would probably make a suitable wife for an ordinary young fellow, for the average young American clerk or salesman, whose world was limited to his shop and his home. Youth must have love-affairs, that also Peter admitted; but he knew from his own experience that love-affairs were not vital concerns. They could be outlived, as he had outlived the memory, once so warm, of several women in his past. Marriage was very different. That was

the reef on which many careers were wrecked. If George was ever to marry, it must be some woman who would help him to the heights. And Mary Anders would only present him with babies and countless bills to pay.

The point from which all Peter's thoughts started was the fact that George was an artist, a youth in a million, that wonderful ideal youth that Praxiteles and all the other great creators of beauty must have been once on a time. He was in the way to being what Peter himself would once have given his soul to be. Peter knew how easily he himself had fallen by the wayside, how readily he had allowed the pleasant habits of indolence to rob him of his ambitions. All he would have been, but never had been, that should this Greek youth be. Peter would see to it that life in Paris, work in the atelier of the greatest of living sculptors, should make up to George for this temporary regret and fill his soul to the brim with the pure love of his art.

Moreover, Peter knew that he could bring George to do this. The youth would demur, protest, perhaps argue a little; but he would give in at last and admit that the man was right. If he felt that his art was at stake George would make any sacrifice, and Peter had the arguments to convince him. Then Peter, very gently, with a few self-revelations, would show the boy that love may knock many times at the heart of a man and that he would find other sweethearts if he waited.

With his course clear before him the man went back to the city and climbed the stairs to the room under the roof. The door was half open and in the golden light of the late summer afternoon he saw George and Mary sitting on his old steamer-trunk looking at the sunset sky. The youth's arm was around Mary's waist and her head rested against his shoulder. A chair near at hand bearing Peter's battered copper teapot and a couple of china cups told why the two had come up to the attic.

George turned his head to look at Mary's eyes and his hand stroked the hair above her forehead. How beautiful was his profile, how exquisite his chin and throat with the open, rolling collar! So



Mary had come into Arcady, and Peter was conscious she had brought a change.—Page 624.

must Achilles have looked when he held Briseis in his arms!

Peter stood outside the door, motionless, spellbound. He saw the girl turn and look at the youth, and she was not Mary Anders who lived across the street, but the spirit of love yielding to her mate. Arcady indeed! This picture transcended anything that Arcady could show. It

was as timeless as the soul of man. It was more than youth, being the spring from which youth came.

And Peter remembered how he had once let this too slip through his fingers, as he had let all the great prizes men may win. He might have had this too once on a time, but he thought that his art was dearer and didn't want to shoulder too

great a burden; and then he might have had art perhaps, but he felt that ease was more precious; and so he had come to this, not a liver of life, but a wandering ghost, a derelict, a nomad. Who was he to tell his young Greek god what was worth while in life?

He tiptoed half-way down the stairs and then climbed them again, making more noise. George and Mary had risen from the steamer-trunk and were ready to greet him. "Oh, Peter," said the boy, his dark eyes gleaming, "we came up here to have tea and then we watched the sunset!" He spoke as if those two events were greatly memorable.

"Oh, Mr. Peter," Mary said, her cheeks as flushed as Aphrodite's in the Hellenic waves, "did you ever see such a sunset? Hasn't it been a perfectly grand day?"

Peter's blue eyes beamed. "It certainly has, my dear. And now, if your mother's willing, I'd like to have you and Georgio take supper with me at the little restaurant around the corner."

The restaurant was a Greek shop, but neither George nor Mary knew what they were eating, they were too busy talking and laughing and looking at each other. Peter drank in their emotions with mixed feelings; sometimes he felt that they were only children, sometimes that they were as much wiser than he as gods are wiser than men.

Later George, perhaps feeling a little regretful at having been away from his friend all day, said good-night to Mary at her door and joined Peter in their room. Peter was not working, he was sitting in front of the window, smoking his pet briar pipe. "Well, old man," said George, "what are you thinking about? But perhaps you're not thinking; dreaming instead."

"Yes, I was thinking. Draw up a chair, Georgio mio. It's next week that you leave the academy, isn't it?"

"Yes," said George, sitting down and clasping his hands about the back of his head. "And it's next week I finish Mary's bust."

"And when those two great things are done, what would you like to do next? Go to Paris and work in the atelier of a great sculptor?"

"Oh—" exclaimed George. "Paris! But that's out of the question. I haven't the money."

"I have," said Peter. "No, don't protest. I've managed to save some money. I've got five hundred dollars tucked away in the old chest. You and I can go to Paris and some day you can pay it all back."

"I'm too much in your debt now, you good old father Peter."

"There's no such thing between you and me, boy. I humor myself when I find the money to help you."

"Oh, Peter, Peter, how good you've been to me!" The Greek soul flooded the youth's face and voice. "You have been more than father and mother to me! You found me blacking boots and now I am a sculptor!"

"Yes, a sculptor, Georgio. The dream of your boyhood. Will you go to Paris and give your life to your art?"

The young man looked through the window at the dark blue depths of the sky. "Would it disappoint you if I said I wanted to stay here and go to work at once?" he asked presently.

"It isn't a matter of me, but of you. No one has a right to control another's life." Peter glanced at his friend. "You can't get work as a sculptor here at once. Another couple of years in Europe, and then perhaps——"

"And you've saved the money for me to go by slaving day and night. You want me to go, Peter, I know you do."

The big, bearded man looked squarely at the eager, impulsive face of the Greek boy who represented all of life to him. "I want you to do what you most desire. Only don't throw your life away. Don't think of it as trivial. Don't be a spinner of dreams as I have been."

"You? Why, there's no one so fine in all the world. You're always thinking of others."

"Think of yourself now, Georgio. Put me out of your mind."

The young fellow hesitated, clasped his hands round his knees, unclasped them and flung them out toward the sky. "I can only think of Mary," he said. "I want her, and she wants me. I can't think of anything else."



George and Mary sitting on his old steamer-trunk looking at the sunset sky.—Page 624.

Peter touched the boy's arm with his hand. "That's as it should be, my son. That's as I thought it would be. There are greater things than ambition, greater even perhaps than art. There is an art of living, and its touchstone is love."

"What a great artist you are then, my father Peter! But perhaps a man can have love and his art too."

"Perhaps," agreed Peter slowly. "But make sure of the greater thing anyhow.

Life doesn't wait for men. Even boys out of Greece must learn that lesson."

"Oh, to think of Paris—" George's voice was only a murmur.

"Yes, but to think of Mary," Peter whispered.

"Yes, to think of Mary! There's no one in the world so happy as I! I hope you're a little bit happy about this too, Peter."

"Oh yes, I'm happy," said the old Arcadian, relighting his pet briar pipe.



GUIDE-POSTS AND CAMP-FIRES



BY HENRY VAN DYKE

MOVING DAY

[THE FIFTH OF TWELVE PAPERS]

LONG ago in Brooklyn,—in the consulship of Plancus, when Fernando Wood was Tammany Mayor of New York, and the perennial effervescence of the Fenians bubbled over in anti-draft riots,—in that rolled-golden age, May Day was “Moving Day.”

Beautiful Brooklyn, with breezy Heights overlooking the turbulent tides of East River, and the round green patch of Governor’s Island, and the long low metropolis of Manhattan, and the hills of New Jersey and Staten Island beyond the busy harbor! What a broad and noble outlook, what a rural self-complacent charm was thine, O city of churches, “all unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of the century,” wrapped in New England traditions and based on a solid Dutch financial foundation!

Beecher and Storrs were thine, Jachin and Boaz, pillars of the oratorical Temple,—and, Lord, how they hated each other! Walt Whitman also was thine, the insurgent rhapsodical poet,—but thou knewest him not because he was flannel-shirted. Placid and prim were thy streets, and thy spirit was self-contented, sure that the ultimate truth and the final social form were embodied in Brooklyn.

(Reader, I am afraid that these paragraphs, if you follow the punctuation, may seem like un-capitalized *vers libre*. Let us get back to honest prose.)

May the first, in the days which I recall, was the time appointed for the transmigration of households.

It was not a movable feast, it was a fixed feast of movables.

The little houses poured forth their accumulated treasures and rubbish to be conveyed to other little houses. “Apartments” were unknown, but tenements

had begun to exist. Neither the origin nor the destination made any difference. The point was that you had to move if your lease was up; and your goods and chattels had to move with you.

Great was the disclosure, on that day, of the stuff that had been accumulated. The discreet, gigantic moving-van had not yet been invented. Everything must be carried in more or less open carts and wagons. The ramshackle, the unnecessary, the futile, in the household gear, was inevitably betrayed. Moving Day was more or less a day of confession and repentance.

Even solid and useful articles of furniture,—sofas of age if not of antiquity, arm-chairs and rockers, centre-tables and dinner-tables, double bedsteads and writing-desks,—have a forlorn, disreputable air when they are turned upside down. Their legs project helplessly. They look inebriate. Their accustomed use, the dignity of their position, the softening and concealing aid of lambrequins and portières, anti-macassars and footstools, fringed lamp-shades and mantel ornaments,—all the paraphernalia of their domestic state are stripped away from them. In the language of the prophets, “their nakedness is uncovered.” The broken leg, the cracked foot-board, the scratched surface, the worn covering, the huge rent and the broken spring underneath the corner of the parlor sofa,—all are bared to the cold light of day and the unsympathetic comment of the casual passer-by.

Worst of all is the state of the enormous, unwieldy, beloved square piano. For this, usually a separate dray and special movers are necessary,—men of rugged aspect and profane speech, men who “have no music in their souls,” who care not for the sweet harmonies evoked from

that gigantic rosewood box when Amelia played "The Wakening of the Lion," or "The Maiden's Prayer," or "Juanita," and eager swains stood near her to turn the leaves. The melodious monster now lies prone like a stricken hippopotamus: its huge carved and convoluted legs are dismembered; beside it in the dray, reposes its faithful little satellite, the pianostool, with feet uplifted as if in mute appeal.

Among the *disjecta membra* were many things that in later times will rarely be seen, unless a place is found for them in the museums of antiquity where spinning-wheels and warming-pans are assembled. There were the long tin bathtubs, painted green without and white within, and their little round brothers, the foot-tubs of like complexion. There were enclosed washstands, with cupboards beneath, where articles of domestic virtue could be concealed, and with rods above, on which embroidered "splashers" portraying one-legged storks could be displayed. There were portentous parlor-lamps on lofty brass pedestals, and curious candelabra adorned with prismatic glass pendants. All these, and other things of like nature, modern plumbing and gas-fitting and electric wiring have consigned to the species of creatures extinct or soon to be extinguished. But for the time being they had their place with the fearfully and wonderfully made "chromos," and the Rogers clay-statuettes, and the red-plush family albums,—among the impedimenta which the mid-Victorian household chose to encumber itself on the pilgrimage of life.

Moving Day brought them all out. To us children, when it struck our own family, it was a time of excitement, and of apprehension lest our own particular treasurable rubbish should be forgotten or broken. But when it struck other families, we found it a time of curiosity and amusement. We never thought of questioning its reason or its necessity. To us it seemed like something between a joke and a law of nature.

Since then I have tried to discover, in a mildly historical spirit, the connection between this feast of movables and the first day of May,—a point of time more naturally associated with outdoor sports

and pastimes in the joyousness of returning spring. The dull, obvious, logical answer to these inquiries would be that since leases were made and expired "as of May first," that was inevitably the day to move if the lease was not renewed. But the deeper question still remains: *why did the leases fix that day?*

Washington Irving, in his "Knickerbocker History of New York," professes to give an exact historical explanation. It was on the first of May, says he, that the original Dutch settlers of the New Netherlands removed from their first establishment on the marshy lands of Communipaw, west of the Hudson, to the more salubrious and pleasant island of Manna-hata.

"Houses were turned inside out, and stripped of all the venerable furniture which had come from Holland. . . . By degrees a fleet of boats and canoes were piled up with all kinds of household articles; ponderous tables; chests of drawers resplendent with brass ornaments; quaint corner cupboards; beds and bedsteads; with any quantity of pots, kettles, frying-pans and Dutch ovens. In each boat embarked a whole family, from the robustious burgher down to the cats and dogs and little negroes. . . . This memorable migration took place on the first of May, and was long cited in tradition as the *grand moving*. The anniversary of it was piously observed among the 'sons of the Pilgrims of Communipaw,' by turning their houses topsyturvy and carrying all the furniture through the streets, in emblem of the swarming of the parent hive; and this is the real origin of the universal agitation and 'moving' by which this most restless of cities is literally turned out of doors on every May-day."

Graphic and humorous explanation! But Professor Schele de Vere, of the University of Virginia, who quoted it in his very entertaining book "Americanisms" (1871), was not entirely satisfied with it. "The custom," says he, "is older than the ancient settlement called Communipaw. The Dutch settlers evidently brought it with them from their transatlantic home, and to this day, in Bruges and its neighborhood, in Verviers and many other parts of Belgium and Holland, the first

of May continues to be the general day of moving."

No doubt the professor was right. I have seen something of the kind quite recently in the Dutch cities. And no doubt when this paper has been printed and read in various regions, letters will come, (to my delight,) from friendly correspondents, pointing out that the custom of Moving Day was not confined to the districts around New York, and that it is altogether too narrow to ascribe it to a purely Netherlandish origin. Right you are, friend. Granted beforehand! The origin lies in the universal heart of humanity, and in the laws of nature.

Man is a mover. Spring is the time when he feels it.

Since Abraham went down at the divine call from Haran to Canaan, (but Terah stayed in Haran because he liked it better;) since the pious Æneas took old father Anchises out of burning Troy on his back and set sail for Italy; since the Longbeards came into Lombardy, and the Huns into Hungary, and the Romans, Danes, Normans, and others into Great Britain to make up the far-famed "Anglo-Saxon" race; since the Pilgrims, Puritans, Cavaliers, Huguenots, Dutchmen and other folks crossed the ocean with their household gear to occupy new habitations in America; since a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, there has been a terrible amount of moving in the world. It seems like a nervous habit. And I will wager that when it was not otherwise constrained by circumstances it has usually shown itself most strongly in the vernal season,—that is, in the north temperate zone, somewhere about May first.

Understand, I am not now referring to nomads and their vagrant tribes. They are people whose only idea of permanence is a ceaseless wandering. But the folks of whom I speak are house-builders and home-lovers. They want a roof, and a hearth-stone or some kind of a substitute. But they are unwilling to be bound to it, or perhaps they are unable to hold on to it, indefinitely.

Sometimes they are forced out, with bitter sorrow, by the relentless hand of avarice, or by the bloody fist of war. There is no sight more pitiful than an

evicted family, unless it be a family in flight before a cruel and lustful conqueror,—such as I have seen by thousands upon the roads of France and Belgium in the late world war.

But more often these migrations, in peaceful times, are the result of altered conditions in industry and trade; or of a desire for an improved situation, or a finer climate, or a more convenient dwelling; or perhaps merely of a subconscious wish for a change in the hope that it will mean a betterment.

Partially civilized man, if we consider him in the light of self-knowledge, is evidently a home-making creature with migratory instincts.

I admit that there are exceptions, or, to be more exact, cases in which the home-keeping affection outweighs and overmasters the wandering impulse. That is my own case, though I have come to it late in life. But there are many farms, and mansions, and castles, in various parts of the world, which have been in the possession of the same family for several generations. Even in the cities there are real-estate holdings which have passed from grandfather to grandson, with their "unearned increment." Yet the Astors do not live where they used to live; and the Croyses, who claim to be the most ancient princely house of the world, cannot afford to inhabit their castles without American subsidy. The Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs have had a notorious moving. Yet I fancy they sometimes hanker for their former dwellings.

At a banquet in New York or Chicago or Los Angeles or San Francisco, how many men do you meet who were born in those cities? At a mass-meeting how many of the shouters can say

"My foot is on my native heath"?

If we could have a plebiscite of the world on the proposition: *We claim the right to stay where we are and we promise never to move*: how many affirmative votes do you suppose you would get? Would it make any difference whether people were living in private homes or socialistic phalansteries? Would not every individual regard "an habitation enforced" as a kind of prison?

How many times have you moved,

reader? For myself, including childhood, the number runs up to ten times, not counting a half-dozen summer cottages in which my family has been installed, and a villa in Switzerland, a house in Paris, a hut in Norway, and a mansion in The Hague. None of them has made much difference in the real values of life. Things look rather settled for me now, with a winter camp in New Jersey and a summer shack on the Maine coast. In both of these temporary homes work is easy, and in either of them I should be happy to labor through to the end of the job. But I will not accept a guarantee of that desired fate on condition of a pledge to make no more travels, no more adventures.

I have been thinking of the "moving" episodes of some of the writers whom I love most to read. Shakespeare, after many mutations, settled down as a rich man in the best house at Stratford-on-Avon; but he had to leave it in less than five years. Milton was forced to many changes of residence, and at the end he was a poor man, and cared not much where he lived, provided he could have music and the joy of inward vision. Burns was an inspired migratory crofter; Wordsworth, a footpath adventurer, who nested finally at Rydal Mount. Charles Lamb was never driven from London and the "sweet security" of city streets, but he complained charmingly of the inconvenience of moving his abode within those precincts. Tennyson in youth moved often, but when the time came he fixed his winter home at Faringford and his summer home at Aldworth. Browning belonged to London and to Italy, and moved around as it pleased him, always pursuing his dramatic quest of the individual soul. Dickens and Thackeray were Londoners indubitable, but they shifted residences often within their city, and they travelled abroad, and they searched for a general human view of life. Stevenson was by choice and by necessity an adventurer; how many "movings" he had between Edinburgh and Samoa I know not; but through them all he followed his dream of telling vivid stories of life, and of making true comments upon it in his essays. Kipling is still with us in the modern "movies," so we may not speak

of him without reserve. We know that he has had habitations in India, in Vermont, and in Sussex, and that whether he lives in Bombay or in Burwash he keeps with him the same keen vision, straight word, and what Mrs. Gerould calls his "remarkable rightness." But, if I mistake not, his movings have carried him far beyond his first "Plain Tales from the Hills."

After all, reader, be we rich or poor, learned or unlearned, is not Moving Day marked in all our calendars? Is it not a symbol of the unexempt condition of our mortal pilgrimage?

From house to house we move; but that signifies little, if we do not overburden ourselves with rubbish. From youth to age we move; but that is not fatal if we do not overload ourselves with prejudices. From opinion to opinion we move; but that is natural if we are not forced to do it in haste. The man who thinks when old precisely the same on all points as he thought when young, is not a conservative. He is an obstacle.

I recall what Stevenson says in one of his essays: "I look back to the time when I was a Socialist with something like regret. I have convinced myself (for the moment) that we had better leave these great changes to what we call great blind forces; their blindness being so much more perspicacious than the little, peering, partial eyesight of men. I seem to see that my own scheme would not answer; and all the other schemes I have ever heard propounded would depress some elements of goodness just as much as they would encourage others."

Schemes, theories, systems and panaceas are the lambrequins and antimacassars of the mental life,—things to be left behind on Moving Day. They will not fit the new house. Only the essentials are worth transportation.

For my part, there are just three things that seem worth carrying through all earthly migrations of the spirit. First, the Ten Commandments. Second, the Golden Rule. Third, the "faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Among the typically transient dwellings of the world are the parsonage, the

residence of the military or naval commandant, and the White House at Washington.

Do you remember the inscription that George Herbert wrote for the mantel-piece of his vicarage in Bemerton?

"TO MY SUCCESSOR

"If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost;
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labor's not lost."

But the symbol of Moving Day runs far beyond the earthly mutations of dwelling, and the changes of opinion and theory, to which we are all subject. It reminds us of the great migration from the known to the unknown, which we call death.

Here is something universal, inevitable, and therefore worth thinking about. This is Moving Day, indeed. Not one of us can get away from it when it comes. Yet I have no sympathy with those who would make the fact of death the controlling factor of life. The flaming inscriptions on the bill-boards, "Prepare to meet thy God," and the exhortations of the preachers, "Live to-day as if you were to die to-morrow," leave me cold. The meeting, (I say it reverently,) has already taken place. I do not expect to die to-morrow. I want to take life as it comes, —as bravely, as decently, as cheerfully as possible. There are a lot of innocent, interesting, and possibly useful things which

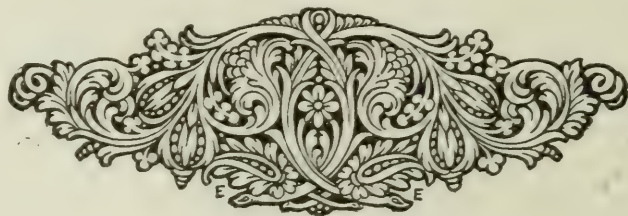
I propose doing to-day, which I should probably not do if I had to move to-morrow.

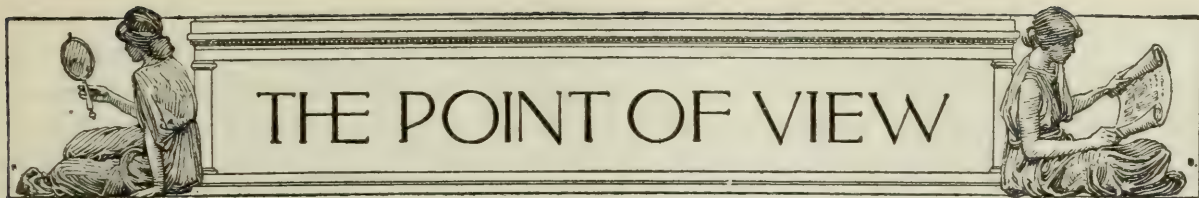
The beloved ones, the friends, who have moved before me into the unknown world, I believe are still living. I have no need of Sir Oliver Lodge nor of the excessively Belgian Shakespeare, Maeterlinck, to assure me of their existence. I rely upon a better Teacher.

Nor do I think that my invisible friends would choose to speak to me through persons,—mediums,—with whom they would have had no sympathy nor intercourse in mortal life. Nor would they use a patented *Ouija* board for their communications. They would speak to me directly,—my father, my dear daughter Dorothea,—and I believe they have done so, whether in the body or out of the body, I know not. But these are "things which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

Meanwhile let us take our earthly moving days as best we can. And for the last migration a word from Joseph Beaumont, written three centuries ago, is still timely:

"Home is everywhere to thee
Who canst thine own dwelling be;
Yea, tho' ruthless Death assail thee,
Still thy lodging will not fail thee:
Still thy Soul's thine own; and she
To an House removed shall be;
An eternal House above,
Walled, and roofed, and paved with Love.
There shall these mud-walls of thine,
Gallantly repaired, out-shine
Mortal stars;—no stars shall be
In that Heaven but such as Thee."





THE POINT OF VIEW

ONE of the clever remarks quoted by Doctor Underhill in his clever introduction to the second series of translations of Benavente's very clever plays, is that "he who thinks every day cannot think the same thing every day."

The
Self-Esteem of
Certain Artists

But how if he is thinking every day chiefly about himself? How if he has arrived at the summit of self-esteem and thinks of himself as the centre of the cosmos? If a human being can once so focus his thoughts, he is not likely to let them stray very far. He sees himself as a Simon Stylites, permanently perched on the top of the perpendicular pronoun, and from this saintly elevation he surveys mankind, unable to avoid the attitude of looking down on his fellow men.

I have always been inclined to believe that Vestris, the French dancer of the eighteenth century, had the most imperturbable self-sufficiency ever vouchsafed to mortal man. He used to say that in his gliding flights across the stage, if he touched the boards now and again, this was only "not to humiliate the others"; and he declared that there were then only three really great men in all Europe—Frederick, King of Prussia, M. de Voltaire, and himself. Can you beat it?—as we say (even if most of us refuse to employ this self-explanatory query in writing). Is not this the acme, the apex, the ultimate peak of self-laudation, naked and unashamed?

But does it really overtop the gorgeous complacency with which Margaret Fuller regarded herself? In Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's not unsympathetic portrait of the woman (some of whose characteristics Hawthorne made use of to create the Zenobia of "The Blithedale Romance") I find two of her utterances which seem to place her not so very distant from Vestris. "There are also in every age a few in whose lot the meaning of that age is concentrated. I feel that I am one of those persons in my age and sex." That is one of her opinions about herself; and there is another which demands to be set by the side of it: "I now know all the people worth knowing in America, and I find no intellect comparable

to my own." When we remember that she knew Emerson and that she was a mature woman when she made this assertion, we are not surprised to find Mr. Bradford commenting: "I do not know where you can surpass it."

Surpass it perhaps we cannot; and yet, without going very far afield, we can at least match it. Bronson Alcott, another friend of Emerson's, took himself quite as seriously as Margaret Fuller took herself. As an obvious and satisfactory gauge of his own importance, he once asked: "If Plato were to come to Concord, whom would he want to see?" And he did not expect any one to answer, "Emerson"; he knew that the only possible name to rise to the lips of those who heard that query would be his own.

In Mr. Comyns Carr's "Coasting Bohemia" he gossips pleasantly about the painters he knew intimately. He tells us that Millais managed to give an air of impartiality to his self-appreciation. "He could not readily endure the thought, or even the suspicion, that there was anybody qualified to supplant him, and he was apt to be impatient, and even restive, when other claims were advanced, as though he felt the world was wasting time till it reached the consideration of what he was genuinely convinced was a higher manifestation of artistic power." As though the world was wasting time! Can you beat it?

Well, I am not at all sure that it is not beaten by another painter whose personality Mr. Carr has interpreted with keen penetration. This other painter was Whistler, whose talk in the studio, so Mr. Carr reports, "was not often concerned with the subject of Art, and even when Art was the topic, it was nearly always his own," since "his admiration for the genius he unquestionably possessed was unstinted and sincere. If he avoided any prolonged discussion of the competing claims of any of his contemporaries, it was in the unfeigned belief that they deserved no larger consideration." In other words, Whistler never saw any reason why anybody should "lug in Velasquez." If Eclipse was first

and the rest nowhere, why waste the time of the world, indeed why should he waste his own time, discussing those not in the running? Mr. Carr gives us the impression that Whistler did not hate himself—so to speak.

II

THE late E. L. Godkin did not strike those who knew him well as unduly self-appreciative; and yet, when some one happened to say that he considered the newspaper Godkin edited as *one* of the best in New York, he evoked the bristling question: "Which are the others?"

The Self-
Valuation of a
Certain Scientist

Of course, Godkin's query is not really to be placed by the side of Margaret Fuller's opinion of her own mental supremacy over all her contemporaries; and yet it seems to suggest that Godkin saw no reason why Velasquez should be lugged in. And perhaps even Southey's self-approval, indurated as it was, does not attain to the height of Alcott's. Southey was a firm believer in the theory of the "appeal to posterity," that is to say, he held that future generations would reverse the verdict of his contemporaries and elevate his poems to a pinnacle far above that which his rivals could then aspire. He is reported to have said to Charles Lamb that his poems, "Carados" for one, would be read and admired when Byron's were forgotten. And Lamb is reported to have made the unkind comment: "But not until then!"

If we want to find a self-sufficiency equal to Margaret Fuller's we shall have to cross the Atlantic to France and consider the case of Victor Hugo, who indeed had far greater excuse for self-glorification, since Margaret Fuller had written no masterpiece and since she had never emerged from comparative obscurity, whereas Hugo had been the conquering hero of the Romanticist revolt, he had amazed mankind with his poems, his plays, and his novels, and in his old age he was a sovereign figure of world-wide fame. Hugo had received a heterogeny of gifts from the lavish hand of nature, but the sense of humor was not one of them. As he lingered long in life, surviving almost all of his possible rivals, he came to have a feeling of solitude in his grandeur. So it was that when an ardent admirer ventured tactlessly to refer to the void which would be in-

stantly created by the Master's death, Hugo was moved to smile, with Olympian toleration, and to remark: "Yet it is now time for me to make room in my century!" (His own French is even more magniloquent than the bald translation here attempted—*de désempir mon siècle!*)

This is superb, beyond all question, and none but itself can be its parallel. But it needed to be companioned by an anecdote of a certain Canadian bard, whose appropriate name was Heavysedge and who is otherwise unknown to fame. Heavysedge was the author of a ponderous epic, "Saul," and in the course of time he came to be so annoyed by the enforced comparison of his epic with "Paradise Lost," of which it was an obvious imitation, that he finally refused to mention Milton's name, preferring always to refer to him as "the other one."

The instances of self-laudation here collected are all of them the unconscious self-revelation of artists—for Margaret Fuller and Bronson Alcott held themselves to be masters of the art of conversation, and Vestris held that the dance was the most noble of all the arts. It would be interesting to inquire whether any scientists have disclosed themselves as prone to overt self-appreciation as frequently as these artists have done. Although I am not so familiar with the biographical history of science as I am with that of several of the arts, I do not hesitate to express my conviction that this practice of overestimating themselves is far less frequent among the scientists than it is among the artists. For this there is at least one plausible explanation—that the scientific habit of mind tends to make its possessor acutely conscious of the dangers of the personal equation. It is probable therefore that a scientist can place himself in the scale of merit, so to speak, with a far closer approximation to accuracy than any artist can ever hope to do.

When the late Professor Rowland (of Johns Hopkins) was once testifying in a patent case, the opposing counsel sneeringly asked whether he did not consider himself one of the leading physicists in the United States. Rowland admitted this. "Are you one of the first five or six leading physicists of the country?" the lawyer continued. And Rowland answered, quite frankly: "In this special department of physics, I am one of the first two or three." When a

friend asked him how he had dared to claim such a position Rowland explained, with a most engaging simplicity, "But I had to do it. I was under oath!" And what makes this particularly pertinent is that Rowland was here not overestimating his own prominence, he was in fact underestimating, for in that special department of physics, he was indisputably the first—and the rest nowhere.

When the Bicycle Was King WAS there ever any sport in the world that gave as much enjoyment and brought the open places so near as bicycling? It was a sport for young and old, fat and lean, men, women, and children. All sorts and conditions of people, rich and poor, pedalled smilingly along city or village streets all over the country, or betook themselves by train and ferry and boat to the roads that lead by green pastures, through new country byways or to the smooth suburban macadam that lured the speed-makers and the aspirants for century runs.

I was one of the many who took to the wheel with some misgivings, with some doubt of the glowing comments about its irresistible fascination once you had mastered the pesky thing. I shall never forget, will you reader? the days of learning to ride. All the bucking broncos that ever bucked or twisted had "nothing on" that first "bike." It simply wouldn't stand still, wouldn't go ahead, wouldn't do anything but fall down and bark your shins with its pedals, or throw you off and then ride over you. I recall spending one intensely hot afternoon trying to master a steel mount in a New York training cellar. I was assisted for a few minutes and then left to work out my own salvation, break a leg or batter down one of the walls, as I saw fit, or as the wheel saw fit. I remember how hot it was, how mad I got, some of the remarks I addressed to the wheel, the black and blue and skinned places on my anatomy. But toward the end of my session I discovered that I didn't have to keep a tight rein or to be constantly trying to bend the handlebars, and then, all of a sudden, I was going round and round the place, not pushing pedals, but flying! My world took on a new aspect. I was master, or about to become master of the poetry of motion, of what began to seem there and then the

most fascinating and exhilarating method of locomotion that man has ever invented.

The next day was Sunday and with a companion we dared to try the open road on two hired wheels warranted not to break and weighing, after an hour or two of nervous riding, something a little less than a ten-ton truck. We ventured on Riverside Drive, and how we ever escaped being run down by the hundreds of carriages and wheels that filled the drive in those days only the gods that look after the bold and foolish know. We couldn't mount going up a grade and we couldn't steer straight going down. If a team came straight at me I went straight at the team; if it turned to the right I turned to the left. There was only one way to go and that way was straight toward the object you wished to avoid! The experienced and superior wheelmen saw you first and got out of your way—if he could—making passing remarks that you deserved even though they made you warm under the collar.

In New York, Fifth and Eighth Avenues were the ways to the park and to Riverside Drive for thousands on holidays and Sundays. Both sides of these thoroughfares coming and going were filled with swiftly moving wheels, men, women, and children, pedalling along on their silent steeds. It was a happy-looking, cheerful crowd, for red blood was coursing through their veins, and the glow of pleasurable exercise was on their faces. Here at night you were in a stream of twinkling moving stars, the lights on the wheels flashing by or coming toward you out of the dark ahead like will-o'-the-wisps. The same crowds were met on the Coney Island cinder path, for thousands crossed the ferries or went over the bridge to Brooklyn, out Bedford Avenue to Prospect Park, and then swiftly along the crackling path to the island.

There was a real democracy in the cult of the wheel, a comradeship born of the road, a readiness to help in times of trouble, a never-failing willingness to discuss the various makes of wheels, gears, tires, bearings, saddles, every detail that concerned the speed, comfort or endurance of your mount.

How many of us discovered new worlds on our first country journey; my first long out-of-town ride took me to Tarrytown, with a stop at Irving's old home and a look at Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. And I re-

member the way along the old viaduct was a lovely country ride, and the road across the river and down the other side from Nyack along the Palisades. And then many New Yorkers will remember the famous Merrick Road and byways on Long Island, the Rumson Road on the Jersey Shore, the run across Staten Island and around its water-side out to Fort Wadsworth and the beaches.

And by the way, were you among the venturesome ones who rode down or up Broadway, on the old cable slot that used to make a straight and decidedly narrow smooth pathway between the tracks? It was a way to evade the bumpy cobblestones and to save a lot of time. But it called for a constant high speed and steady guidance, and only the seasoned and skilful rider found it easy going. With most beginners it was "off again, on again, Finnegan."

I shall never forget one of my first long rides away from the near-by and familiar ways. We took a train to Paterson to make our start for the Delaware Water Gap. My mount was an early vintage, one with cushion tires, and weighed something under a hundred pounds the second day. It was a regular bone-breaker, a liver-shaker, but I was as proud of it as a boy with a new pony. I remember that ride along the fine Gap roads, the lovely glimpses of the river, the hills, the picturesque old stone houses, the cordial welcome we received at the inns and the sound sleeps that came of physical fatigue, and placid nerves due to exercise in the pure air.

A journey I thoroughly enjoyed took me through the Green and White Mountains. In the latter I found that many mountain roads run mostly uphill, and that some of them were knee-deep in sand that put me behind schedule and overtaxed my strength. But I look back and forget everything but the glorious mountain views; the long hard climbs, and the plugging through the sand were compensated by the long coasts down, the peace of the great hills, the verdure of the high pastures, the solemn gloom of the forests, the sparkle of silver lakes, the unspeakable refreshment of the wayside springs.

And what pictures and memories come back as I write of wonderful roads in France and lovely byways of rural England when the May was in bloom.

Some of us who were not in our early

teens may have occasionally forgotten the fact and aspired to follow the ways of youth, victims of the little dials that kept clicking off mileage, and felt a bit seedy on Monday morning, wondering why we were tired, but what pictures we had to hang on the walls of our offices and homes all the week, and how eagerly we cleaned our mounts and looked forward to the next journey.

You couldn't help getting near to Nature's heart on your wheel, for even if you had the speed bug in your cap, and the end of your journey was the dominating objective, you couldn't help at least glimpsing passing things. How many were seen at the end of the day carrying home branches of dogwood in the spring, a bunch of daisies, or a bouquet of tiny wild violets, or often some of the less common wild flowers. In the fall the richly-colored autumn leaves took the place of flowers, and something of the spirit and beauty of the big outdoors was brought into many cramped city tenements as well as into the homes of the well-to-do, who had never before realized what beauty lay just beyond their doors. Many little children of the tenements were made happy by kindly wheelmen who were willing to respond generously to "Please, mister, give me a flower."

Every one who would, seemed to be able to buy a wheel, and some days one met so many that there seemed but few left who hadn't bought. I believe the bicycle was a great influence for good in many ways not recorded. It was ever a delightful way to spend a holiday, to get away from routine, and the friendly greetings and exchanges of the open road of all classes were a good antidote for the spirit of discontent that is so hurtful and so destructive in these latter days.

The motor-car has driven the wheelman from the roads, but maybe some day we shall have some old paths restored for their exclusive use, and they will come into their own again. I saw a report only recently that 500,000 bicycles were sold last year. If sales are any indication, maybe the bicycle will come back into something of its old popularity. If this be so, let there be a national law passed restoring the use of the musical little tinkling alarm bells, that shall put away forever from handle-bars, at least, the raucous and nerve-racking honk of the motor horn.



THE DEBT OF MODERN ART TO ANCIENT GREECE

By Will H. Low

IF we would weigh the debt of modern art to ancient Greece it is well to agree as to what may be considered modern. At the pace set for us in these days and in this country, above all if we accept the limit ordained by some of the more vociferous in our exhibitions and in our press, modern art is of such recent birth that those who have been taught to walk in the path of tradition, are not surprised to see it stagger along the way with most uncertain steps. The spirit of unrest, that was rife in all lands before the World War and which was temporarily stilled during its progress, springs up anew and, as before, finds no more congenial sphere of activity than in the domain of the arts. Its hateful slogan is Efficiency, and sufficient for the day, oblivious of yesterday and careless of the morrow, it does not hesitate to disdain the foundations of the past, build its shelter on the shifting sands of the present, and forget the storms to come.

This would effectually repudiate our debt to ancient Greece; it would tear down the standard established through centuries of effort in the Old World, and in our newer civilization, as yet imperfectly possessed of these standards, would substitute the lawless rule of unrelated effort; the pretense that mere yearning for expression puts tools into the tyro's hands and original intuition guides the making of the masterpiece. The attack upon the teaching of the classics in our universities is typical; the elective preference for a language of commercial use; the acceptance of the dollar-and-cent standard to the loss of the richer intellectual value of the full man, equipped by all the garnered wealth of the ages, given him as a life tenure for the elevation of his mind and the sanity of his soul.

The same spirit of scorn for tradition permeates our painting, from the 'prentice days

in the school to the larger public appeal of our exhibitions, so largely given up to a superficial exposition of what may be called the pyrotechnical qualities of painting that as an art of expression, as a means to convey a message, it has largely lost its hold upon the public and the chief interest in it as a mild expression of virtuosity is furnished by its own practitioners.

In all this there would be sufficient grounds for pessimism save for the hope that from the world's upheaval we are emerging into a period of reconstruction where, if we be but watchful, we may take up the still unbroken chain of tradition and find that though the marks of the file be evident the surface only is abraded; the links hold firm and shine the brighter for the futile attack.

There were signs of this return to sanity before the storm broke. In the one country of our modern world where the graphic arts have never suffered the partial eclipse which other countries have permitted, and where the place in its social system of the great architect, the great painter, the great sculptor, has been as freely granted as that of the great scientist, the great physician, or the great advocate—to say nothing of the great captain of industry, who looms so large with us—in France, in a word, the hold upon tradition, the recognition of the debt to Greece, has never wholly relaxed.

The sturdy tree of her spiritual life has its roots so firmly embedded in the soil of tradition that sporadic offshoots can blossom and bear fruit, or can wither and die, without affecting the parent trunk. Hence, when in the last years of the nineteenth century the masters of painting and sculpture, who had raised the standard of achievement almost to the level of the great epoch of the Renaissance, were growing old, and the tradition so firmly established showed signs of weak-

ening in their hands, a clamorous minority arose, as had happened before and will happen again, who demanded something new, something different.

The close of the eighteenth century had seen the same revolt. An art which had run the gamut through the austerity of Poussin, the charm of Watteau, the cleverness of Boucher, and the lovely frivolity of Fragonard, had degenerated in the practice of lesser men to mere futility.

Then David came, with a return to the classic tradition of so drastic a nature that the letter which "killeth" almost extinguished the spirit which "giveth life," until Prud'hon, a true Theocritus in painting, amply vindicated the perennial blossoming of the Greek tradition. Ingres in his turn succeeded, true disciple of Hellas with a spice of naïveté, which justified the witty characterization that he was "a Chinaman who had strayed into Athens." Delacroix was his contemporary—a fierce, turbulent spirit arrayed against the classic tradition largely because Ingres was its exponent, yet obedient to its greater laws, and decreeing in his will that his tomb should be erected with mouldings "in the simple style of the antique with no feeble modern ornamentation." Thus through the nineteenth century France had other masters: Corot, who harked back to the purest classical sources, yet was in his art so personal, so original, so modern, that it took sixty years of his life to gain him recognition. And the greatest of modern painters, Jean François Millet; deemed so revolutionary that during the Commune in Paris a group of insurgents sought to inscribe his name on their banner, to the horror and quickly expressed prohibition of the painter; who lived with Virgil and the Bible as his favored reading; whose studio walls were decorated with casts from the antique; whose favorite painter was Poussin. Yet Millet opened the eyes of the world to the nobility of aspect of the man of the fields, painted the aureole around the head of the dandelion in the same spirit as earlier painters had so endowed the heads of the saints, and made, in his own words, "the trivial serve for the expression of the sublime."

This partial enumeration of the men who served France so valiantly for the higher spiritual expression of art during the nineteenth century serves to show how

loyal was their adherence to the principles inherited from Greece, as well as it demonstrates the entire freedom in all individual and personal expression enjoyed by the artist who respects the largely conceived and comprehensive laws established by this tradition.

From soil like this, however richly nourished and carefully tended though it may be, noxious weeds cannot be entirely excluded, and when the typical *fin-de-siècle* weariness came to France, some untoward wind blew certain seeds from Germany into her fair garden of art. To use the locution of the day this seed of Kultur was adroitly camouflaged by a French name and was called *l'Art Nouveau*.

It first affected the mother of arts, Architecture, and at the Universal Exposition of 1900, the visiting world marvelled at a series of buildings whose authors had wilfully abandoned the pure inspiration of the earlier Greek, and, under pretense of originality, seeking the last word of modernity, had advanced as far as the lower empire and Byzance, to erect what appeared to be a pastry-cook's dream of the Orient. Within the buildings in the exhibition of the Decorative Arts, in the German and Austrian sections, one found the culture bed of this microbic manifestation. Here were doors constructed on the basic lines of inverted pyramids, chairs that in their strange convolutions repelled repose, and garish color plastered upon walls, *Art Nouveau* that was only new and original in the employment of lines, masses, and colors that had been discreetly cast aside or avoided in the long evolution of the useful and beautiful from nobler sources.

In a bitter school in the past five years we had learned to distrust the trade-mark "Made in Germany." The Teuton is a marvellous adapter, but his painstaking methods have served him little when he has sought inspiration at the source which Greece first gave to man. Probably all that measurement, mechanical accuracy, and plodding willingness to slavishly imitate some of the noblest monuments conceived by man, was attempted by one of the Maximilians, of Bavaria, when he sought to make Munich a modern Athens. The group of buildings he thus erected remains an object-lesson of how not to do it, another confirmation that the "letter killeth, but the

spirit giveth life." True to their Gothic nature the earlier German painters, with Dürer as their greatest master, had produced notable and interesting work, but "the glory that was Greece" is debarred from the Teuton, despite the tomes written, the researches painstakingly achieved, and the restorations archæologically perfect that have died before they were born.

There is no doubt, however, that part of the programme of world domination, which we have happily escaped, embraced art as "Made in Germany." Like an insidious disease it spread to other countries and a certain number of the French, their systems undoubtedly enfeebled by overmuch yearning for that novelty which Solomon told them long ago was not to be found under the sun, fell victims to it.

This strange art falling into the hands of a logical people like the French, they at once tried to establish a reasonable excuse for its existence, and as one of its first principles, determined that what the artist *felt* in the presence of nature and not what he *saw* was to be the new basis of representation. This was simply reversing an order of performance since from time immemorial that which the artist has seen he has tried to represent and convey to others the feeling excited or suggested by the aspect of nature. This ingenious paradox paved the way for a second principle, evolved by neatly amputating half of the proposition, and deciding that what the artist felt was alone important; that what he saw, implying a tiresome process of portraying recognizable form, which the common gift of eyesight made visible to others, was extraneous to the artist's task. Thus, the blind leading the blind almost literally, was riot let loose, and he who has followed the tortuous path of art in the past ten years has seen strange sights!

From the birth of painting, from the time of the legendary potter's daughter who drew the outline around the shadow of her lover's head cast upon the wall, all art has been based upon representation of natural objects. • We know little of Greek painting save that we know that its practitioners were esteemed the equals of their contemporaneous sculptors—artists whom we marvel at in despair of approaching their merit. Yet of the little we know every detail points to truth of representation. The

grapes so naturally portrayed that the birds sought to feast upon them, the foam at the mouth of Alexander's charger which Apelles could not render until he hit upon a technical expedient which we might practise to-day, of blending his pigment with a sponge, are all known anecdotes that evince the identity of the artist's aim and practice in our ancient craft, forever subject to nature as nature bends a trifle to the artist's skill.

It is only when art is at its highest as in the golden days of Greece that the humble artist goes much beyond the joy of sufficing for a tolerably accurate copy of the natural object disclosed to him, and the greatest and most highly endowed artist relies upon nature as a firm foundation for his highest flights. When we stand before the greatest of the Greek statues lost in appreciative admiration, we question whether the wonder of it all is the absolute grasp of natural form so that the noble figure might move or speak, or the typical character of the form, the suppression of individual characteristics, which synthesizes the figure into more than mere man—so that should he indeed live and speak, it would be with the voice of a demi-god!

Yet these were the gods the extreme modernists, or the simply mad, spurned as having outlived their day and sad wags that they were, proclaimed that the possession of a desire to express their feelings and sufficient pigment to trace unmeaning spots and lines upon a canvas would suffice for the art of the future. Their voice is not yet altogether stilled, but from the trial by fire the world has come to demand a saner basis for its beliefs, a more logical foundation for their acceptance, than in the strangely obscured period preceding the war. The healthy return to Americanism, to the faith and practice of our fathers, is for our country one of the most hopeful signs to a devout believer in tradition.

For the forefathers were most happily inspired when they fixed for us the type of our Capitol at Washington, accepted the plan of L'Enfant for its streets, and erected the classical group of government buildings; that temporary aberration during the late nineteenth century has marred in part, but which the more enlightened taste of our time has restored.

Thomas Jefferson, sincere student of the classic, tried no unskilful hand in his design

for Monticello and for the University of Virginia, where in more recent years the gifted McKim, who of all our architects has best used the Greek tradition as a flexible and fluent language of art expression, had only to follow the lines of Jefferson to restore and extend the buildings of the University. Again in our own New York City Hall are we fortunate, and the type we know as Colonial owes its beauty to the same unfailing source of Greece.

Once more, to look upon other lands and other painting than our adolescent art, how evident it is that the veriest images that come to our eyes when we try to realize the aspect of Scriptural personages is that of Greeks rather than Hebrews. Raphael fixed the type here undoubtedly, though before him Giotto must have known that in following the Byzantine representation he was in error from an ethnographic standpoint. In our days a talented and conscientious French artist has passed many years in the Holy Land with the result that we have an illustrated Bible that beyond doubt from an archæological or ethnographic standard depicts the Bible history more truly than the masters following Raphael have ever done. Yet I defy any one to study these drawings with the same acceptance of the scenes of Holy Writ as those which give to the Apostles the flowing draperies of classic convention. Some strange association of accepted type, some trivial resemblance to the pages of a geographical magazine, obscures the vision and our Bible really lives for us in the garb of Greece.

And here with full recognition of our debt to the classic tradition lies a possible warning to convey. In the centuries past schools of art have arisen and have perished through too abject imitation of these noblest works of art. David, its mightiest champion in the revival of the classic tradition at the time of the French Revolution, is now best remembered by his portraits, where the tradition of style is preserved, rather than by the vast compositions of classical subjects filled with figures that imitate painted Greek statues. Many such crimes have been committed in all the schools of painting and sculpture since the time of the Greeks, and archæology is not without some reproach for this recurrent fault. It is the spirit of Greek art that should inspire us, its letter was for its own time and its most wonderful attribute is that in its spirit it is a living inspiration for the artist to-day, so elastic, so comprehensive that he may, as has virtually every great artist of the past, use it as a vehicle of expression; speaking in his own vernacular of art, with his own accent, and with such fluency as he may possess. As a means of expression it is a language shorn of unmeaning phrases, typical to the avoidance of the particular and accidental; it suppresses details and scorns complexities, and thus used by him who is so fortunate as to master it, conveys a meaning so clear that the simplest may understand, so subtle that the most informed is satisfied, and so suggestive that it opens to the inquirer illimitable horizons to new effort.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.





THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

THE NEWS AND THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKETS

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

WHEN the great war ended with the signing of the armistice, there was a prevalent belief that we should drop back suddenly into commonplace things. During four successive years we had

During the
War, and
Afterward

taken up our morning paper eagerly at the breakfast-table to look for the battle news. We were interested in nothing else, and the news was not of a quality to disappoint our interest. How would it seem, we occasionally wondered, when the morning paper at the breakfast-table would no longer be describing something so new, so exciting, and of such far-reaching importance that we held our breath while reading it? The day's events marked the changing course of history. Now we should have to accustom ourselves again to head-lines inviting our attention to railway accidents, overnight fires, City Hall politics—the dry grist which we used to consider “first-page news” in the period prior to August, 1914.

This idea of such a coming change in what we should have to read for our daily news was as natural as it was mistaken. The experience of a year and a half of returning peace has now proved that the world is still so bound up in the war and its tangible consequences that the absorbing news is still the daily story of events connected with the great conflict. It is the things that happen day after day as a sequel to the war, that fill up the “outside news columns” a year and a half after the war was ended. More than this: the events continue to be of a startling character, they are the questions of absorbing discussion in the clubs, on the trains, and in the market, as they were two years ago, and they follow one another across the scene with al-

most the same bewildering rapidity as the actual war news did in 1917 or 1918. Sometimes one wonders whether it was the same a year and a half after the battle of Waterloo. In all probability it was; although one part of the world was slower than in learning what was happening in another part, and certainly both the newspapers and the markets of that day were colorless institutions compared with those in which the events of the past twenty-four hours are described and appraised.

BE this as it may, the high lights of the news are still shifting, as they have done ever since November, 1918—from the insurrections against the new German government to the disputes in the Entente countries over the terms of peace; from the extravagance of luxurious living in the United States to the grinding famine of central Europe; from the victory of Bolshevist over anti-Bolshevist armies in Russia to the expulsion of its Socialist members by the New York Legislature as public enemies; from the political and industrial collapse in Austria, after the empire's disintegration, to the rising in Ireland to force a similar separation; from the abortive effort at a general strike in England and France to the defeat of the Labor Union attempt at Washington to get legal control of the railways; from the formal signing of peace and formal establishment of the League of Nations by our European allies to the rejection of the League and the treaty of peace by the United States Senate, and the French army's advance into the Ruhr to compel the German government to observe the treaty's terms. Financial markets have

The
Panorama
of Events

been watching, week by week, the progressive and rapid depreciation of continental Europe's paper currencies; while in the sterling exchange market, which measures equally England's position in foreign trade and the status of her currency, a decline of wholly unprecedented scope has been suddenly followed by an even more spectacular and significant recovery.

To perhaps the majority of minds this swiftly moving panorama suggested little except confusion, bewilderment, and chaos. No plain line of tendency seemed to be indicated. Where the instinct for conserving legitimate public institutions was displayed in one community, other communities continued to make progress in tearing them down. If one country was shaking off the war-time influences, another was apparently getting tied up even tighter in them. It was not to be wondered at that even the judgment of responsible men, in and out of financial circles, began to be expressed to the effect that the peace was a failure, the treaty impossible of fulfilment, the hope for anything but perpetual feud between the nations an idle dream, and the world's political and economic condition such as to foreshadow an overwhelming and rapidly approaching collapse.

PREDICTIONS of the last-named catastrophe ought, in the light of all our experience of the past five years, to be taken with reservation. The prophets, even in the highest circles of international finance, were wrong about

Predictions, in War-Time and Afterward the political and economic future in 1914, wrong at the climax of the war in 1916 and 1918, hopelessly wrong at the

time the armistice was signed. On every successive occasion of the kind, some controlling fact was missed, either of the people's actual mood or of their underlying and unsuspected economic power to meet an unprecedented economic strain.

Prophecy of this sort is easy to indulge in. It may be made extremely plausible. Nevertheless, it is quite as rash to-day as it was when high authorities assured us of a break-down of the war from mere economic exhaustion before the end of 1915, and pictured the United States as sub-

merged with a deluge of cheap European products as soon as peace was established. Even the disastrous "perpendicular decline" in prices which was promised for us in immediate sequel to the suspension of hostilities has gone to the limbo of discarded and (as we can now see) slightly absurd expert prediction.

VERY few experienced economists or business men doubt that sooner or later we shall have to face the acute stage of economic readjustment and financial crisis. To suppose that the markets will after this war entirely escape their 1818 or 1873, which overtook them after the earlier and far less formidable conflicts, would be to suppose that the present artificial conditions of credit, money, trade, and prices can continue forever. But it is one thing to look for such an event in the eventual course of industrial and financial affairs—a readjustment which in its own longer results will unquestionably be beneficial, even though severe and trying at the time—and quite another thing to assign the date for it and assume a condition of general ruin as the result.

As to a Future "Economic Crash"

To the financial markets, the rejection of the treaty by the Senate and the remarkable movement of exchange on London were in some ways the outstanding incidents of the period; but for different reasons. Long acquaintance with American politics has led judicious observers to make abundant allowance for the behavior of Congress in a presidential year. When partisan manoeuvres assume a larger place in the somewhat narrow minds of professional politicians than the questions of world conditions, neither action nor inaction on the really great issues of the day is taken very seriously.

Whatever is mortifying to the national pride in such episodes is apt to be classed as among the perfectly familiar eccentricities of a political campaign. In the case of the treaty, the essential fact appeared to be emphasized by each successive occurrence—that ratification, after the manner of serious statesmen, was sooner or later inevitable. In the meantime, according to the rule of electoral campaigns conducted by somewhat nar-

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The Patriotic Note *in the* July Number



"PERSONAL MEMORIES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN," by *Robert Brewster Stanton*, who knew him as a boy of eighteen.

"A GETTYSBURG STORY," by *Elsie Singmaster*, with fifty years between the episodes.

"HOLIDAYS IN THE OLD SOUTH," by one who lived them, *Elizabeth W. Allston Pringle*.

"MASTERPIECES OF WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY," by *Doctor W. T. Hornaday*, who for many years has been collecting them. The cream of them with his comments, will appear in this number.

JOHN FOX'S last novel, "*Erskine Dale—Pioneer*," is concluded, dramatically and satisfactorily, confirming the impression of a fine and lasting monument to his career as a novelist.

HENRY VAN DYKE in "*Guide-Posts and Camp-Fires*" tells some good fishing incidents with reflections upon them.

"THE HOPE OF CHINA," by *C. LeRoy Baldridge*, the artist of *The Stars and Stripes*, who pictures with pen and pencil the new generation who are being taught the right patriotism at the many schools under American influence.

ANECDOTES OF HENRY JAMES, particularly his London career, are told by *E. S. Nadal*, who knew him in those days.

"RENTING A COTTAGE FOR THE SUMMER." Its humors and annoyances are described by *Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer*.

SHORT STORIES by *Maxwell Struthers Burt*, *Roy Irving Murray*, and *Sarah Atherton*, the second of her coal-region episodes.

THE FIELD OF ART: Ways and Thoughts of Modern Painters of Japan, by *Kojiro Tomita*.—THE POINT OF VIEW.—THE FINANCIAL SITUATION, by *Alexander Dana Noyes*.

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THE LEADING HIGH GRADE MAGAZINE



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

THE THIRD STAYED BEHIND A MOMENT, BOWED OVER HER HAND
AND KISSED IT.

—"Erskine Dale—Pioneer," page 735.

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JUNE, 1920

NO. 6

ROOSEVELT TO AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

NINTH PAPER IN "THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME—
SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS"

Edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop



THE number of Roosevelt's letters to authors and artists is legion. His eager and insatiable interest in all branches of literature made him an omnivorous reader of books, and when a book appealed to him, he at once informed its author of his enjoyment in it, usually disclosing a surprising amount of knowledge of his own on the subjects treated, and expressing his personal views with force and clearness. Letters of this sort were written most frequently to foreign authors, and are most numerous in his correspondence, for the reason, mainly, that instead of writing at length to American authors he usually invited them to the White House or to Oyster Bay, and talked with them. There was scarcely an author in the United States who was not thus summoned at one time or another during Roosevelt's presidency, and afterward, and there is surely no one of them who did not subsequently declare himself encouraged and strengthened by it. His letters to artists, while not so numerous as those to authors, display the characteristics that are common to his entire correspondence.

An American author, essayist, and critic in whose work Roosevelt took keen interest, and for whom he had a warm personal regard, was Brander Matthews.

From a large number of letters that he wrote to him I am courteously permitted by Mr. Matthews to make a few citations, which I have selected as showing both the wide range of Roosevelt's reading and the irrepressible play of his humor.

Writing to Mr. Matthews, on May 7, 1893, in reference to a work on the Revolutionary period that had appeared recently, he said:

"There is a wealth of picturesque incident which has never been utilized in the fighting between Tarleton's red dragoons, Ferguson's riflemen, Cornwallis's admirable grenadiers of the line, and the stolid, well drilled, valiant Hessian infantry on the one side, and on the other the continental line troops of Greene and Wayne, the light horse of Harry Lee, the homespun militia-men, and the wild riflemen of the backwoods, with their wolfskin caps, and their hunting tunics, girded in with bead-worked belts; while the painted Indian tribes add yet another element. It ought to be written up purely from the military side, by someone able to appreciate brave deeds by whomsoever done, and the equal valor displayed by friend and foe."

In another letter to Mr. Matthews, on June 29, 1894, he says of a volume of essays by a young writer who was winning his way to fame:

"Mr. Blank is entirely wrong in thinking that Shakespeare, Homer and Milton are not permanent. Of course they are; and he is entirely in error in thinking that Shakespeare is not read, in the aggregate, during a term of years, more than any ephemeral author of the day. Of course every year there are dozens of novels each one of which will have many more readers than Shakespeare will have in the year; but the readers only stay for about a year or two, whereas in Shakespeare's case they have lasted, and will last quite a time! I think that Mr. Blank's ignorance, crudity and utter lack of cultivation make him entirely unfit to understand the effect of the great masters of thought upon the language and upon literature. Nevertheless, in his main thought, as you say, he is entirely right. We must strike out for ourselves; we must work according to our own ideas, and must free ourselves from the shackles of conventionality, before we can do anything. As for the literary center of the country being New York, I personally never had any patience with the talk of a literary center. I don't care a rap whether it is New York, Chicago, or any place else, so long as the work is done. I like or dislike pieces in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Overland Monthly* because of what they contain, not because of one's being published in San Francisco or the other in Boston. I don't like Edgar Fawcett any more because he lives in New York, nor Joel Chandler Harris any the less because he lives at Atlanta; and I read Mark Twain with just as much delight, but with no more, whether he resides in Connecticut or in Missouri."

Joyous delight in humor is visible in the following citations from letters to Mr. Matthews:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26, 1893: "I have a rather good story for you. Recently a sister of a friend of mine was at a dinner in London, where there was also that somewhat heavy English wit Comyns Carr. He began inveighing against the 'higher education of women,' and stated that he was going to introduce a society to promote their lower education. She sweetly asked what women he meant—

English, French or American? He fixed her with an eye of cold disapproval, and, prancing into the trap, responded 'I should begin with American women!'; to which she, with a merely explanatory air: 'Oh, but you know Mr. Carr, American *women* are not at all too highly educated for American *men*!'"

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9, 1894: "When you see your friend Kipling again tell him that his 'Walking Delegate' has been used as a tract in the Senate. Mander-son, of Nebraska, first saw its possibilities. Do you know him? He has a most gallant record in the Civil War, where he was badly wounded; and now has at last overthrown the populists in his state, in a square knock-down-and-drag-out fight, and is going to leave the Senate, as he finds he can't afford to stay in politics. He tried the article on Peffer, who is a well-meaning, pin-headed, anarchistic crank, of hirsute and slab-sided aspect; it didn't do Peffer any good—he isn't that kind—but it irritated him, and so it pleased Mander-son. Wolcott of Colorado, whom you met here, is now going to try it on Kyle of South Dakota. Lodge would like to use it, but he is anathema to the populists anyhow, as he comes from Massachusetts and is a Harvard man—a record that would taint anything."

WASHINGTON, June 7, 1904. "I simply must send you this choice bit of wisdom from a British brother. It comes in a letter of Mrs. Edith Wharton's to young Lodge:

"I sat last night next to a Mr. F., Lord S's son who had been all over the South African War and was very keen about military matters. We talked about Conan Doyle's book, and then I asked him if he had ever read Sir George Trevelyan's history of the *American Revolution*. No, he hadn't, but would make a note of it. Capital book, eh? I said the descriptions of the fights were wonderful; that I had told Sir G. T. that I thought his *Battle of Bunker Hill* was the best battle picture I knew and he had answered that Lord Wolseley had told him the same thing.

"Mr. F. (keenly interested) 'Oh, really? I must read that. Trevelyan's an army man himself, I suppose?'

"Me. 'No, I think not. You know he was——'

"Mr. F. 'Oh, of course. Out there as a correspondent, I suppose.'" !!!

"Is not this really too good to be true?"

An entertaining account of his taste in reading is given by Roosevelt in the letter to Major Joel E. Spingarn, U. S. R., well-known author and essayist, under date of August 28, 1917:

"I wish to thank you for that volume of capital essays. The two last were especially enjoyed by me because they were more within my very moderate powers of critical appreciation. I know nothing of the drama except that I am ashamed to say I don't care to go to the theatre; and nevertheless I do very greatly care to read certain plays in my library. But your two final chapters dealt with matter I *can* fairly well understand, and I agree with every word. Personally, I don't care a rap whether we call the flight of a Tartar Tribe or certain passages in the 'Confessions of an Opium Eater,' prose or vers libres. I think that it might help the eye to have parts of them arranged as the 'Spoon River Anthology' is arranged, in irregular lines. But in any event I enjoy what seems to me to be the rhythm, and the beauty and majesty of the diction. I enjoy Wordsworth's sonnets and I enjoy Shakespeare's sonnets; and I don't care in the least if someone proves to me that Shakespeare did not write sonnets but something else. On the other hand, I loathe Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' and not Matthew Arnold himself would persuade me to read it. I delight in the saga of King Olaf and Othere and Belisarius, and Simon Danz, and the 'Mystery of the Sea'; and I don't care for 'Evangeline' or any of Longfellow's plays; and I cannot give any reasoned-out explanations in either case!"

An example of his sympathetic aid to authors appears in the following correspondence with Booth Tarkington. Writing to him on March 9, 1905, the President said:

"I like 'In the Arena' so much that I must write to tell you so. I particularly like the philosophy of the Preface and the

first story. But I like all the stories. Mrs. Prothero does not come within the ken of my own experience, but the other comedies and pitiful tragedies are just such as I myself have seen.

"Do let me know if you get to Washington again."

In replying Mr. Tarkington wrote:

"It is a tremendous pleasure to know that you read and liked my political stories. The Preface was almost directly your suggestion. When, in last December I had the honor of lunching with you, you spoke of the danger that my purpose in these stories might be misunderstood, and that exhibiting too much of the uglier side might have no good effect. So I prefixed the Preface, hoping that if you happened to see it you would believe that the Professor was at least trying to do his best."

The following correspondence between Roosevelt and his friend Owen Wister is both interesting and amusing:

September 23, 1901.

DEAR THEODORE: I don't know the crime of yours which this earnest ass reveals. I shall not answer him because silence has a cumulative eloquence which I prefer. But make yourself gay over the solemn screed.

Ever yours,

O. W.

(Letter enclosed.)

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 22, 1901.

OWEN WISTER ESQ.,

Dear Sir:

I observe, at the end of an article bearing your signature, the following:

"He [Theodore Roosevelt] has striven in his books to do honor to great Americans in the past."

I am informed, on authority that seems conclusive, that Mr. Roosevelt, in one of his works, speaks of Thomas Paine as a "dirty little Atheist": that, on having it proven to him by a more careful, or more truthful historian, that in these three words he had made three mis-statements, (or a triple mis-statement) and that Mr. Paine was neither "dirty," "little," or "Atheist," he has never made for them

any apology, correction, or even withdrawal.

For any other than an illiterate man to declare Paine to be an atheist, seems impossible; for an educated *historian* to do so, when page after page of his *best known work* is devoted to argument in favor of the existence of a God, seems hardly compatible with honesty.

Like Mr. Roosevelt, I have no agreement or even sympathy with Paine's religious ideas; but, unlike him, I do not consider disagreement with them a legitimate excuse for libelling and vilifying one of the greatest men of his time.

In the opinion of thoughtful scholars, Mr. Roosevelt's ignorant and spiteful misstatements about Thomas Paine effectually discredit him, as a historian; and they seem also to contradict the paragraph from your article, which I quote at the beginning of this letter.

Yours truly,

(Personal)

September 25, 1901.

DEAR DAN:

This is delightful. I ought not to have used the exact word *atheist*. He admitted the existence of an unknown God, but denied there was a God of the Christians. As to whether he was dirty or not, it is a mere matter of private judgment. I was recording in the sentence the fact that he had stayed several weeks in bed without getting out for any purpose, and that as a consequence a swine in a sty was physically clean by comparison.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Owen Wister,
328 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Roosevelt was many times granted the degree of LL.D. by the leading universities of the country, and when, in 1901, there were reports that such honors were forthcoming, Mr. Wister wrote to him saying he considered him too young for the degree, since he regarded it as a proper laurel to cover silver hairs. In the same letter Mr. Wister expressed admiration for a somewhat sensational novel which had recently been published.

Replying, on July 20, 1901, Roosevelt wrote:

"If LL.D.'s were only to be granted to old men, well and good. But they are not only so granted. I took the greatest pleasure in voting one for Rhodes. He has won it. But he has not won it any more than Cabot Lodge. And yet Cabot has never been given it. However, I think the whole business is one of rather small vanity, and I only mentioned it because of the contrast between Yale, Columbia, and Princeton on the one hand and Harvard on the other. At Yale this year I understand that Seth Low, White-law Reid, Bishop Potter, and Archbishop Ireland are to be among my companions in getting the LL.D. Unless I mistake, it has been given by Harvard to Leonard Wood and also to General Miles—which last is preposterous. It was eminently proper to give it to Wood, although he is neither a scholar, nor gray haired.

"Your coming here started me to re-reading your pieces. I want to reiterate my judgment that the 'Pilgrim on the Gila,' 'Specimen Jones' and the 'Second Missouri Compromise' are among the very best. I think they have a really very high value as historical documents which also possess an immense human interest. Where you speak of the teaching of the Mormon bishop as having no resemblance to the Gospels, but being right in the line of Deuteronomy, you set forth a great truth as to the whole Mormon Church. I shall always believe that Brigham Young was quite as big a man as Mahomet. But the age and the place were very unfavorable instead of highly favorable.

"Now, about that book—I read it with interest. The author has a good idea and he has some power; but he left me with the impression that his overstatement was so utterly preposterous as to deprive his work of all value. A good part of it reads like the ravings which Altgeld and Bryan regard as denunciation of wrong. I do not know California at all, but I have seen a good deal of all the western States between the Mississippi and the western side of the Rocky Mountains. I know positively that as regards all those States—the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado, and New Mexico, the

facts alleged are a wild travesty of the truth. It is just exactly as if in writing about the tyranny and corruption of Tammany Hall I should solemnly revive the stories of Mediæval times and picture Mr. Croker as bathing in the blood of hundreds of babies taken from the tenement-houses, or of having Jacob Schiff tortured in the Tombs until he handed over a couple of million dollars. The overstatement would be so preposterous that I would have rendered myself powerless to call attention to the real and gross iniquity.

"Of course, the conditions in California may have been wholly different from those in every other western state, but if so, the author should have been most careful to show that what he wrote about was absolutely limited by State lines and had no application to life in the west as a whole. What I am inclined to think is that conditions were worse in California than elsewhere, and that a writer of great power and vigor who was also gifted with self restraint and with truthfulness could make out of them a great tragedy, which would not, like this book, be contemptuously tossed aside by any serious man who knew western conditions, as so very hysterical and exaggerated, as to be without any real value.

"More and more I have grown to have a horror of the reformer who is half charlatan and half fanatic, and ruins his own cause by overstatement. If this book is taken to apply to all the west, as it certainly would be taken by any ordinary man who reads it, then it stands on an exact level with some of the publications of the W. C. T. U. in which the Spanish War, our troubles in the Philippines, and civic dishonesty and social disorder, are all held to spring from the fact that sherry is drunk at the White House."

Roosevelt's estimate of Mr. Wister's novel, "The Virginian," was given in a letter to the author under date of June 7, 1902:

"I did not think it would be possible for you to combine those short stories into a novel without loss of charm and power. Yet I think you have greatly increased both their charm and their power as you have made the combination. It is a re-

markable novel. If I were not President (and therefore unable to be quoted) I should like nothing better than to write a review of it. I have read it all through with absorbed interest, and have found myself looking forward to taking up the book again all through the time I have been at work. I do not know when I have read in any book, new or old, a better chapter than 'Superstition Trail.'"

What Roosevelt thought of anarchists, and of reformers of the "parlor socialist" type who approve of them, was expressed in a letter to Mr. Wister, under date of November 10, 1908, which is interesting as showing that his views in regard to them were the same several years in advance of the European War as they were when that conflict was at its height:

"I have gone over that Princess Kropotkin matter with the Department of State and the Department of Commerce and Labor. They are clear that she ought not to come. If she calls herself an anarchist that would be sufficient reason why she should not be admitted; and I think under the law it would be absolutely conclusive. Permit me to add that I think it highly undesirable that she should come. People who call themselves anarchists, no matter how they qualify the word by calling themselves 'reformers,' by just so much add to the strength of the worst and most vicious elements of our civilization."

A glimpse of his early Western experiences is given in a letter to Mr. Wister under date of May 23, 1911, with a characteristic Rooseveltian touch at the end:

"Mrs. Roosevelt loved 'The Members of the Family,' and so did I. I think I especially liked 'Timberline,' 'The Gift Horse,' and 'Extra Dry'; and I don't know but that I liked the preface even more than anything else.

"I must see you soon. I want to tell you that I felt just as you felt when I passed through my own old country this year; except that I am not quite as certain as you are that the change is subjective as well as objective. I enjoyed my African trip when I was fifty as much as I enjoyed the West when I was twenty-five; but in the West the old country that

I knew so well has absolutely vanished. I realized this more fully than at any other time when we stopped at what used to be a homeless siding—near which I had spent thirty six hours fighting fire, with a wild set of cow punchers, a quarter of a century ago, and which I had once passed leading a lost horse through a snow-storm when I got turned round and had to camp out—and found a thriving little prairie town with a Chamber of Commerce and a 'boosters' society,' of which the mayor was president.

"Heavens! Think of your daring to wish Henry James to write of the west!"

Roosevelt's views on the art of painting were set forth in a letter to P. Marcius Simons, an American artist whose works he greatly admired, three specimens of which hang in prominent positions in his Trophy Room at Oyster Bay. Writing to Mr. Simons, on March 19, 1904, he said:

"The first work I saw of yours was the 'Seats of the Mighty,' and it impressed me so powerfully that I have ever since eagerly sought out any of your pictures of which I heard. When I became President Mrs. Roosevelt and I made up our minds that while I was President we would indulge ourselves in the purchase of one really first class piece of American art—for we are people whom the respective sizes of our family and our income have never warranted in making such a purchase while I was in private life! As soon as we saw 'When Light and Shadow Meet' we made up our minds at once and without speaking to one another that at last we had seen the very thing we wanted.

"Mrs. Roosevelt and I feel that in your letter you have expressed much which we have felt but not formulated. I agree absolutely with you that art, or at least the art for which I care, must present the ideal through the temperament and the interpretation of the painter. I do not greatly care for the reproduction of landscapes which in effect I see whenever I ride or walk. I wish 'the light that never was on land or sea' in the pictures that I am to live with—and this light your paintings have. When I look at them I feel a lift in my soul; I feel my imagination stirred. And so, dear Mr. Simons,

I believe in you as an artist and I am proud of you as an American."

In November, 1904, Frederick MacMonnies, the sculptor, wrote from France to the President, expressing a wish to make a statuette of him. Replying, on November 19, the President wrote:

"I have just received your very kind note, and of course I shall be delighted to have you make the little statue or statuette that you desire, for, my dear sir, I think that any American President would be glad to have an American sculptor like you or St. Gaudens do such a piece of work. But before sending you over the things you would like I want to point out something. You say that you like that photograph of me jumping a fence, and apparently intend to use that as a model; but you ask me for my soldier suit. Now, of course I do not jump fences in my khaki and with sword and revolver in my belt—as a matter of fact I rarely wore my sword at all in the war—and if you want to make me jumping a fence I must send you my ordinary riding things. It seems to me it would be better to put me in khaki and not to have me jumping the fence. Horses I jump fences with have short tails. The horses I rode in the war had long tails; and, by the way, as soon as I got down to active work they looked much more like Remington's cavalry horses than like the traditional war steed of the story books. Now, which way do you want to make that statuette? It seems to me it would be better in uniform."

The statuette was made and reached the White House in June following. In acknowledging it, the President wrote on June 5:

"Mrs. Roosevelt and I are delighted with the statuette; and my dear fellow, to have a bronze of me by MacMonnies really makes me feel as if I were a pretty considerable personage! I have always been grateful to you and St. Gaudens for just existing, for it is a big asset on the Nation's credit side that it should have produced you both."

When the statuette was presented to the President, he said:

"I now feel myself a really great man. The distinction of 'being done' by either St. Gaudens or MacMonnies might flatter anybody. I had always hoped to have something in my possession by MacMonnies, but it never occurred to me that I should have something by MacMonnies of me. The statuette is exactly as I should like to have it—a cavalry horse, the rough rider clothes and the emblematic support to the whole."

For making the usual inauguration medal which is struck for every new President, Augustus St. Gaudens was selected, and when the medal was received the President, on July 8, 1905, wrote to St. Gaudens:

"Really I do not know whether to thank most Frank Millet, who first put it into my rather dense head that we ought to have a great artist to design these medals or to thank you for consenting to undertake the work. My dear fellow, I am very grateful to you, and I am very proud to have been able to associate you in some way with my administration. I like the medals *immensely*; but that goes without saying, for the work is eminently characteristic of you. I thank heaven, we have at last some artistic work of permanent worth, done for the Government.

"I don't want to slop over; but I feel just as if we had suddenly imported a little of Greece of the fifth or fourth centuries B. C. into America; and am very proud and very grateful that I personally happened to be the beneficiary. I like the special bronze medal particularly."

A long letter expressing his views upon questions connected with and growing out of the Civil War, was written to James Ford Rhodes on November 29, 1904. I quote a few passages:

"I have just finished your fifth volume [History of the United States] and am delighted with it. I do not know whether I told you that during the campaign I re-read your first four. At the same time I read Macaulay's 'History' and many of Lincoln's letters and speeches, and I got real help from all of them. It seems to me, that allowing for difference of

epoch and nationality, you and Macaulay approach the great subject of self-government by a free people in much the same spirit and from the same philosophic standpoint.

"In the last volume I was immensely pleased with everything. Perhaps I should bar one sentence—that in which you say that in no quarrel is the right all on one side, and the wrong all on the other. As regards the actual act of secession, the actual opening of the Civil War, I think the right was exclusively with the Union people and the wrong exclusively with the Secessionists; and indeed I do not know of another struggle in history in which this sharp division between right and wrong can be made in quite so clear cut a manner. I am half Southern. My mother's kinsfolk fought on the Confederate side, and I am proud of them. I fully believe in and appreciate not only the valor of the South, but its lofty devotion to the right as it saw the right; and yet I think that on every ground—that is, on the question of the Union, on the question of slavery, on the question of State rights—it was wrong with a folly that amounted to madness, and with a perversity, that amounted to wickedness.

"I am much interested in what you say as to Grant's superiority over Lee in the fortnight's operations ending at Appomattox, which brought the Civil War to a close, for the previous year, it seems to me, that Lee had shown himself the superior, but during this fortnight Grant rose to his Vicksburg level. A mighty pair of Generals they were.

"Reading your history brings out the essential greatness of Lincoln ever more and more. Perhaps, as you say, he and Washington do not come in the very limited class of men which include Cæsar, Alexander and Napoleon, but they are far better men for a nation to develop than any of these three giants; and, excepting only these three, I hardly see any greater figures loom up in the history of civilized nations. There have been other men as good—men like Timoleon and John Hampden; but no other good men have been as great.

"The trouble I am having with the Southern question—which, my dear sir,

I beg you to believe I am painfully striving to meet, so far as in me lies, in the spirit of Abraham Lincoln—emphasizes the infinite damage done in reconstruction days by the unregenerate arrogance and short-sightedness of the southerners and the doctrinaire folly of radicals like Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens. The more I study the Civil War and the time following it, the more I feel (as of course everyone feels) the towering greatness of Lincoln which puts him before all other men of our time."

Amid all the duties that crowded upon Roosevelt in 1905 he found time to indulge his love of reading and to conduct a voluminous correspondence with all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects. While he was busy arranging the Russo-Japanese Conference he was reading and absorbing a book which carried him back into the thirteenth century, afterward writing, on July 11, 1905, to the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, this learned criticism of its contents:

"I read Cahun's 'Turks and Mongols' with such thoroughness and assiduity that at the end it was dangling out of the covers, and I have sent it to Washington to have it bound, with directions to deliver it to you.

"I am very much obliged to you for loaning it to me, and I have been immensely interested in it. It is extraordinary how little the average European historian has understood the real significance of the immense Mongol movement of the 13th Century and its connection with the previous history of the Turks, Mongols, and similar peoples. Until I read Cahun I never understood the sequence of cause and effect and never appreciated the historic importance of the existence of the vast, loosely bound Turkish power of the 5th and 6th centuries and of its proposition to unite with the Byzantines for the overthrow of the Persians. Moreover it is astounding that military critics have given so little space to, or rather have totally disregarded, the extraordinary Mongol campaigns of the 13th Century.

"I doubt if the average military critic so much as knows of the existence of Sabutai, who won sixty victories on

pitched fields and went from the Yellow Sea to the Adriatic, trampling Russia into the dust, overrunning Hungary and Poland, and defeating with inferior numbers the picked chivalry of Germany as he had already defeated the Manchu, the Corean, and the Chinese. Moreover the victories were not won by brute superiority of numbers. The armies of the Mongols were not at all what we understand when we speak of hordes. They were marvellously trained bodies wherein the prowess of the individual soldier was only less remarkable than the perfect obedience, precision and effectiveness with which he did his part in carrying out the tactical and strategic schemes of the generals.

"For a Frenchman, Cahun is dry; but the dryness of writers of your race, if they are good at all, is miles asunder from the hopeless aridity of similar writers among our people. Cahun has a really fine phrase, for instance—a phrase that tells an important truth when he contrasts the purely personal and therefore in the end not very important wars of Timur, with what he calls the great 'anonymous' campaigns and victories of the Mongols proper under Ghengis Khan and in the years immediately succeeding his death.

"Naturally, this difference in dryness makes an immense difference in interest. Thus I took up De la Gorce's history of the Second Empire because of the allusions to it in Walpole's history which covers much the same period; but Walpole's history was only readable in the sense that a guide book or a cookery book is readable; whereas I found De la Gorce exceedingly interesting and filled with much that was philosophical and much that was picturesque."

An excellent illustration of the stimulating effect which the reading of an important book had upon Roosevelt's mind, is afforded by this letter to John Morley, now Lord Morley, the distinguished historian and essayist, on January 17, 1904:

"It is a temptation to me to write you at inordinate length about your life of Gladstone. Incidentally, you started me to rereading Lucretius and Finlay. Lucretius was an astounding man for pagan

Rome to have produced just before the empire. I should not myself have thought of comparing him with Virgil one way or the other. It would be too much like comparing say Herbert Spencer with Milton, excepting that part dealing with death, in the end of the third book (if I remember right). I am less struck with the work because of its own quality (as a finished product, so to speak) than I am with the fact that it was opening up a totally new trail—a trail which for very many centuries, indeed down to modern times, was not followed much farther. He had as truly a scientific mind as Darwin or Huxley, and the boldness of his truth-telling was astonishing. As for Finlay, I have always been fond of him. But I would not like to be understood as depreciating Gibbon. Personally I feel that with all their faults Gibbon and Macaulay are the two great English historians, and there could be no better testimonial to their greatness than the fact that scores of authors have each made a comfortable life reputation by refuting some single statement of one or the other.

"Of course, in reading the Gladstone, I was especially interested because of the ceaseless unconscious comparisons I was making with events in our own history, and with difficulties I myself every day encounter. A man who has grappled, or is grappling, with Cuba, Panama and the Philippines, has a lively appreciation of the difficulties inevitably attendant upon getting into Egypt in the first place, and then upon the impossibility of getting out of it, in the second. Perhaps I was interested most of all in your account of the closing years of Gladstone's career, in which 'Home Rule' was the most important question he had to face. I suppose I am one of a large multitude to whom your book for the first time gave a clear idea of what Gladstone's actual position was in the matter, and of the gross injustice of the assaults upon him. You make it clear, for instance, that from the standpoint of Gladstone's assailants, even, there was far more to be said against the consistency and frankness of the leaders who opposed him and the leaders who deserted him than against his. To my mind you prove your

case completely—and I have always been inclined to criticize Gladstone on this point, although I have personally been a Home-Ruler ever since reading Lecky's account of Ireland in the eighteenth century. On no position do I feel more cordial sympathy with Gladstone's attitude than as regards Turkey and the subjugated peoples of the Balkan peninsula."

His estimate of Jefferson and Hamilton, as well as his views upon other interesting subjects, are disclosed in a letter, August 9, 1906, to Frederick Scott Oliver, the English author of a 'Life of Alexander Hamilton' and 'Ordeal by Battle':

"I have so thoroughly enjoyed your book on Hamilton that you must allow me the privilege of writing to tell you so. I have just sent a copy to Lodge. There are naturally one or two points on which you and I would not quite agree, but they are very few, and it is really remarkable that you, an English man of letters, and I, an American politician largely of non-English descent, should be in such entire accord as regards the essentials. . .

"Thank Heaven, I have never hesitated to criticize Jefferson; he was infinitely below Hamilton. I think the worship of Jefferson a discredit to my country; and I have as small use for the ordinary Jeffersonian as for the ordinary defender of the house of Stuart—and I am delighted to notice that you share this last prejudice with me. I think Jefferson *on the whole* did harm in public life. . . . He did thoroughly believe in the people, just as Abraham Lincoln did, just as Chatham and Pitt believed in England; and though this did not blind Lincoln to popular faults and failings any more than it blinded the elder and the younger Pitts to English failings, it was in each case a prerequisite to doing the work well. In the second place, Jefferson believed in the West and in the expansion of our people westward, whereas the northeastern Federalists allowed themselves to get into a position of utter hostility to western expansion. Finally, Jefferson was a politician and Hamilton was not. Hamilton's admirers are apt to speak as if this was really to his credit, but such a position is all nonsense. A

politician may be and often is a very base creature, and if he cares only for party success, if he panders to what is evil in the people, and still more if he cares only for his own success, his special abilities merely render him a curse. But among free peoples, and especially among the free peoples who speak English, it is only in very exceptional circumstances that a statesman can be efficient, can be of use to the country, unless he is also (not as a substitute, but in addition) a politician.

"This is a very rough-and-tumble, workaday world, and the persons, such as our 'anti-imperialist' critics over here, who sit in comfortable libraries and construct theories, or even the people who like to do splendid and spectacular feats in public office without undergoing all the necessary preliminary outside drudgery, are and deserve to be at a disadvantage compared to the man who takes the trouble, who takes the pains, to organize victory. Lincoln—who, as you finely put it, conscientiously carried out the Hamiltonian tradition, was superior to Hamilton just because he was a politician and was a genuine democrat, and therefore suited to lead a genuine democracy. He was infinitely superior to Jefferson, of course; for Jefferson led the people wrong, and followed them when they went wrong; and though he had plenty of imagination and of sentimental inspiration, he had neither courage nor far-sighted common sense, where the interests of the nation were at stake.

"I have not much sympathy with Hamilton's distrust of the democracy. Nobody knows better than I that a democracy may go very wrong indeed, and I loathe the kind of democracy which finds expression in such statements as 'the voice of the people is the voice of God'; but in my own experience it has certainly been true, and if I read history aright it was true both before and at the time of the Civil War, that the highly cultivated classes, who tend to become either cynically worldly-wise or to develop along the lines of the Eighteenth Century philosophers, and the moneyed classes, especially those of large fortune, whose ideal tends to the mere money, are not fitted for any predominant guidance

in a really great nation. I do not dislike but I certainly have no especial respect or admiration for and no trust in, the typical big moneyed men of my country. I do not regard them as furnishing sound opinion as regards either foreign or domestic policies.

"Quite as little do I regard as furnishing such opinion the men who especially pride themselves on their cultivation—the men like many of those who graduate from my own college of Harvard, and who find their organs in the *New York Evening Post* and *Nation*. These papers are written especially for cultivated gentlefolk. They have many minor virtues, moral and intellectual; and yet during my twenty-five years in public life I have found them much more often wrong than right on the great and vital public issues. In England they would be howling little Englanders, would be raving against the expense of the navy, and eager to find out something to criticise in Lord Cromer's management of Egypt, not to speak of perpetually insisting upon abandoning the Soudan."

One of the most exciting periods of Roosevelt's presidential service was that of the panic of 1907, the influences of which extended into 1908. He had instituted in December, 1906, legal proceedings against the Standard Oil Company, and had ordered an investigation of the Harriman railway lines. When the panic began in New York vigorous efforts were made to persuade him to "call off" these proceedings, at least temporarily. Letters in great volume poured in upon him from leaders in the financial world and from other prominent persons, some of whom were life-long friends, all asserting that it was these proceedings that were causing the disturbance, and that by suspending them he could at once allay it. His replies are among the most notable letters that he ever wrote, for in them, while refusing to yield a particle from his position, he defended his entire course toward corporations and trusts with a fervor of conviction and a power of statement rarely equalled even by him. These letters, which are far too numerous and voluminous to be given in this place, will appear in the full record of his life,

which will be published in two volumes in the Fall. They are mentioned here for the purpose of showing how easily in the midst of an exciting and strenuous controversy concerning a question of public policy, Roosevelt could turn his undisturbed attention to subjects not even remotely connected with his official problems. On March 5, 1908, when the financial controversy was at its height, he wrote to the Right Honorable A. J. Balfour a letter which, it is safe to say, few men of his time, in or out of public life, could have written under any conditions. I append it in full:

March 5, 1908.

MY DEAR MR. BALFOUR:

Thru Arthur Lee I have just received the copy of "Decadence," and thank you for it. I confess I began to read it with some apprehension lest it might have something to do with some phase of French literary thought. Naturally, therefore, I was glad when the first few lines showed that my fears were groundless.

It seems to me that you are eminently right in seeing that it is good to give a name to something of vital consequence, even tho in a sense the name only expresses our ignorance. It is a curious thing in mankind, but undoubtedly true, that if we do not give such a name to our ignorance, most of us gradually feel that there is nothing to be ignorant about. Most emphatically there is such a thing as "decadence" of a nation, a race, a type; and it is no less true that we can not give any adequate explanation of the phenomenon. Of course there are many partial explanations, and in some cases, as with the decay of the Mongol or Turkish monarchies, the sum of these partial explanations may represent the whole. But there are other cases notably, of course, that of Rome in the ancient world, and, as I believe, that of Spain in the modern world, on a much smaller scale, where the sum of all the explanations is that they do not wholly explain. Something seems to have gone out of the people or peoples affected, and what it is no one can say. In the case of Rome, one can say that the stocks were completely changed, tho I do not believe that this in the least represents even the

major part of the truth. But in the case of Spain, the people remain the same. The expulsion of Moor and heretic, the loss of the anarchistic and much misused individual liberties of the provincial towns, the economic and social changes wrought by the inflow of American gold—all of them put together do not explain the military decadence of the Spaniard; do not explain why he grew so rigid that, at first on sea and then on land, he could not adapt himself to new tactics, and above all, what subtle transformation it was that came over the fighting edge of the soldiers themselves. For nearly a century and a half following the beginning of Gonsalvo's campaigns, the Spanish infantry showed itself superior in sheer fighting ability to any other infantry of Europe. Toward the end of the sixteenth century, neither the Hollanders, fighting with despair for their own firesides, nor the Scotch and English volunteers, actuated by love of fighting and zeal for their faith, were able on anything like equal terms to hold their own against the Spanish armies, who walked at will to and fro thru the Netherlands, save where strong city walls or burst dykes held them at bay. Yet the Hollander, the Englishman and the Scotchman were trained soldiers, and they were spurred by every hope and feeling which we ordinarily accept as making men formidable in fight. A century passed; and these same Spaniards had become contemptible creatures in war compared with the Dutch and Scotch, the English and French, whom they had once surpassed. Many partial explanations can be given for the change, but none that wholly or mainly explains it.

What is true of military prowess is even more true of national life as a whole. I do not see how any thinking man can fail to feel now and then ugly doubts as to what may befall our modern civilization—the civilization of the white races, who have spread their influence over the entire world—and the culture they have inherited or acquired in extreme western Asia and in Europe during the last three or four thousand years. There are unpleasant analogies between the twentieth century and Hellenistic antiquity in the first period of the past Alexandrian mon-

archies; and of course the resemblance is even closer with the orderly, peace-loving, cultivated Roman world from Trajan to Marcus Aurelius. The resemblances are in the way of analogy rather than homology, it is true, and there are deep fundamental differences. But the resemblances are there. Why the creative literary spirit should practically have vanished from Roman lands after the time of Trajan, we do not know. We can see better why the citizens lost the traits which make good individual soldiers; but we can not see why the very time of the astounding urban growth of North Africa, Gaul and Spain should have been coincident with the growth of utter inability to organize on a sufficiently large scale either in peace or war, until everything grew to depend upon the ability of one or two men on top. Much of the fall of the Roman Republic we can account for. For one thing, I do not think historians have ever laid sufficient emphasis on the fact that the widening of the franchise in Italy and the provinces meant so little from the governmental standpoint because citizens could only vote in one city, Rome; I should hate at this day to see the United States governed by votes cast in the city of New York, even tho Texas, Oregon and Maine could in theory send their people thither to vote if they chose. But the reasons for the change in military and governmental ability under the empire between, say, the days of Hadrian and of Valens are hardly even to be guessed at.

I have always been greatly interested in what you point out as to the inability of the people of that strip of western Asia which is geographically North Africa ever to recover themselves from the downfall of the Roman Empire. It is a rather irritating delusion—the delusion that somehow or other we are all necessarily going to move forward in the long run no matter what the temporary checks may be. I have a very firm faith in this general forward movement, considering only men of our own race for the past score or two centuries, and I hope and believe that the movement will continue for an indefinite period to come; but no one can be sure; there is certainly nothing inevitable or necessary about the move-

ment. For a thousand years, from the days of Alexander to the days of Mahomet, in spite of fluctuations, the civilization of Asia west of the Euphrates was that of Greeks and of Asiatics profoundly affected by Greek influence. Then it disappeared from the land; just as the extraordinary Roman civilization disappeared from North Africa, and left not a single vestige behind save the ruins of cities and the masonry around the springs that have dried up under the destructive impotence of the rule that succeeded it.

It is hopeful of course to think how peoples do revive now and then; peoples doubtless partly the same in blood as those that fell, and at least with the ancestral inheritance of language, of culture. You have pointed out the greatest instance of this in Italy. A totally different and much smaller example is furnished by modern Switzerland.

The intrusion of an alien race into another civilization, its growth and supremacy and dying away, is of course curiously paralleled by what we see in the animal world, and the parallel is complete in at least one point—that is, in the fact that in such case the causes may be shrouded in absolute darkness. South America, until the middle of the Tertiary period, had a mammalian fauna almost as unique as that of Australia, composed chiefly of small marsupials, and of what we loosely call edentates, also of small size. Then there occurred physical union with the great arctogeal continent by the Isthmus of Panama. There followed an inrush of northern fauna and an extraordinarily powerful and abundant faunal life sprang up. The dominant forms were those of the intruders—saber-toothed tigers, bear, deer, elephants, swine, camels, tapirs, horses, all of great abundance in species, and many of the species of giant size. Under the pressure most of the old forms disappeared; but some of the so-called edentates developed into ground sloths and giant armadillos as large as elephants; and some of these forms when thus developed proved not only able to hold their own in South America, but gradually in their turn made their way north across the Isthmus and spread into North

America in the teeth of the competition of the descendants of the forms that had anciently overrun South America. Thus there grew up in South America a faunal life as gigantic, as fierce, as varied, as that of Central Africa at this moment, and on the whole more like that of Central Africa than like the life of South America to-day, and infinitely more so than like the old eocene life of South America. Then there came a change, we know not why. In North America the glacial period may have had much to do with it, but surely this can not have been true of South America; yet all of these huge formidable creatures died out, alike the monsters of alien type from the North, and the monsters developed from ancient autochthonous types. A few weak representatives were left, of both types; but the old magnificent fauna completely vanished; and why we can not say, any more than we can explain why the Roman so completely failed permanently to leave North Africa to his descendants.

Of course there is a small side trouble, due to our terminology. All species of animals of course ultimately disappear, some because their kind entirely dies out, and some because the species is transformed into a wholly different species, degenerate or not; but in our nomenclature we make no distinction between the two utterly different kinds of "disappearance." So it is, of course, with nations. I really believe that people sometimes think of "new" nations as being suddenly created out of nothing; they certainly speak as if they were not aware that the newest and the oldest nations and races must of course have identically the same strength of racial pedigree. They talk, moreover, of the "destruction" of the inhabitants of Mexico, and of the "destruction" of the inhabitants of Tasmania, as if the processes were alike. In Tasmania the people were absolutely destroyed; none of their blood is left. But the bulk of the blood of Mexico, and a part of the blood of the governing classes of Mexico (including Diaz), is that of the Mexicans whom Cortez and his successors conquered. In the same way Australia and Canada and the United States are "new" commonwealths only in the sense that Syracuse

and Cyrene were new compared with Athens and Corinth.

Another thing that makes one feel irritated is the way that people insist on speaking as if what has occurred during the last three or four hundred years represented part of the immutable law of nature. The military supremacy of the whites is an instance in point. From the rise of the Empire of Genghis Khan to the days of Selim, the Mongol and Turkish tribes were unquestionably the military superiors of the peoples of the Occident, and when they came into conflict it was the former who almost always appeared as invaders and usually as victors. Yet people speak of the Japanese victories over the Russians as if they had been without precedent thruout the ages.

One practical problem of statesmanship, by the way, must be to keep on good terms with these same Japanese and their kinsmen on the mainland of Asia, and yet to keep the white man in America and Australia out of home contact with them. It is equally to the interest of the British Empire and of the United States that there should be no immigration in mass from Asia to Australia or to North America. It can be prevented, and an entirely friendly feeling between Japan and the English speaking peoples preserved, if we act with sufficient courtesy and at the same time with sufficient resolution. But this is leaving speculative history for present politics.

With regard,

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Two letters that Roosevelt wrote during his last year to the French author, Henry Bordeaux, show how deeply he had been stirred by the events of the war, and the participation of his sons in it:

May 27th, 1918.

MY DEAR M. BORDEAUX:

I am glad indeed to get your volume on "The Great Hero of the Air." It seems a strange thing to say, for I suppose one ought not to take pride in the fact that another who is very dear has been wounded; but I cannot help feeling pride that one of my boys has been severely wounded in fighting for civilization

and humanity beside your troops in France, and was given the Croix de Guerre by one of your Generals. One arm and one leg were shattered. We hope he will recover entirely. His only anxiety is to recover at once so that he can get back to the trenches. Another of my sons is at this moment in the great drive, and may be dead or wounded before this letter reaches you. My other two sons have been at the front but are not now. They will I presume be there in three or four weeks.

With very high regard,

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

M. Henry Bordeaux,
44, Rue de Ranelagh,
Paris, France.

June 27th, 1918.

MY DEAR M. BORDEAUX:

I count the American people fortunate in reading any book of yours; I count them fortunate in reading any Biography of that great hero of the air, Guynemer, and thrice over I count them fortunate to have such a book written by you on such a subject.

You, sir, have for many years been writing books peculiarly fitted to instil into your countrymen the qualities which during the last forty-eight months have made France the wonder of the world. You have written with such power and charm, with such mastery of manner and of matter that the lessons you taught have been learned unconsciously by your readers—and this is the only way in which most readers will learn lessons at all. The value of your teachings would be as great for my countrymen as for yours. You have held up as an ideal for men and for women that high courage which shirks no danger, when the danger is the inevitable accompaniment of duty. You have preached the essential virtues, the duty to be both brave and tender, the duty of courage for the man and courage for the woman. You have inculcated stern horror of the baseness which finds expression in refusal to perform those essential duties without which not merely the usefulness, but the very existence, of any nation will come to an end.

Under such conditions it is eminently

appropriate that you should write the Biography of that soldier-son of France, whose splendid daring has made him stand as arch typical of the soul of the French people through these terrible four years. In this great war France has suffered more and has achieved more than any other power. To her more than to any other power, the final victory will be due. Civilization has in the past for immemorial centuries, owed an incalculable debt to France; but for no single feat or achievement of the past does civilization owe as much to France as to what her sons and daughters have done in the world war now being waged by the free peoples against the powers of the Pit.

Modern war makes terrible demands upon those who fight. To an infinitely greater degree than ever before the outcome depends upon long preparation in advance, and upon the skillful and unified use of the nation's entire social and industrial no less than military power. The work of the general staff is infinitely more important than any work of the kind in times past. The actual machinery of battle is so vast, delicate and complicated that years are needed to complete it. At all points we see the immense need of thorough organization and machinery ready far in advance of the day of trial. But this does not mean that there is any less need than before of those qualities of endurance and hardihood, of daring and resolution, which in their sum make up the stern and enduring valor which has been and ever will be the mark of mighty victorious armies.

The air service in particular is one of such peril that membership in it is of itself a high distinction. Physical address, high training, entire fearlessness, iron nerve and fertile resourcefulness are needed in a combination and to a degree hitherto unparalleled in war. The ordinary air fighter is an extraordinary man; and the extraordinary air fighter stands as one in a million among his fellows. Guynemer was one of these. More than that, he was the foremost among all these extraordinary fighters of all the nations who in this war have made the skies their battle field. We are for-

tunate indeed in having you write his Biography.

Very faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

M. Henry Bordeaux,
44 Rue du Ranelagh,
Paris, France.

[This letter was reproduced as a Preface in an English translation of Mr. Bordeaux's biography of Guynemer published by the Yale University Press in 1918.]

Roosevelt's cordial and appreciative relations with his publishers are shown in these letters to the chief of them:

October 5, 1901.

MY DEAR MR. SCRIBNER:

I want to thank you for the way you have managed the articles. I have appreciated it, and any hunting trips I do in the future will be written for you. You may be amused to know that in two different publications during the next year articles that I wrote, in one case this year, in one case five years ago, will appear, and I have instructed the people that they must behave exactly as you have behaved. Of course, these articles do not appear in magazines, but in books.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Charles Scribner.

January 24, 1915.

Seriously, I want to say that I have never appreciated anything more than your willingness to go into the publication of the "African Game Animals." It was characteristic of you and your firm and was a really disinterested bit of scientific service. I knew I would never get any payment for the labor I had put into the thing, but I was not at all sure that you would be willing to invest capital in something that represented non-remunerative labor—which is very desirable from the standpoint of the community as a whole but which does not amount to very much from the standpoint of the individual laboring. I am *very* glad to be connected with your firm; and proud.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Charles Scribner, Esq.

A few passages may also, not inappropriately, be cited from those letters that he sent to his publishers revealing his own methods as an author. He was a model of promptness and efficiency. When he promised a manuscript for a certain date, the promise was kept absolutely, no matter what intervened. Before he left the African wilderness in 1909 he had written in his own hand in triplicate and forwarded to the publishers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE the entire book known as "African Game Trails," including the Preface. One of the men who were with him said that, no matter how arduous the day in the hunting-field, night after night he would see him seated on a camp-stool, with a feeble light on the table, often with his head and face covered with mosquito netting, and gauntlet gloves on his hands, to protect him from insects, writing the narrative of his adventures. Chapter by chapter this narrative was sent by runners from the heart of Africa. Two copies were despatched at different times. When he got to the headwaters of the Nile one of the chapters was sent from Nairobi and the duplicate was sent down the Nile to Cairo. The blue-canvas envelopes often arrived much battered and stained, but never did a single chapter miss.

The same method was pursued in 1914 in regard to the chapters in his "Brazilian Wilderness." How clearly he was able to map out far in advance the entire plan of a book is shown in two letters to Robert Bridges, the editor of the magazine, one from the African and the other from the Brazilian wilderness, from which the following passages are taken:

Oct. 15th, 1909.
B. E. A.

"I forward herewith chapters 9 & 10. Chapter nine is too long, but is of course one of the most important yet. Chapter 10 is more like say chapters 4 or 5. It is too long; but I don't know where to cut it off. Both chapters are all right for the *book*. I mean 'too long' as being over 10,000 words. If, as I suppose, you have combined chapters 2 & 3, (in the Magazine,—of course they will be kept separate in the book) and if, as I anticipate, I write three more chapters, and further if—what is improbable—you find all the

chapters worth using in the Magazine, this will make just twelve articles. I doubt if chapter 11 will be very thrilling; it will be like 4 or 5 or 10 and I trust shorter. But chap. 12 *ought* to be good. It will deal with utterly new conditions; however, the country I there traverse is very unhealthy, and of course there is always the remote chance that I will be laid up; or that the conditions will prevent our getting our game. If all goes well, I suppose you will publish the book a year from this fall? I agree with you that the best title is 'African Wanderings of a Hunter Naturalist.' As for the pictures, it is always hard to get in both the hunter and the game. The elephant that charged me was within a few feet; I killed a charging bull rhino when it was a dozen yards off; either of these ought to make drawings; a very good one would be the big maned lion in the foreground, charging the dismounted horseman in the distance. It could be called 'Coming in.'

"I am immensely pleased that you continue to like what I write. In chap X the paragraph at the top of p 8 is perhaps too 'wrought up,' for the Magazine; if so strike it out; but keep it for the book, for I really wish to try to preserve the impression these tremendous tropic storms made on me.

"It may well be that you will wish to end the series in your June or July number. The white rhino, or Uganda and upper Nile chapter, which, *if all goes right*, will be of interest, I could send you from Gondokoro about Feb. 15th, so that you could use it in either number. If you closed the series, say in the July number, I suppose you would wish the book to appear the end of June; in such case I would send you the foreword, title pages, appendices, etc., from Khartoum in March. Perhaps you will write me fully on these matters to Khartoum? Of course I a *little* prefer the book to appear in the fall; but I should accept your judgment.

"Could you have some one look up for me the statement in *one* of the 'Anglo Saxon Chronicles,' that either William the Conqueror or William Rufus 'loved the great game as if he were their father.' In one of the copies it appears as 'deer';

but in another I think it appears as 'great game.'"

BONOFACIO, Feb. 25th, 1914.

"Here is chapter seven. I have already sent you some of the photos, from the Juruena. I enclose others; and lists of both sets. The constant humidity, and the generally less favorable surroundings, have made it more difficult than in Africa to do the mechanical part of writing and photographing and sending you the results. I hope that the chapters have reached you in decent form. I am as unable as ever to tell whether they are of interest; but the trip itself is certainly of interest. No men except these pioneers who now accompany us have been over the ground before. No civilized man has ever been down the Dúvida, the descent of which we shall begin in a couple of days. Anything may then happen. If it proves to be a short river, running into the Gy-Paraná, we shall return here, and in that case I shall send you another chapter. Otherwise this will be the last chapter until I appear in New York, and hand you in person whatever I have. If we return here, we intend to go down the Ananas, another unexplored river, probably, but not certainly, entering the Tapajos. From the geographical standpoint the work we are now about to attempt will be worth while. We are all in good health—but sickness will doubtless be one of the incidents of our trip into the unknown. We have weeded out every one unfit for exploration. The insects are at times a torment; but the trip has been both pleasant and interesting, with no real hardship.

"I enclose preliminary rough drafts of the title page, dedication, and necessarily incomplete preface. I enclose an Appendix. There will probably be another. Will you in Chapter VI where I speak of the dog and the mantis, insert after the sentence in which I said that the dog was a jovial near-puppy the following: 'He had been christened the jolly-cum-pup, from a character in one of Frank Stockton's stories which I suppose are now remembered only by elderly people, and by them only if they are natives of the United States.'"



Decorative masque.

BOURDELLE—A SCULPTOR OF FRANCE

By Louise Eberle

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOURDELLE'S WORKS



HERE is a man in France the mention of whose name in this country produces a curious result. The majority, even of those who know art, receive it with complete blankness. The few greet it with an eagerness that gives it all the effect of a secret symbol—a word with power.

Emile Antoine Bourdelle, sculptor. Owners of his bronzes in this country may be counted on one hand, with fingers

to spare, maybe. They include Adolph Lewisohn, who has the "Herakles"; Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey, possessor of "The Woman with the Veil"—a study of Isadora Duncan; the Hallé brothers, of Cleveland, who have two or three pieces, including the "Beethoven." And in the Kraushaar Galleries, in New York, there are some five examples of the sculptor's work.

The general public here, however, has had scant opportunity to see Bourdelle's

sculptures. At the Independent Exhibition of Modern Art, held in New York in the winter of 1912-13, the "Herakles" was shown. And a small fountain—"La Jeune Bacchante"—representing a woman with great clusters of grapes, her body massive, almost bulky, yet with an extraordinary effect of lightness, was included by the French Government in the collection of representative French art which it sent to our shores with the new year, and which was first shown at the Metropolitan Museum, and later in Boston and other important cities.

It may be that Rodin, conquering so far beyond the usual limits of an artist's fame, caused most of us unconsciously to accept his name as a permanent synonym for French sculpture, only those who never forget that art is always progressive looking for the new inheritor of the mantle for France. But Rodin himself seems to have anticipated these few in a search for the next wearer of the robe, for here are bits of what he said in 1909, on the occasion of an exhibition of Bourdelle's work in the artistically acute city of Prague, in Bohemia:

"If you wish to know my opinion of his sculpture I am more than disposed to tell you that Bourdelle is one of the men and artists on whom the attention should be focussed. He carries a torch toward the future. . . . I have known Bourdelle for fifteen years. . . . What joys have I not experienced, what enchantments even to-day when, too rarely, alas,

I have the opportunity to see him in his atelier! Then what discoveries, what joy to find there clearly accomplished things that I had groped for—and behold them realized! My gratitude to Bourdelle was so lively at these moments that I would not know how to express it to you. . . . Bourdelle has not escaped wounding those

who, nourished in the education of our times, find, in giving satisfaction to the conventional taste, that is also their own taste, facile and prompt success. It is true that, on the other hand, Bourdelle has helped to regenerate actual sculpture."

But it was not Rodin, or even France alone, who learned to know Bourdelle. He did for Poland a monument to her great poet-patriot, Mickiewicz. He was asked by the Argentine Republic to make the colossal memorial to her hero, General Alvear, that is just approaching completion. And he is represented in the private collection of Prince Eugene, of Sweden, at whose request he made a half-size



Apollo.

One of Bourdelle's early pieces. This dates back to the time when the young sculptor could not afford bronze. Recently, he found the plaster broken to pieces, and had the parts laid together and cast in bronze.

version of his "Herakles," originally a life-size bronze.

It will some day apparently become imperative to know Bourdelle. But there are reasons why we should make his acquaintance now. One is that the vigor and freshness of his work should commend him especially to our ideals; another is that the special voice in which he speaks seems to be one that inspires to strong and clean and keenly thought out action such as this reconstruction-day demands.



Courtesy of Kraushaar Galleries.

The Poet and Pegasus.



The Muse and Pegasus.



Apollo and the Muse.

One of the series of high reliefs in the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, Paris. This represents Apollo's inspiration as being so great that even the Muse starts back from it.

One who knows Bourdelle cannot help being as interested in him as in his sculptures. For, whereas it is difficult to associate many an artist with his work, with Bourdelle it is just the opposite. He has that small, alert body that is so often apportioned to men of greatness, but it is massively enough built to support per-

highly utilitarian sort that was never meant for him. But the greatcoat will have on its lapel a tiny and very significant red rosette, for France has recognized her son.

A real love of sculpture seems to be the one essential for a welcome to the Bourdelle studios, where a rare experience

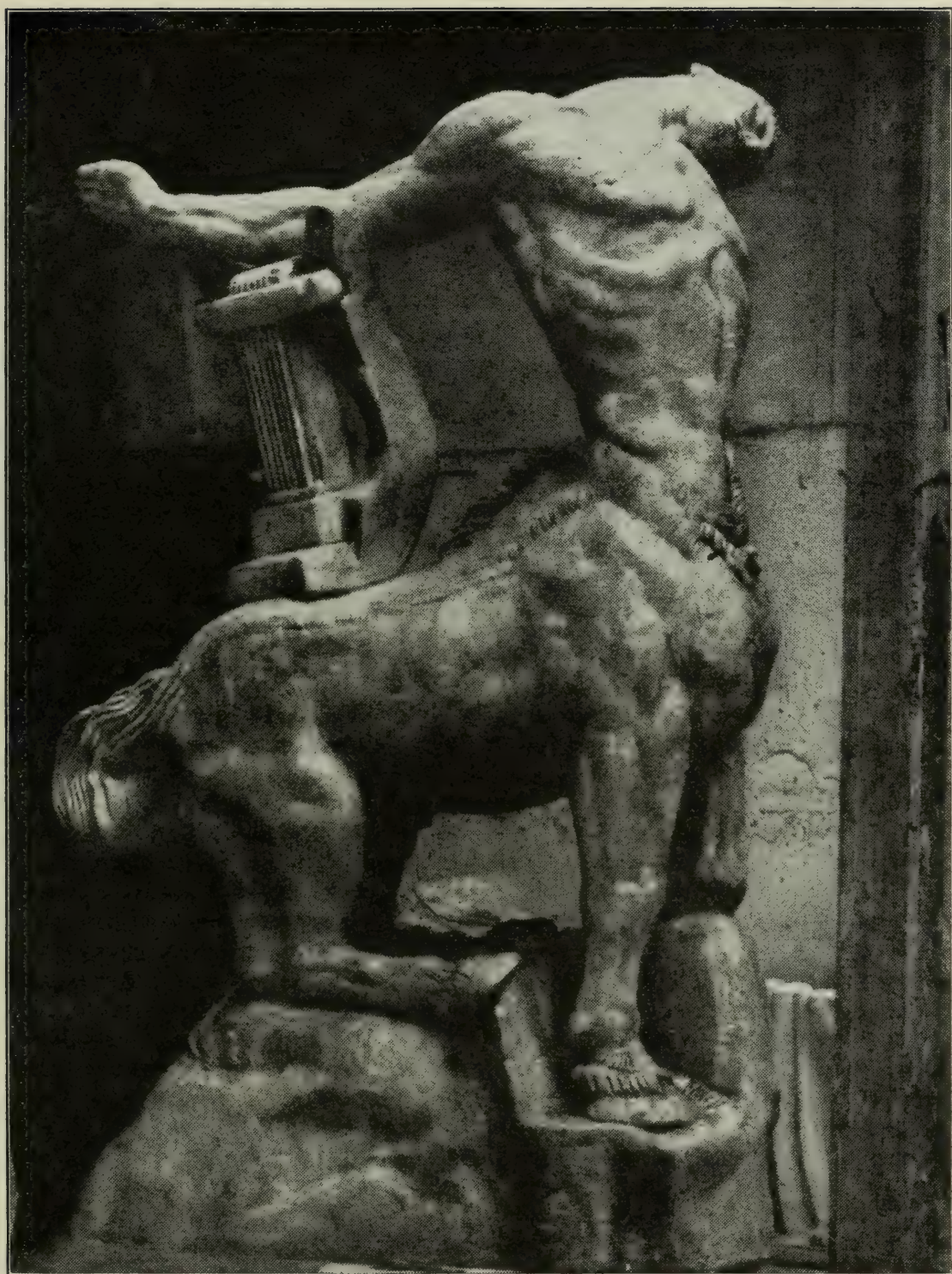


Saint Barbara.

Tinted terra-cotta. Really a portrait of Madame Bourdelle.

fectly his oval head—like a Gallicized Bard of Avon—with the fascinatingly delicate tooling about temples and brows, and with gray-brown eyes that, while they analyze everything and every one to the quick, never fail of either kindness or laughter. One never feels belittled beside his greatness, nor discouraged at the wealth of his production. If the studio is chilly, as studios are apt to be in “sunny France,” he will have on a golf-cap, for which he will apologize with beseeching sweetness, and an ancient greatcoat of a

may be found. For both Monsieur and Madame Bourdelle have that candor and sweetness that do away with the preparatory conventions when the right person has knocked at the door. An artist might discuss Bourdelle and his work alone. But the very human lay visitor looks at the “Sainte Barbe” and sees Madame Bourdelle just about as she appears in the studio on work-days—she is a sculptor, too, is Madame Bourdelle—with her hair around her head in thick, dark braids, and with the head-cloth she

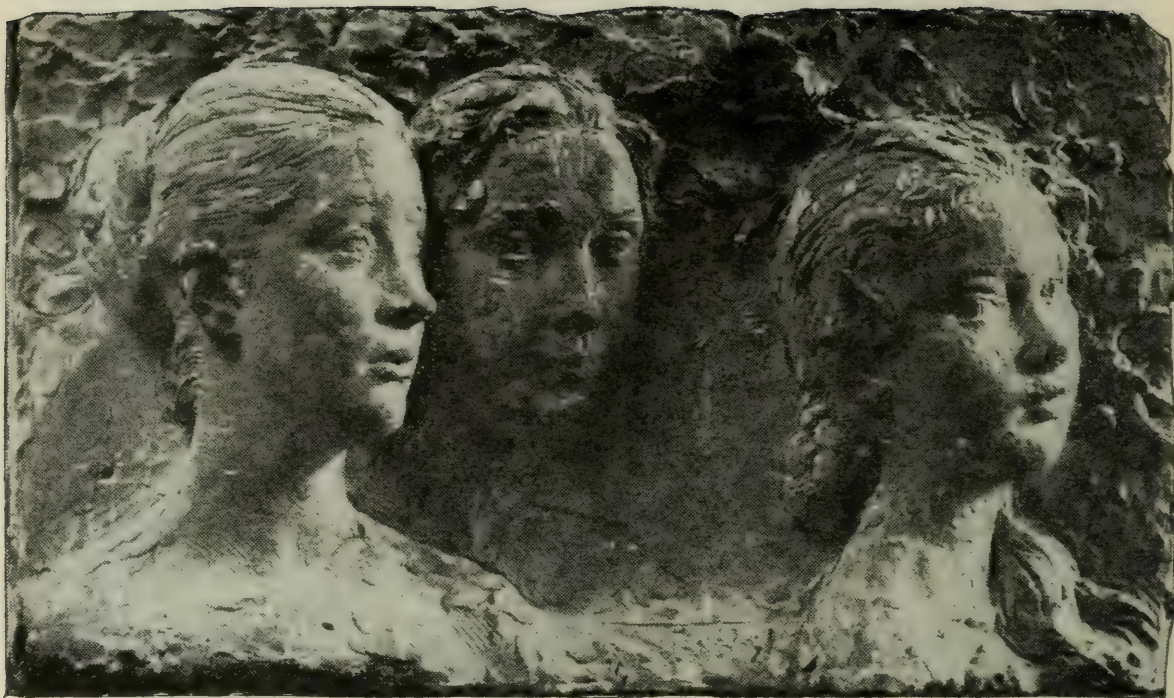


The Death of the Last Centaur.

wears when she works among the dusty plasters. But the cloth covers the braids, too, when she is just the lady of the studio, and not of a niche in a church. One beholds her also as "Architecture," in "Sculpture and Architecture," or in many other lovely bits that are all appealing when they portray her. And thereafter one cannot separate the con-

stant golden glow of the little Greek woman's spirit from a certain graciousness and light that definitely envelop her husband's work, no matter how strong the piece may be.

Bourdelle's guests drop in in small groups or alone, and each slips into his or her place in the conversation that pauses only long enough to make room for the



The Three Sisters.
Portrait relief in plaster.

newcomer. Art, books, economics, public affairs, politics go like lightning there, the scale ranging all the way from the profound to the brilliantly amusing, and Bourdelle is always running with the leaders. And, one does not know whether deliberately or not, it seems to be only when his guests, by mutual challenge and response, have become alert, receptive, like racers awaiting the start-signal, that the wonderful journey through the studios begins.

For it is studios, not a studio. Door after door on a flagged walk that runs from a crowded *impasse* to an ancient garden, opens to Madame Bourdelle's housewifely bunch of keys. The first of these rooms shows a few pieces as they should be shown; but it is a comment on Bourdelle's incorrigible productivity that the second begins to lose the evident intention to remain serenely exclusive, while beyond one steps over busts that one would fain respect, or edges sideways past some craggy piece that should be seen from far away.

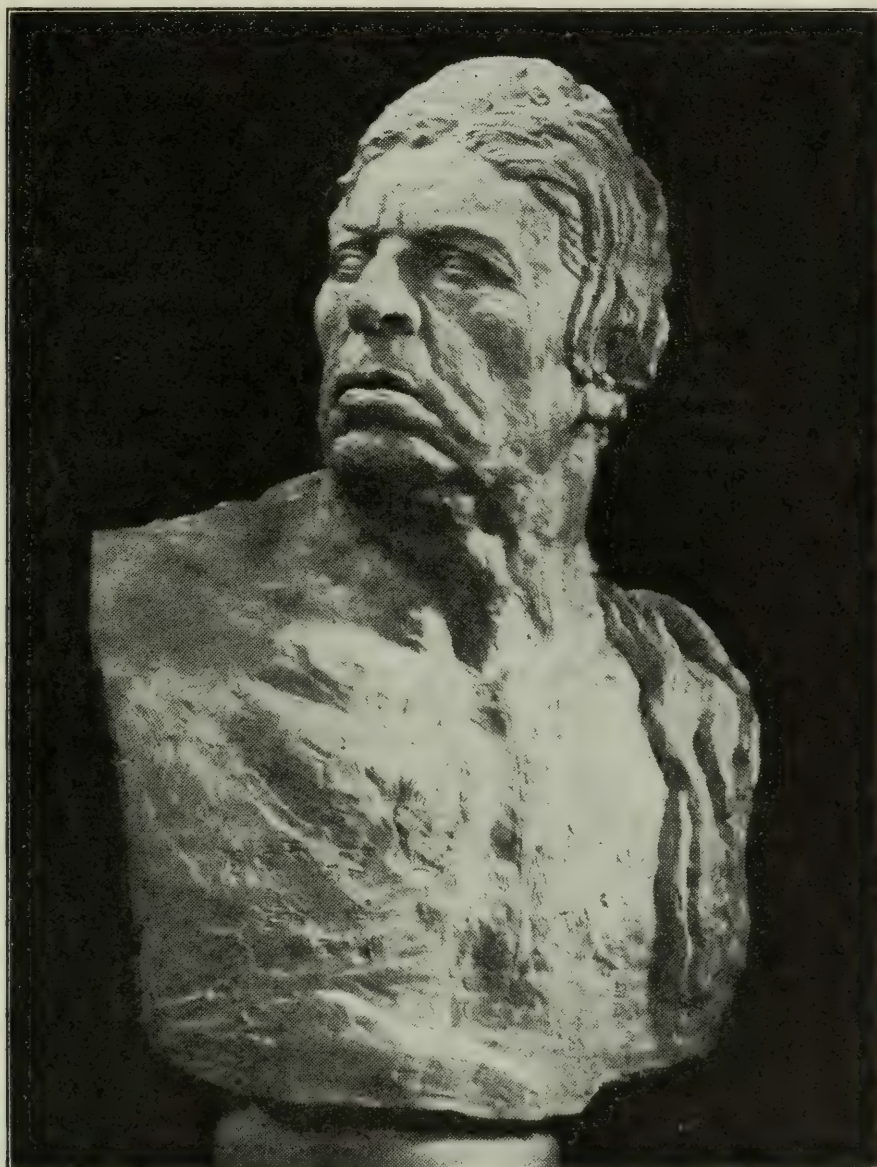
But it is in the high-roofed studios, farther down the *impasse*, where to-day's work is actually a-doing, that Bourdelle pours out a richness and variety of observation that make one wonder at the

apparent exhaustlessness both of his energy and erudition. But, because he is convinced of the right of any one to comprehend art, he will see when the lay visitor is beginning to get lost in the artist talk, and then follows the sweetest possible experience. For Bourdelle helps that one to know just why and how a certain piece produces a certain response from the beholder. And, after him, Madame Bourdelle slips in the word that translates the whole thing into the terms of daily life and motive and action that the non-artist is accustomed to. Thus, Bourdelle explains the composition of his reliefs of Pegasus that produce such a sense of liberation; and Madame Bourdelle tells one later that he uses this symbol thus often (the writer saw it in three forms) because it expresses his sense of man to-day, conquering limitations both physical and spiritual. Bourdelle shows one his "Death of the Last Centaur," the piece that is most likely to puzzle—though it always awes—the neophyte; and he helps one to see how he has made that abstract idea take such personal hold of the observer by conquering the problem of large mass combined with detail. It is here that Bourdelle oftenest uses two of his favorite expressions, charging

his pupils to "respect the little movements," and to "sew down" their planes, never leaving the union of even the most inconspicuous with its neighbor unaccounted for. And it is here that his young

tions can read her sculptor-companion to the world without mistake.

Bourdelle shows his Miskiewicz, or rather one complete model of it, on a small enough scale to fit into the studio,



Ingres, the painter.

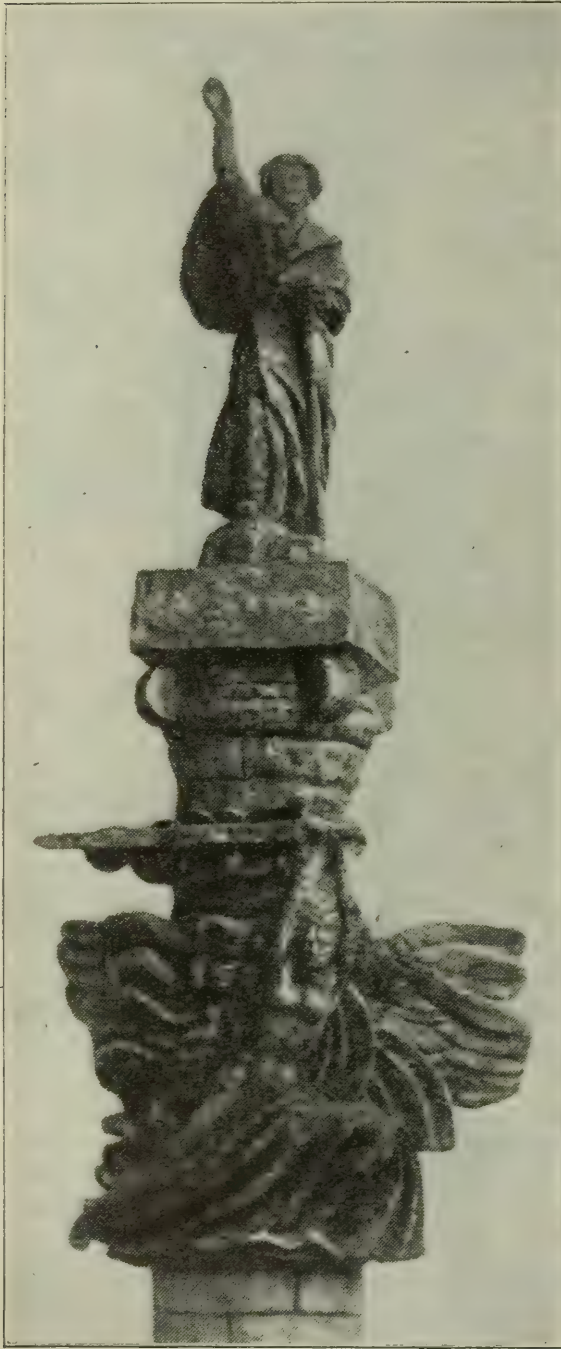
Of this bust Rodin said that "the artist seems to have proceeded from one certitude to another, without hesitation or repentance." And our own noted sculptor, James Earle Fraser, regards it as one of the finest of all Bourdelle's works.

Greek wife tells one that the unusual proportion of the man's body to the beast's—making the former the dominant factor—expresses her husband's faith in what the processes of progress are bringing forth. Whether he has told her that, one does not know. Whether he realizes it consciously himself, one does not know. But one accepts the fact that this woman of warm sympathies and spiritual percep-

with fragments of the original size lying about. He points out two heads, both Miskiewicz. One of them is a portrait done with all the searching analysis and scientific fidelity of which Bourdelle is capable.

"It is an absolute portrait," says Bourdelle. "But here is Miskiewicz." And with this he shows the head of the finished statue, the result of what he calls

his *analyse* of the portrait. Here he got a scientific reason for every plane in the head, got at the truth back of every expression or shade of character in the por-



Miskiewicz, Polish poet-patriot.

trait, literally took it apart and put it together again, explained, interpreted, with the man's life message showing clear, unobscured by the little things of daily living that catch us in their net and mark our features with their meshes. But it is Madame Bourdelle who tells this tale afterward: This statue, it seems, was

erected several years ago in a Polish city, on a public square. After the war began and patriots were more than ever frowned upon, it was hinted by the powers that were that citizens should salute the Austrian by removing their hats, and refrain from this courtesy when passing the Miskiewicz statue, as he had been unpleasantly clear on the subject of freedom. So the Poles evolved a technique of their own. Mere strangers, passing the Miskiewicz statue would bow to each other—thus legitimately removing their hats in its presence. But on the other square one always looked away when he saw any one approach, lest an encounter with a friend should betray him into removing his hat before the Austrian statue.

One could not even indicate the interest of Bourdelle's work without mentioning the "Herakles" and "Force." Some people assert that the former is Bourdelle's masterpiece. But Bourdelle himself seems not to agree to that, for he very soon leads one away from it to the other, which dwells off in the highest-roofed studio of all. It is one of four giant figures, Force, Victory, Eloquence, Freedom, which attend the colossal equestrian statue of General Alvear, destined for that hero's own land, the Argentine. Even this studio is not high enough for the group's assembling, and Bourdelle will tell the one who tries to erect the gigantic pieces in his "mind's eye" that "one can no more grasp the spirit of a work of art by looking at its separate parts than he can get the heat of a fire from separate coals." When one then wonders at the artist mind that dares to send a group that he himself has never seen entire in its own size, across the ocean, to speak for him in a strange land, he replies that he can be sure of its unity because he worked it out in at least a dozen different scales, from small to as great as he could find room for, not trusting even his own tremendous knowledge to know that all its relationships were harmonious till he had tried them again and again beyond the possibility of lurking malproportion.

Here again Madame Bourdelle helped one to the extra touch of grace. It was partly because she waited sympathetically that the significance of those two

unrelated statues, which do not even occupy the same group of studios, was grasped. "Herakles" is Bourdelle's idea of brute force. But even in the "Herakles" Bourdelle is not duped by the be-

kles" would, in the end, inevitably be dominated by the "Force." For if ever enlightenment and law and order were modelled, it is in the latter. And Bourdelle seems to have emphasized his right



Sculpture and Architecture.

One of the series of high reliefs in the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. "Architecture" is a portrait of Madame Bourdelle.

lief that the force is in the brutishness itself (as our Hannibals and Emperor Williams and even some of the realists among the artists have believed!). So here we have a lithe, steel-trap creature who could readily pulverize a dozen mere brutes. But "Force" is Bourdelle's assertion that men are arriving at a higher thought of strength—and the "Hera-

to be named prophet of this upward sort of strength that is seen in so much of his work by saying thus definitely: "There are the two sorts. One has torn a world to pieces; it will take the other to build it up."

Please do not think for all this that Bourdelle is a moralist. He is not. Nor is he a sentimental idealist. One might

call him a realist of our upper levels. He is speaking for these tense years in which we are seeking for better conditions and higher development entirely regardless of whether they have the traditional conventional "good" or "bad" label on

practical man. He says that "no amount of imagination will do you any good if you cannot make a leg or an arm exactly." And I am fairly certain that I heard him say in his—to me—cruelly swift French that "art is the application



Portrait bust in tinted terra-cotta.

them, simply because the hinges will come off the doors entirely if we don't. One is sure that Bourdelle is an unconscious messenger. He is simply so obedient to the great principles of art, so patient of its detailed demands, so strong and energetic and withal so devoted to art's truth, that the mounting spirit of to-day finds little resistance in his consciousness.

One reason why Bourdelle can serve to-day's needs is that he is an intensely

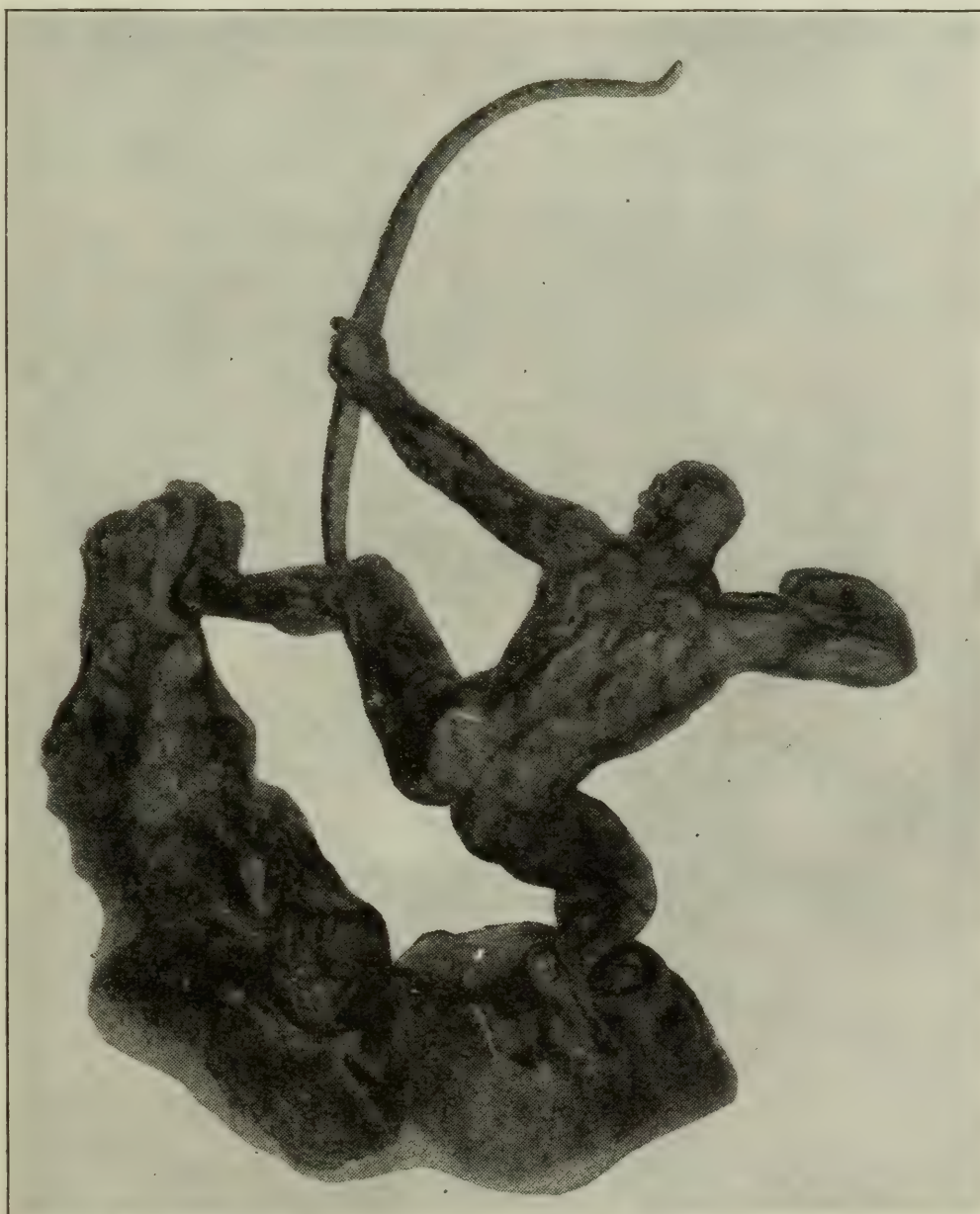
of the abstract," and, later, that "the application of the abstract is common sense." The two add up curiously, but rather illuminatingly.

It is this practical quality that makes the impetuous Bourdelle face, with that unexpected exhaustless patience of his, the endless problems of his art, of which he says: "One can be a painter in thirty years, but it takes forty years to be a sculptor." And, though Bourdelle has not been a sculptor for that long (being,

maybe, just a little upward of fifty), he ought to know, for he is painter as well as sculptor, and of no mean ability, as the fact that he was commissioned to do a series of frescoes as well as reliefs for the Théâtre des Champs Elysées shows. But, with the exception of the frescoes, Bourdelle's painting seems to belong more to his younger days than to the present. Its influence remains, though, for one feels a color and variety in his sculpture that can only be qualities of an artist who, at least in sympathetic study, explores neighboring fields of art. In explaining how a rounded art borrows its neighbors' qualities, Bourdelle spoke one

day of musicians whose work has a literary tone; of Racine and Corneille as being the sculptors of literature; a painter may be a poet writing with a brush. Shakespeare, he pointed out, was the great multiple artist—poet, painter, musician—but never, strangely enough, he asserted, sculptor. Bourdelle always returns, though, to this admonition—that, for all one's intimacies with other arts, one must "rest in his own centre" if he would be genuine therein.

All that has been said here implies that Bourdelle is a colossal worker. He is. But he is not a slave. One may see him hurrying, but never hurried. His pupils



Courtesy of the Kraushaar Galleries.

Herakles.

say that he sometimes reads to them hours at a time, with never a glance at the clay. At other times he may desert them altogether and, with his little family (for he is not a solitary soul) spend hours in field and meadow. Or, he will gather family and friends about him just for pure joy—the joy the woman felt when she swept her house and found the lost piece of silver—the joy the artist feels when some aspect of truth, long hidden under convention or compromise, suddenly shines forth as the result of his devoted labors. Of such moments in Bourdelle's studios, Rodin wrote: "The home of Bourdelle is always the scene of a very characteristic psychology—the marvel of beholding the ardent artist, the worker,

this man of action, draw into action, into life, into enthusiasm, all those with whom he loves to surround himself, to whom he loves to speak, communicating to all—wife or child, models, pupils, companions—his inward fire. There is one especially significant sign. Bourdelle is always first to manifest a sentiment which every one feels later on."

Rodin said that ten years ago. One wonders if the great master had a prescience of the times to come, and, knowing that, thereafter, our greatest demand of government, science, learning, or art would be that they should inspire us with strength and vision, had pointed us ahead to one who would, in his field, be adequate and faithful.

"I DREADED TO BE PITIED"

By Edith M. Thomas

WHO that is ill of fever
Seeks out the fireside's glow?
Oh, surely he would liever
Bathe the poor flesh with snow!

And who, when he is stricken
And every sense is sore,
Who would compassion quicken—
So, but to feel the more!

* * . * * *

I dreaded to be pitied,
I turned from hearkening ears,
Lest all my strength, unknitted,
Should quick dissolve in tears.

I sought the things that felt not,
That have no words of sooth,
That sacrificed and knelt not
To any god of ruth:

The rose, that never sigheth,
The stars, that have no care,
The wind, that liveth, dieth—
And wakes it knows not where.

My trouble unpartaking,
They gave it most surcease;
My heart forgot its aching
In their all-ignorant peace.

THE FOUR FISTS

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHNN



At the present time no one I know has the slightest desire to hit Samuel Meredith; possibly this is because a man over fifty is liable to be rather severely cracked at the impact of a hostile fist, but, for my part, I am inclined to think that all his hitable qualities have quite vanished. But it is certain that at various times in his life hitable qualities were in his face, as surely as kissable qualities have ever lurked in a girl's lips.

I'm sure every one has met a man like that, been casually introduced, even made a friend of him, yet felt he was the sort who aroused passionate dislike—expressed by some in the involuntary clinching of fists, and in others by mutterings about "takin' a poke" and "landin' a swift smash in ee eye." In the juxtaposition of Samuel Meredith's features this quality was so strong that it influenced his entire life.

What was it? Not the shape, certainly, for he was a pleasant-looking man from earliest youth: broad-browed, with gray eyes that were frank and friendly. Yet I've heard him tell a room full of reporters angling for a "success" story that he'd be ashamed to tell them the truth, that they wouldn't believe it, that it wasn't one story but four, that the public would not want to read about a man who had been walloped into prominence.

It all started at Phillips Andover Academy when he was fourteen. He had been brought up on a diet of caviar and bell-boys' legs in half the capitals of Europe, and it was pure luck that his mother had nervous prostration and had to delegate his education to less tender, less biased hands.

At Andover he was given a roommate named Gilly Hood. Gilly was thirteen, undersized, and rather the school pet. From the September day when Mr. Meredith's valet stowed Samuel's clothing in

the best bureau and asked, on departing, "hif there was hanything helse, Master Samuel?" Gilly cried out that the faculty had played him false. He felt like an irate frog in whose bowl has been put a goldfish.

"Good gosh!" he complained to his sympathetic contemporaries, "he's a damn stuck-up Willie. He said, 'Are the crowd here gentlemen?' and I said, 'No, they're boys,' and he said age didn't matter, and I said, 'Who said it did?' Let him get fresh with me, the ole pieface!"

For three weeks Gilly endured in silence young Samuel's comments on the clothes and habits of Gilly's personal friends, endured French phrases in conversation, endured a hundred half-feminine meannesses that show what a nervous mother can do to a boy, if she keeps close enough to him—then a storm broke in the aquarium.

Samuel was out. A crowd had gathered to hear Gilly be wrathful about his roommate's latest sins.

"He said, 'Oh, I don't like the windows open at night,' he said, 'except only a little bit,'" complained Gilly.

"Don't let him boss you."

"Boss me? You bet he won't. I open those windows, I guess, but the darn fool won't take turns shuttin' 'em in the mornin'."

"Make him, Gilly, why don't you?"

"I'm going to." Gilly nodded his head in fierce agreement. "Don't you worry. He needn't think I'm any ole butler."

"Le's see you make him."

At this point the darn fool entered in person and included the crowd in one of his irritating smiles. Two boys said, "'Lo Mer'dith"; the others gave him a chilly glance and went on talking to Gilly. But Samuel seemed unsatisfied.

"Would you mind not sitting on my bed?" he suggested politely to two of Gilly's particulars who were perched very much at ease.



For a moment he stood there facing Gilly's blazing eyes.—Page 671.

"Huh?"

"My bed. Can't you understand English?"

This was adding insult to injury. There were several comments on the bed's sanitary condition and the evidence within it of animal life.

"S'matter with your old bed?" demanded Gilly truculently.

"The bed's all right, but——"

Gilly interrupted this sentence by rising and walking up to Samuel. He paused several inches away and eyed him fiercely.

"You an' your crazy ole bed," he began. "You an' your crazy——"

"Go to it, Gilly," murmured some one.

"Show the darn fool——"

Samuel returned the gaze coolly.

"Well," he said, finally, "it's my bed——"

He got no further, for Gilly hauled off and hit him succinctly in the nose.

"Yea! Gilly!"

"Show the big bully!"

"Just let him touch you—he'll see!"

The group closed in on them and for the first time in his life Samuel realized the insuperable inconvenience of being passionately detested. He gazed around helplessly at the glowering, violently hostile faces. He towered a head taller than

his roommate, so if he hit back he'd be called a bully and have half a dozen more fights on his hands within five minutes; yet if he didn't he was a coward. For a moment he stood there facing Gilly's blazing eyes, and then, with a sudden choking sound, he forced his way through the ring and rushed from the room.

The month following bracketed the thirty most miserable days of his life. Every waking moment he was under the lashing tongues of his contemporaries: his habits and mannerisms became butts for intolerable witticisms and, of course, the sensitiveness of adolescence was a further thorn. He considered that he was a natural pariah; that the unpopularity at school would follow him through life. When he went home for the Christmas holidays he was so despondent that his father sent him to a nerve specialist. When he returned to Andover he arranged to arrive late so that he could be alone in the bus during the drive from station to school.

Of course when he had learned to keep his mouth shut every one promptly forgot all about him. The next autumn, with his realization that consideration for others was the discreet attitude, he made good use of the clean start given him by the shortness of boyhood memory. By the beginning of his senior year Samuel Meredith was one of the best-liked boys of his class—and no one was any stronger for him than his first friend and constant companion, Gilly Hood.

II

SAMUEL became the sort of college student who in the early nineties drove tandems and coaches and tallyhos between Princeton and Yale and New York City to show that they appreciated the social importance of football games. He believed passionately in good form—his choosing of gloves, his tying of ties, his holding of reins were imitated by impressionable freshmen. Outside of his own set he was considered rather a snob, but as his set was *the* set, it never worried him. He played football in the autumn, drank highballs in the winter, and rowed in the spring. Samuel despised all those who were merely sportsmen without being

gentlemen, or merely gentlemen without being sportsmen.

He lived in New York and often brought home several of his friends for the week-end. Those were the days of the horse-car and in case of a crush it was, of course, the proper thing for any one of Samuel's set to rise and deliver his seat to a standing lady with a formal bow. One night in Samuel's junior year he boarded a car with two of his intimates. There were three vacant seats. When Samuel sat down he noticed a heavy-eyed laboring man sitting next to him who smelt objectionably of garlic, sagged slightly against Samuel and, spreading a little as a tired man will, took up quite too much room.

The car had gone several blocks when it stopped for a quartet of young girls, and, of course, the three men of the world sprang to their feet and proffered their seats with due observance of form. Unfortunately, the laborer, being unacquainted with the code of neckties and tallyhos, failed to follow their example, and one young lady was left at an embarrassed stance. Fourteen eyes glared reproachfully at the barbarian; seven lips curled slightly; but the object of scorn stared stolidly into the foreground in sturdy unconsciousness of his despicable conduct. Samuel was the most violently affected. He was humiliated that any male should so conduct himself. He spoke aloud.

"There's a lady standing," he said sternly.

That should have been quite enough, but the object of scorn only looked up blankly. The standing girl tittered and exchanged nervous glances with her companions. But Samuel was aroused.

"There's a lady standing," he repeated, rather raspingly. The man seemed to comprehend.

"I pay my fare," he said quietly.

Samuel turned red and his hands clinched, but the conductor was looking their way, so at a warning nod from his friends he subsided into sullen gloom.

They reached their destination and left the car, but so did the laborer, who followed them, swinging his little pail. Seeing his chance, Samuel no longer resisted his aristocratic inclination. He turned

around and, launching a full-featured, dime-novel sneer, made a loud remark about the right of the lower animals to ride with human beings.

In a half-second the workman had dropped his pail and let fly at him. Unprepared, Samuel took the blow neatly on the jaw and sprawled full length into the cobblestone gutter.

"Don't laugh at me!" cried his assailant. "I been workin' all day. I'm tired as hell!"

As he spoke the sudden anger died out of his eyes and the mask of weariness dropped again over his face. He turned and picked up his pail. Samuel's friends took a quick step in his direction.

"Wait!" Samuel had risen slowly and was motioning them back. Sometime, somewhere, he had been struck like that before. Then he remembered—Gilly Hood. In the silence, as he dusted himself off, the whole scene in the room at Andover was before his eyes—and he knew intuitively that he had been wrong again. This man's strength, his rest, was the protection of his family. He had more use for his seat in the street-car than any young girl.

"It's all right," said Samuel gruffly. "Don't touch him. I've been a damn fool."

Of course it took more than an hour, or a week, for Samuel to rearrange his ideas on the essential importance of good form. At first he simply admitted that his wrongness had made him powerless—as it had made him powerless against Gilly—but eventually his mistake about the workman influenced his entire attitude. Snobbishness is, after all, merely good breeding grown dictatorial; so Samuel's code remained, but the necessity of imposing it upon others had faded out in a certain gutter. Within that year his class had somehow stopped referring to him as a snob.

III

AFTER a few years Samuel's university decided that it had shone long enough in the reflected glory of his neckties, so they declaimed to him in Latin, charged him ten dollars for the paper which proved him irretrievably educated and sent him

into the turmoil with much self-confidence, a few friends, and the proper assortment of harmless bad habits.

His family had by that time started back to shirt-sleeves, through a sudden decline in the sugar market, and it had already unbuttoned its vest, so to speak, when Samuel went to work. His mind was that exquisite *tabula rasa* that a university education sometimes leaves, but he had both energy and influence, so he used his former ability as a dodging half-back in twisting through Wall Street crowds as runner for a bank.

His diversion was—women. There were half a dozen: two or three débutantes, an actress (in a minor way), a grass-widow, and one sentimental little brunette who was married and lived in a little house in Jersey City.

They had met on a ferry-boat. Samuel was crossing from New York on business (he had been working several years by this time) and he helped her look for a package that she had dropped in the crush.

"Do you come over often?" he inquired casually.

"Just to shop" she said shyly. She had great brown eyes and the pathetic kind of little mouth. "I've only been married three months, and we find it cheaper to live over here."

"Does he—does your husband like your being alone like this?"

She laughed, a cheery little laugh.

"Oh, dear me, no. We were to meet for dinner but I must have misunderstood the place. He'll be awfully worried."

"Well," said Samuel disapprovingly, "he ought to be. If you'll allow me I'll see you home."

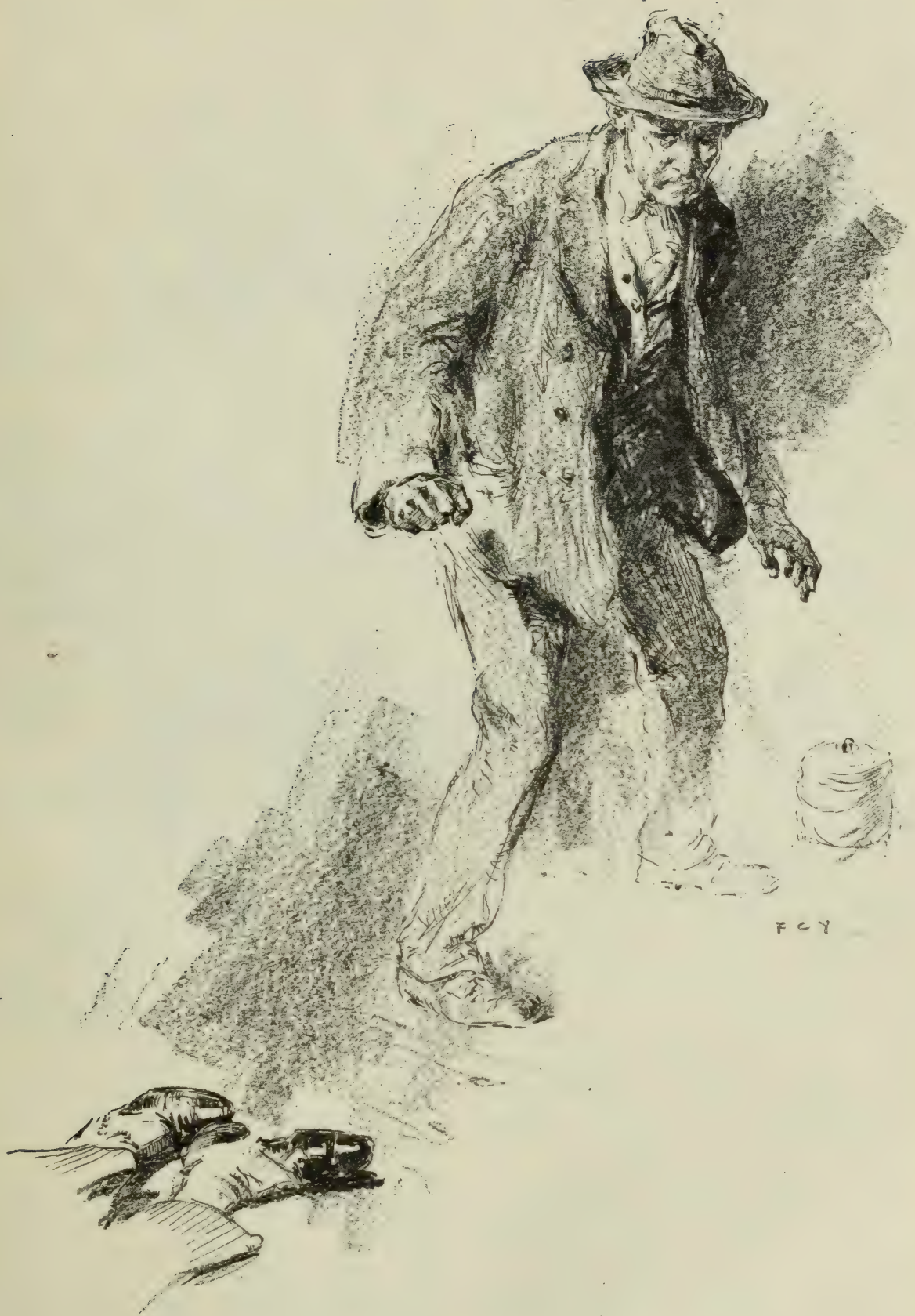
She accepted his offer thankfully, so they took the cable-car together. When they walked up the path to her little house they saw a light there; her husband had arrived before her.

"He's frightfully jealous," she announced, laughing.

"Very well," answered Samuel, rather stiffly. "I'd better leave you here."

She thanked him and, waving a good night, he left her.

That would have been quite all if they hadn't met on Fifth Avenue one morning a week later. She started and blushed



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Don't laugh at me!" cried his assailant. "I been workin' all day. I'm tired as hell!"—Page 672.

and seemed so glad to see him that they chatted like old friends. She was going to her dressmaker's, eat lunch alone at Taine's, shop all afternoon, and meet her husband on the ferry at five. Samuel told her that her husband was a very lucky man. She blushed again and scurried off.

Samuel whistled all the way back to his office, but about twelve o'clock he began to see that pathetic, appealing little mouth everywhere—and those brown eyes. He fidgeted when he looked at the clock; he thought of the grill down-stairs where he lunched and the heavy male conversation thereof, and opposed to that picture appeared another: a little table at Taine's with the brown eyes and the mouth a few feet away. A few minutes before twelve-thirty he dashed on his hat and rushed for the cable-car.

She was quite surprised to see him.

"Why—hello," she said. Samuel could tell that she was just pleasantly frightened.

"I thought we might lunch together. It's so dull eating with a lot of men."

She hesitated.

"Why, I suppose there's no harm in it. How could there be!"

It occurred to her that her husband should have taken lunch with her—but he was generally so hurried at noon. She told Samuel all about him: he was a little smaller than Samuel, but, oh, *much* better-looking. He was a bookkeeper and not making a lot of money, but they were very happy and expected to be rich within three or four years.

Samuel's grass-widow had been in a quarrelsome mood for three or four weeks, and, through contrast, he took an accentuated pleasure in this meeting. So fresh was she, and earnest, and faintly adventurous. Her name was Marjorie.

They made another engagement; in fact, for a month they lunched together two or three times a week. When she was sure that her husband would work late Samuel took her over to New Jersey on the ferry, leaving her always on the tiny front porch, after she had gone in and lit the gas to use the security of his masculine presence outside. This grew to be a ceremony—and it annoyed him. Whenever the comfortable glow fell out

through the front windows, that was his *congé*; yet he never suggested coming in and Marjorie didn't invite him.

Then, when Samuel and Marjorie had reached a stage in which they sometimes touched each other's arms gently, just to show that they were very good friends, Marjorie and her husband had one of those ultra-sensitive, super-critical quarrels that couples never indulge in unless they care a lot about each other. It started with a cold mutton-chop or a leak in the gas jet—and one day Samuel found her in Taine's, with dark shadows under her brown eyes and a terrifying pout.

By this time Samuel thought he was in love with Marjorie—so he played up the quarrel for all it was worth. He was big brother and patted her hand—and leaned down close to her brown curls while she whispered in little sobs what her husband had said that morning; and he was a little more than big brother when he took her over to the ferry in a hansom.

"Marjorie," he said gently, when he left her, as usual, on the porch, "if at any time you want to call on me, remember that I am always waiting, always waiting."

She nodded gravely and put both her hands in his.

"I know," she said. "I know you're my friend, my best friend."

Then she ran into the house and he watched there until the gas went on.

For the next week Samuel was in a nervous turmoil. Some persistently rational strain warned him that at bottom he and Marjorie had little in common, but in such cases there is usually so much mud in the water that one can seldom see to the bottom. Every dream and desire told him that he loved Marjorie, wanted her, had to have her.

The quarrel developed. Marjorie's husband took to staying in New York until late at night, came home several times disagreeably overstimulated, and made her generally miserable. They must have had too much pride to talk it out—for Marjorie's husband was, after all, pretty decent—so it drifted on from one misunderstanding to another. Marjorie kept coming more and more to Samuel; when a woman can accept mas-



"Come outside," said her husband to Samuel. "I want to talk to you."—Page 676.

culine sympathy it is much more satisfactory to her than crying to another girl. But Marjorie didn't realize how much she had begun to rely on him, how much he was part of her little cosmos.

One night, instead of turning away when Marjorie went in and lit the gas, Samuel went in, too, and they sat together

on the sofa in the little parlor. He was very happy. He envied their home, and he felt that the man who neglected such a possession out of stubborn pride was a fool and unworthy of his wife. But when he kissed Marjorie for the first time she cried softly and told him to go. He sailed home on the wings of desperate excite-

ment, quite resolved to fan this spark of romance, no matter how big the blaze or who was burned. At the time he considered that his thoughts were unselfishly of her; in a later perspective he knew that she had meant no more than the white screen in a motion picture: it was just Samuel—blind, desirous.

Next day at Taine's, when they met for lunch, Samuel dropped all pretense and made frank love to her. He had no plans, no definite intentions, except to kiss her lips again, to hold her in his arms and feel that she was very little and pathetic and lovable. . . . He took her home, and this time they kissed until both their hearts beat high—words and phrases formed on his lips.

And then suddenly there were steps on the porch—a hand tried the outside door. Marjorie turned dead-white.

"Wait!" she whispered to Samuel, in a frightened voice, but in angry impatience at the interruption he walked to the front door and threw it open.

Every one has seen such scenes on the stage—seen them so often that when they actually happen people behave very much like actors. Samuel felt that he was playing a part and the lines came quite naturally: he announced that all had a right to lead their own lives and looked at Marjorie's husband menacingly, as if daring him to doubt it. Marjorie's husband spoke of the sanctity of the home, forgetting that it hadn't seemed very holy to him lately; Samuel continued along the line of "the right to happiness"; Marjorie's husband mentioned firearms and the divorce court. Then suddenly he stopped and scrutinized both of them—Marjorie in pitiful collapse on the sofa, Samuel haranguing the furniture in a consciously heroic pose.

"Go up-stairs, Marjorie," he said, in a different tone.

"Stay where you are!" Samuel countered quickly.

Marjorie rose, wavered, and sat down, rose again and moved hesitatingly toward the stairs.

"Come outside," said her husband to Samuel. "I want to talk to you."

Samuel glanced at Marjorie, tried to get some message from her eyes; then he shut his lips and went out.

There was a bright moon and when Marjorie's husband came down the steps Samuel could see plainly that he was suffering—but he felt no pity for him.

They stood and looked at each other, a few feet apart, and the husband cleared his throat as though it were a bit husky.

"That's my wife," he said quietly, and then a wild anger surged up inside him. "Damn you!" he cried—and hit Samuel in the face with all his strength.

In that second, as Samuel slumped to the ground, it flashed to him that he had been hit like that twice before, and simultaneously the incident altered like a dream—he felt suddenly awake. Mechanically he sprang to his feet and squared off. The other man was waiting, fists up, a yard away, but Samuel knew that though physically he had him by several inches and many pounds, he wouldn't hit him. The situation had miraculously and entirely changed—a moment before Samuel had seemed to himself heroic; now he seemed the cad, the outsider, and Marjorie's husband, silhouetted against the lights of the little house, the eternal heroic figure, the defender of his home.

There was a pause and then Samuel turned quickly away and went down the path for the last time.

IV

OF course, after the third blow Samuel put in several weeks at conscientious introspection. The blow years before at Andover had landed on his personal unpleasantness; the workman of his college days had jarred the snobbishness out of his system, and Marjorie's husband had given a severe jolt to his greedy selfishness. It made him sick to think of it, and feeling sick with one's self is not bad medicine in a world that is primarily cynical. It threw women out of his ken until a year later, when he met his future wife; for the only sort of woman worth while seemed to be the one who could be protected as Marjorie's husband had protected her. Samuel could not imagine his grass-widow, Mrs. De Ferriac, causing any very righteous blows on her own account.

His early thirties found him well on his

feet. He was associated with old Peter Carhart, who was in those days a national figure. Carhart's physique was like a rough model for a statue of Hercules, and his record was just as solid—a pile made for the pure joy of it, without cheap extortion or shady scandal. He had been a great friend of Samuel's father, but he watched the son for six years before taking him into his own office. Heaven knows how many things he controlled at that time—mines, railroads, banks, whole cities. Samuel was very close to him, knew his likes and dislikes, his prejudices, weaknesses and many strengths.

One day Carhart sent for Samuel and, closing the door of his inner office, offered him a chair and a cigar.

"Everything O. K., Samuel?" he asked.

"Why, yes."

"I've been afraid you're getting a bit stale."

"Stale?" Samuel was puzzled.

"You've done no work outside the office for nearly ten years?"

"But I've had vacations, in the Adiron——"

Carhart waved this aside.

"I mean outside work. Seeing the things move that we've always pulled the strings of here."

"No," admitted Samuel; "I haven't."

"So," he said abruptly, "I'm going to give you an outside job that'll take about a month."

Samuel didn't argue. He rather liked the idea and he made up his mind that, whatever it was, he would put it through just as Carhart wanted it. That was his employer's greatest hobby, and the men around him were as dumb under direct orders as infantry subalterns.

"You'll go to San Antonio and see Hamil," continued Carhart. "He's got a job on hand and he wants a man to take charge."

Hamil was in charge of the Carhart interests in the Southwest, a man who had grown up in the shadow of his employer, and with whom, though they had never met, Samuel had had much official correspondence.

"When do I leave?"

"You'd better go to-morrow," he answered, glancing at the calendar. "That's

the first of May. I'll expect your report here on the first of June."

Next morning Samuel left for Chicago, and two days later he was facing Hamil across a table in the office of the Merchants' Trust in San Antonio. It didn't take long to get the gist of the thing. It was a big deal in oil which concerned the buying up of seventeen huge adjoining ranches. This buying up had to be done in one week, and it was a pure squeeze. Forces had been set in motion that put the seventeen owners between the devil and the deep sea, and Samuel's part was simply to "handle" the matter from a little village near Pueblo. With tact and efficiency the right man could bring it off without any friction, for it was merely a question of sitting at the wheel and keeping a firm hold. Hamil, with an astuteness many times valuable to his chief, had arranged a situation that would give a much greater clear gain than any dealing in the open market. Samuel shook hands with Hamil, arranged to return in two weeks, and left for Tumlo, New Mexico.

It occurred to him, of course, that Carhart was trying him out. Hamil's report on his handling of this might be a factor in something big for him, but even without that he would have done his best to put the thing through. Ten years in New York hadn't made him sentimental, and he was quite accustomed to finish everything he began—and a little bit more.

All went well at first. There was no enthusiasm, but each one of the seventeen ranchers concerned knew Samuel's business, knew what he had behind him, and that they had as little chance of holding out as flies on a window pane. Some of them were resigned—some of them cared like the devil, but they'd talked it over, argued it with lawyers and couldn't see any possible loophole. Five of the ranches had oil, the other twelve were part of the chance, but quite as necessary to Hamil's purpose, in any event.

Samuel soon saw that the real leader was an early settler named McIntyre, a man of perhaps fifty, gray-haired, clean-shaven, bronzed by forty New Mexico summers, and with those clear, steady eyes that Texas and New Mexico weather are apt to give. His ranch had not as yet shown oil, but it was in the pool, and



"You starchy, arguin' snake. You got our land—take that for Peter Carhart."—Page 679.

if any man hated to lose his land McIntyre did. Every one had rather looked to him at first to avert the big calamity, and he had hunted all over the territory for the legal means with which to do it, but he had failed, and he knew it. He avoided Samuel assiduously, but Samuel was sure that when the day came for the signatures he would appear.

It came—a baking May day, with hot waves rising off the parched land as far as eyes could see, and as Samuel sat stewing in his little improvised office—a few chairs, a bench, and a wooden table—he was glad the thing was almost over. He wanted to get back East the worst way, and join his wife and children for a week at the seashore.

The meeting was set for four o'clock,

and he was rather surprised at three-thirty when the door opened and McIntyre came in. Samuel could not help respecting the man's attitude, and feeling a bit sorry for him. McIntyre seemed closely related to the prairies, and Samuel had the little flicker of envy that city people feel toward men who live in the open.

"Afternoon," said McIntyre, standing in the open doorway, with his feet apart and his hands on his hips.

"Hello, Mr. McIntyre." Samuel rose, but omitted the formality of offering his hand. He imagined the rancher cordially loathed him, and he hardly blamed him. McIntyre came in and sat down leisurely.

"You got us," he said suddenly.

This didn't seem to require any answer.

"When I heard Carhart was back of this," he continued, "I gave up."

"Mr. Carhart is—" began Samuel, but McIntyre waved him silent.

"Don't talk about the dirty sneak-thief!"

"Mr. McIntyre," said Samuel briskly, "if this half-hour is to be devoted to that sort of talk——"

"Oh, dry up, young man," McIntyre interrupted, "you can't abuse a man who'd do a thing like this."

Samuel made no answer.

"It's simply a dirty filch. There just *are* skunks like him too big to handle."

"You're being paid liberally," offered Samuel.

"Shut up!" roared McIntyre suddenly. "I want the privilege of talking." He walked to the door and looked out across the land, the sunny, steaming pasturage that began almost at his feet and ended with the gray-green of the distant mountains. When he turned around his mouth was trembling.

"Do you fellows love Wall Street?" he said hoarsely, "or wherever you do your dirty scheming—" He paused. "I suppose you do. No critter gets so low that he doesn't sort of love the place he's worked, where he's sweated out the best he's had in him."

Samuel watched him awkwardly. McIntyre wiped his forehead with a huge blue handkerchief, and continued:

"I reckon this rotten old devil had to have another million. I reckon we're just a few of the poor beggars he's blotted out to buy a couple more carriages or something." He waved his hand toward the door. "I built a house out there when I was seventeen, with these two hands. I took a wife there at twenty-one, added two wings, and with four mangy steers I started out. Forty summers I've saw the sun come up over those mountains and drop down red as blood in the evening, before the heat drifted off and the stars came out. I been happy in that house. My boy was born there and he died there, late one spring, in the hottest part of an afternoon like this. Then the wife and I lived there alone like we'd lived before, and sort of tried to have a home, after all, not a real home but nigh it—cause the

boy always seemed around close somehow and we expected a lot of nights to see him runnin' up the path to supper." His voice was shaking so he could hardly speak and he turned again to the door, his gray eyes contracted.

"That's my land out there," he said, stretching out his arm, "my land, by God— It's all I got in the world—and ever wanted." He dashed his sleeve across his face, and his tone changed as he turned slowly and faced Samuel. "But I suppose it's got to go when they want it—it's got to go."

Samuel had to talk. He felt that in a minute more he would lose his head. So he began, as level-voiced as he could—in the sort of tone he saved for disagreeable duties.

"It's business, Mr. McIntyre," he said; "it's inside the law. Perhaps we couldn't have bought out two or three of you at any price, but most of you did have a price. Progress demands some things——"

Never had he felt so inadequate, and it was with the greatest relief that he heard hoof-beats a few hundred yards away.

But at his words the grief in McIntyre's eyes had changed to fury.

"You and your dirty gang of crooks!" he cried. "Not one of you has got an honest love for anything on God's earth! You're a herd of money-swine!"

Samuel rose and McIntyre took a step toward him.

"You starchy, arguin' snake. You got our land—take that for Peter Carhart!"

He swung from the shoulder quick as lightning and down went Samuel in a heap. He heard steps in the door and knew that some one was holding McIntyre, but there was no need. The rancher had sunk down in his chair, and dropped his head in his hands.

Samuel's brain was whirring. He realized that the fourth fist had hit him, and a great flood of emotion cried out that the law that had inexorably ruled his life was in motion again. In a half daze he strode from the room.

The next ten minutes were perhaps the hardest of his life. People talk of the courage of convictions, but in actual life a man's duty to his family may make a rigid course seem a selfish indulgence of

his own righteousness. Samuel thought mostly of his family, yet he never really wavered. That jolt had brought him to.

When he came back in the room there were a lot of worried faces waiting for him, but he didn't waste any time explaining.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Mr. McIntyre has been kind enough to convince me that in this matter you are absolutely right, and the Peter Carhart interests absolutely wrong. As far as I am concerned you can keep your ranches to the rest of your days."

He pushed his way through an astounded gathering, and within a half-hour he had sent two telegrams that staggered the operator into complete unfitness for business; one was to Hamil in San Antonio; one was to Peter Carhart in New York.

Samuel didn't sleep much that night. He knew that for the first time in his business career he had made a dismal, miserable failure. But some instinct in him, stronger than will, deeper than training, had forced him to do what would probably end his ambitions and his happiness. But it was done and it never occurred to him that he could have acted otherwise.

Next morning two telegrams were waiting for him. The first was from Hamil. It contained three words:

"You insane idiot!"

The second was from New York:

"Deal off come to New York immediately Carhart."

Within a week things had happened. Hamil quarrelled furiously and violently defended his scheme. He was summoned to New York, and spent a bad half-hour on the carpet in Peter Carhart's office. He broke with the Carhart interests in July, and in August Samuel Meredith, at thirty-five years old, was, to all intents, made Carhart's partner. The fourth fist had done its work.

I suppose that there's a caddish streak in every man that runs crosswise across his character and disposition and general outlook. With some men it's secret and we never know it's there until they strike us in the dark one night. But Samuel's showed when it was in action, and the sight of it made people see red. He was rather lucky in that, because every time his little devil came up it met a reception that sent it scurrying down below in a sickly, feeble condition. It was the same devil, the same streak that made him order Gilly's friends off the bed, that made him go inside Marjorie's house.

If you could run your hand along Samuel Meredith's jaw you'd feel a lump. He admits he's never been sure which fist left it there, but he wouldn't lose it for anything. He says there's no cad like an old cad, and that sometimes just before making a decision, it's a great help to stroke his chin. The reporters call it a nervous characteristic, but it's not that. It's so he can feel again the gorgeous clarity, the lightning sanity of those four fists.

IN THE SUBWAY

By Malleville Haller

HER knotted hand, in cotton glove,
That clutched the swaying strap above,
Made idle eyes come roaming back
To her thin form in meagre black,
And question what her face might
tell.

I saw her face. It wove a spell—
A waste of lean, unvaried years,
A parchèd plain unwet with tears,

An endless vista, monochrome,
Of home and work and work and home.
That last word mocks the fancied place
In which I framed her vacant face;
A room whose door and window close
On all who might be friends or foes;
Whence, mornings, she makes early
start,
With tightly-buttoned coat and heart.

CITIZENS IN THE MAKING

By Franklin Chase Hoyt

Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of New York City

BUT why, officer, did you arrest this boy?" I asked a second time. "You say that he was standing on the sidewalk holding some handbills, yet that, alone and in itself, is not a crime. Did you see him do anything else?"

"No, your honor," replied the officer promptly, "I can't say that I did."

Somewhat surprised at his answer, I again looked over the written complaint very carefully to see whether the offense had been properly set forth. There it was in black and white just as I had first read it. Our youthful offender (whom we shall call Leo for short) was accused of "having distributed and scattered handbills containing printed matter in and upon a public place, to wit, a street."

Turning to Leo I explained to him exactly what the charge involved, and asked him again whether it was true in any particular. "When you told me at first that you were guilty," I added, "I naturally took it for granted that you understood what it all meant. Now I am doubtful whether any offense at all has been committed."

"Some of it is quite true, and some of it isn't," answered Leo with deliberation. Then with a sudden change of manner he cried out: "Oh, I knew I was going to be arrested. I expected that. If you fine me, I will pay my fine; but I'm going to do it again. I am going to be arrested a hundred times before I am twenty-one. I am a Socialist, and I suppose I've got to suffer for it. You can't get fair treatment in America!"

These words, coming from a boy of fifteen, were rather startling, to say the least. In giving them utterance he had insensibly transformed the whole aspect of the case. What had appeared at first to be a commonplace matter involving a trivial violation of a city ordinance, in the twinkling of an eye and with dramatic suddenness, became a thing of tremen-

dous importance. Invisible before, I now could see shadowy, sinister figures lurking around the boy and inflaming his imagination. Misunderstanding, revolt, and hatred seemed to stand out suddenly as vital forces and to grip him in their cruel clutches. These were the things to be fought, these the spectres to be explained away.

Leo, as I have said, was fifteen years of age. In physical appearance he was attractive, tall, and well developed for his years. He had been born abroad but had come to this country when very young. Mentally he was above the average, having passed through several terms in high school, and at the time of his arraignment was working, I believe, in a good position. The boy had become intensely interested in Socialism, and had attended many meetings of various kinds and sorts. It was at one of these meetings that he had volunteered to distribute on the sidewalks handbills denouncing the conviction of a certain individual, and in attempting to do so had fallen foul of the police.

The situation created by Leo's outburst in court was a delicate one, and it obviously required the most careful handling. His alleged offense was small indeed compared to his defiance of the law and his reflections on the administration of American justice. But the two were inseparably involved, and the successful treatment of the larger problem called for the solution of the smaller. If the boy's point of view was to be re-adjusted, and his ideas as to American law set right, it was apparent that the first step in this direction was to try his case and to determine whether, in fact, he had committed the offense with which he had been charged.

So, without commenting for the moment on his outbreak, I directed a plea of not guilty to be entered on our records, and proceeded with his trial.

After taking the evidence of the officer, who, by the way, was scrupulously fair in

his attitude and refused to embellish his testimony for the purpose of strengthening his case against the boy, it became apparent that Leo actually had not committed the offense charged against him, although there was every reason to believe that he would have done so had not the officer intervened at the psychological moment. It was what might be termed a border-line case, and at the most constituted an attempt to violate a petty municipal ordinance.

Then Leo gave his side of the story, and in his turn told the whole truth without seeking to evade his responsibility in the slightest degree. He did have the handbills and he was starting to distribute them just as he was stopped by the officer. He was only sorry that he had not had the time to scatter them far and wide, and to snow under the sidewalks with them!

"I'm afraid, Leo, that you would not have made yourself exactly popular with the Street Cleaning Department," I remarked. "How would you like the job of picking up papers and other refuse thrown upon the street? Possibly I might get such a position for you."

Leo positively declined my offer and said that he had never looked upon the matter from that point of view.

"What do you suppose the reason is for this particular ordinance?" I asked. Leo didn't know and didn't seem to care, but fortunately he was a boy of quick wit and keen intelligence, and it was not difficult to win his interest. I explained to him the purpose of this law, and how it was passed to prevent the littering up of the streets with advertising matter and papers of all kind. Election appeals, religious tracts, second-hand clothes advertisements, or Socialist propaganda—it made no difference. The scattering or distribution of handbills in the eyes of the law remained a nuisance.

The boy listened attentively, asked a few questions himself, and then said that he was very sorry that he had attempted to violate this ordinance. "I didn't understand it at all, or else I wouldn't have done it," he said.

"I quite appreciate that," I replied, "and that is why I am going to discharge you with a warning. Please be careful about it in the future, and don't do any-

thing which makes trouble and more work for other people—such as our friends, the street-cleaners."

The smaller problem had been settled—the more important phase of the situation remained to be dealt with.

"By the way, officer, in your testimony you said that these handbills contained statements of an inflammatory nature. Have you got one with you?"

"No, your honor," he answered; "I didn't keep any."

"That is unfortunate. I would have liked to have seen the character of the appeal. You have accused the boy of but one offense—the violation of a municipal ordinance, with which I have just dealt. If he was knowingly distributing seditious literature he might have been charged with a far graver crime."

At this point an unexpected interruption took place which eventually proved of help in the satisfactory handling of the case.

Three or four individuals who had entered the court-room with Leo came forward, and their spokesman asked the privilege of making a statement. Our hearings in the Children's Court are more or less private, and no one enters the trial-room save those having a special interest in the case. I had assumed at the time of their entrance that they were some of the boy's witnesses, relations, or friends.

"Of course, I should be glad to hear what you have to say," I replied. "The trial is over, and I have already indicated my decision. How did you happen to be interested in this matter?"

"Why, we are a part of the committee in charge of the meeting which the boy attended. We got up the appeal and gave him the handbills to distribute. Ours is the responsibility, and we are going to pay any fine which you may impose. But we intend to see that the boy gets justice!"

"What else did you expect him to get in an American court?" I demanded with some warmth. "I am glad, however, that you acknowledge your responsibility in the matter, and that you recognize your liability for the fine. Had I imposed one I certainly would have permitted you to pay it. Now, perhaps, you

can help by telling me something as to the nature of these handbills. You might also enlighten me as to your views as to American justice. Do you approve of Leo's assertions that it is impossible to get fair treatment in America?"

"Of course not, your honor," the speaker replied. "Had we known the way you were going to handle the case, we should not have come here at all. Only sometimes"—he paused and continued slowly, picking his words with care—"the judges don't have the time to inquire into all the facts of a matter. Sometimes cases are decided superficially and mistakes occur. It would be a shame to have this boy suffer for our faults, if faults they really be. As to the handbills, I regret that we haven't a copy to show your honor. I can assure you, however, that they contained nothing of an inflammatory nature, and consisted simply of a plea for signatures to a petition for the pardon of a certain individual, addressed to the proper authority."

"Thank you for your explanation," I said to him. "No one could find fault with your attitude. I feel sure you must be a good citizen."

"Well, Leo," I remarked turning to the boy, "do you still feel that fair treatment in this country is impossible? You said to me in the beginning that you were a Socialist. That makes no difference to me whatsoever. I am not here to discuss your political beliefs or your religious beliefs. I presume that there are good Socialists and bad Socialists, just as there are good and bad men in all political parties or religious sects, for that matter. What I am interested in, and do care very much about, is whether you are going to become a good American citizen. You are already a unit of our society, and when one unit becomes diseased it is apt to infect other units, and thus endanger our whole social edifice. If you are going to remain in this country, I want you to become a healthy, clean-minded American, and contribute your share of service to the common good. Now, Leo, I have a suggestion to offer you." (This talk took place some months before the government undertook the deportation of criminal agitators, and before the Soviet "Ark" had been thought of.) "My sug-

gestion is this: If you don't like this country and its methods of justice, you can leave it. I can take up your case with the authorities, and I think I can arrange for your transportation back to Russia. Once over there, you can denounce our laws to your heart's content. On the other hand, if you are of the right sort and wish to assume the duties and share the responsibilities of citizenship, I for one should be happy to have you stay. We are glad and proud in America to admit those who come to us in good faith and who seek in this country an asylum which guarantees to them the right to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' But we should be a weak and miserable nation indeed if we failed to bar or to evict those who come to destroy. It's for you to decide, Leo!"

"Oh, judge, I want to stay. I don't want to leave America. I am sure I will make a good citizen."

"Then stay you shall. I am going to put my trust in you, and I feel confident that such trust will not be misplaced. My best wishes go with you."

Our little conference was at an end.

My friend, the spokesman of the committee, however, was in no hurry to leave the court-room, possibly because he found that its atmosphere was so different from that which he had expected.

"Your honor evidently has a knowledge of Socialism. Possibly you might like to attend one of our meetings. We might be able to convert you."

"I hardly think so," I answered. "The trouble with many of you is that you have not yet found yourselves. As I said before, I do not see why a good Socialist cannot be a good American. I trust that the two things are not antagonistic. On the other hand, Socialism, it seems to me, is being used, at the present time, as a generic name to cover beliefs and creeds which are as widely separated from each other as the poles. Some of you had better get to work threshing out the chaff from the wheat. Then, again, I am a great lover of personal liberty and individuality. In a super-socialistic state, I am afraid I would be deprived of these precious possessions and become a mere automaton. Have you ever seen an institutionalized child, from whom all

individuality has been flattened out, and who seems devoid of all initiative and self-reliance? I should hate to see a hundred million people institutionalized on a gigantic scale!"

"Your calendar is waiting," interposed the clerk of the court, rather severely. "The next case is ready. Shall I call it now?"

The gentlemen of the committee took the hint and started to leave the room with Leo. Their spokesman, however, had one last word to add.

"Thank you, judge, for all your courtesy. Our experience here this morning has proved one thing at least, and that is that Leo was mistaken when he said that he could never get fair treatment in an American court!"

It is well-nigh impossible to estimate how much lasting good was achieved by the efforts of the court on that day. Not until Leo grows older and comes to take his place as a full-fledged citizen of our republic, will we be able to discover whether our elementary lesson in citizenship had, in reality, a permanent effect and tended to react favorably on his development. Perhaps we may never know. But of one thing we may be sure. Had his case been heard superficially and a punishment imposed without any understanding of the boy's point of view, the result would have been disastrous. He would have regarded it as an injustice, and resented it accordingly, his heart would have been hardened, and he would have been strengthened in his conviction that in this country the courts are mere instruments of oppression. A citizen in the making might have been moulded into the very type—distorted, warped, and misunderstood—that threatens disaster to our social fabric.

A few days after Leo's visit to the court another case came before me which offered a rather striking contrast to the episode of the alien boy. Under a different guise and from an opposite angle it taught, in a sense, the same lesson, and showed that our future citizenship is continually threatened not only by enemies from without, but by those from within who wilfully blind themselves to our ideals, and who entertain no more real

respect for our law and our government than do the maddest of anarchists.

A boy was arrested for the theft of an automobile. From the first it was apparent that he was guilty, although the instigator and actual perpetrator of the offense was a companion a few years his senior, who had already been taken into custody, and was at that moment awaiting a criminal trial.

The boy had excellent connections, his family were well-to-do, and he was receiving the best of education preparatory to his early entrance into college when this tragedy took place. Unfortunately, through lack of supervision and the inexcusable indifference of his parents, he had drifted into bad companionship, and was rapidly embarking on a criminal career at the time of his arrest. Had his father, who accompanied him to court, come before me in a spirit of contrition and showed any sign of appreciating the gravity of his situation, even though it was in part of his own making, he would have found nothing but sympathy on our part. Instead of that, he behaved like an ignorant, blustering bully. He denounced the arrest as an outrage, and boasted of his pull and political influence. The detective informed me that at the station-house the man had threatened to have him "broken" in short order for daring to interfere with one of his family. I advised the father that it would be well to proceed with his son's case at once—that I could sympathize, of course, with the desire on the part of a parent to prove his child's innocence, but that in this instance the facts as set forth in the complaint, all of which the boy had admitted to the officer, were overwhelming. But the man wouldn't listen. He tried to intimidate the court itself, and came near landing himself in jail for contempt. He refused to proceed with the trial, and said that he was going to get a lawyer and beat the case!

The adjournment was granted as a matter of right, but when the trial took place, a few days later, even the services of a skilled police-court attorney availed nothing, and the boy was found guilty. I then attempted to impress upon the father a realization of the fact that his son's faults were the logical sequence of

his own neglect, and his own contemptuous attitude toward the law's enforcement.

"With your type," I said, "I confess I have but little sympathy. This boy has gone wrong because, in my opinion, he has lacked that loving and intelligent supervision on the part of his parents to which he was entitled. Possibly, in that respect, you have sinned more through indifference than intention. When, however, this crisis in his life came to pass, and the hard, naked, ugly facts were violently forced upon you, instead of seeking the truth, realizing your own responsibility, and endeavoring to co-operate with us for his correction and protection, you have taken a stand calculated to do him infinitely greater harm than his own foolish act. You have repeatedly dwelt on your position and connections. These things only make the situation worse. There is far less excuse for a boy of his birth and education than for one reared under more discouraging circumstances. Your son, I am glad to say, wanted to tell the truth and plead for another chance to prove himself. You blocked this attempt of his to do the manly, honorable thing, because you believed that you could free him in a way less straightforward but sweeter to your own vanity and comfort. To men such as you our ideals of government and our administration of justice are cheap things. They can be bought and sold by those in a position to barter. There are two sets of laws, one for the rich and one for the poor. 'Pull' and 'privilege' are the only things that count, while truth, honesty, and respect for our law can always be suppressed at one's convenience.

"Personally, I should like to put your son on probation and try him out at home under the court's supervision. He now has told the whole truth, and there is probably a lot of good in him at the bottom. If he could be kept away from bad companionship and surrounded with finer, cleaner influences than in the past, I have no doubt but that he would go straight in the future.

"That is what I should like to do,"—I paused and continued a little more slowly,—"but I hardly dare take the risk. Your son is a future citizen of this country, and

we all must share in the responsibility of making him a decent one. You have given him a very graphic lesson in bad citizenship, and I fear that you are not going to be of much aid in training him to become a useful member of the community. Under the circumstances I feel that the State of New York should assume his guardianship and endeavor to train him under more desirable influences."

For the first time the man completely lost his air of self-assurance. "You are not going to send him away?" he almost whispered.

"That is exactly what I mean," I replied.

"Oh, judge, don't do that. Trust us both. I appreciate how much I have been at fault, but we will all work together. Give him a chance and you will never regret it."

The path had been cleared for one more young lad on the journey toward citizenship. I gave him the chance they both sought, and in the final result I was not disappointed.

The Children's Court of New York deals annually with but a small per cent of the whole number of children in the city. That is eminently proper and desirable. It should be considered as a tribunal of the last resort, and if the faults of the children and of their parents can be cured without bringing them before it, so much the better, both for the children and the court. But it is safe to assume that at one time or another a large majority of the most aggravated types, including both the delinquent and neglected, pass under our jurisdiction. The victim of parental indifference or brutality, the product of bad environment, the morbid child, unstable and misunderstood, the future criminal—all come to us for treatment. This is the group which, in time, will produce the hardest problems for the community to deal with, and from which we may reasonably expect our most undesirable citizens to come. There rests upon the court, therefore, a heavy responsibility to see that, as far as is humanly possible, these children should be corrected, protected, and moulded into future assets for society.

The range of our cases is extraordinary. They extend literally from "murder to incivility." From offenses too depraved and too sad to detail they run to misdemeanors of the most trivial kind. But each in its way is important, and it is a great mistake to think that because the charge is a mild one a matter can be dismissed hurriedly and the child's point of view neglected. It is a curious thing to observe how faithfully our small problems

mirror the larger ones of the grown up world, and how often the forces controlling children are the prototypes of those things which are destined to affect and control their future lives. In each case, therefore, we have to deal not only with the incident of the moment, but we also must consider its future reaction upon the individual whom we seek to help. The foundation for good citizenship must be laid with care and understanding.

OLD GLORY BILL

By Anna Belle Rood Ittner

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FORREST C. CROOKS



HE did not look at all like a hero, this man with his short legs slightly bowed, with an ugly wen on the top of his bald head, and a straggly mustache down which trickled rills of brown tobacco-juice. But he was a hero of sorts.

Those bowed legs came from much youthful sitting astride a big roan cavalry horse in the far-off years of '61 to '64. Close beside the ugly wen was a cleft cut deep by a sabre. Even the tobacco-juice bore mute, inglorious witness of his service to this country of ours; for how, I ask you, could a color-bearer hold high our flag, manage the big roan, and smoke the tidier pipe or cigar? And did I say that one of the bowed legs dragged a bit now and then, when a certain wound became troublesome?

This village hero of ours wore no service stripes, nor any wound stripes; he wore only the plain bronze button of the G.A.R. in the left lapel of his shabby coat. But down in the government archives at Washington is a yellowed bit of paper citing William Miller for conspicuous gallantry in the battle of Atlanta, and setting forth in faded ink his daring rescue of three wounded officers.

So now you see why this man was for long a hero in our little village; why twice each year he went with his comrades of

the G. A. R. to the schoolhouse to celebrate first the birthday of Lincoln and then that of Washington; why with the commandant he sat upon the platform while the children sang patriotic songs and the "boys" who had worn the blue made speeches.

On Decoration Day, too, William Miller was a marked man as he led the procession that wended its way across the little valley to the hillside cemetery beyond, there to deck with flowers the graves of those who rested in their last camp. How splendidly the beautiful flag waved above his old bald head as he proudly kept step with the rub-a-dub-dub of the drummer-boy and felt again the thrill of having his comrades rally close at his back!

Behind the G. A. R. marched the dapper cadets from the college on the Big Hill; lusty youths, secretly a bit bored by all this open display of patriotic fervor and emotion; somewhat impatient of the long-drawn-out speeches at the monument commemorating the unknown dead; chafing inwardly at those annual ceremonies that postponed picnics and ball games to late afternoon; yet feeling deep in their hearts a sheepish, half-ashamed response to it all.

The school children, marshalled by the W. R. C., followed the gray-clad cadets. The little girls, robed in white with

sashes of bunting, carried baskets of flowers; while the boys bore on the right shoulder wreaths of arbor-vitæ, which signified by its living green, they were told, the immortal deeds of the grizzled men who led the march.

After a while, you remember, there came a time when the "boys in blue" were followed by the veterans of the Spanish War: mere striplings these beside those older "boys"; yet from the young eyes to the old flashed the message only war comrades understand; separated by a generation of years, the firm pressure of youthful hand-clasps said: "We know, too, we know."

Year by year the ranks of those "Boys of '61" grew thinner and the boys themselves became bent and feeble. Still the stirring roll of the drum was answered by the same quick leap of the spirit. Round old shoulders straightened, white heads lifted, chins went up, withered legs stepped out briskly, canes forgotten.

At length these boys became so few in number, it was sadly easy to count them all. Then, the birthdays we once celebrated in February passed without songs or speeches. Then, even Decoration Day aroused nothing more than the most perfunctory observance. Only the G. A. R., the devoted women of the W. R. C., and the veterans of the Spanish War formed in procession behind William Miller. The Spanish War veterans, no longer striplings, showed in their middle-aged faces the same grim, enduring patience that marked the seamed countenances of the "boys." Curiously, too, they had all the look of men who wait the coming of some untoward event.

No longer was there marching and countermarching on the campus of the college on the Big Hill. Uncle Sam had taken away his spruce lieutenant and discontinued the military drill provided for soon after the close of the Civil War. Football, baseball, hurdle-races, cross-country runs, gymnasium exercises absorbed all the physical energies and enthusiasms of both boys and girls as they played to win. The veterans, both old and middle-aged, soon noted and deplored the passing of the upstanding military carriage as the college lads slouched up and down the village streets;

muscular fellows trained to excel in many things, but not trained to hold up their manhood as men should. The veteran eyes perceived that spiritually, too, these youths had lost something of their former erectness; perceived that the thing we now call their morale, slouched and became as slack as their sturdy young bodies.

To be sure there was nothing the old and middle-aged men could put a definite finger on; yet somehow in these college youths there was no longer quite so much respect for authority, nor so clear a recognition of the necessity of conforming to the law, nor the outward reverence for home, country, and God.

In those days, when the college boys walked four abreast, it happened that the brave old soldiers had to step off the walk to let them pass. Neither age nor valorous deeds could longer command proper respect. Youth laughed at old age and middle age prating of country, or wars long gone by, and of preparedness for wars yet to come. Said the college cubs, our country was the best ever, of course, but it wasn't necessary to talk about it and sing about it so everlastingly. And, as for serving one's country, there could never be another war; the very idea was absurd; the world was beyond that. Little did their young minds conceive of service to their country in the "piping times of peace."

So the lads went their way; joyous, thoughtless, still sound, though calloused hard, hard of heart. And the veterans, jostled and pushed aside, went their way; patiently striving to leave the world a'bit better than they had found it; keeping ever before their dimming eyes the vision vouchsafed them during the hideous carnage of those bygone battles.

William Miller was no longer the hero of village and college. He was only a "hired man." The youths in tennis flannels tittered when the flag unfurled and billowed about the bald head with the ugly wen. They snickered at the rapt look on the homely old face above the shabby coat with its plain bronze button.

"Old Bill sees things when he carries the flag," jeered the lads.

It was true, too, he did see things: wondrous things, things you and I can

only very faintly imagine; for the humblest soldier in a righteous cause becomes akin to Moses who saw God and then "was not."

But it was true, too, that William Miller was only a hired man. Ah, no, not just a hired man, either. A hero of sorts could not be other than a hired man of sorts. He was hired man first of all for his beloved colonel, then for the president and the dean of the college on Big Hill. He tended their furnaces and shovelled the heavy snows off their walks. He made their gardens and mowed their lawns. He did their confidential errands. And whatever he did, he did so well, so painstakingly, so faithfully, that his masters called him "Mr. Miller"; lifting high their hats when they met him on the village streets; often turning to walk with him if troubled in spirit, that they might draw strength from his simple, childlike faith in God and man.

Down in the colonel's basement, set comfortably in front of the furnace, were two rocking-chairs, and there the colonel smoked while the old color-bearer chewed and talked. Not master and man, then, not at all, but two comrades equally interested in promoting the general welfare. Many and many a thought suggested by the unlearned man was later expanded by the colonel until it grew into an eloquent, moving address. When William Miller dilated upon the happenings in a town "corkus" or reported the "prejudeeshal opinions" of those who foregathered on the boxes at the village grocery, he did it with so shrewdly just an appraisal of both men and events that he was indeed the mouthpiece of the mind and heart of the average village citizen.

And when the hired man paused in his labors a moment to say to the president or the dean of the college on Big Hill, "The town folkses sort o' wonder why the college does" thus and so or, perhaps, why it does not do thus and so, those intellectual giants whose fame was so far spread as our broad land hearkened carefully to him.

Yet William Miller never presumed to advise these gentlemen for whom he worked. He just liked to talk about "casual circumstances." A hired man of sorts, you will agree.

The college boys had many a joke on Old Glory Bill, as they dubbed him, in those unregenerate days. They laughed boisterously because he called the rose-garden belonging to "the colonel's lady" "a wonderful composure." They pestered him by their frequent raids on the roses, which they bore triumphantly away to their own young ladies, airily excusing their pillaging by explaining so wonderful a composure was not born to blush for the colonel's lady alone.

Once in early April, the hired man was at work on the college campus watering with his gentle "growing" hands an ivy which he had planted by the president's orders, to trail over and conceal the shattered stump of a class tree felled by lightning. As he watered the eager baby vine and helped the tiny green fingers find a hold here and there on the black, jagged bark of the riven stump, a group of jolly seniors came swaggering along. The quickened life of the springtime surged fast through their warm young blood as they caught sight of the old fellow with his watering-pot.

"Hello, Old Glory, what you doin'?" called Jonathan Bellew, the college idol and the faculty despair.

Shifting his cud slightly, the old man spat leisurely and made characteristic answer.

"Tendin' this here leetle ivory so some fellers that wuz once ez young ez you be won't feel so bad when they cum back along in June an' find ther class tree's gone ter stoke the college fires."

"Heigh, ho, for the ivory, the young green ivory!"

"Say, Bill, climb up on the ivory stump an' give us a rousin' speech on our country 'tis of thee!"

"That's the stuff! Up with him, fellows!"

"One, two, three, and there you be!"

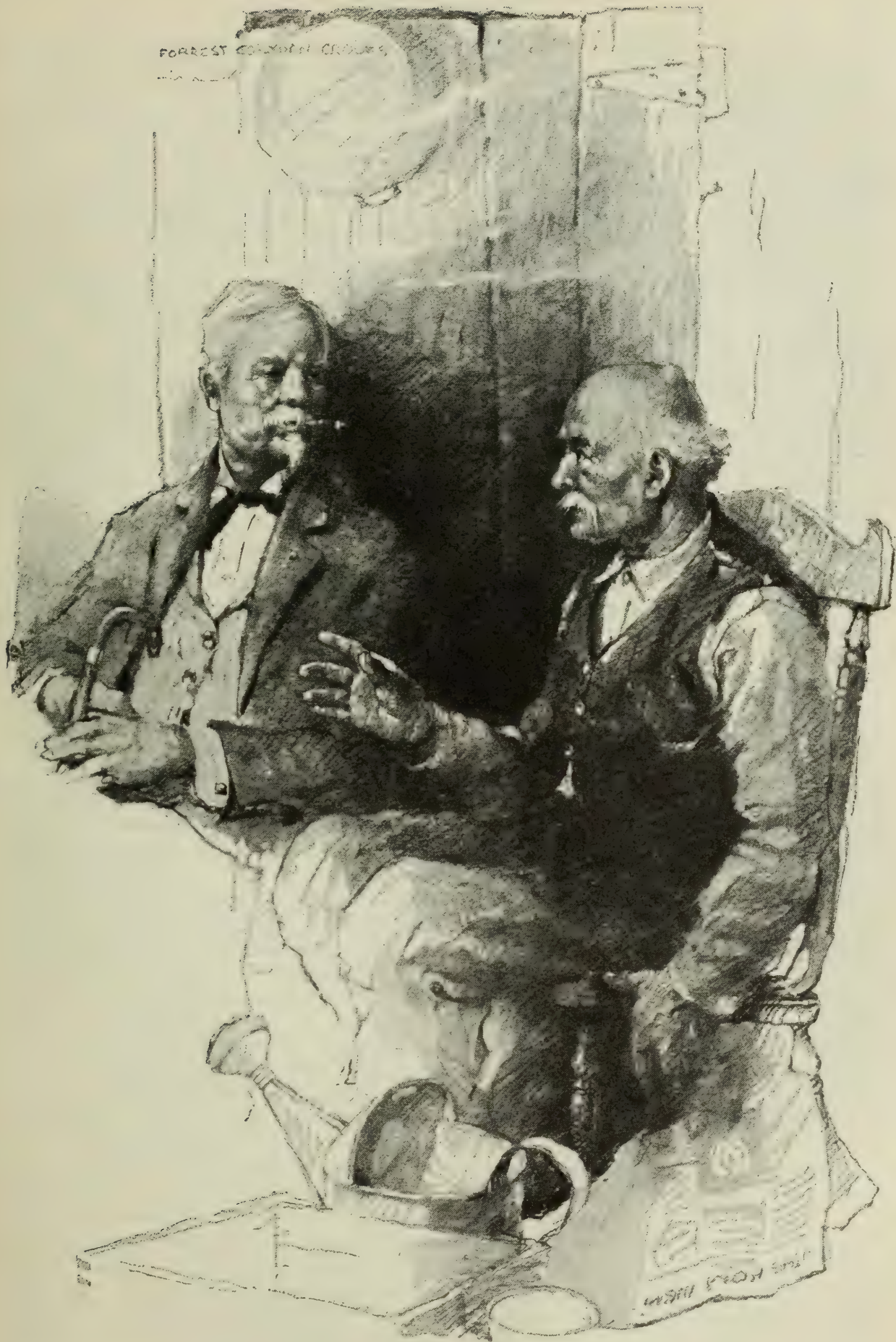
"Wave your flag! Give us a regular humdinger!"

With a swift tightening of his quivering old muscles, William Miller spat his cud far from him, and with unconscious paraphrase cried in a loud voice:

"I ain't askin' ye ter spare me yer springtime tomfoolery, but spare yer countree an' yer countree's flag," he said.

Laughing uproariously, the seniors

FORREST COLONEL CROOKS



Drawn by Forrest C. Crooks.

"Set comfortably in front of the furnace, were two rocking-chairs, and there the colonel smoked while the old color-bearer chewed and talked."—Page 688.

cried, "Encore! Encore!" and circled round and round the stump, yelling, stamping, and whistling the while.

"Shame fer shame!" flashed the old man, tottering perilously on the stump. "Fer shame on ye all! Fer shame on ye, Jonathan Bellew, born leader an' allers leadin' mischief! Ye've got just ez much good ez bad in ye, way down deep. Can't ye see it's shamin' yer land ye are instid o' a pore old man?"

"Right you are, Mr. Miller. I beg your pardon for the disrespect we have shown to our country, to our flag, and to you who bore that flag through four long years of war. Will you come down and shake hands with a traitorous, sneaking bully like me, sir?"

It was this spirit of fairness that had thus far kept the faculty friendship for the fair-haired young daredevil.

Used as they were to these sudden changes on the part of their favorite, it was an open-mouthed, goggle-eyed group who watched the old man as he climbed painfully from the stump and stretched the cordial right hand of fellowship to the tall, broad-shouldered boy. Then they cheered wildly.

"Hurrah, hurrah for Old Glory and young Jonathan! Long may they wave! Speak a word to Prexie, Bill. Jonathan's threatened with a sort of permanent furlough from this celebrated institution of learning. He won't tell what he knows though he bows down certain heads in shame and sorrow. Don't forget to speak a word to Prexie for your new pal."

"I won't do just prezactly that," replied the old man, "but ye can trust me ter bring this leetle fracas ter the president's most judeeshal attenshun."

And he did. He closed the graphic account by saying:

"Now, I ain't presumptuous ter give ye this here story as a plea fer acquittal, president. Not a tall, ye understand. I'm tellin' ye fer this here reason. A boy hez got jest about ez many angles an' sides ez a prism hez, an' it's mightee hard fer even the president of a college like this is, ter see all the sides an' angles ter every boy thet cums up afore him ter be jedged an' give what's justly comin' ter him. Maybe, jist maybe, ye never hap-

pened ter git a good, squintious view o' this pritty special side o' this very perticulary angular boy."

There could be no gainsaying that Jonathan Bellew was a "very perticulary angular" boy, and it did happen that the president never had glimpsed this side of the boy in the stormy years in the college on Big Hill; a side that showed the lad quick to acknowledge himself at fault. It was a deeply thoughtful man, therefore, who summoned the boy to the private office where none but the worst offenders ever appeared.

"Jonathan, what do you think of the man you boys call 'Old Glory Bill'? was the surprising greeting of the president.

"I think, sir, that he does a very great deal of good in both village and school, but he is entirely unconscious of doing any at all."

The president's voice was stern as an ugly suspicion formed in his mind.

"You have not always held this opinion."

"No, sir. But you must know, sir, that I never really saw Mr. Miller until—recently. I—I insulted him, sir. I insulted the Old Glory he defended with his life. I insulted his country and mine. I did all that like the young fool I am, yet when I asked forgiveness, he granted it me freely with all his generous old heart. After all that, he took my hand, would you believe it, sir?" The lad looked down at his hand with a strange expression on his bright, earnest face. "Think what it means to have such a man in this community! I'm not likely to forget Bill, now I've seen him as he is."

His was the hired man's own quaint philosophy. Jonathan had never before seen any save the dull sides of the old fellow's prism, and now he saw those which reflected glorious lights and colors.

"Hm," murmured the president. "I myself esteem Mr. Miller so highly that I have decided to change the conditions upon which you may remain in school. It is only a few weeks until your graduation. Try to make those weeks such as your new friend would approve. To help you do this, I will write upon a slip of paper the nickname we older men have for him. Put it in your pocket and do not look at it until just before you go to

bed. You might say your prayers, too. That is all to-day, Jonathan."

Dazed by this unlooked-for commutation of his sentence, Jonathan took the slip of paper from the president's extended hand, and stumbled speechless toward the door. Arrived there he turned, unashamed of the tears showing frankly.

"Thank you, sir. I'd better begin at once. I think Old Glory would want me to tell you that I refused to tell what you asked, not for the reason you assumed, but because more people would be hurt by my telling than by my silence. He would say I should consider the greatest good of the greatest number. I'll go to him now, sir, and report."

Often after that day, Jonathan Bellew and William Miller were seen walking together or sitting together beneath some elm on the campus: the old man with his aching back leaning hard against the tree's support, Jonathan sprawled where the sun shone warmest. In spite of the twitting of boys and co-eds, Jonathan persisted in seeking the old soldier's companionship. And when his parents came on for his graduation, the president noted with mingled pride and amusement that the boy included a carefully brushed, neatly dressed "hired man" in many of the family festivities.

Before leaving town young Bellew called on the president to show him without comment a tiny kodak of William Miller carrying the flag. On the back of the picture was written the name the boy had found on that slip of paper weeks before.

"It goes here, sir, and thank you," said Jonathan, as he carefully fitted the little picture into the simple charm hanging from his watch-chain.

That was June of 1914. In September Jonathan was back again for a few brief hours between trains to say good-by to the president and to William Miller. He was off to France, the first of the boys to go from the college on the Big Hill.

Every day now saw the old soldiers hobbling to the G. A. R. hall to talk over the great events pushing so furiously, so swiftly, so menacingly, in Europe. A large map hung on the wall beside the bright south windows where the dim-eyed

men could follow the line of battle by sticking in pins with colored heads: black for Germany, the pirate outlaw; true blue for indomitable, gallant France; red for stalwart Britain; vivid green for brave little Italy. In every breast-pocket, just below the bronze button, each old man kept in secret readiness a paper of white-headed pins against the day when America should send her flag into the terrible fray. "We're bound to go in," they said.

At evening the veterans of the Spanish War gathered in the same hall about the same map, protesting vigorously, "It's our war, it's our war," while the old hero answered in his gentle voice:

"Yes, ye've said it, it's our war jist ez soon ez them ez never had ter fight fer their countree an' ther blessed preev-eelages sees it plain an' clear like us boys thet hev. We'll hev ter jist hole stidy an' pray with all our might an' main to keep Germany from gittin' a stranglehold on every thing a growin' in the hearts o' free men."

Steady, then, was the word. The lads in the college began to scrape acquaintance with the veterans of the two wars. The plain bronze buttons stood, all at once, for something big and strong and vital, something that called forth snappy salutes from those erstwhile gay, thoughtless youngsters until, by and by, they, too, climbed the stairs to the G. A. R. hall to ask respectful questions of the soldiers there.

In March, 1915, unable longer to bear the strain of waiting, waiting, a committee from the two army organizations went to the president of the college on the Big Hill, and offered to pay the instructor's salary providing the college would re-establish military drill. With what joy they learned that the college had already engaged the services of a wounded Canadian officer, and that drill would commence on the anniversary of the firing on Fort Sumter.

Steady was the word still, but steady while getting ready, and oh, the difference to those men who were themselves too old to fight again in defense of the country they loved so well!

And the old "hired man"? Why, who but he should carry the flag at the first dress parade of the new battalion of

cadets? Though the lads still called him Old Glory, somehow the derisive nickname had been transformed and changed into a title of honor. The hired man had become once more the hero of village and school.

Soon the cadets found they missed their homely old friend when, as occasionally happened, he was not out to watch their early-morning drill or help supervise the digging of the trenches which ran zigzag over that part of Big Hill known as Homer's Woods.

The coming of the summer vacation found the hard calloused shell encasing the hearts of the college boys worn down to the raw, living quick as manifested by their unanimous vote to go into camp by the trenches, and continue their military training through the long hot days.

But the coming of summer found, too, that Old Glory Bill was failing fast, so he had to lean heavily on some sturdy young arm while mounting the Big Hill. Nor was he longer able to stand, though it hurt his pride to sit in the great hickory chair that one day appeared under the largest elm on the very top of the slope.

On a night in August Old Glory fell asleep, never more to waken. As he had requested, the funeral services were held in the green yard surrounding the little brown house where he had lived, and his colonel made "jist a plain talk."

It was a notable gathering, the funeral of this poor old "hired man." The rays of the late afternoon sun filtered softly through the thick leafage of the hard-maple trees, shedding a golden glow upon three generations of men. There was the little handful that remained of Old Glory's comrades; then the larger group of veterans still in their late middle age, and finally the two hundred cadets whose boyish faces looked forth awed and strangely stricken above the smart newness of their recently acquired uniforms.

There were others than these, also, for it seemed as if all the men of the village and the college had come to that peaceful, shaded lawn. Women there were, of course, but they were almost lost in that close-packed crowd of bareheaded men.

At the foot of the simple flag-draped casket stood the colonel, a courtly, gracious gentleman of the old school, his fine

figure erect, his white head splendidly poised.

Silently for a moment he gazed into the faces of all those gathered there, then he spoke in the warm hush of the summer day.

"We have come here to do honor to this man whose spent body lies before us now forever silent and still. Ah, did I say to do him honor? It were better far to say that we are honored in our coming."

"All of us have known this man. Some of us were boys with him; some of us were his comrades in a great war; some of us were his fellow citizens; some of us were his neighbors; some of us were his friends. But whatever may have been our relation to him, he was a friend to us all."

"There is little within my power to say of this man. Your presence here speaks far more eloquently than I can of his place in our community and in our lives."

"You know that his outstanding qualities were those two upon which nations are builded and without which nations must fall. I mean loyalty and faithfulness. You know his record in arms for this fair land of ours. You know that the same loyalty which bade him fight for his country, impelled him to maintain a spotless integrity as a citizen. You know how upright has been his private life as he has come and gone his simple way among us. You know his kindness and his far-reaching charity, and by charity you understand I mean that charity of which the Apostle Paul speaks. You know all these things. No words of mine can add to or detract from this knowledge we all hold in common. Yet, if I mistake not, each man of us here to-day has locked away from the world some precious treasure of memory bequeathed him by William Miller, and because each of us holds fast our separate, secret treasure, we have come to pay him such poor honor as is ours to give."

"I shall not try to preach a sermon. I could not if I would. I would not if I could. His story is that ever-wonderful one—a simple chronicle of humble duties nobly done. But I wish to read to you a letter written our friend by Jonathan Bellew, a lad whom we all remember with affection in these times."



FORREST CROOKS

Drawn by Forrest C. Crooks.

"You made me a soldier and through these months of hell—Hun-fire, you have been my mascot."
—Page 694.

"DEAR OLD GLORY:

"I am sending you the Cross of War that was pinned upon my nightie this day here in a French hospital. Put it on your faded blue shirt, you good old scout, just above your loyal, faithful heart. That's right. That's where it belongs. You made me a soldier and through these months of hell—Hun-fire, you have been my mascot. When I faltered; oh, yes, I faltered many a time and oft, but when I faltered, one look at that little old snapshot of you carrying the flag gave me grit for whatever duty came just next ahead.

"I never told you what was written on the back of that picture, but I'm telling you now so you will understand that you have won this cross, not I. It was Prexie told me when he decided not to expel me, but to place me under parole to you instead. He wrote it for me on a slip of paper. He said I should look at it that night when I was ready for bed, and then say my prayers. This was it, Old Glory, dear:

"Men call him William the Faithful."

"Get it, Bill? That's you! I'd rather have that said of me than to win a thousand crosses of war. Because you earned that title through every long, hardworking day of your long life, this little cross is yours.

"Take it. Keep it. I send it to you to have and to hold, not till death do you part, my friend, but to go with you when you shall carry our flag to your narrow green tent on the sunny south slope of Little Hill. God grant that day may be far for you.

"As for me, 'I'll get there afore ye.' This day, they say, but never forget, my friend, that I'm glad, glad to have it so.

"Your grateful friend,

"JONATHAN BELLEW."

There was a break in the colonel's clear voice, and tears lay openly on his ruddy, wrinkled cheeks as he finished the letter and looked into the shocked faces all about him.

"Yes," answering the unspoken question, "our young friend lies dead over yonder in France, our old friend lies dead here before us, each faithful to his duty as he saw it. Men called William Miller the Faithful. He was faithful in all that he did: faithful as color-bearer in the war of long ago; faithful in the discharge of his duties as a citizen in time of peace; faithful to his obligations as husband and father. See the little brown home there where he lived! It is free from debt and there is a small but sufficient life insurance for the wife he cherished. Ah, even the flowers heaped here in masses of lovely, fragrant bloom were culled from the gardens he tended so faithfully but a little while since!

"For the last time this man carries the flag he defended; for the last time we follow where he leads. Then while the burial service of the G. A. R. is read, our comrade and friend will be laid to his long rest. Taps will sound and we shall turn away to return to our every-day lives, but we shall carry with us, graven deep in our hearts, this man's epitaph; and like gallant young Jonathan Bellew, perchance we, too, shall find grit for whatever hard duty may lie before us."

Lifting his hands high as men of God do in benediction, the colonel added:

"And now, oh, Lord God, we beseech thee, because this man has lived and wrought among us, may the same spirit of faithfulness fall upon and abide within all who are here gathered before thee."

On the reverent silence fell the solemn, muffled roll of the drum summoning the living to follow the deathless dead.

HERBERT SPENCER

1820-1920

By George Sarton

Author of "Secret History"; Research Associate of the Carnegie Institution



HERE seems to be a rhythm in history, a sort of gigantic human ebb and flow, according to which men are periodically brought together in closer unison or driven asunder. These tides are not restricted to the sentimental sphere but involve as well our intellectual activities and, in fact, they seem to pervade the whole of human life. Thus in the thirteenth century one common faith intensified the solidarity of a great number of peoples, and at the same time we witness an immense effort toward synthetic knowledge and a wonderful efflorescence of a self-forgetting art. The fifteenth century on the contrary leaves one the impression of a period of decomposition, of searching analysis, of violent individual conflicts.

To all external appearances we are now crossing a period of ebb, when the centrifugal forces far exceed the centripetal ones, when man is more conscious of his own precious self than of the rest of humanity, more concerned about his material than his religious needs, more prone to assert himself than to own any deep solidarity with his fellow men. Of course we are more keenly aware of it because of the spasmodic union caused by the war. It would be very foolish to mistake this war solidarity for a real increase in human cohesion, for, as I just said, the flow does not affect simply one part of our soul but the whole of it. A common fear and a common hatred are entirely unable to create an all-pervading faith. Hence in spite of the many examples of heroism and absolute devotion which the war has brought to light, we can but feel that then as now human affairs were at a very low ebb. The war may well have marked the nadir of the present depression. Other ominous symptoms are not lacking: divergent forces are everywhere more ap-

parent than the convergent ones. A great many men and women seem to have no higher ideal in life than to be "different" and "exclusive." Our artists are determined to be original at any price. As to the scientists they shut themselves more and more out of the world and live like clams in their little shells. Pray, what can the wide world mean to a clam?

How shall we ever emerge from the present anarchy? Well, because of the unity of our life, and because of the fact that this ebb and flow interests every part of our soul, it is clear that any attempt to lift up any part of it will help us gradually to emerge and to recover. Of course complete recovery will only be possible when a great many of us pull together with our whole strength. But it is not necessary that we pull on the same ropes. One may struggle for greater brotherhood, another for more unselfish art, another for synthetic knowledge; their cause is the same and they actually pull together.

It cannot be denied that synthetic or encyclopædic knowledge is very little understood nowadays. Most people, including the majority of the scientists themselves, look down upon it with nothing but distrust and scepticism. This is due partly to the fact that the very progress of science implies an ever-increasing specialization of research, partly to the materialistic tendencies of our age—people care more for practical results than knowledge—partly to the fact that there is so little genuine encyclopædic knowledge and so much which is faked and worthless. It is easy to answer to the first objection: no man in his senses believes that there is too much analytic research, but simply that, however much of it there be, it must be balanced by a corresponding amount of co-ordinating work. The last objection is but too painfully just. We are all acquainted with men who will argue bril-

liantly about everything under the sun and yet who are unable to add anything to the total experience of humanity. Such people are of very little account. The dullest specialist at least knows something; they know nothing whatever. Unfortunately, it happens but too often that their empty discourses are mistaken for true synthetic knowledge with the result that such knowledge is unjustly despised.

It is worth while to go a little more deeply into the matter and to answer the two following questions: Is synthetic knowledge desirable and should it be encouraged? And if so, is it possible for any man, however intelligent, to acquire it?

An excellent way of approaching these two questions is to consider the concrete case which the life of Herbert Spencer—the latest synthetic philosopher—offers to us. He was born just a hundred years ago. It occurred to me that while returning to him with reverence on the occasion of his centenary, we might take advantage of our pilgrimage to examine whether the ideal to which he devoted his life was a sensible one and how far he succeeded in attaining it. We are less anxious to know the results he arrived at than to test the value of his method. The problem is then: "Was Spencer right in trying to do what he did? Is it worth trying again?" Of course, from this new angle, his failure becomes just as interesting as his success, because they help us equally to solve the next practical problem: "How can we again do what he did, and do it better?"

The life of a philosopher is generally less exciting than that of a war correspondent or a prima donna. Spencer's life is a very plain one indeed. If one does not insist on quoting the titles of the books and essays, which are the most conspicuous mile-stones of his career, it can be told in a few words. He was born in Derby on April 27, 1820, a thoroughbred Englishman. His father, George Spencer, was a teacher, a man of small means and little imagination, but honest to the core and of an unbending type. His mother, who does not seem to have influenced him to any extent, was very different from her husband, as patient and gentle as he was irritable and aggressively independent. They do not seem to have been very

happy together, and their union was not blessed with many children who survived; although nine were born to them, only one, Herbert, the eldest, passed the stage of infancy. It is as if already the parents had been obliged to pay the heavy ransom of genius. The boy was left a great deal to himself, and he followed his bent toward scientific information, learning also a little English and arithmetic. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to his uncle, the Reverend Thomas Spencer, but the discipline of this new home seemed at first so hard to him that he ran away to his father's, walking one hundred and fifteen miles in three days with hardly any sleep or food. However, after a while he returned to his uncle and stayed with him, being tutored by him, chiefly in mathematics, for the next three years. This was the end of his systematic education, which certainly was very incomplete. When he began to earn his living at sixteen, he knew probably less than the average well-to-do boy of his age. It is true he knew considerably more in other ways, and he had also exercised to a greater extent his mother-wit. Then he worked successively as an assistant schoolmaster (for three months), as an engineer, and, after a vain attempt to earn a living as a literary man, he finally became in 1848 sub-editor of the *Economist*. This last position had the advantage of bringing him into touch with many eminent men of his day; men like Huxley, Tyndall, and Lewes. During all these years, he had carried on desultory reading, he had made quite a number of trivial inventions, he had done some writing and a considerable amount of solitary thinking.

The editing of the *Economist* left him time enough to complete his first book, "Social Statics," which appeared early in 1851. In 1853, having inherited five hundred pounds from his uncle, he abandoned this position and determined to support himself by his own literary work. Such is always a very hazardous decision, never more, however, than in the case of a man who is less a writer than a thinker, a slow and hard thinker, whose ability to express himself is constantly inhibited by the fear of error. Shortly afterward, after a holiday in Switzerland, his health began to break down. Yet he resolutely pursued the self-imposed task of which he

became more and more conscious, and after many years of work and meditation, of suffering and disappointment, on March 27, 1860, he published the programme of "A System of Philosophy," the outline of the work to which the best part of his life was to be devoted. This is to me the culminating date in Spencer's life. It is then that he reveals for the first time his dominant personality.

Think of it! Here we have a man, whose systematic knowledge is rather small, whom many scientists (not the greatest, however) would have regarded as ignorant—and such he was in many respects—a man handicapped by lack of means and of health, but one who has been thinking hard and fast for a number of years, who has measured the world around him and himself, who knows exactly what he must do, who calmly estimates the immensity of the undertaking and the frailty of the means, who knows that his decision practically involves the surrender of his liberty for the rest of his days and makes of him a slave to his ideal—yet his faith is so great that he does not hesitate. No handicap will stop him and he sends his programme to the world; a programme to the fulfilment of which the rest of his life was faithfully and unrestrictedly given. One should keep in mind that at that time Spencer was already a nervous invalid; he could only work a few hours a day and had to use all sorts of tricks to do so without suffering; in the afternoon he had to forsake not simply work but any excitement or he would lose his night's rest. Yet he went ahead and henceforth his life was one of single-hearted devotion to his self-imposed trust. The first volume of the "Synthetic Philosophy" appeared in 1862, the tenth and last in 1896. It took him thirty-seven years to go over the top.

It is not part of my present purpose to analyze, even briefly, Spencer's works. I will simply limit myself to a few remarks which may refresh the reader's memory and help him to appreciate Spencer's undertaking. Let us remember that his fundamental ideas are the following: First, an earnest belief in the value of philosophy as completely unified knowledge. Of course, without such belief, he could not have carried on his life's work. Secondly, the modern concept of evolu-

tion both in its biological and its universal import. Thirdly, the ideal of freedom—the core of his political thought.

I need not consider the first point because my whole essay is really devoted to it. It is remarkable that Spencer's first paper on evolution, one entitled "The Development Hypothesis," appeared as early as 1852, and his system of philosophy, which was essentially based upon the law of progress, was drafted by him for the first time in the early days of 1858. It is in the middle of the same year that Darwin and Wallace announced their theory of natural selection to the Linnæan Society of London. Spencer's merit as a precursor cannot be denied; at the same time it must be said that if his general theory of evolution was right, his conception of its mechanism was wrong. He believed that biologic progress was chiefly determined by the inheritance of characteristics gained by each individual during his lifetime, and although he later admitted the validity of Darwin's explanation, that is, natural selection (it is Spencer, by the way, who coined the popular phrase "struggle for life"), he remained a Lamarckian to the end of his life. Biologists are now generally agreed that acquired characters are *not* inherited, but their agreement on this subject is so recent that it would hardly be fair to blame Spencer on this score. Moreover, he was the first to extend this theory to a general conception of the universe and to retrace in the development not simply of living organisms but of everything an evolution or a progress "from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the simple to the complex, from the incoherent to the coherent, from the indefinite to the definite." Matter-of-fact people may object that such a generalization is equally uncontrollable and useless, but that is to take a very crude view of the subject. Spencer's generalization, his insistence, was a powerful factor in the success of the evolutionary point of view. It helped mightily to create a new scientific and philosophic atmosphere. Is not that very much indeed, and what more could you expect a philosopher to do?

The "Synthetic Philosophy" did not embrace all the sciences. Feeling the necessity of restricting his field, chiefly

on account of his insufficient scientific training, he made a systematic study only of those branches of knowledge to which the application of scientific methods was relatively new, to wit: biology, ethics, sociology. Biological facts had inspired his theory of evolution, and his biology in turn was dominated by it. On the other hand, in his ethical and social studies he was chiefly guided by the conception that liberty is the greatest good. The industrial and legal development of the last half-century seems to have proceeded in the opposite direction; yet the main difficulties of our moral and social life cannot be solved by artificial regulations, and now, even more than in Spencer's time, the greatest political problem to be solved is the one involved in the antinomy: freedom *versus* red tape, or initiative *versus* automatism, or life *versus* stagnation. Of course we all realize that a great many more regulations and social restrictions are needed than Spencer was prepared to admit, but the wise do not believe that these regulations are real factors of progress. The best that they can do is to prevent us from sliding backward; they cannot help us to go onward. They impede a certain amount of evil and they oblige another amount of it to assume a secret form, which may be on the whole less pernicious. They cannot create any parcel of positive good. Spencer's searching analysis of these subjects is of permanent value, and even if one assents to the temporary necessity of compulsory measures, there is no doubt that social progress lies mainly in the direction which he pointed out, the increase of *voluntary* co-operation.

Spencer has often been reproached that his system is based far more upon preconceived ideas than upon the observation of reality. Yet it must be admitted that he managed to marshal an enormous amount of facts to support his theories. If it be true that the latter were generally ahead of his experience, is not the same true to a certain extent of every scientific hypothesis? Never mind where a man gets his theories if he can establish them on experimental grounds. And Spencer, however biassed and ignorant he may have been, took enormous pains to gather the experimental facts which he needed. Think only of the descriptive

sociology whose publication under his direction began in 1873 and is not yet completed. Although he was very poor in the first half of his life and never reached more than a small competence, he spent more than three thousand pounds on this great undertaking. It is a pity, by the way, that the frame of these descriptions is so rigid and their size so awkward, but as they are, the published volumes contain an enormous amount of material and deserve greater recognition than they have ever received.

Spencer's main shortcoming was his dogmatism, his inability to consider the opinions of others. This dogmatism, which naturally increased as he grew older, arose partly from his initial ignorance, partly from his chronic neurasthenia, partly also from his lack of imagination, the singleness of his purpose, the exclusiveness of his thought. He was temperamentally a non-conformist, and although later in life he seemed to become more and more anxious to comply with the external conventions of society, I suppose he did so chiefly to eschew the criticism of fools and to protect his inner freedom.

There is no justification whatever for the statement that Spencer was "all brains and no heart." He was not sentimental, but very sensitive. Of course the accomplishment of his life's work did absorb the greatest part of his energy, including his emotional energy, and a man carrying such a burden on his shoulders could not be expected to run errands for others.

As in the case of Leonardo da Vinci, the predominance of his intellectual concerns partly explains his sexual indifference, which overwhelming interests of another sort could but aggravate, as they became more engrossed in their work. At any rate, Spencer does not seem to have ever experienced love. When he was twenty, he came nearer to it than ever before or afterward, but this little encounter seems very shadowy indeed and would not even be quoted in the biography of a more normal person. Later, while he was editing the *Economist*, he often took to the theatre, to share his free tickets, a young girl (she was a year older than he) who then enjoyed some small notoriety for her translation of Strauss's

"Life of Jesus." They saw a great deal of one another, but although there is no woman for whom Spencer ever had a higher esteem, there is no warrant for the statement that they ever were in love. Leaving temperament aside, maybe if Spencer had had a little more imagination and pluck, they would have married. And just try to imagine what would have happened if Herbert Spencer and George Eliot had been man and wife! Pity that such experiments are impossible and that each life is definitive. Anyhow, I do not think, as far as I know them both, that Spencer would have made her happy; at least he could not have inspired her as deeply as did, later, George Henry Lewes.

It is very interesting to compare Spencer and Comte, and I love to bring them together in the field of my memory. Spencer did not like allusions to Comte apropos of himself, and he refused to own any indebtedness to his illustrious predecessor. It is true that he never made a formal study of Comte's works, yet he knew more of them than he was himself conscious of, as the result of his conversations with his friends, chiefly George Eliot and George Lewes, who were at one time enthusiastic followers of the French philosopher. They certainly had many opportunities of imparting to Spencer, willy-nilly, the gist of Comte's ideas.

However different the great Frenchman and the great Englishman were, they had very much in common. First of all their encyclopædic ideal, then their heroic faith and tenacity amidst untoward circumstances, their intolerance and dogmatism, their independence, their lack of those softening qualities which make men lovable. They attached a paramount importance to the study of sociology and positive polity, but they clearly saw that no real advance can be made which is not preceded by a moral transformation. They both asserted themselves in a similar way. Auguste Comte wrote the first sketch of his "Course of Positive Philosophy" in 1826, and the course itself was the labor of the next sixteen years; Spencer launched his manifesto in 1860, and working far more slowly, it took him more than double this time to produce the whole of his own synthesis.

Although both saw the importance of historical methods, they still have in com-

mon an extraordinary lack of historical sense. I am thinking of Comte, the philosopher—not of the prophet of his latter days, who, jumping to the other extreme, made of history a sort of religion. Before that, he does not seem to have grasped any more clearly than Spencer that genuine synthetic knowledge must comprehend the whole past of knowledge as well as its latest stages. Knowledge indeed is not something fixed and rigid, neither is it perfect; it is an ever-progressing organism whose meaning can only be understood by him who knows its origin and its inner life. Comte saw well enough that the history of intellectual development is the key to social evolution, but he did not see that it is also a master-key to synthetic knowledge. Spencer generously spent considerable sums for the elaboration of his "Descriptive Sociology," wherein the chronological sequence of events is faithfully abided by; yet what one might call his historical blindness was appalling. Nothing is more pitiful, nothing more calculated to make one doubt of his genius, than the meagre notes he wrote while travelling in Egypt and Italy; to him the past was dead.

In my sketch of Spencer's life, I hope I have made it clear how ill prepared he was for the great undertaking upon which he had set his heart. At first view it seems unbelievable that he could do as much as he did with such inadequate equipment. In fact, he was not by any means as ignorant as one would expect such a poor student to be. If he had but few opportunities of systematic research or set studies, he had plenty, in his miscellaneous readings and his talks at the Athenæum or in the streets with the most distinguished of his contemporaries, to gather in a substantial amount of first-class information. His sharp and ready mind could make the most of the vaguest hint. Being endowed with a real genius for synthesis and possessing a complete system of knowledge, he could at the same time keep out all superfluous information, and let in, and classify at once, all that which was pertinent to his purpose.

In short, Spencer's mind was a genuine encyclopædic mind. The relative smallness of his knowledge was largely compensated by its congruity. The contemplation of such a mind helps one better

than any explanation to understand what synthetic or encyclopædic knowledge actually is. It is not a mere accumulation of disconnected facts and theories. There are men who know thousands of facts, but have no skill in ordering them, no hooks in their brains to hang them on. The disintegrated knowledge of these men, of whom good people often speak as being very learned, is as remote from synthetic knowledge as crass ignorance. Knowledge is synthetic to the extent that it is unified, congruous, and the result of an organic growth. It cannot be obtained by mere juxtaposition of odd bits, but only by a slow digestion and re-elaboration of all the materials which the mind selects and absorbs.

Nevertheless, the lack of a systematic training at the outset of his life was to Spencer a considerable and, to a large extent, an irretrievable handicap. Genius cannot entirely make up for the absence of the fundamental technique which can only be properly acquired when one is young. It is astounding that, barring such as were unavoidable at the time of his writing, there are not more errors in Spencer's philosophy, and that there is so much truth—truth of his day and prophetic truth—in a system resting on such a fragile foundation. Indeed the amount of active substance which his works contain is unusually great; an excellent proof of this is afforded by the extraordinary influence they exerted upon the intellectual development of the end of the nineteenth century.

The unification of knowledge is the more necessary that knowledge becomes more complex and specialized. If nobody had the courage to attempt it, the scientific world would soon become a new Tower of Babel. There are already too many specialists who know what they are doing hardly more than bees do. They work faithfully in their little corner, and their work is very useful. But science is far more than the sum of their fragmentary efforts. The growth of science is essentially an organic growth. That means that at least a few people must take the trouble to digest and assimilate the whole of it, in order to co-ordinate and to unify it. They may err; nay, they are bound to err ever and anon; but where one will err, the next one will go

straight. It is so that everything progresses.

If encyclopædic efforts were abandoned, the amount of scientific facts and little theories might go on increasing indefinitely, but science would perish. The same is equally true of every human activity. Everywhere synthetic and centripetal endeavors must counterbalance the more special and centrifugal ones, lest the whole fabric of life be ruined and fall to pieces. Business men, for instance, have a very clear notion of this, and in proportion as they standardize and specialize their industries, they are careful to provide co-ordinating agencies to keep the complete body together.

But many will hasten to object: "Encyclopædic knowledge, however desirable it may be, has become impossible. Science is becoming vaster every day and men do not seem to grow bigger. Indeed they seem smaller than they were in the past. There are no more Aristotles, and if one of these giants were to come back, the immensity of accumulated knowledge would make him feel like a pigmy. However narrow be the field one has chosen, one finds it impossible to encompass and to exhaust it. How then could it be possible to know the whole of science?" Their argument seems peremptory. Yet it is a fallacy based on the assumption that the whole of science is greater than any one of its parts. This is wrong, for when the parts and the whole are infinite, they are of equal size. It is just as difficult to know the history of France, or say the history of Paris, as the history of the world, because both undertakings are equally endless.

It is true that science is becoming more complex every day, but it is also becoming simpler and more harmonious in proportion that synthetic knowledge increases, that is, that more general relations are discovered. It is this very fact which makes encyclopædic efforts still possible. In some respects one might even say that such efforts are easier now than they were before because the very progress of science enables one to contemplate its development from a higher point of view. The synthetic philosopher who has taken the pains to understand the most difficult parts of science and to climb, so to say, to its summit, enjoys the

same advantage as a traveller who can view a whole country from the top of a mountain. No longer do the fantastically shaped hills, the crooked valleys, the deep and mysterious forests delude him; he sees them all from above in their correct relations. Of course he does not know every plant of every nook as does the plant-hunter, nor every insect as the zoologist, nor every stone of the rocks as the prospector. His knowledge is different. This suggests another reason for the possibility of encyclopædic knowledge. Such knowledge indeed is not necessarily vaster than any specialized knowledge, because he who undertakes to master it does not attempt to know, or at least to store in his memory, facts of the same kind. Many of the generalizations which the special investigator has reached at the cost of enormous pains are only elementary facts to the encyclopædist. It is easy enough for the map-maker to draw on his map a new river, to discover the true course of which many men have spent their lives; it is not more difficult for the encyclopædist to register new scientific facts and ideas, each of which is the fruit of considerable ingenuity and endless toil.

Yet most men prefer to stand on the solid ground of immediate experience. Their habits of work increase their timidity, and before long the most circumspect endeavors to organize empirical knowledge seem to them adventurous. It is perhaps chiefly as a contrast with this timidity that undertakings like Spencer's take heroic proportions.

There is a touch of heroism in them, because there is indeed a touch of adventure. Special research is generally less disappointing, for it brings immediate results and moral comfort. The astronomer who sets our clocks right and the chemist who prepares our dyes are just as conscious of their usefulness as the baker is; no doubts will prey on their minds. Again, to put neatly written cards in a drawer, or to classify endless rows of insects or shells, and then to write long memoirs in which every one of them is fastidiously described, will bring peace and happiness to many people. They well know that they are working for eternity, because it is they who bring together the materials of which any scien-

tific synthesis is made. In the course of time many an edifice will be built with these materials; the buildings will pass, the materials will remain. Most scientists do not go beyond this; they prepare and collect material; they do not build. I suppose they obey a true instinct. They are quickly troubled with giddiness. They are right in refusing to go farther; they are wrong when they say that everybody is dizzy when they are.

The proof that synthetic studies are not necessarily more difficult than others, for one who has the proper constitution, is that Spencer, whose systematic training was so poor and who could not work more than two or three hours a day, succeeded so well. He succeeded because of the synthetic power of his mind, but also because of his indomitable will, of his tenacity, of his faith.

And Spencer's relative success gives one much hope, for it is easy to conceive a man having his synthetic grasp, his faith, and far more systematic knowledge and physical endurance. One has only to think of a Spencer endowed with a greater reserve of health and a competence which would have enabled him in his youth to pursue long university studies and to master the rudiments and the technique of many sciences. One may object that Spencer's audacity was partly the result of his ignorance. That is plausible. Ignorance has been more than once a source of inspiration; on the other hand, knowledge is always a heavy burden to bear. Many are so overburdened that they can hardly move. But again we may conceive a man strong enough to accumulate a great deal of experience, and yet to remain imaginative and young and keep a clear vision of his purpose.

In this centenary of Spencer's birthday, let us think of him with gratefulness, not so much for the knowledge which he added to ours, as for the example of moral courage and of faith which he gave us. He helped us to understand the nature and the desirability of synthetic science, to realize its possibility and to keep alive the need and the love of it.

As long as there are men who care not simply for material results, but yearn for unified and harmonious knowledge, the memory of Herbert Spencer will be revered.

CAN AN EDITOR BE A GENTLEMAN?

By One of Them

"O admirable rare! He cannot choose but be a gentleman that has these excellent gifts."
—*Every Man Out of His Humour.*



MEMORY of old *Tribune* days persists vivid. The man leaving the editor's room had all the marks upon him of the irate subscriber or the indignant libellee. At the door he turned and said: "Well, Mr. Greeley, I at least expect you to act about this as a gentleman would." Instantly came the reply, in the thin, shrill voice: "Who in — ever said that I was a gentleman?"

Horace Greeley did not mean by this, or any other outburst, to stamp himself boor or rowdy. It was the conventional idea of "gentleman" at which he exploded. Not for him the correct garments and the fastidious tastes and the formal manners which some wore as a polite mask. Where were such artificial beings when Adam delved and Eve span? Greeley would have heartily agreed with William James in maintaining that, whatever God is, He is "no gentleman." But honor, truth, generosity, considerateness—these and like gentlemanly qualities the editor of the *Tribune* would have asserted to be his, and woe betide the man who challenged his possession of them! Yet his quizzical question somehow bridges the years in its professional suggestions. Editors no longer fight duels, or apply or suffer the horsewhip, but the doubt exists, even in these days of more elegant manners, whether he who controls a newspaper is or can be a gentleman. Only the other day, Mr. Austen Chamberlain stood up in the House of Commons and affirmed of the greatest newspaper proprietor in the world—Lord Northcliffe—that he had acted "not only in a way in which patriotic citizens would not act in war-time, but in a way in which gentlemen did not act at any time."

Let it be understood that no questions are here raised about editors in private life. There their behavior may be be-

yond reproach. It is only as public characters that they offer a case for moral inquiry. An editor, *qua* editor, may act like a ruffian. He may arrive in New York a journalistic cowboy, and proceed to shoot up Fifth Avenue so as to make people—but, unhappily, not the police—turn to look at him. Yet when he has cashed in his offensive notorieties and brutalities, he may become a philanthropist in a small way, a patron of art, a companion of the cultivated. Even then, however, the newspaper through which he has made his money, and for the conduct of which he is responsible, goes on its shrieking way. The quiet gentleman of private life could not be recognized in the foaming and swashbuckling editor.

Leaving exceptional and offensive cases to one side, the whole newspaper calling is exposed to one weakness, or vice, inconsistent with the instincts of a true gentleman. It is boastfulness. "'E don't advertise," was said of Lord Roberts, but the editor does and must advertise himself, unblushingly, as it were, by the very necessity of his profession. He seeks to make his words carry weight. Therefore he must constantly assume or assert that they do carry immense weight. One laughs at the North Dakota editor of a weekly paper who congratulated his readers, and patted himself on the back, because Lloyd George had taken the exact advice given him in the previous issue. But is this essentially different from the self-praise of great dailies? It is sought to do the thing impersonally. It is the paper, not the editor, that is exalted. Thus *Le Petit Parisien* carries at the head of its first page the announcement that it has "le plus fort tirage des journaux du monde entier." Jump to Chicago and you find the — of that city calmly proclaiming itself every day "the world's greatest newspaper." The editor would shrink from declaring that he was the

greatest on earth; yet he unhesitatingly does it by proxy. One editor sees the point and blazons his own personal talents and achievements. He places at the top of the columns of *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* of New York a long list of his titles to fame and to the respect and gratitude of his subscribers. This is at least franker than the slightly veiled bragging of *Le Petit Parisien* and the —.

The moral needs no arguing. Gentlemen do not boast of their own mighty deeds. They do not go about the streets bearing placards to notify the public that a wonderful man is passing. It is true, doubtless, that complacent thoughts sometimes enter the gentlemanly mind. Carlyle walks in Hyde Park and says to himself that not one of the haughty blue-bloods riding there could do the work that he is doing. But he merely whispers this to himself. He does not shout it from the housetops. So James Russell Lowell strolling in the Prado could pause to think that though he could not speak the Spanish overheard on all sides, he knew more of its history and literature than any of the passers-by. But, being a gentleman, he merely pondered these things and kept them in his own heart; he did not collar the astonished Madrileños and vaunt himself greater than any of them. But an editor, it would seem, must boast or burst.

Thus brutally he, naturally, does not put the thing. He tries to persuade himself that it is only in his public function that he preens his wings in the popular gaze. It is influence that he seeks, and does not the poet say that power clings to him who power asserts? Privately, he would blush to pose before a mirror in self-admiration. But how, if posing and boasting are the surest means to make his newspaper taken as an oracle? That comes pretty near making it a public duty to brag. Only so can an editor command attention to his views, bear his due part in shaping social reform and the policies of parties. It is a subtle and tempting distinction, but it only takes one back to the point made previously, that the question is not of the editor's bearing in private life, but precisely as a

man "affected with a public interest." As such, can he be a gentleman? Not if the exigencies of his profession continually call upon him to do what no gentleman, out of it, would think of doing. Gentlemen are not blatant about their own transcendent merits.

Take the matter of pudding and praise. An editor feels compelled to print with gusto every compliment his paper receives. Here, again, an insinuating casuistry is employed to make the excuse. It is not that he would, individually, go smirking down the street and proclaiming in a loud voice to all and sundry that he had just been told by a good authority that he had written the best article that had appeared in ten years. Such blabbing and boasting would be abhorrent to any man of refinement. But the editor hides himself behind his newspaper and repeats with a megaphone every tribute paid to him. To do it is only a commonplace of newspaper editing. But the inference is unavoidable that such editing goes dead against a fundamental gentlemanly instinct.

Are there not, however, newspapers "edited by gentlemen for gentlemen"? That phrase, it is usually forgotten, was only a part of poor Captain Shandon's magnificent "blurb" for the projected *Pall Mall Gazette*. Its author was in a debtor's prison, and by "gentlemen" he meant the English aristocracy whose thoughts and interests, he, the Irish penny-a-liner laid by the heels, was ready nobly to interpret. It is surely a sardonic reflection that this motto of a few higher-grade newspapers had its origin in burlesque and braggadocio. It seems impossible to get away from the mischief. Even the part of the press that is clean and reputable cannot escape. If it is gentlemanly to flaunt one's talents and magnify one's achievements, then an editor can be a gentleman. Otherwise, not. And in this essential quality there is really no difference between Jefferson Brick or Mr. Pott, of the *Eatonswill Gazette*, and the editor, whoever he be, who brings himself to herald his own prowess or advertise the "enormous power" of his newspaper.



The officers' ladies invariably stopped to listen when he blew church call on Sunday mornings.—Page 705.

THE BUGLER

By Gene Markey

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. E. HILL

OLD DADDY MELVIN, ranking duty sergeant of F Company of the Nineteenth Infantry, sauntered leisurely down the company street in front of the barracks. An unusual bustle pervaded the place. The up-stairs barrack windows were crowded with men exchanging lively badinage with a little group below them, who had been discharged from the service that afternoon, and who were waiting with their blue barrack-bags for the army truck which was to carry them to the train. Apart from the rest sat old Pumpley, the bugler, enthroned on

his stuffed barrack-bag, his disinterested gaze straying out over the dreary expanse of Texas country which lay to the eastward.

Daddy Melvin stopped in front of Pumpley and stared down at him, his hands thrust deep in his breeches' pockets, his wrinkled jaws working silently at a generous portion of Picnic Twist.

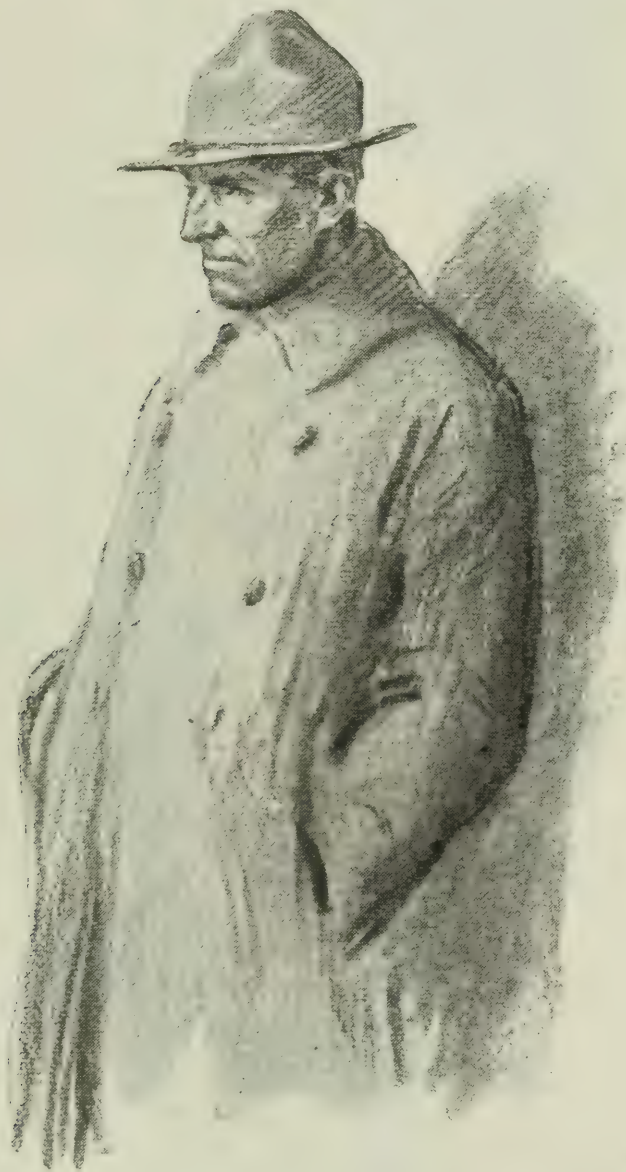
"Wa-al," prefaced the sergeant, "all set to go, be ye?"

There are still a few men of the old army left. It is their boast that they were of the old army, and they speak a language all their own, which defies the grammars.

"All set, sergeant," replied the bugler. "Jest a-waitin' fer the truck now."

Sergeant Melvin regarded him intently. Old Pumpley was a general favorite in the Nineteenth Infantry. He

was jealous of Pumpley's popularity, was forced to admit that. You could always tell by the mellowness of the notes when Pumpley was blowing first call of a morning or taps at night, and the of-



"This here Texas cold an' damp gits me in the laigs."—Page 706.

was rather short and thin, but he carried himself like a soldier; his face was wrinkled and tanned a deep brown, his eyes close set and faded blue, his hair and mustache a yellowish gray. He had been a bugler since '98; had never wanted to be anything else; perhaps he would not have been a success at anything else, but no one could deny that he was a good bugler. Even the bugler-sergeant, who

was jealous of Pumpley's popularity, was forced to admit that. You could always tell by the mellowness of the notes when Pumpley was blowing first call of a morning or taps at night, and the of-

ficers' ladies invariably stopped to listen when he blew church call on Sunday mornings. Then, too, in his own company Pumpley was universally liked. He was an old-timer with a never-failing supply of army lore. New recruits were wont to listen respectfully when he recounted tales of the early days in the Philippines, and old soldiers listened as well, for they knew that Pumpley had

been there, and, too, he was an excellent raconteur. But now old Pumpley, who had never been out of the army a day since '98, had applied for a discharge to go back and help his mother on the farm, and this afternoon he was waiting with the other discharged soldiers for the motor-truck which was to carry them to the train.

"Ye'll be back 'fore long, Pumpley," prophesied Sergeant Melvin sagely, squinting at the descending sun. "Betche an'thing ye wanta bet 'at ye'll be back."

"No, sergeant," drawled Pumpley, "don't think as how I will. Ain't never wanted out b'fore, but reckon I'll stay out this time. Gittin' too old. This here Texas cold an' damp gits me in the laigs. Ain't none too good fer m' rheumatism neither. I ain't as spry as I was the first time I run acrost you." And old Pumpley smiled, a wrinkled smile.

There is something about the service that ages men. It may be the tropics . . . but after a man has been in ten years he begins to regard himself as an old soldier, and you will rarely see an old soldier who doesn't look ten years older than he really is.

"I 'member that," nodded Daddy Melvin. "Yes, sir, I 'member the first time ever I see ye. Down in Luzon, it was, near San Mateo. You was bugler-orderly fer ole Colonel Bullard. See b' the paper they jest made him a loo-tenant gen'ral the other day. Dad-gum! I 'member *him* when he was a captain."

"They sure do go high now'days," observed Pumpley.

"Yes, sir," continued the sergeant, "I 'member him when he was a captain. He was m' comp'ny commander. See 'im one night at retreat a-dressin' the line. 'That fourth man down,' he says, 'shift that there chew o' tobacco from yer right cheek t' yer left. Can't dress the line till ye do!' He was the greatest feller ever I see—allus a-pullin' off somethin' like that."

There was a moment's silence. Old Daddy Melvin hated to see Pumpley go. He had confided as much to First Sergeant Lahey a few minutes before, but he would never in the world have told Pumpley himself.

The screen-door of the kitchen banged violently and Richey, the fat, gray-haired cook, came waddling out, clad in his customary apparel, an issue under-shirt, white trousers, and a not-so-white apron. He was puffing at a short, black corn-cob pipe as he came, and wiping his hands on his apron. Fifteen years before he and Pumpley had soldiered together in the Third Infantry, and there existed a strong bond of friendship between them.

"Wa-al, Richey, I'm a-leavin' ye," said Pumpley with a wrinkled smile.

"Train go thith afthnoon?" lisped old Richey, who was minus most of his front teeth.

"Goes as soon as they git us on 'er," replied the bugler.

Old Richey grinned broadly, displaying his toothless gums.

"Bet ye'll be back with uth thoon," he chuckled, then put out his fat brown hand. "Well, I got to git back. I'll thay g'by to ye, Pumpley." They clasped hands. "An' I wisth ye luck!"

"Luck to you, too, Richey," drawled Pumpley, and shook the fat hand hard. "Luck to you."

"But juth the thame, I bet ye'll be back with uth thoon," chuckled Richey, and waddled off to his kitchen, where he reigned supreme over three other cooks and half a dozen kitchen police.

You will rarely find any display of sentiment in the ranks, but these old soldiers who had been comrades in the days of the old army felt the parting more keenly than they cared to admit.

There was a sudden stir among the crowd of men who were leaving.

"*Shun!*" called one of them loudly. Lieutenant Ross, beloved of every man in F Company, was coming. Old Pumpley got to his feet with alacrity, came to attention and saluted smartly.

"All ready to go, are you, Pumpley?" said the lieutenant, walking up.

"Yes, sir," grinned Pumpley, who adored him. "All ready, I guess, sir."

"I'm sorry to see you leave the company."

"Wa-al, sir," the old bugler looked away, "I figgered it all out, an' I guess it's the thing to do, all right. Ye know, sir, I ain't never see my old mother sence I run away an' 'listed in '98."



Richey, the fat, gray-haired cook, came waddling out.—Page 706.

"Let's see," said the officer. "Doesn't your mother live on a farm up in Oklahoma some place?"

"Yes, sir, lives on a little place up north of Atoka. I got to thinkin' lately that mebbe I ain't used 'er right . . . ain't never wrote to 'er . . . dunno as

she knows I'm livin'. I *ain't* used 'er right, loo-tenant, an' I'm a-goin' back t' try an' make up fer the time I ben away."

"I see," mused the subaltern; then: "Do you think you'll be satisfied out of the service?"

"Jes' whut I was a-tellin' 'im, sir,"

ventured Sergeant Melvin, shifting his Picnic Twist hastily, "*I* tole 'im *I* bet he'd be *back!*"

Old Pumpley smiled.

"Wa-al, sir," he drawled, "*I* ben a-windjammin' fer over twenty year now, an' *I* figger *I*'m a-gittin' too old fer it. In the old army a windjammer never done nothin' but blew a bugle, but with this here new style war he's got to *run* all day deliverin' messages. *I* think *I* c'd do better on the farm. What does the loo-tenant think?"

The lieutenant looked away. He was very fond of old Pumpley, who, like Sergeant Melvin, had been with the company when he had first joined it from West Point.

"*I* don't like to see you go, Pumpley," he said, "but if you think you'll be happier outside, why, perhaps it's best. Is your mother expecting you?"

"Wa-al, no, sir, she ain't. *I* thought as how *I*'d kinda drop in an' s'prise her. Reckon she'll be some s'prised t' see me. . . ."

A rising shout from the barrack windows announced that the truck was coming, and a few seconds later it lumbered up to the F Company street and came to a groaning stop. Already the men were piling in, clutching the blue barrack bags that contained all their earthly possessions.

"Wa-al," said Pumpley, putting out a gnarled, sun-browned hand, "*I*'ll say g'by t' the loo-tenant, *I* guess."

Lieutenant Ross took the hand and shook it firmly.

"Good-by, Pumpley," he said, "and good luck

to you. If you do get tired of the farm, let me know and *I*'ll try to get you back with F Company."

"Thank ye, sir," said the bugler. "Ef *I* was t' stay in *I*'d like nothin' better than t' stay with the loo-tenant." Then, a bit embarrassed at his own brazen display of sentiment, he turned hastily and shook Sergeant Melvin's hand. First Sergeant Lahey had come up, with the mess sergeant and two corporals.

"Luck to you, Pumpley," said the first sergeant; who was Irish, and the tallest man in the regiment. "*I*'ll bet you a bottle of Bevo you'll be back before a month is up. *I*'ve see 'em go out before, an' they allus come back!"

The departing bugler shook his head and forced a smile. Now that the actual moment of leaving F Company had arrived he found it more difficult than he had anticipated. A lump rose in his throat (unheard-of occurrence!) and there was a suspicion of a mist in his eyes as he shook hands silently with the others who had come to bid him good-by, then, with a jerky salute in the direction of Lieutenant Ross, he shouldered his barrack bag and made off toward the truck. They had saved a place for him on the seat beside the driver. He climbed in and the truck roared into motion and down the street, amid a general shouting and waving of hands. You will find that farewells in the army are usually effected in high spirits . . . the sadness and regrets follow later, for there is no comradeship like the comradeship of the barracks.



"Well, it ain't Broad-way, but it sure ain't such a hell of a sight worse 'n Oklahoma."—Page 710.

II

As the troop-train rumbled along through desolate stretches of Oklahoma country, past wind-whipped fields of last year's cotton, past sordid little villages with muddy streets, old Pumpley, the bugler, had a world of time for introspection.

The other men in his coach were

annoyed by the man with the banjo. He felt that he must be getting old. These men had not travelled on troop-trains as often as he had. Indeed, many of them had never been off their own farms until the war called, or—worse—until the draft hauled. As for Pumpley, *he* had travelled. He was far more at home in Manila or Honolulu than he would have been on his own mother's farm; he had



The men from F Company hung out of the windows of their coach shouting farewells to him.—Page 711.

riotously happy at the prospect of freedom. In the centre of the car a large and scarcely quiet game of blackjack was in progress; at the far end a crowd was gathered around a lanky Arkansas mule-skinner, who entertained with a banjo and sang many verses of "The Hesitation Blues," some of them not quite puritanical in content but apparently highly popular. The coach reeked with stale tobacco-smoke and those indefinable odors which prevail in restricted spaces where men have remained overnight without removing their clothes.

For the past twenty years troop-trains had offered no novelty to Pumpley. Playing blackjack on a train no longer appealed to him, and he was distinctly

been all over the United States; had been to Alaska twice, twice to the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands; had been stationed two years in the Canal Zone; had been through the Suez Canal and was acquainted with the famed wickedness of Port Said; four times he had spent a week in Japan when the Philippines-bound transports had touched at Nagasaki; in short, he was a cosmopolite of the old army.

The old army . . . it had been his home, his life . . . but now he was through with it. It might have been different had the Nineteenth gotten to France, but the signing of the armistice had found the historic old regiment still wasting away in Texas. Pumpley had



One of the kitchen police, paring potatoes, saw him first. "It's Pumpley," he shouted. "He's back agin."—Page 713.

once heard Lieutenant Ross say jokingly that Texas was the graveyard of a military career, and Pumpley firmly believed it.

"Ef they'd only move us," he had told First Sergeant Lahey, "I wouldn't mind it so much, but it gits my goat to see 'em a-sendin' all these here drafted ay-rabs t' France, an' me, with twenty years' service an' three campaigns, still in *Texas!* I ain't ben outa Texas sence nineteen an' fourteen, when they stuck us in that there Second Division at Galves-ton."

"Well, it ain't Broad-way," the first sergeant had replied, "but it sure ain't

such a hell of a sight worse 'n Oklahoma, Pumpley!"

But the old bugler had made up his mind that he wanted a change, and now he was on his way home. . . . To the old farm, with its unpainted buildings, its meagre patch of cotton, its weedy garden and general aspect of dreariness. . . .

Pumpley sighed. In his heart he had a vague feeling that he was doing something noble in returning to care for his mother during her declining years—felt that he was making a laudable sacrifice. But Daddy Melvin and the first sergeant and Richey, the cook, had apparently failed to see anything noble in his mo-

tive for getting out; they had prophesied that he would not be able to stay away from the army.

Pumpley wondered if they could be right, wondered if he *would* be able to stay away, and his thoughts danced back through the memories of his twenty years of soldiering . . . nights under the tropic stars on outpost duty in the far-away Philippines, with enough excitement to keep you awake, for you never knew when the little brown men with naked bolos were creeping up on you through the bamboo; the lazy pleasures of garrison life at different posts in the States—before they took beer away from the soldiers; the sumptuous company dinners every Thanksgiving, the jolly Christmases at Honolulu, Colon, Fort Sheridan, Vancouver Barracks—wherever the regiment happened to be stationed; the care-free life, with good pals all around you—this was the army: he loved it all. It was in his blood.

Now that the excitement of leaving had passed, he felt a distinct sensation of emptiness in his heart, a vague longing for something that was gone.

III

THE troop-train slowly gathered momentum and drew out of the station, leaving Pumpley standing with his blue barrack bag on the platform, waving half-heartedly back at the men from F Company who hung out of the windows of their coach shouting farewells to him. A moment later the train was gone, and Pumpley turned slowly, shouldered his barrack bag and trudged up the hill.

There it was, the same little town he had left twenty years before. There were a few changes, of course. Jed Farrell's harness-shop, for instance, had given way to a brick drug store with a glittering front. Pumpley paused and looked in the window. Of the people at the counters he recognized no one, so he continued on his way.

The sun had set, and it was growing dark as he turned down the main street, searching every face that passed for a glimpse of a boyhood friend, until slowly the realization came to him that he was a stranger here. He walked along.

Ahead of him stood the old hotel on its familiar corner, and he turned in, mounted the rickety wooden steps, and entered the dim office. There were a few loungers sitting around the stove, but Pumpley recognized none of them. He approached the desk. Old Mr. Barnes, the proprietor, grayer and more stooped, but the same Mr. Barnes, looked up as Pumpley set down his barrack bag.

"Reckon ye don't recollect me, Mr. Barnes," he said, extending his hand.

The hotel man scrutinized his features keenly through his spectacles, a toothpick moving rapidly in his tobacco-stained beard.

"Ye got the best o' me, m' friend."

"George Pumpley. Used t' live here. M' mother's Letty Viners—lives on the old Whipple place north o' here. 'Member me now, Mr. Barnes? Ain't ben here sence 'ninety-eight. Went in the army."

There was a pause, then the hotel man smiled recognition.

"O-oh, ye-as—George Pumpley. Ye-as, 'member ye now. Glad t' see ye." They shook hands again. "You ain't ben here in nigh on t' twenty year!"

"I was a-thinkin' as how I c'd git a rig from you t' drive out t' the place to-night," said the bugler, leaning on the desk.

"To-night?" repeated Mr. Barnes, removing the toothpick. "Know the folks 'at live there now, do ye?"

"Somebody live with m' mother?"

The loungers by the stove were listening attentively.

"Yer mother?" with surprise.

"Why—yes," said old Pumpley, with a vague sense of uneasiness.

The innkeeper straightened up.

"Mean t' tell me ye don't know?"

"Know what?"

Mr. Barnes looked away, squinting through his spectacles.

"Why . . . yer mother," he said huskily, "yer mother's ben dead six year!"

Pumpley stared at him.

"Dead?" he echoed.

The old man behind the desk nodded silently.

"Dead," repeated Pumpley, looking at the floor. "Well. . . ."

"Never heard?" asked Mr. Barnes.

"Nobody never wrote me. Reckon

nobody knew where I was at. Ain't never wrote home m'self. Well. . . ."

But Pumpley of the old army was not an emotionalist. His years of knocking about the world had tarnished the gentler side of his nature, but in his little close-set eyes there was a dumb look, as if something had happened which he could not understand. He looked up at the hotel man.

"Reckon I won't need that rig," he said slowly, and walked over to the big chair in the window. The loungers by the stove resumed their conversation and Mr. Barnes selected a fresh toothpick from a little glass by the register.

The street outside was quite dark now. Occasionally a hurrying figure passed the hotel window, glanced in and passed on. These people had homes to go to. The bugler sat staring out into the darkness. He had been a wanderer for twenty years—a veritable outcast from his home, and now he had returned to find that the home had ceased to exist. That was all. . . .

Over the desk a garrulous clock gossiped of the passing minutes, until at length the loungers by the stove rose and took themselves off. Mr. Barnes began to write with a very scratchy pen.

A great loneliness surged up in Pumpley's heart. The home that he had expected to find was not here and the realization of it brought bitter regret. His thoughts strayed back to the Nineteenth Infantry and centred about F Company's barracks. He found himself wondering what the men would be doing about this time. Six-thirty. Supper was over, and the fellows who were going down to San Antonio for the evening would have borrowed the necessary funds and departed; Daddy Melvin and his other cronies would, no doubt, be gathered about the victrola in the lower squad-room, while Sergeant O'Mera played one of his favorite Irish records; in the orderly-room First Sergeant Lahey and Roberts, the company clerk, would be smoking cigars and listening with tolerance to little Corporal Merritt's version of the loveliness of a certain young lady from Port Arthur, Texas; old Richey, the cook, would be smoking his black corn-cob pipe in his little bedroom off the kitchen, while the floor of the upper squad-room echoed

with the rattle of dice to the accompaniment of raucous voices. . . .

Pumpley the bugler stirred uneasily in his chair, and the gregarious instinct of the old army rose strong within him. These men were his pals, this barrack life was *his* life. He realized keenly now that he could never be happy away from it—never in the world!

Very slowly he rose and adjusted his battered campaign hat at the proper angle, then crossed to the desk. His mind was fully made up now.

"Is there a train outa here fer San Anton-ya to-night, Mr. Barnes?"

"Why, ye-as," said Mr. Barnes, toothpick a-dance in his beard. "There's an accommodation at eight-fifty. You pull-in' out agin?"

"Wa-al," said Pumpley slowly and with a smile, "think I'll take a run down there jest t' see how the boys is a-gittin' on!"

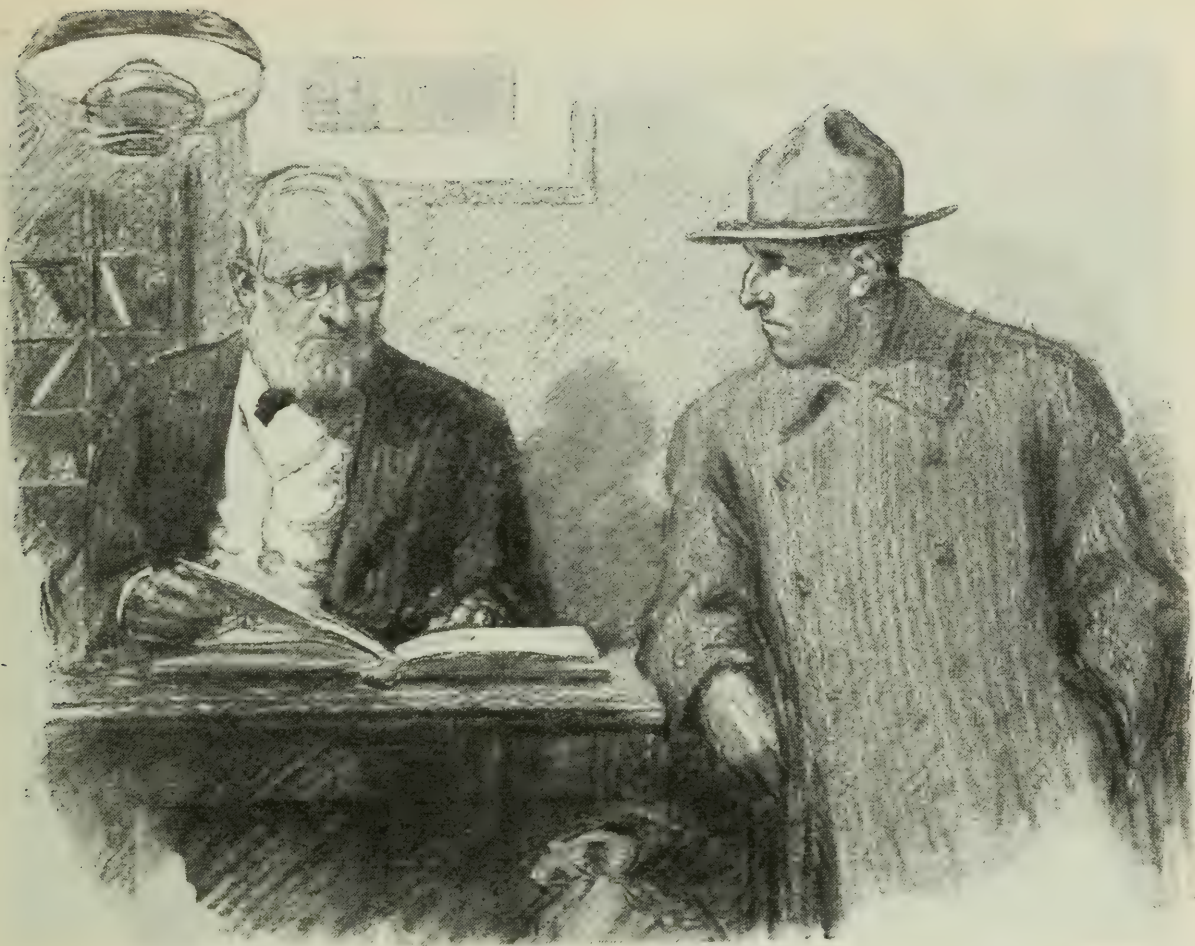
IV

It was Friday afternoon, and the barracks of F Company of the Nineteenth Infantry were in a state of laconic preparation for the regular Saturday morning inspection. Windows were being washed up stairs and down, bunks and bedding were arranged in neat rows outside to get the sun, and splashy sounds from inside indicated that floors were being mopped. By the kitchen steps three men in fatigue clothes were engaged in paring potatoes, but never so industriously that their labors interfered with their conversation.

Old Richey, the cook, came to the door to observe their progress.

"Hain't you fellerth got them p'ta-toeths done yet?" he lisped gruffly, for Richey always affected gruffness to the helpers in his kitchen. "Hellths bellths, one cookths polith in the old army wath worth a dothen like you!" and inside he went again, banging the screen door violently after him.

On the barrack steps sat Sergeant Melvin, cleaning his rifle with great care and precision. Occasionally he would spit tobacco juice with unerring aim at some distant object. In the window of the orderly-room First Sergeant Lahey leaned against the casement smoking a cigar and thinking of nothing in par-



"Is there a train outa here fer San Anton-ya to-night, Mr. Barnes?"—Page 712.

ticular. Below him on the ground knelt Roberts, the company clerk, scrubbing a canvas legging with a brush and soapsuds.

Suddenly around the corner of G Company's barrack came a soldier. He was an old soldier—you could tell that from the way he wore his clothes, and he carried over his shoulder a blue barrack-bag.

One of the kitchen police, paring potatoes, saw him first.

"It's Pumpley," he shouted. "He's back agin! A-a-ay, Pumpley!"

The men washing the up-stairs windows turned to stare, and the shout was taken up by others. Richey, the cook, came waddling from his kitchen and Daddy Melvin put down his rifle and rose with a wrinkled smile. From out of the orderly-room stalked the first sergeant. The company clerk left off scrubbing his canvas legging and rose with a whoop.

For it was indeed Pumpley, their beloved bugler. He had come back.

"I knew you couldn't keep away," shouted old Richey.

"Wa-al, dad-gum!" beamed Sergeant Melvin, gripping the bugler's hand. "Dad-gum! Glad t' see ye back, Pumpley!"

"What did I tell ye?" roared the first sergeant heartily. "*I* knew ye'd never stay away. I've see 'em go out before, an' they allus come back!"

"All you got to do," grinned the company clerk, "is t' draw yer blankets 'n' 'quipment over agin from the supply-room. Loo-tenant Ross said if you come back he could git you back 'n the comp'ny."

Old Pumpley the bugler put down his barrack-bag with a happy sigh. After all, this was his home. On his wrinkled brown face there was an incandescent smile.

"Wa-al, boys," he drawled, accepting with a trembling hand one of the first sergeant's cigars, "I ain't ben away such a hell of a long time, but I'm so glad t' git back 'at I'm glad I went! How long till mess call?"



Photograph by Paul L. Haworth.

We met two moose-hide boats.—Page 719.

TO THE QUADACHA COUNTRY AND MOUNT LLOYD GEORGE

By Paul L. Haworth

Author of "On the Headwaters of Peace River," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



IN 1916, with a French Canadian helper named Lavoie, I penetrated for several days into an unexplored region on the northern headwaters of Peace River, and saw but did not reach a great mountain and an immense ice-field, both of which I named after Premier Lloyd George.* The trip was a long and hard one, the country is harsh and forbidding, but the memory of that magnificent mountain and glittering ice-field filled my thoughts by day and my dreams by night

* See my book, "On the Headwaters of Peace River" (Scribners, 1917), and articles in *SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE* for June and July, 1917.

until the call proved too strong to be resisted. One day last August found me alighting from a Grand Trunk Pacific train on the upper Fraser River prepared to set out once more on the quest.

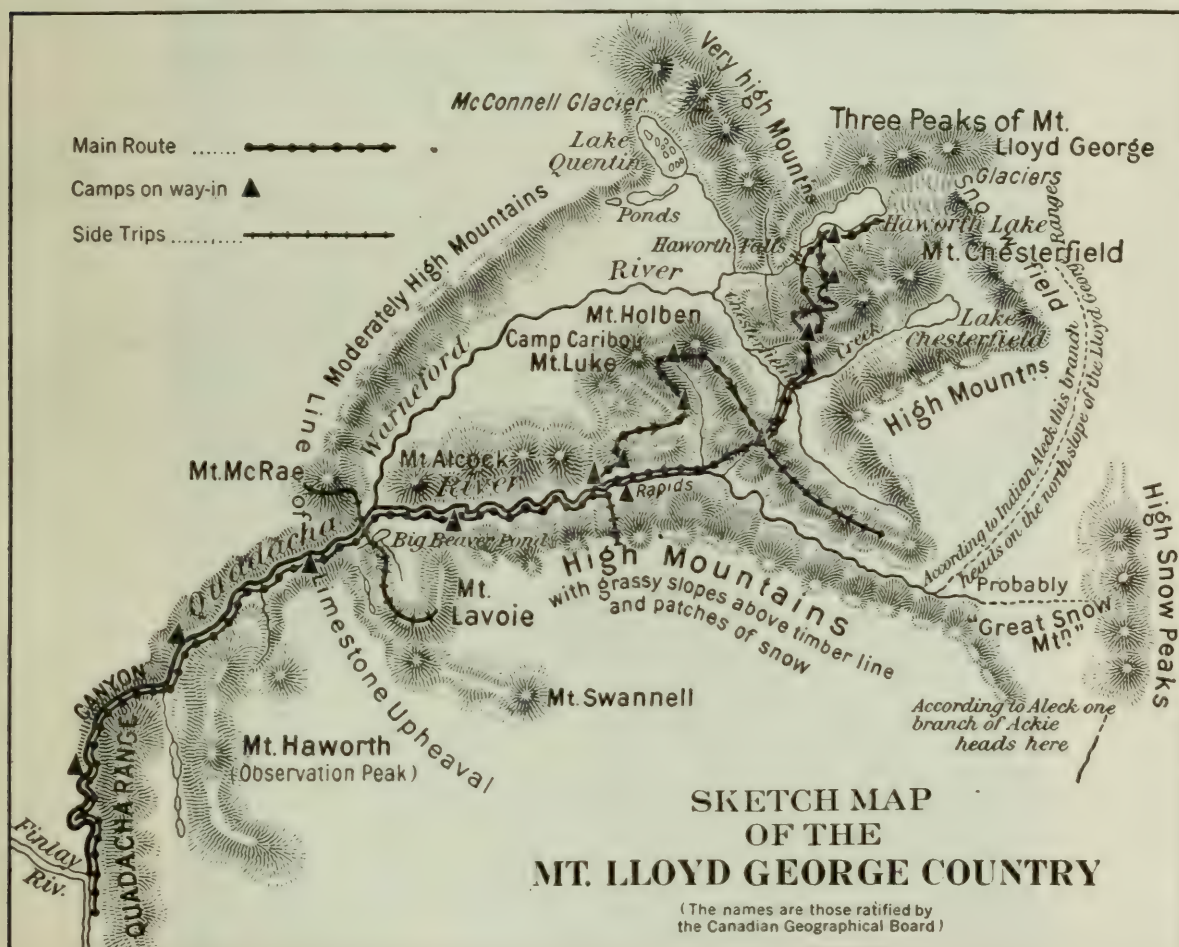
The river route to the goal was to be the same as in 1916, that is, down the Fraser to Giscome Portage, across the divide to Summit Lake, down the Crooked, Pack, and Parsnip Rivers to Finlay Forks, up Finlay River to the mouth of the Quadacha, or Whitewater, and up the last-mentioned stream into the unexplored region.

My companion was Doctor Alban P. Chesterfield, a young Detroit surgeon,

who had had considerable experience in the wilds of Ontario but who was making his first trip amid high mountains. At Summit Lake we had the good fortune to secure the services of George Holben, a husky young trapper, prospector, and Indian trader whom I had met at McLeod Lake on the previous trip. From Summit Lake as far as Finlay Forks we also had the company of a character well-known in the Hudson's Hope region, namely, "Dad"

soon had the misfortune to wet the magnet, after which the thing was altogether useless, so we left it at Summit Lake. This was unfortunate, for not only was the trip rendered much more laborious but we moved more slowly and lost valuable time.

We floated rather leisurely down delectable Crooked River, catching many rainbow and Dolly Varden trout and adding an occasional grouse or duck to the



Brennan, formerly a cook in the cow country of Montana but hailing originally from the Ozark hills. As Brennan had lost one eye and could not see any too well out of the other, he was glad to have one of us ride in his canoe and read the water for him; an arrangement that was also helpful to us, for our eighteen-foot canvas-covered canoe was heavily laden with food and other impedimenta.

We had started with an outboard motor, which we expected would prove very helpful on the long river trip, but it did not run right from the beginning, and we

larder. It was vitally necessary thus to supplement our commissariat, for the distance to be travelled was so great that it was impossible to take with us sufficient food for the trip. In fact, it may be said that we fished and shot our way to Mount Lloyd George.

Late one afternoon on Parsnip River, while riding in the bow of the foremost canoe, I happened to spy on a low-cut bank ahead a black object that presently resolved itself into a bear. Luckily the wind was favorable, and Bruin was busily engrossed in the pleasant work of raking

open ant-hills and licking up the inmates as they crawled over the ruins of their homes. Holben steered the canoe close inshore, and we drifted quietly down upon the unsuspecting plantigrade.

Doodle, who was only a pup, was wildly excited. It was his first opportunity to chew up and shake a bear, and he joyously made the most of it! Holben and I dragged the animal down on the beach,



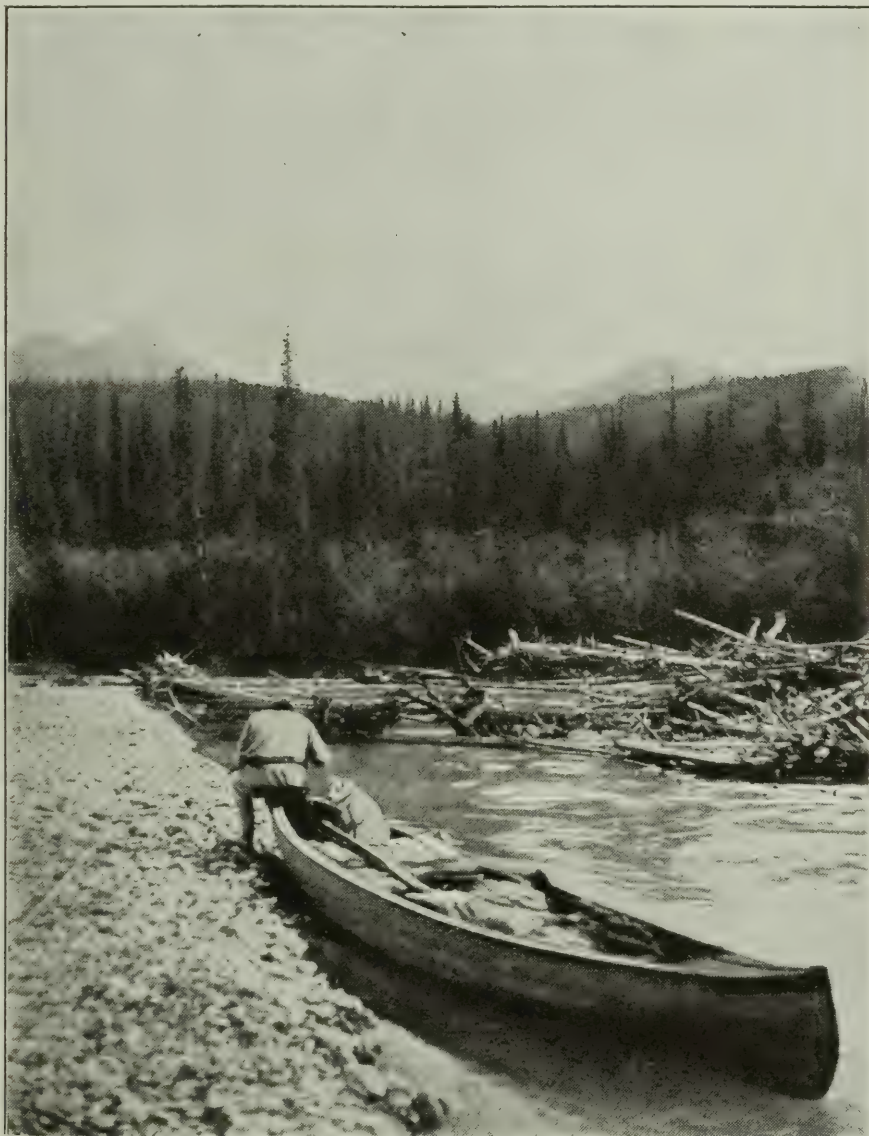
For half an hour those little dogs kept biting and gnawing away.—Page 717.

When we were within seventy yards the bear suddenly looked up. There was a thicket of willows only a jump away from him, and, knowing that in a moment he would bolt out of sight, I instantly let drive with my sporting Springfield. The bullet landed, but the bear half fell, half sprang, into the thicket. In a few moments Doodle, Holben's little twelve-pound fox-terrier, and I were ashore, but the soft-point bullet had done its work well and another shot was not required.

and just then the second canoe arrived. Kinky, Brennan's little fox-terrier, which was also a pup, at once sprang ashore and came running madly up to see what Doodle was barking at. But when she saw the bear and got a whiff of his wind, her stump of a tail went down and she hastily took refuge at the farther end of her master's canoe. However, we managed to convince her that there was no danger, and ultimately she joined Doodle in the exciting work of shaking the bear.

For half an hour those little dogs kept biting and gnawing away, while their shrill ki-yi-ing resounded over the river and up through the spruce-covered hills. Finally, with tongues lolling out, they

I often trudged along the shore, and, with a little "game-getter," which had both a rifle and a shot-barrel, managed to kill many of the willow-grouse and fool-hens which Doodle and I flushed.



From a photograph by Paul L. Haworth.

Repeatedly we had to carry around great log-jams or cut our way through them.—Page 719.

lay down beside the kill, with satisfaction written over their eager little faces.

When we reached Finlay River we found it in flood, which meant that what would have been a hard task at best would be doubly difficult. But we cut down our load, and for fourteen days, through a changing panorama of high mountains, we bucked the current with paddles, poles, and tracking-line. As Holben and the doctor were both better canoemen than I, most of the tracking fell to me. When not pulling on the rope,

On the fifth day up the Finlay the doctor had a splendid shot at only sixty yards at a brown bear, but missed it completely. Overeagerness, failure to take into account the way the animal was standing, and the fact that he was shooting at a bear for the first time probably accounted for the miss, but Holben, who was inclined to be facetious, declared it was because the hunter did not take into account the size of the bank around the mark. The doctor did not hear the last of that bear until he duplicated the per-



From a photograph by Paul L. Haworth.

Distant view of Mount Lloyd George and the great snow-field.

formance on the return trip. After that the subject became too tragic to be referred to lightly.

At Fort Grahame, the little Hudson's Bay post sixty miles up the river, I renewed my acquaintance with Fox, the half-breed trader in charge, and also with a number of Indians I had met three years before. Among the Indians was the old squaw whose picture I had taken surreptitiously at Fox River on the previous trip. I had sent the picture to her through Fox and had also sent the trader a copy of SCRIBNER'S, in which the picture was reproduced. Fox had shown the magazine to her son and had said: "Your mother's picture will now be seen by the people of all the world." This had seemed very fine to the aboriginal mind, and I now found everybody ready to pose with the utmost willingness.

These Indians are so remote from civilization that they had escaped an epidemic of measles which the winter before had wiped out half the tribe at McLeod Lake, and the influenza which had killed most of the bucks among the Beaver Indians in the Hudson's Hope district.

A few days later, a little below the mouth of Paul's Branch, we met two moose-hide boats loaded down with sixteen or seventeen Indians of all ages and sexes, all being members of Chief Pierre's family. Aleck and Dan, whom I had met three years before, recognized me when afar off and greeted me as an old friend. Both are intelligent, energetic fellows and splendid moose-hunters, about the highest type of Indian I have met. We had a friendly powwow of an hour or so on the beach, and there was more picture-taking.

When I was in the country before, all these Indians lived in tents winter and summer, but Aleck told us proudly that he had built a cabin at the mouth of the Ackié. His brother Dan was anxious to be the first of his people to visit the outside world and see steamboats, railroads, and automobiles, of which he had heard wonderful tales. But there was one thing that troubled him.

"When I get in white man's country," said he, "must I carry grub, and when I get hungry stop, build a fire, and cook a feed?"

At noon of the fourteenth day from the forks and the twenty-fourth from the railroad we at last came in sight of the milky water of the Quadacha, and here, in a sense, the trip really began. Three years before the river had looked so forbidding that Lavoie and I had cached our stuff a few hundred yards up the stream and had struck off into the unexplored region with pack-sacks. But I was determined this time to work the canoe up the Quadacha as far as possible and to get our base of supplies as close to the goal as was practicable. I knew from observation that some of the stream was navigable, but there were other stretches I had not seen, in which there might be all kinds of obstacles. So far as I am aware no white man had ever attempted to ascend the stream, but Aleck had told us that the Indians sometimes came down it on rafts.

Navigation proved bad enough but better than I feared. At the point where the stream issues from the mountains it flows between high rocky walls, but in this canyon the current, though very swift, was not impossible. By dint of paddling, poling, and almost constant tracking we managed after a little less than three days' work to reach the forks, which had marked the limit of my progress overland in 1916. On the way we had skirted for many miles the base of the mountain called by me "Observation Peak," but renamed by the Canadian Geographical Board "Mount Haworth." It is one of the ugliest, most God-forsaken peaks in all Canada!

As before, the east fork was the whiter stream, and up it we turned our canoe, for I then supposed that at its headwaters we would find Mount Lloyd George and the big ice-field. The stream soon proved very bad indeed. Repeatedly we had to carry around great log-jams or cut our way through them, but still we made steady progress. However, late in the afternoon of September 8, our fifth day on the Quadacha, the mountains pinched in on the river, the current grew swifter, and we heard ahead the roar of rapids.

As we had ascended the Quadacha game signs had become more and more abundant, due to the fact that we were getting out of the range of the Indians.

The bars were covered with moose, caribou, and bear tracks, and beneath the great limestone cliff at the forks we had seen goat tracks. On one bar I had seen where a big wolf had pulled down and eaten a calf moose that had wandered too far from his mother's protecting care.

might appear. I then set out to climb the mountainside behind camp in order to get a look ahead, while Holben walked up the river to examine the rapids.

After climbing several hundred feet I made the unpleasant discovery that the river, which above the fork had been fol-



From a photograph by A. P. Chesterfield.

The author crossing small glacier on the way to Lloyd George.

And now, just as it was coming time to camp, I discovered a great muddy hole in the river-bank that had been dug out by moose which came there to drink a sort of mineral water that trickled out. This water smelled and tasted much like the lithia water at the famous French Lick Springs in Indiana. Whatever its mineral properties were, the moose were very fond of it. Their trails, in places worn two feet deep, converged toward it from both sides of the river like highways toward a city.

We had been making heavy inroads of late into our provisions, and it was highly desirable to obtain meat. We camped a few hundred yards above the lick, and I sent the doctor to keep watch, with instructions to shoot anything eatable that

lowing an almost east-and-west course, turned southeastward a few miles ahead, instead of northeastward as I had expected. While I was cogitating on this unwelcome discovery there resounded from down in the valley four thunderous reports from the doctor's high-power .35 calibre Newton. As it was already growing dusk, nothing could be gained by climbing higher, so I descended to camp, and there Holben presently appeared with the discouraging word that he believed we had reached the head of navigation. Soon the doctor came in through the darkness with news that he had shot a young moose, so we were assured of an ample supply of fresh meat.

Holben's report on the river ahead was so unfavorable that we decided to take

to the hills. Next morning we made a cache in the woods some distance below the moose lick. We pitched the larger tent and put some of our belongings in it, but all of the food we put on a platform fastened between two spruce-trees. The canoe we also put in the woods in a place

first ridge, which had an altitude of 5,100 feet. So far good, but when we had moved northeastward along a grassy alpine valley for a couple of miles we came to a deep cleft which reached down almost to the level of the river, and it was clear that we had left the river too soon. Here



From a photograph by A. P. Chesterfield.

We attempted to follow the ridge.—Page 727.

where no tree would be likely to fall on it.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we struck off into the mountains with pack-sacks. We took with us a double blanket apiece, a meagre cooking-outfit, a four and a half pound forester tent of balloon silk, a strip of canvas, and provisions for about eight days. Each man had a rifle, and George carried a "half-ax."

As those who have tried it know, back-packing in the mountains is as hard work as any that can be found. I was out of practice, while it was the doctor's first experience, and bitter he found it. But we made eleven hundred feet by aneroid before camping, and as many more the next morning, and by noon topped the

we flushed a covey of big blue grouse which alighted in a clump of balsam-trees, and the doctor shot three with a little .22 pistol.

While the doctor plucked the birds I climbed several hundred feet to the top of a ridge on the left and thence obtained at last a view of our long-sought goal. Before me, above the next range, towered the three snow-capped peaks of Mount Lloyd George, while for miles to right and left of them stretched away the great white ice-field of my dreams. It was truly a sublime spectacle, well worth the weeks of bitter effort its attainment had cost me, and yet doubts mingled with my exaltation. The mountain was farther away than I had expected, and the range between ran parallel with, not

toward, the Lloyd George range. Clearly much hard work still lay before us. Holben's enthusiasm for the search was already visibly evaporating, the doctor's determination was stronger than his ability as a packer, and I was myself beginning to feel worn out. I realized that even yet we might have to turn back without reaching the goal.

I noticed that the valley ahead rose rapidly to westward, and in the hope that it would reach such an elevation that we would not have to descend far we followed along its rim until nearly sunset. We made camp in a little grassy glade, where dwarfed balsam-trees were handy for firewood and to supply boughs for our beds. Owing to the presence of slide rock, water was scarce, but I finally found a tiny rill and obtained a scanty supply. The rill ran through a dense willow thicket, and while I was waiting for the water to collect in a hole I had dug in the gravel I heard a noise in the thicket. Thinking it was one of my companions, I called out; as there was no answer, I realized that the noise was made by an animal of some sort. But the willows were so thick I could not see a dozen feet through. I never caught even a glimpse of the beast, but subsequently I found, about sixty feet away, the fresh tracks of a big grizzly bear.

Three hours of travel next morning found us still on the first range. Behind and far above us towered the black, craggy peaks of the culminating summit, while four hundred feet beneath us lay the barrier valley, which had, as we had hoped, risen to timber-line. Beyond this valley rose another peak, its middle slopes covered with grass and dwarf balsam, its summit a rugged mass of crumbling slate. It was an ideal game country, and, even as we sat feasting our eyes on the prospect, Chesterfield noticed a bull caribou walking along the mountain slope opposite. The animal caught sight of us almost at the same time, and when the doctor moved to obtain a better position from which to shoot, the bull turned and ran up the mountainside. But after going twenty or thirty yards his fatal curiosity got the better of him and he turned broadside on for another look. Both of us let drive but without result. The bull ran a few yards and again stopped.

Quickly raising the Lyman sight on my breech-bolt from three hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty yards, I took steady aim, resting my elbows on my knees, and fired again. The Springfield bullet told with a resounding smack, and the bull went down. Soon he was up again, but it was clear that he was disabled; and we all thought from his behavior that he was hit in the lungs.

Descending into the valley, we left our packs there and climbed up to the game. We found the bull lying in some dwarf balsam. He stood up as we approached, and then we saw that he was shot through the windpipe. He was of the Osborn species, still young and with rather small antlers, from which a few strips of "velvet" were still hanging. He looked ugly and displayed a disposition to charge, but by keeping above him we managed to take a number of pictures at close range. Doodle was too venturesome. He rushed in on the bull and began snapping at his heels, whereupon the caribou charged him with surprising agility, and, striking a lightning blow with his big front feet, landed on the terrier's back. Luckily it was a glancing blow, else it would have been the end of Doodle. The terrier gave an agonized yelp and took refuge in some bushes. Thereafter he was much more wary in his demonstrations.

"We don't want to skin the bull here," said Holben presently. "We'll just drive him down into the valley."

By much shouting and throwing of sticks and stones we finally did get the bull down into the grassy pass, and there the doctor administered the *coup de grâce* with his .22 pistol. The antlers seemed hardly worth the labor of carrying out, but we took the skin, and I used it most of the rest of the trip for a bed, a purpose it served admirably. We also took as much meat as we could carry. Holben cut off the ribs on one side and roasted them before the fire. That night we ate unbelievable quantities of caribou meat, which is the best game meat I know with the exception of mountain mutton.

By noon next day, after a hard and dangerous climb over rotten slate ledges, we topped the next range and beheld a magnificent panorama. Four thousand feet beneath us lay the valley of the



From a photograph by Paul L. Haworth.

The farthest camp.

North Fork, or Warneford River, while beyond towered range after range of rugged peaks. Most conspicuous, of course, were Mount Lloyd George and the great ice-field. We could see the upper part of three glacier snouts descending from the field, but their lower portions were cut off from view. Far to the northwest along the same range was another large glacier, distant perhaps twenty miles. Below it lay an emerald-green lake, probably seven or eight miles long and studded with a dozen rocky islands. This, beyond question, is the lake of which vague accounts were given by the Indians to McConnell and other earlier travellers up the Finlay. Somewhat farther down the valley were a number of

large ponds, while southeast of Lloyd George lay another lake, only slightly smaller than the first and surrounded on three sides by tall mountains.

The scene held for me one big surprise. Ever since the 1916 trip I had believed that the Lloyd George glaciers drained into the East Fork, and that it was they that made "the Quadacha white." But now I saw that those before us formed the main source of Warneford River and that the white water of the East Fork must come from some other source.

Steep cliffs made any descent into the valley at that place impossible, so we moved eastward along the top of the range. Not until late in the afternoon did we reach a place where a descent seemed

practicable, and by that time we were back to a point near but far above the East Fork of the Quadacha. For more than three days we had been travelling in a vast semicircle, and our camp that night was not more than eight miles in a direct line from our canoe and cache. It was clear that if we had ascended the river a few miles more—and we later found that this could have been done—and had then climbed the range we were now on we would have saved an immense amount of effort. But it is often so when travelling in an unexplored country.

It was evident that the task of reaching Lloyd George would still be long and difficult. We were badly worn out, so we spent the next day pottering about the camp and along the range. Next morning Holben set out for the cache to bring up more food. The doctor and I spent the two days while Holben was gone in hunting along the range to eastward. We found many old caribou tracks and droppings, and it was clear that a month earlier the animals had been there in large numbers, but they had migrated elsewhere and we saw no game larger than a ptarmigan.

We were able, however, to study the problem ahead at leisure and to obtain some fine views of Lloyd George. Two of the peaks appeared to be almost perfect cones, while the third and nearest was a rough block. When all other mountains in the region were in plain sight, the peaks of Lloyd George were often veiled in clouds. I realized that the mountain was taller than I had supposed and that the task of climbing it would be a serious one. Its height could hardly be less than 10,000 feet, which would make it considerably taller than any peak in the Rockies north of the Robson region. However, the snow-field was the biggest spectacle, even though it seemed certain that the larger part of it was out of sight on the northern slope of the range.

We were also able to obtain fairly good views of the upper Quadacha and of a fine range of snow-capped mountains in which part of it seemed to head. There are four of these peaks, and I have little doubt that the largest is the "Great Snow Mountain," seen by Frederick K.

Vreeland from the Laurier Pass country in 1912. It seemed to us that one branch of the East Fork swung in behind the Lloyd George range, and I think it probable that this stream drains still greater glaciers on the north slope. But whence comes the white water of the East Fork will have to be determined by a later expedition. I may add here that on the return journey Indian Aleck, whose hunting country is the Ackié region, told me that one branch rises not far from the headwaters of the Ackié while the other heads behind Lloyd George as we surmised.

Late in the afternoon of the second day after his departure Holben returned to camp with a small load of food and with some disquieting news. He said that our last fire in the valley had caught in the peat-like soil and had burned a great hole eight or ten feet across and three or four feet deep. He had arrived just in time to save the tent and its contents, and he said that in a few hours more the fire would probably have begun running through the forest and would inevitably have destroyed both our canoe and cache. He had spent hours putting out the fire and on leaving supposed he had done so, but on the way to join us he had grown fearful that some sparks might still be smouldering and that these would start the conflagration afresh. It was greatly to our discredit as woodsmen that we had not thrown water on the fire when we left it, but only a few embers had remained, and the soil was so damp that, though Holben and I had both thought of doing so, we had each decided it to be needless.

After a consultation it was decided that Holben should return to camp and make sure while the doctor and I should go on to Lloyd George alone. I was loath to lose Holben's aid as a packer, and I knew that his help in case an accident should befall either of us would be sorely needed, but the possibility of being left five hundred and forty miles by river from rail-head without either canoe or food was too serious to be contemplated lightly.

Next morning, taking our rifles, the little ax, the forester tent, a single blanket apiece, and what food we could carry, the doctor and I plunged down into the valley on our way to Lloyd George.

The goal we had set for that day was a small glacier on the opposite range. By a little before sunset we reached the glacier and crossed it. We had seen tent in a little glade among some balsam-trees a big cock blue grouse walked out of the grass and stood staring at us until I decapitated him with a bullet from the



From a photograph by Paul L. Haworth.

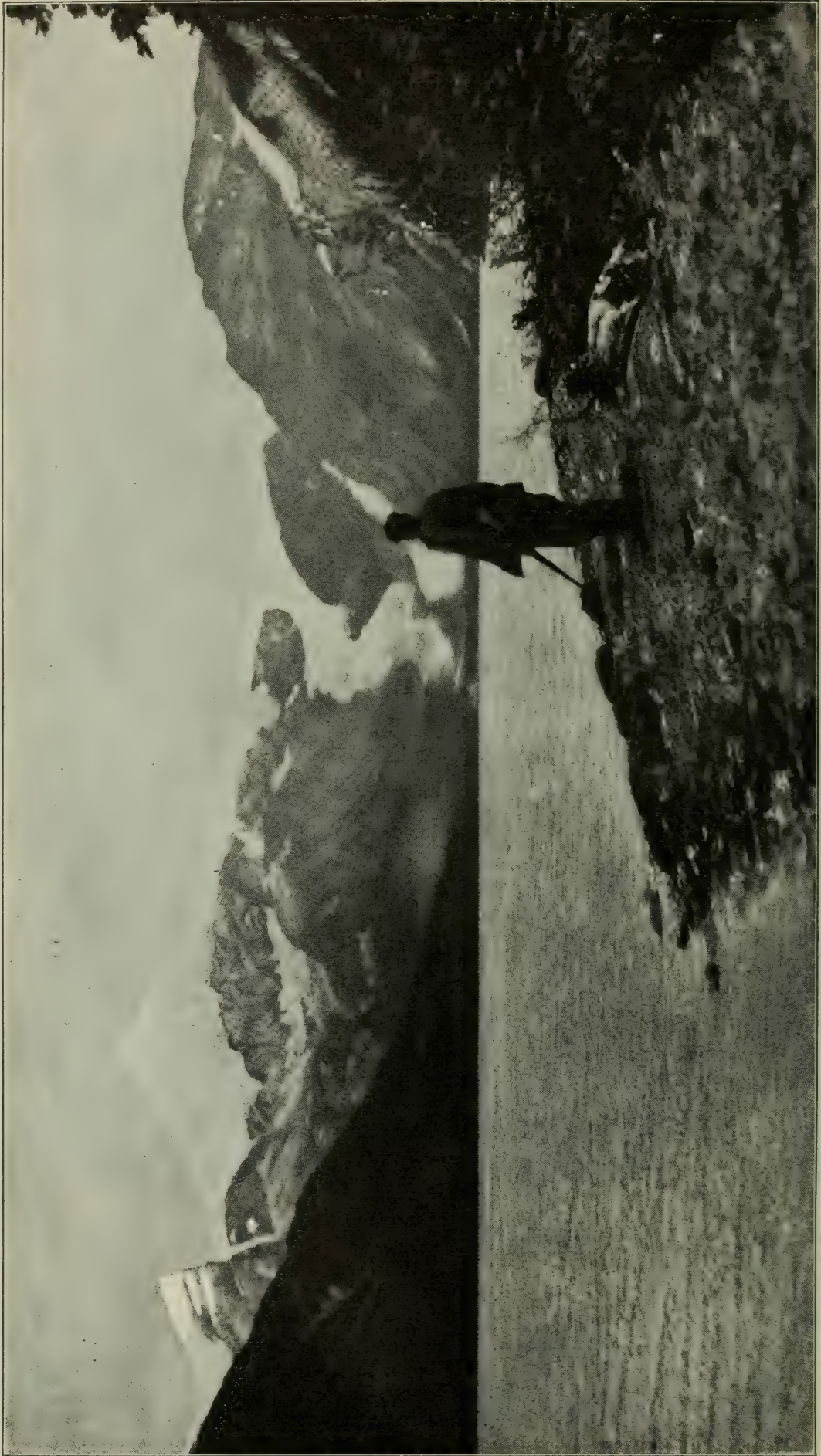
The top half of the falls.

Just below these the river lets go all holds and drops sheer almost two hundred feet.—Page 728.

many caribou tracks on the way, and the snow on the ice was trampled down and in places was crimsoned with blood from the animals' soft horns, but of the caribou themselves we caught no glimpse. However, as I was selecting the site for the

Springfield. Surely he was a most obliging bird! His weight was certainly not less than five pounds, and he formed the main ingredient in a toothsome mulligan that lasted for three meals.

I went to sleep that night believing that



From a photograph by A. P. Chesterfield.

Mount Lloyd George taken from a point on the lake shore about two miles from the end of the glaciers. (Retouched somewhat to bring out the main peak more distinctly.)

next day would be the crucial one of the whole trip. A high barrier ridge still lay between us and our goal, and I was not sure we would be able to pass it. Reaching a big mountain is, in fact, not unlike securing an interview with a great man: one must pass all sorts of obstacles before finally attaining the inner sanctum.

Next morning we climbed the barrier ridge, only to find that on the other side it broke down in steep precipices. We attempted to follow the ridge but speedily became involved in a tangle of impassable cliffs. Turning down into the glacial valley again, we made our way slowly over slide rock to the mountain that rose at the head of the valley, and attempted to climb round its left shoulder.

This mountain is absolutely the most barren peak it has ever been my lot to see. From the summit, on every side, down to timber-line its steep slopes are covered with slide rock, ranging from stones the size of one's fist up to huge boulders as big as a house. For hours we picked a perilous way around this peak, rarely sure of our footing and often becoming involved in frightful difficulties. But happily the slip that would have proved fatal never occurred, and about two o'clock in the afternoon we finally reached a long ridge which presently brought us in sight of what we were seeking.

Once more Lloyd George and the great ice-field loomed up before us, and we had a clear view of the three glaciers, rippling down for two thousand feet or more into the valley. In the valley itself an unexpected spectacle met our eyes: a gorgeous alpine lake, green as emerald, six or seven miles long, a mile or more wide. As usual the peaks of Lloyd George were partly veiled in clouds.

We made a miserable camp that night on a rocky shelf just at timber-line and had a hard time keeping our fire going because of shifting wind and gusts of snow and rain. By noon next day we reached the shore of the lake but rather the worse for wear. I myself was very weary, and the doctor was so exhausted that on the way down he had a sort of mental lapse. He left his rifle lying on the mountainside where we stopped for a rest, and we had gone several hundred

yards before I noticed that it was missing.

"Where is your gun?" I asked him.

He held up his camera by its strap and answered in a sort of dazed way: "Isn't this it?" But presently he came to himself, and together we went back and recovered the weapon.

After lunch he had a fit of vomiting, but he insisted on accompanying me up the lake shore toward the glaciers. Leaving our pack-sacks under some spruce-trees, we set out.

Rarely have men walked amid grander surroundings, and, despite his illness, the doctor's spirits rose, while I forgot my stiffened muscles and felt only the exaltation of success. Furthermore, nature relented and furnished us a smooth, level beach on which we walked almost as upon a pavement, except that now and then we came to a bushy slide through which we must pick our way. The beach was covered with game sign, including the tracks of big grizzlies, while saplings on the slides were scarred by bull caribou and moose cleaning the velvet from their horns and testing their newly grown weapons. In the two days we were about the lake we saw six moose, all cows or calves. It was truly a virgin spot, one that seemingly never had been profaned even by the Indians.

Three hours of walking brought us within a few hundred yards of the glaciers, but here our way was barred by a limestone precipice that reached down to the water's edge. The afternoon was already nearly spent, so reluctantly we turned back toward our packs. Thus far the peaks of Lloyd George had been veiled in clouds, but for a few minutes they were revealed, and from some distance down the lake we obtained pictures that showed them in dim outline. The closer-up pictures of the glaciers unfortunately proved failures. Two of the glaciers, I may say here, descend to the lake; the third ends at a cliff hundreds of feet up, and the water from it comes tumbling down in a fine feathery cascade. The smallest is hundreds of yards wide.

It had been my hope, when I undertook the trip, to reach the top of the mountain, but I realized now that I must give up the thought. Only a larger party, well

equipped with an alpine outfit, could safely climb those rugged slopes of ice. In our present weakened state such an attempt would have been little short of madness. For a time I considered building a raft and actually going to the foot of the glaciers, but there was little to be gained by doing so, as we had already been very close up. Furthermore, the effort would have taken a couple of days, the weather was threatening, the season was late, there was danger that we might be snowed in. So in the afternoon of the next day we took the homeward way.

I had noticed from the heights that the outlet of the lake takes a very big drop, and I had resolved to investigate this on the way back. Near the foot of the lake we passed an enormous beaver house, one of the largest I ever saw, though not quite so big as one we saw later near Quadacha Forks. We found the outlet to be a stream about eighty feet wide with a good volume of water. This little river has a descent of over a thousand feet in less than a mile. Right at the outlet there is a considerable cascade. Around a bend we came upon two more. Just below these the river lets go all holds and drops sheer almost two hundred feet, by aneroid measurement, in one of the prettiest falls one could wish to see. This final discovery formed the climax of the trip, and, needless to say, we were happy men.

The great mountain, the immense snow-field, the three rippling rivers of ice, the emerald-green lake, the superb falls, form, all in all, a combination scarcely equalled in America. But it will be many years before tourists will visit the place. Personally I am glad of it. I

should hate to think of that virgin wilderness being littered with discarded lunch-boxes and the landscape scarred with automobile trails!

Four days of hard labor brought us back once more to the canoe and cache, where we found all safe. We had been absent thirteen days. The rest of our stay in the Quadacha country was devoted to hunting, and we had numerous interesting experiences. In the twilight one evening I had the good fortune to kill a bull moose that was six feet eight inches high at the shoulders and that had a fine, symmetrical spread of antlers. But of this and of a startling adventure that befell us on our way down Peace River there is not space to tell here.

We had failed to climb Mount Lloyd George, but we had reached and photographed it, had mapped Warneford River, had discovered two new lakes and definitely located a third that was known only by Indian report, and had found one of the finest falls in the world. Doubtless we should have had time and energy to do more had we not had the misfortune with our motor. As it was, we got out of the Finlay country just in time to escape the freeze-up.

There still remains a big summer's work in the Quadacha region. Some party should trace the upper reaches of the East Fork, should climb Lloyd George, and should ascertain the exact dimensions of the snow-field. Such a party should start at least a month earlier than we were able to do. I have little doubt that on the northern slope of the Lloyd George range they will find glaciers even bigger than those we saw and photographed.



ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

XIX



WITH the head of that column of stalwart backwoodsmen went Dave Yandell and Erskine Dale. A hunting party of four Shawnees heard their coming through the woods, and, lying like snakes in the undergrowth, peered out and saw them pass. Then they rose, and Crooked Lightning looked at Black Wolf and, with a grunt of angry satisfaction, led the way homeward. And to the village they bore the news that White Arrow had made good his word and, side by side with the big chief of the Long Knives, was leading a war party against his tribe and kinsmen. And Early Morn carried the news to her mother, who lay sick in a wigwam.

The miracle went swiftly, and Kaskaskia fell. Stealthily a cordon of hunters surrounded the little town. The rest stole to the walls of the fort. Lights flickered from within, the sounds of violins and dancing feet came through crevice and window. Clarke's tall figure stole noiselessly into the great hall, where the Creoles were making merry and leaned silently with folded arms against the doorpost, looking on at the revels with a grave smile. The light from the torches flickered across his face, and an Indian lying on the floor sprang to his feet with a curdling war-whoop. Women screamed and men rushed toward the door. The stranger stood motionless and his grim smile was unchanged:

"Dance on!" he commanded courteously, "but remember," he added sternly, "you dance under Virginia and not Great Britain!"

There was a great noise behind him. Men dashed into the fort, and Rocheblave and his officers were prisoners. By daylight Clarke had the town disarmed. The French, Clarke said next day, could take

the oath of allegiance to the Republic, or depart with their families in peace. As for their church, he had nothing to do with any church save to protect it from insult. So that the people who had heard terrible stories of the wild woodsmen and who expected to be killed or made slaves, joyfully became Americans. They even gave Clarke a volunteer company to march with him upon Cahokia, and that village, too, soon became American. Father Gibault volunteered to go to Vincennes. Vincennes gathered in the church to hear him, and then flung the Stars and Stripes to the winds of freedom above the fort. Clarke sent one captain there to take command. With a handful of hardy men who could have been controlled only by him, the dauntless one had conquered a land as big as any European kingdom. Now he had to govern and protect it. He had to keep loyal an alien race and hold his own against the British and numerous tribes of Indians, bloodthirsty, treacherous, and deeply embittered against all Americans. He was hundreds of miles from any American troops; farther still from the seat of government, and could get no advice or help for perhaps a year.

And those Indians poured into Cahokia—a horde of them from every tribe between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi—chiefs and warriors of every importance; but not before Clarke had formed and drilled four companies of volunteer Creoles.

"Watch him!" said Dave, and Erskine did, marvelling at the man's knowledge of the Indian. He did not live in the fort, but always on guard, always seemingly confident, stayed openly in town while the savages, sullen and grotesque, strutted in full war panoply through the straggling streets, inquisitive and insolent, their eyes burning with the lust of plunder and murder. For days he sat in the

midst of the ringed warriors and listened. On the second day Erskine saw Kahtoo in the throng and Crooked Lightning and Black Wolf. After dusk that day he felt the fringe of his hunting shirt plucked, and an Indian, with face hidden in a blanket, whispered as he passed:

"Tell the big chief," he said in Shawnee, "to be on guard to-morrow night." He knew it was some kindly tribesman, and he wheeled and went to Clarke, who smiled. Already the big chief had guards concealed in his little house, who seized the attacking Indians, while two minutes later the townspeople were under arms. The captives were put in irons, and Erskine saw among them the crestfallen faces of Black Wolf and Crooked Lightning. The Indians pleaded that they were trying to test the friendship of the French for Clarke, but Clarke, refusing all requests for their release, remained silent, haughty, indifferent, fearless. He still refused to take refuge in the fort, and called in a number of ladies and gentlemen to his house, where they danced all night amid the council fires of the bewildered savages. Next morning he stood in the centre of their ringed warriors with the tasselled shirts of his riflemen massed behind him, released the captive chiefs and handed them the bloody war belt of wampum.

"I scorn your hostility and treachery. You deserve death but you shall leave in safety. In three days I shall begin war on you. If you Indians do not want your women and children killed—stop killing ours. We shall see who can make that war belt the most bloody. While you have been in my camp you have had food and fire-water, but now that I have finished, you must depart speedily."

The captive chief spoke and so did old Kahtoo, with his eyes fixed sadly but proudly on his adopted son. They had listened to bad birds and been led astray by the British—henceforth they would be friendly with the Americans. But Clarke was not satisfied:

"I come as a warrior," he said haughtily; "I shall be a friend to the friendly. If you choose war I shall send so many warriors from the Thirteen Council Fires that your land shall be darkened and you shall hear no sounds but that of the birds who live on blood." And then he handed

forth two belts of peace and war, and they eagerly took the belt of peace. The treaty followed next day and Clarke insisted that two of the prisoners should be put to death; and as the two selected came forward Erskine saw Black Wolf was one. He whispered with Clarke and Kahtoo, and Crooked Lightning saw the big chief with his hand on Erskine's shoulder and heard him forgive the two and tell them to depart. And thus peace was won.

Straightway old Kahtoo pushed through the warriors and, plucking the big chief by the sleeve, pointed to Erskine:

"That is my son," he said, "and I want him to go home with me."

"He shall go," said Clarke quickly, "but he shall return, whenever it pleases him, to me."

And so Erskine went forth one morning at dawn, and his coming into the Shawnee camp was like the coming of a king. Early Morn greeted him with glowing eyes, his foster-mother brought him food, looking proudly upon him, and old Kahtoo harangued his braves around the council pole, while the prophet and Crooked Lightning sulked in their tents:

"My son spoke words of truth," he proclaimed sonorously. "He warned us against the king over the waters and told us to make friends with the Americans. We did not heed his words, and so he brought the great chief of the Long Knives, who stood without fear among warriors more numerous than leaves and spoke the same words to all. We are friends of the Long Knives. My son is the true prophet. Bring out the false one and Crooked Lightning and Black Wolf, whose life my son saved though the two were enemies. My son shall do with them as he pleases."

Many young braves sprang willingly forward and the three were haled before Erskine. Old Kahtoo waved his hand toward them and sat down. Erskine rose and fixed his eyes sternly on the cowering prophet:

"He shall go forth from the village and shall never return. For his words work mischief, he does foolish things, and his drumming frightens the game. He is a false prophet and he must go." He turned to Crooked Lightning:

"The Indians have made peace with

the Long Knives and White Arrow would make peace with any Indian, though an enemy. Crooked Lightning shall go or stay as he pleases. Black Wolf shall stay, for the tribe will need him as a hunter and a warrior against the English foes of the Long Knives. White Arrow does not ask another to spare an enemy's life and then take it away himself."

The braves grunted approval. Black Wolf and Crooked Lightning averted their faces and the prophet shambled uneasily away. Again old Kahtoo proclaimed sonorously: "It is well!" and went back with Erskine to his tent. There he sank wearily on a buffalo skin and plead with the boy to stay with them as chief in his stead. He was very old, and now that peace was made with the Long Knives he was willing to die. If Erskine would but give his promise, he would never rise from where he lay again.

Erskine shook his head and the old man sorrowfully turned his face.

XX

AND yet Erskine lingered on and on at the village. Of the white woman he had learned little other than that she had been bought from another tribe and adopted by old Kahtoo; but it was plain that since the threatened burning of her she had been held in high respect by the whole tribe. He began to wonder about her and whether she might not wish to go back to her own people. He had never talked with her, but he never moved about the camp that he did not feel her eyes upon him. And Early Morn's big soft eyes, too, never seemed to leave him. She brought him food, she sat at the door of his tent, she followed him about the village and bore herself openly as his slave. At last old Kahtoo, who would not give up his great hope, plead with him to marry her, and while he was talking the girl stood at the door of the tent and interrupted them. Her mother's eyes were growing dim, she said. Her mother wanted to talk with White Arrow and look upon his face before her sight should altogether pass. Nor could Erskine know that the white woman wanted to look into the eyes of the man she hoped would become her daughter's husband, but Kahtoo

did, and he bade Erskine go. His foster-mother, coming upon the scene, scowled, but Erskine rose and went to the white woman's tent. She sat just inside the opening, with a blanket across the lower half of her face, nor did she look at him. Instead she plied him with questions, and listened eagerly to his every word, and drew from him every detail of his life as far back as he could remember. Poor soul, it was the first opportunity for many years that she had had to talk with any white person who had been in the Eastern world, and freely and frankly he held nothing back. She had drawn her blanket close across her face while he was telling of his capture by the Indians and his life among them, his escape and the death of his father, and she was crying when he finished. He even told her a little of Barbara, and when in turn he questioned her, she told little, and his own native delicacy made him understand. She, too, had been captured with a son who would have been about Erskine's age, but her boy and her husband had been killed. She had been made a slave and—now she drew the blanket across her eyes—after the birth of her daughter she felt she could never go back to her own people. Then her Indian husband had been killed and old Kahtoo had bought and adopted her, and she had not been forced to marry again. Now it was too late to leave the Indians. She loved her daughter; she would not subject her or herself to humiliation among the whites, and, anyhow, there was no one to whom she could go. And Erskine read deep into the woman's heart and his own was made sad. Her concern was with her daughter—what would become of her? Many a young brave, besides Black Wolf, had put his heart at her little feet, but she would have none of them. And so Erskine was the heaven-sent answer to the mother's prayers—that was the thought behind her mournful eyes.

All the while the girl had crouched near, looking at Erskine with doglike eyes, and when he rose to go the woman dropped the blanket from her face and got to her feet. Shyly she lifted her hands, took his face between them, bent close, and studied it searchingly:

"What is your name?"

"Erskine Dale."

Without a word she turned back into her tent.

At dusk Erskine stood by the river's brim, with his eyes lifted to a rising moon and his thoughts with Barbara on the bank of the James. Behind him he heard a rustle and, turning, he saw the girl, her breast throbbing and her eyes burning with a light he had never seen before.

"Black Wolf will kill you," she whispered. "Black Wolf wants Early Morn and he knows that Early Morn wants White Arrow." Erskine put both hands on her shoulders and looked down into her eyes. She trembled, and when his arms went about her she surged closer to him and the touch of her warm, supple body went through him like fire. And then with a triumphant smile she sprang back.

"Black Wolf will see," she whispered, and fled. Erskine sank to the ground, with his head in his hands. The girl ran back to her tent, and the mother, peering at the flushed face and shining eyes, clove to the truth. She said nothing, but when the girl was asleep and faintly smiling, the white woman sat staring out into the moonlit woods, softly beating her breast.

XXI

ERSKINE had given Black Wolf his life, and the young brave had accepted the debt and fretted under it sorely. Erskine knew it and all his kindness had been of little avail, for Black Wolf sulked sullenly by the fire or at his wigwam door. And when Erskine had begun to show some heed to Early Morn a fierce jealousy seized the savage, and his old hatred was reborn a thousandfold more strong—and that, too, Erskine now knew. Meat ran low and a hunting party went abroad. Game was scarce and only after the second day was there a kill. Erskine had sighted a huge buck, had fired quickly and at close range. Wounded, the buck had charged, Erskine's knife was twisted in his belt, and the buck was upon him before he could get it out. He tried to dart for a tree, stumbled, turned, and caught the infuriated beast by the horns. He uttered no cry, but the angry bellow of the stag reached the ears of Black Wolf

through the woods, and he darted toward the sound. And he came none too soon. Erskine heard the crack of a rifle, the stag toppled over, and he saw Black Wolf standing over him with a curiously triumphant look on his saturnine face. In Erskine, when he rose, the white man was predominant, and he thrust out his hand, but Black Wolf ignored it.

"White Arrow gave Black Wolf his life. The debt is paid."

Erskine looked at his enemy, nodded, and the two bore the stag away.

Instantly a marked change was plain in Black Wolf. He told the story of the fight with the buck to all. Boldly he threw off the mantle of shame, stalked haughtily through the village and went back to open enmity with Erskine. At dusk a day or two later, when he was coming down the path from the white woman's wigwam, Black Wolf confronted him, scowling:

"Early Morn shall belong to Black Wolf," he said insolently. Erskine met his baleful, half-drunken eyes scornfully:

"We will leave that to Early Morn," he said coolly, and then thundered suddenly:

"Out of my way!"

Black Wolf hesitated and gave way, but ever thereafter Erskine was on guard.

In the white woman, too, Erskine now saw a change. Once she had encouraged him to stay with the Indians; now she lost no opportunity to urge against it. She had heard that Hamilton would try to retake Vincennes, that he was forming a great force with which to march south, sweep through Kentucky, batter down the wooden forts and force the Kentuckians behind the great mountain wall. Erskine would be needed by the whites, who would never understand or trust him if he should stay with the Indians. All this she spoke one day when Erskine came to her tent to talk. Her face had blanched, she had argued passionately that he must go, and Erskine was sorely puzzled. The girl, too, had grown rebellious and disobedient, for the change in her mother was plain also to her, and she could not understand. Moreover, Erskine's stubbornness grew, and he began to flame within at the stalking insolence of Black Wolf, who slipped through

the shadows of day and the dusk to spy on the two wherever they came together. And one day when the sun was midway, and in the open of the village, the clash came. Black Wolf darted forth from his wigwam, his eyes bloodshot with rage and drink, and his hunting-knife in his hand. A cry from Early Morn warned Erskine and he wheeled. As Black Wolf made a vicious slash at him he sprang aside, and with his fist caught the savage in the jaw. Black Wolf fell heavily and Erskine was upon him with his own knife at his enemy's throat.

"Stop them!" old Kahtoo cried sternly, but it was the terrified shriek of the white woman that stayed Erskine's hand. Two young braves disarmed the fallen Indian, and Kahtoo looked inquiringly at his adopted son.

"Turn him loose!" Erskine scorned. "I have no fear of him. He is a woman and drunk, but next time I shall kill him."

The white woman had run down, caught Early Morn, and was leading her back to her tent. From inside presently came low, passionate pleading from the woman and an occasional sob from the girl. And when an hour later, at dusk, Erskine turned upward toward the tent, the girl gave a horrified cry, flashed from the tent, and darted for the high cliff over the river.

"Catch her!" cried the mother. "Quick!" Erskine fled after her, overtook her with her hands upraised for the plunge on the very edge of the cliff, and half carried her, struggling and sobbing, back to the tent. Within the girl dropped in a weeping heap, and with her face covered,—and the woman turned to Erskine, agonized.

"I told her," she whispered, "and she was going to kill herself. You are my son!"

Still sleepless at dawn, the boy rode Firefly into the woods. At sunset he came in, gaunt with brooding and hunger. His foster-mother brought him food, but he would not touch it. The Indian woman stared at him with keen suspicion and presently old Kahtoo, passing slowly, bent on him the same look, but asked no question. Erskine gave no heed to either, but his mother, watching from her wig-

wam, understood and grew fearful. Quickly she stepped outside and called him, and he rose and went to her bewildered; she was smiling.

"They are watching," she said, and Erskine, too, understood, and kept his back toward the watchers.

"I have decided," he said. "You and *she* must leave here and go with me." His mother pretended much displeasure. "She will not leave, and I will not leave her"—her lips trembled—"and I would have gone long ago but——"

"I understand," interrupted Erskine, "but you will go now with your son." The poor woman had to scowl.

"No, and you must not tell them. They will never let me go, and they will use me to keep you here. *You* must go at once. She will never leave this tent as long as you are here, and if you stay she will die, or kill herself. Some day—" She turned abruptly and went back into her tent. Erskine wheeled and went to old Kahtoo.

"You want Early Morn?" asked the old man. "You shall have her."

"No," said the boy, "I am going back to the big chief."

"You are my son and I am old and weak."

"I am a soldier and must obey the big chief's commands, as must you."

"I shall live," said the old man wearily, "until you come again."

Erskine nodded and went for his horse. Black Wolf watched him with malignant satisfaction, but said nothing—nor did Crooked Lightning. Erskine turned once as he rode away. His mother was standing outside her wigwam. Mournfully she waved her hand. Behind her and within the tent he could see Early Morn with both hands at her breast.

XXII

DAWNED 1781.

The war was coming into Virginia at last. Virginia falling would thrust a great wedge through the centre of the Confederacy, feed the British armies and end the fight. Cornwallis was to drive the wedge and never had the opening seemed easier. Virginia was drained of her fighting men, and south of the mountains was

protected only by a militia, for the most part, of old men and boys. North and South ran despair. The soldiers had no pay, little food, and only old worn-out coats, tattered linen overalls and one blanket between three men, to protect them from drifting snow and icy wind. Even the great Washington was near despair, and in foreign help his sole hope lay. Already the traitor, Arnold, had taken Richmond, burned warehouses, and returned, but little harassed, to Portsmouth.

In April, "the proudest man," as Mr. Jefferson said, "of the proudest nation on earth," one General Phillips, marching northward, paused opposite Richmond, and looked with amaze at the troop-crowned hills north of the river. Up there was a beardless French youth of twenty-three, with the epaulets of a major-general.

"He will not cross—hein?" said the Marquis de Lafayette. "Very well!" And they had a race for Petersburg, which the Britisher reached first and straightway fell ill of a fever at "Bollingbrook." A cannonade from the Appomattox hills saluted him.

"They will not let me die in peace," said General Phillips, but he passed, let us hope, to it, and Benedict Arnold succeeded him.

Cornwallis was coming on. Tarleton's white rangers were bedevilling the land, and it was at this time that Erskine Dale once more rode Firefly to the river James.

The boy had been two years in the wilds. When he left the Shawnee camp winter was setting in, that terrible winter of '79—of deep snow and hunger and cold. When he reached Kaskaskia, Colonel Clarke had gone to Kentucky, and Erskine found bad news. Hamilton and Hay had taken Vincennes. There Captain Helm's Creoles, as soon as they saw the redcoats, slipped away from him to surrender their arms to the British, and thus deserted by all, he and the two or three Americans with him, had to give up the fort. The French re-swore allegiance to Britain. Hamilton confiscated their liquor and broke up their billiard-tables. He let his Indians scatter to their villages, and with his regulars, volunteers, white Indian leaders and red auxiliaries, went

into winter quarters. One band of Shawnees he sent to Ohio to scout and take scalps in the settlements. In the spring he would sweep Kentucky and destroy all the settlements west of the Alleghanies. So Erskine and Dave went for Clarke; and that trip neither ever forgot. Storms had followed each other since late November and the snow lay deep. Cattle and horses perished, deer and elk were found dead in the woods, and buffalo came at nightfall to old Jerome Sanders's fort for food and companionship with his starving herd. Corn gave out and no johnny-cakes were baked on long boards in front of the fire. There was no salt or vegetable food; nothing but the flesh of lean wild game. The only fat was with the bears in the hollows of trees, and every hunter was searching hollow trees. The breast of the wild turkey served for bread. Yet, while the frontiersmen remained crowded in the stockades and the men hunted and the women made clothes of tanned deer-hides, buffalo-wool cloth, and nettle-bark linen, and both hollowed "nogginns" out of the knot of a tree, Clarke made his amazing march to Vincennes, recaptured it by the end of February, and sent Hamilton to Williamsburg a prisoner. Erskine plead to be allowed to take him there, but Clarke would not let him go. Permanent garrisons were placed at Vincennes and Cahokia, and at Kaskaskia. Erskine stayed to help make peace with the Indians, punish marauders and hunting bands, so that by the end of the year Clarke might sit at the Falls of the Ohio as a shield for the west and a sure guarantee that the whites would never be forced to abandon wild Kentucky.

The two years in the wilderness had left their mark on Erskine. He was tall, lean, swarthy, gaunt, and yet he was not all woodsman, for his born inheritance as gentleman had been more than emphasized by his association with Clarke and certain Creole officers in the Northwest, who had improved his French and gratified one pet wish of his life since his last visit to the James—they had taught him to fence. His mother he had not seen again, but he had learned that she was alive and not yet blind. Of Early Morn he had heard nothing at all. Once a traveller had brought word of Dane Grey.

Grey was in Philadelphia and prominent in the gay doings of that city. He had taken part in a brilliant pageant called the *Mischianza*, which was staged by André, and was reported a close friend of that ill-fated young gentleman.

After the fight at Piqua with Clarke, Erskine put forth for old Jerome Sanders's fort. He found the hard days of want over. There was not only corn in plenty but wheat, potatoes, pumpkins, turnips, melons. They tapped maple-trees for sugar and had sown flax. Game was plentiful, and cattle, horses, and hogs had multiplied on cane and buffalo clover. Indeed, it was a comparatively peaceful fall, and though Clarke pled with him, Erskine stubbornly set his face for Virginia.

Honor Sanders and Polly Conrad had married, but Lydia Noe was still firm against the wooing of every young woodsman who came to the fort; and when Erskine bade her good-by and she told him to carry her love to Dave Yandell, he knew for whom she would wait forever if need be.

There were many, many travellers on the Wilderness Road now, and Colonel Dale's prophecy was coming true. The settlers were pouring in and the long, long trail was now no lonesome way.

At Williamsburg Erskine learned many things. Colonel Dale, now a general, was still with Washington and Harry was with him. Hugh was with the Virginia militia and Dave with Lafayette.

Tarleton's legion of rangers in their white uniforms were scourging Virginia as they had scourged the Carolinas. Through the James River country they had gone with fire and sword, burning houses, carrying off horses, destroying crops, burning grain in the mills, laying plantations to waste. Barbara's mother was dead. Her neighbors had moved to safety, but Barbara, he heard, still lived with old Mammy and Ephraim at Red Oaks, unless that, too, had been recently put to the torch. Where, then, would he find her?

XXIII

DOWN the river Erskine rode with a sad heart. At the place where he had fought with Grey he pulled Firefly to a

sudden halt. There was the boundary of Red Oaks and there started a desolation that ran as far as his eye could reach. Red Oaks had not been spared, and he put Firefly to a fast gallop, with eyes strained far ahead and his heart beating with agonized foreboding and savage rage. Soon over a distant clump of trees he could see the chimneys of Barbara's home—his home, he thought helplessly—and perhaps those chimneys were all that was left. And then he saw the roof and the upper windows and the cap of the big columns unharmed, untouched, and he pulled Firefly in again, with overwhelming relief and wondered at the miracle. Again he started and again pulled in when he caught sight of three horses hitched near the stiles. Turning quickly from the road, he hid Firefly in the underbrush. Very quietly he slipped along the path by the river, and, pushing aside through the rose-bushes, lay down where unseen he could peer through the closely matted hedge. He had not long to wait. A white uniform issued from the great hall door and another and another—and after them Barbara—smiling. The boy's blood ran hot—smiling at her enemies. Two officers bowed, Barbara courtesied, and they wheeled on their heels and descended the steps. The third stayed behind a moment, bowed over her hand and kissed it. The watcher's blood turned then to liquid fire. Great God, at what price was that noble old house left standing? Grimly, swiftly Erskine turned, sliding through the bushes like a snake to the edge of the road along which they must pass. He would fight the three, for his life was worth nothing now. He heard them laughing, talking at the stiles. He heard them speak Barbara's name, and two seemed to be bantering the third, whose answering laugh seemed acquiescent and triumphant. They were coming now. The boy had his pistols out, primed and cocked. He was rising on his knees, just about to leap to his feet and out into the road, when he fell back into a startled, paralyzed, inactive heap. Glimpsed through an opening in the bushes, the leading trooper in the uniform of Tarleton's legion was none other than Dane Grey, and Erskine's brain had worked quicker than his angry heart. This was

a mystery that must be solved before his pistols spoke. He rose crouching as the troopers rode away. At the bend of the road he saw Grey turn with a gallant sweep of his tri-cornered hat, and, swerving his head cautiously, he saw Barbara answer with a wave of her handkerchief. If Tarleton's men were around he would better leave Firefly where he was in the woods for a while. A jaybird gave out a flutelike note above his head; Erskine never saw a jaybird perched cockily on a branch that he did not think of Grey; but Grey was brave—so, too, was a jaybird. A startled gasp behind him made him wheel, pistol once more in hand, to find a negro, mouth wide open, and staring at him from the road.

"Marse Erskine!" he gasped. It was Ephraim, the boy who had led Barbara's white ponies out long, long ago, now a tall, muscular lad with an ebony face and dazzling teeth. "Whut you doin' hyeh, suh? Whar' yo' hoss? Gawd, I'se sut-ninly glad to see yuh." Erskine pointed to an oak.

"Right by that tree. Put him in the stable and feed him."

The negro shook his head.

"No, suh. I'll take de feed down to him. Too many redcoats messin' round heah. You bettah go in de back way—dey might see yuh."

"How is Miss Barbara?"

The negro's eyes shifted.

"She's well. Yassuh, she's well as common."

"Wasn't one of those soldiers who just rode away Mr. Dane Grey?"

The negro hesitated.

"Yassuh."

"What's he doing in a British uniform?"

The boy shifted his great shoulders uneasily and looked aside.

"I don't know, suh—I don't know nuttin'."

Erskine knew he was lying, but respected his loyalty.

"Go tell Miss Barbara I'm here and then feed my horse."

"Yassuh."

Ephraim went swiftly and Erskine followed along the hedge and through the rose-bushes to the kitchen door, where Barbara's faithful old Mammy was wait-

ing for him with a smile of welcome but with deep trouble in her eyes.

"I done tol' Miss Barbary, suh. She's waitin' fer yuh in de hall."

Barbara, standing in the hall doorway, heard his step.

"Erskine!" she cried softly, and she came to meet him, with both hands outstretched, and raised her lovely face to be kissed. "What are you doing here?"

"I am on my way to join General Lafayette."

"But you will be captured. It is dangerous. The country is full of British soldiers."

"So I know," Erskine said dryly.

"When did you get here?"

"Twenty minutes ago. I would not have been welcome just then. I waited in the hedge. I saw you had company."

"Did you see them?" she faltered.

"I even recognized one of them." Barbara sank into a chair; her elbow on one arm, her chin in her hand, her face turned, her eyes looking outdoors. She said nothing, but the toe of her slipper began to tap the floor gently. There was no further use for further indirection or concealment.

"Barbara," Erskine said with some sternness, and his tone quickened the tapping of the slipper and made her little mouth tighten, "what does all this mean?"

"Did you see," she answered, without looking at him, "that the crops were all destroyed and the cattle and horses were all gone?"

"Why did they spare the house?" The girl's bosom rose with one quick, defiant intake of breath, and for a moment she held it.

"Dane Grey saved our home."

"How?"

"He had known Colonel Tarleton in London and had done something for him over there."

"How did he get in communication with Colonel Tarleton when he was an officer in the American army?" The girl would not answer.

"Was he taken prisoner?" Still she was silent, for the sarcasm in Erskine's voice was angering her.

"He fought once under Benedict Arnold—perhaps he is fighting with him now."

"No!" she cried hotly.

"Then he must be a——"

She did not allow him to utter the word.

"Why Mr. Grey is in British uniform is his secret—not mine."

"And why he is here is—yours."

"Exactly!" she flamed. "You are a soldier. Learn what you want to know from him. You are my cousin, but you are going beyond the rights of blood. I won't stand it—I won't stand it—from anybody."

"I don't understand you, Barbara—I don't know you. That last time it was Grey, you—and now—" he paused and, in spite of herself, her eyes flashed toward the door. Erskine saw it, drew himself erect, bowed and strode straight out. Nor did the irony of the situation so much as cross his mind—that he should be turned from his own home by the woman he loved and to whom he had given that home. Nor did he look back—else he might have seen her sink, sobbing, to the floor.

When he turned the corner of the house old Mammy and Ephraim were waiting for him at the kitchen door.

"Get Firefly, Ephraim!" he said sharply.

"Yassuh!"

At the first sight of his face Mammy had caught her hands together at her breast.

"You ain't gwine, Marse Erskine," she said tremulously. "You ain't gwine away?"

"Yes, Mammy—I must."

"You an' Miss Barbara been quoin', Marse Erskine—you been quoin'?"—and without waiting for an answer she went on passionately: "Ole Marse an' young Marse an' Marse Hugh done gone, de niggahs all gone an' nobody lef' but me an' Ephraim—nobody lef' but me an' Ephraim to give dat little chile one crumb o' comfort. Nobody come to de house but de redcoats an' dat mean Dane Grey, an' ev'y time he come he leave Miss Barbary cryin' her little heart out. 'Tain't Miss Barbary in dar—hit's some other pusson. She ain't de same pusson—no, suh. An' lemme tell yu, lemme tell yu—ef some o' de men folks doan come back

heah somehow an' look out fer dat little gal—she's a-gwine to run away wid dat mean low-down man whut just rid away from heah in a white uniform." She had startled Erskine now and she knew it.

"Dat man has got little Missus plum' witched, I tell ye—plum' witched. Hit's jes like a snake wid a catbird."

"Men have to fight, Mammy——"

"I doan keer nothin' 'bout de war."

"I'd be captured if I stayed here——"

"All I keer 'bout is my chile in dar——"

"But we'll drive out the redcoats and the whitecoats and I'll come straight here——"

"An' all de men folks leavin' her heah wid nobody but black Ephraim an' her ole Mammy." The old woman stopped her fiery harangue to listen:

"Dar now, heah dat? My chile hollerin' fer her ole Mammy." She turned her unwieldy body toward the faint cry that Erskine's heart heard better than his ears, and Erskine hurried away.

"Ephraim," he said as he swung upon Firefly, "you and Mammy keep a close watch, and if I'm needed here, come for me yourself and come fast."

"Yassuh. Marse Grey is sutn'ly up to some devilmint no which side he fightin' fer. I got a gal oveh on the aige o' de Grey plantation an' she tel' me dat Marse Dane Grey don't wear dat white uniform all de time."

"What's that—what's that?" asked Erskine.

"No, suh. She say he got an udder uniform, same as yose, an' he keeps it at her Uncle Sam's cabin an' she's seed him go dar in white an' come out in our uniform, an' al'ays at night, Marse Erskine—al'ays at night."

The negro cocked his ear suddenly.

"Take to de woods quick, Marse Erskine. Horses comin' down the road."

But the sound of coming hoof-beats had reached the woodsman's ears some seconds before the black man heard them, and already Erskine had wheeled away. And Ephraim saw Firefly skim along the edge of a blackened meadow behind its hedge of low trees.

"Gawd!" said the black boy, and he stood watching the road. A band of white-coated troopers was coming in a

cloud of dust, and at the head of them rode Dane Grey.

"Has Captain Erskine Dale been here?" he demanded.

Ephraim had his own reason for being on the good side of the questioner, and did not even hesitate.

"Yassuh—he jes' lef'! Dar he goes now!" With a curse Grey wheeled his troopers. At that moment Firefly, with

something like the waving flight of a bluebird, was leaping the meadow fence into the woods. The black boy looked after the troopers' dust.

"Gawd!" he said again, with a grin that showed every magnificent tooth in his head. "Jest as well try to ketch a streak o' lightning." And quite undisturbed he turned to tell the news to old Mammy.

(To be concluded.)

FILIPINO FEMINISM

By Emma Sarepta Yule

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



IN an off-hand calculation the average American would place the Oriental woman's value as a factor in the body politic very close to zero. Indeed, for him the phrase, "Oriental woman," conjures up only a weird sort of mental tapestry on which vague figures appear, some in mysterious veils through which gleam lustrous eyes, others with pitiful "lily-feet" showing below mannish trouser legs, flower like, others wearing absurd girdles, kneel on flat cushions, or stand with modest mien. To attempt to transform this fantastic picture into something more vital is not the purpose of this article. It deals, however, with a woman of the East; but one who has not been presented to the Western world by artist's brush, poet's pen, opera libretto, or suffragette fervor, nevertheless, a woman not without interest, individuality, and even picturesqueness.

Lying midway between the dainty kimono maiden of Japan and the veiled lady of India, and alongside of the "lily-footed" dame of China is the woman of the Philippines, a type of feminism unique in the Orient. A woman in whose development there has been neither seclusion, nor oppression, nor servitude. A woman who is not, and never has been, in the category of Oriental woman as popu-

larly, and in many phases, correctly conceived.

As a point of evidence that the Filipino woman is a new type of the feminine in the East, literally the "New Woman," is the fact that during last year's session of the Philippine Congress a woman's suffrage bill was a measure which received considerable popular attention. That the measure died a committee death is no matter. The live fact remains that the first proposition pertaining to granting woman the right of the ballot, considered in a legislative body in the Orient, was in the youngest nation and through the efforts of the women of that nation.

That Filipino feminism is not in accordance with accepted ideas of Eastern women does not mean that the Filipino woman is Amazonian, militant, or even unfeminine. As a proof of her feminine characteristics, is the fact that she is a bundle of such decided contradictions, such anomalies, that the pet aphorism, "woman is unexplainable," can be applied to her with exceptional aptness.

The question of why the Filipino woman is a unique Oriental type cannot be answered with completeness at present, the ground is too new. However, some reasons obvious even to the casual observer may be given. It is a truism that the position and freedom of Western woman as compared with her Eastern sister is

largely the result of the influence of the Christian religion. We may call St. Paul a crusty old bachelor, but we cannot deny that the home and not the harem has gone with the gospel he preached; and

tionalities, inner court, and purdah seclusion, may be largely attributed to the fact that she is the only Eastern mother who teaches "Our Father" to her little ones. It must not be overlooked, how-



Filipino Co-eds.

though he commanded that talking in meeting should be left to man, he did not forbid woman the wind-cleansed air, the golden sunlight, the great out-doors; he left her free to travel the open road of life with the "jolly heaven above and the by-way nigh." So the peculiar position of the Filipino woman among the women of the Orient, in that she walks side by side, not a pace to the rear of her man, and enjoys a freedom from hampering conven-

ever, that the Spaniards found woman in the Philippines sharing equally with her husband the rights and duties of the home, and in case of his death inheriting half of their joint property. Respect and consideration was accorded her, and she exercised authority in the tribal community. If a chief official died and there were no male heirs, the position fell to his widow. Still, under foreign influence other than Western, religious teachings other than

Christian, this position might have been radically changed. But during Spain's rule for three and a half centuries, it was strengthened and developed by the doctrines of Christianity.

Naturally, with the passing of the decades, the wider and closer intercourse with the lady of the fan and the mantilla and the gentleman from the land of the chivalrous Don Quixote, and the intermarrying between the two races, the customs, as to what were proper conventionalities regarding woman, became in outward form that of the Spanish. In dress, many of the accessories were adopted, but not the fundamentals. The costume of the Filipino woman is individual, her own. These acquired habits of life filtered in varying degrees from the relatively small group directly influenced down through all the strata of society. That is, society that lived "under the bells." The term Filipino, unmodified, always means the Christian part of the population.

In the twenty years of American control in the islands, prepared as she was by racial tendency and religion, the Filipino woman has responded in a remarkable degree in thought and aspiration to the new influence. In all classes the personal diameter has lengthened amazingly. The establishment of the public school system with co-education the rule from the primary through the university has had an awakening effect that increases tremendously each year. There are, of course, many who still prefer the convent or private school for their daughters, but the illuminating point is, that in no other Eastern country is co-education even among the possibilities.

Considered, practically, as an asset in the material progress of the archipelago, the Filipino woman is no negligible quantity. In the economic problem her value does not lie in proximity to zero, not by any means. The Philippine Census of 1903, the only official census of the islands, states that "the proportion of women engaged in gainful occupations in the Philippines is more than double that of the United States and three times that of Porto Rico, and more than three times that of Cuba." As statistics have a habit of doing, these figures do not tell the ex-

act truth. The Filipino women are not such industrious bees as might be gathered from the above. The following explanation may modify conclusions drawn from the figures. The economy of the Filipino household may be compared with the European in the eighteenth century with this difference. The European household was self-subsisting, manufacturing largely all needs of both household and family, but the women were not counted as wage-earners. In the Philippines, because of distribution of raw material, which is rarely cultivated, and often because of some freak of chance, each little community has its special products manufactured by woman's hands. These products, through the channels of trade, are exchanged. Hence the women are engaged in gainful occupations. This division of labor which exists in all parts of the country and the stage of household economy explains the unusually large proportion of women wage-earners given not only in the census report, but also by other authorities.

In this same census report the number of women given as engaged in trade and transportation is greater than in the other named regions. These figures so far as trade is concerned speak truth, and with proper interpretation, in transportation also. The town market and the little *tienda*, or shop, are the marts of exchange in the Philippines. The Filipino woman is the *tiendera* and the stall proprietor in the market. A man in such business is the exception, not the rule. Though not in any sense a beast of burden, the quantity of commodities that woman transports from place to place in baskets balanced on top of her head, is no small amount. But a woman is never seen driving any sort of vehicle. This is one of the peculiarities of Filipino feminism. Women ride to market with the produce, unless they carry it, and are in every way in charge, the men are mere supers. On market days, the little box-like *carretelas* are piled full of products, garden and manufactured, and women of all ages are perilously perched on top, but the driver is of the masculine gender. And as for a girl or woman on horseback or on a bicycle either for pleasure or business, it simply is not done, and never has been done, nor

does the most ultra drive her motor-car. Why not? "It is not *costumbre*."

Among the bulk of the population, the masses, one cannot use the term middle class in its accurate sense, as that class is only evolving, or rather under American influence is beginning to evolve, the wife is usually more than the home-keeper, she is a definite wage-earner, literally the helpmeet of her husband. She has time to aid in getting the living for the family as her housekeeping duties are light, exceedingly light, and not very well performed according to our Western ideas.

If the husband be a farmer, and that is the leading occupation of the Filipino, the wife helps in many parts of the work. She aids in transplanting the rice, in harvesting it, and in threshing when this is done by stamping the grain out with the feet. Husking, or hulling the rice by pounding it in a mortar, winnowing it by means of hand-woven baskets and mats are tasks of the wife and daughters, though at times the whole family work together. It may be remarked that the farmer's wife does not work for, but with her husband in pleasant comradeship. If the crop be cocoanut, sugar, or hemp, here again her hands give willing aid in the lighter parts of the work. In tobacco-growing more than in any other crop the work of woman is of value. One thing is noticeable, that the Filipino woman is rarely seen performing heavy work; carrying burdensome loads fit only for animals as may be seen in China and Japan, and in some countries in Europe. She is not seen working on roads, around docks, neither does she dig or plough the soil on the farm. In these bucolic phases of feminine endeavor one is struck again by what seems a contradiction or, at least, singular. Filipino women no matter of what class, farmer's wife, laborer's wife, or wife of lawyer or merchant, do no gardening, they do not even make flower-gardens. They are not even interested. Nor do they pay much attention to poultry-raising. In fact they are engaged in none of the lighter, thrifty, healthful outdoor occupations which the world considers as woman's almost exclusive province.

As a shopkeeper and in the market stall the Filipino woman excels. To

quote a man: "Women are the best merchants as they are great talkers and have such winning ways and captivating manners, that people cannot help buying."

The Filipino woman's productive industries carried on at home are varied. The cloth-weaving, whether the gossamer *piña* of the Visayan Islands, or the heavy, colored cotton blankets of the Ilocano Provinces, is done by her skilful hands. The fine embroidery and lace making, the mat and hat weaving, in some places the pottery making, are woman's special products. To this list might be added some food products which have a limited market. An old industry, that in recent years has developed into an item of financial importance, is the tying of fibres of abaca, or hemp, with a weaver's knot, forming a continuous strand ready for use in making hat braids and textiles. This tied, or knotted abaca is becoming an export of considerable value.

In Manila, the only factory centre, an average proportion of the employees are women. The needlework in the embroidery firms is done by women, but the Filipino designers and pattern-makers are young men.

As with the pattern-making the division by sex of employment in other lines is unusual. Successful in merchandizing in accustomed spheres women are not good saleswomen in larger shops with a cosmopolitan trade. Of the Shylocks in the country, and they are numerous, probably the majority are of the feminine gender. On the new jitney line in Manila the conductors are young women. Next to teaching and nursing the most popular profession among young women is pharmacy. Instances could be multiplied which show that occupations so far as sex is concerned are not filled according to accepted rule. As children's nurses the women are good, but boys and men are better, more reliable, more patient. Girls and women are seldom employed as household or hotel servants. This work is done almost entirely by men and boys. One cannot even conceive of training a girl for such service. She appears lacking in all the qualities which one is accustomed to believe inherent in woman in relation to household service. The Martha spirit seems strikingly absent in the make-

up of the Filipino woman. One is at times forced to the belief that the men are more "cumbered about much serving."

In the days of Spanish control the women of the Philippines engaged in almost no occupation that took them away from home. Educational opportunities were far, far more limited for girls than for

was teaching. True, very few were so employed, but the custom was established in those past days, yet at the present, the men in the profession are more than one hundred per cent in the majority.

The girls who follow the lure of learning walk with no hesitating shy steps.



Red Cross parade in a provincial town in December drive, 1918.

boys. Even at present if there must be a choice, the boy is given the preference by the family in the matter of education. It goes farther than a preference. There is a decided opinion, even among girls themselves, that anything beyond intermediate education is folly. For, as they and their parents say, what is the use, the girl will marry and then she will not need book education. Consequently, in the high schools and colleges the boys far outnumber the girls. It is the American attitude of the middle nineteenth century, only very much narrowed. In Spanish times the only profession open to women

Though passing through the wide-open doors of high schools and the colleges of the university in relatively small numbers, the Filipino "Co-ed" is emphatically present in all the activities of school life. Man may be in the majority, but woman is not a passive minority. She meets him on the tennis-court, plays his game of volley ball, indoor baseball, and basket-ball, and roots with enthusiasm, though not wildly, for her favorites on the diamond. In the classroom she stands in fairly good alignment with her brothers. She throws down the gantlet on the debating forum. She foxtrots,

and she flirts according to ritual. She is one hundred per cent "Co-ed."

To-day, in the world's broad field of battle no sphere is closed to her. The inherent independence and vigor of character which the Filipino "lesser man" possesses is evidenced in the fact that, with so short a period of opportunity and preparation, she is found at work in so many lines. Outside the occupations of production and distribution of commodities women are extensively and satisfactorily employed in clerical work, particularly stenography. The nurse's white cap is familiar in all larger towns. In teaching, woman is in the ranks from primary grade to college instructor. Several follow the profession of healing, and Manila boasts a small group of Portias.

In business, it is the verdict of foreigners in the islands, that they would rather deal with the Filipino women than the men. It is conceded that they are keener, far more to be relied upon to keep their word as to time, materials, and other essentials. That is, they do business more nearly on Western principles. There are many Filipino women who are property holders, and who manage their holdings and business with shrewdness and decided ability. Marriage does not mean the yielding of the management of inherited or acquired property to the control of the husband. Not at all. The typical Filipino woman would never think of such a thing. On the contrary, more than one case could be cited where the husband having brought the family property to the abyss of bankruptcy, the wife assumed control and by economy and keenness not only saved the business, but extended it, and on a sound basis. The most prosperous contractor for gravel and sand in Manila is a woman. Her success is partly due to her promptness in filling orders and her square dealing. The best paying iron-mine (until the Japanese recently bought one) in the islands is owned and managed by a woman. Local history tells that in the eighteenth century the placer gold-mining industry at Paracale, the largest placer-mining region in the Philippines, was managed by a woman. The industry suffered from the depredations of pirates.

Did she give up the job? No, indeed. She petitioned the King of Spain, so runs the tale, for better means of protection. The ruins of the protection secured still stand at Paracale and the gold hen and chickens which she sent with her petition as a gift to the Queen are in the museum at Madrid.

It is so common a thing that it does not cause the comment that it would in the United States to find a woman managing a rice farm, a cocoanut, or sugar plantation. Frequently women are sole or part owners in rice mills, oil mills, and similar enterprises. The equal inheritance law which obtained even in ante-Spanish days accounts partially for the rather unusual business activity among the women of the islands. Sisters share equally with their brothers the property left them by their parents, so this often throws the care and management of business directly into woman's hands, and she has proven equal to the task. The following case is in no way extraordinary. In a rich valley of northern Luzon is a large rice plantation. The owner, a widow, has managed the estate for some years, and educated two sons and a daughter. The thing that amazes is, that the boys are being well fitted, one for clerical work, the other for the occupation of a civil engineer, while the daughter, though the youngest of the three and still in college, has always had it impressed upon her that her career will be the managing of the estate, and she has been by actual experience trained in the trading and bartering with the mountain people that is a part of the business. The Filipino wonders at the foreigner's surprise and interest in such cases. To him they are the natural ordinary conditions of life.

In view of the industrial value of the Filipino woman the logical query is: What sort of a woman is she? Has she charm of personality; is she feminine? Or is she that human hybrid, a mannish woman? Assuredly the Filipino woman has much feminine charm. The matron as well as the maiden has natural grace, particularly in movement of head, arms, and hands. She is usually vivacious, but seldom appealing in manner. Even when driving a hard bargain she is affable, gracious. Assurance she does not lack,

every movement, from the poise of her head to the not particularly graceful swing of her body, expresses self-confidence and not infrequently aggressiveness. She looks the whole world in the face with a fearlessness of expression born of an inner consciousness of being perfectly able to cope with anything that offers. The lack of hesitancy, the matter-of-course assumption of capability is almost disconcerting to a stranger. Yet she is not noisy or bold in manner, simply confident, the woman unafraid.

From the masculine sex, the woman of the Philippines demands and receives courtesy of the drawing-room species tinctured with an almost slavish consideration. There is none of the give-and-take equality and frank comradeship that exists in America. The men, especially the young men, are abject and the girls selfishly absurd in their demands. And the chivalry is saturated with a perfervid sentimentality admitted and expressed with a delightful frankness, the result of grafting a Latin scion on a tropical Asiatic stock.

The Filipino woman has all the love of personal adornment that belongs to a normal daughter of Eve. Jewelled hair-pins, perfume, and powder-puff are essentials in an every-day toilette. After one becomes accustomed to the native dress it is realized that the dame of the Philippines is neat and particular about her attire. The stiff transparent, wing-like sleeves, and carefully folded huge bertha-shaped collar, also of thin stiff material, the most individual features of her costume, are always fresh, never mussed, nor wrinkled. The same may be said of her long sweeping starched skirt. Her straight smooth hair is, as a rule, simply dressed, and is invariably neat.

That the Filipino woman cannot be classed as an economic parasite is evident. But what about her worth in things not so material, but yet of tremendous value in the scheme of things?

Socially, she ranks equal with man. As a factor in society usually she is less prominent after marriage than before. Here the tinge of the East is visible. Her instinct, created by custom, is to sink into the background in the social life of

her home and of the community when she assumes the dignity of matron. Another incongruity with her wonted attitude. When her husband has guests she hies to the kitchen to superintend the preparation of food which is so important a part in Filipino hospitality. Frequently, a daughter in early teens will act as hostess when her father has guests. This is not due to want of admiration or respect for the mother nor is she a household drudge. It is just a custom which is more nearly allied to the custom in Japanese homes than to that followed in Western homes. Were the guests friends of the son or daughter the mother would probably not appear. But these little customs aside, woman collectively and individually is of influence and wields power in the part of the community life that comes under the head of social.

As a moral force in the family, one may make the assertion and be far within the truth, that woman outranks man in *las Islas Filipinas*. To quote a Filipino youth: "Much can be said in pro of her in this connection, and little can be mentioned in con of her." She is the guiding, moulding influence in her son's life as well as in her daughter's. One cannot talk with a Filipino youth for long and not be impressed with the value he places on his mother and her judgment. This impression is given indirectly for he probably will speak of her seldom, but the esteem in which he holds her is revealed in many ways. The friends and family of a wayward and extravagant young man often feel relief and shift responsibility when he marries. The right of the wife to hold a good firm check-rein on her husband is recognized, and very often she holds it with skill as well as strength. Ambition to stand well, to accumulate, to give the children opportunities is generally greater in the wife than in the husband. "Ruined by his wife's extravagance" is a verdict never heard in the Philippines. Custom as well as character gives the wife the right to be dictator on the home "ways and means" committee. She is *de facto* family treasurer. All family revenue is given to her, and she it is who has the final say as to how it will be spent. The custom is rigid. It must not be inferred, however, that family finances are never

squandered at the cockpit or in other forms of gambling or useless extravagance. Some men, like Sentimental Tommy, always "find a way" to provide a sinking fund of their own for such diver-

Not a few *señoras* love to "sit in" at a game, but, being canny, they do not greatly deplete their exchequers.

Some power has created a remarkably strong love for home in the Filipino. It



"Close up" of some of the Filipino women who took an active part in Fourth Liberty Loan drive and parade in Manila.

sions. But it is markedly true that the thought of the "wife Kate" at home "nursing her wrath"—and the Filipino Kate has a tongue as well as wrath—sends even forehanded gaming Tam O'Shanter homeward often when he fain would stay a bit longer with unattached "Souter Johnnies." It must in fairness be told that the votaries of the god of Chance are not all of the sterner sex.

is one of his beautiful characteristics. Looking at the little cramped, cheerless shack, that is "home" for the majority, one wonders at this love. The house and surroundings do not speak of comfort, beauty, or anything that means homelike. One can but conclude that the occult attraction is love—and the greatest is mother love. The attraction cannot be aught that is material, for the house is

usually a temporary affair, family possessions are so few and ephemeral in nature, that the heart-strings could really find nothing to twine about. There is not even an old oaken bucket. And strangely, one rarely hears a Filipino refer to any natural feature near his home.

"Woodman spare that tree
In youth it sheltered me"

has no meaning for him. Apparently, he has no old "Swimmin' hole," no chattering brook, no green hill. Consequently, his love for home, warm though it is, cannot at all signify or include what it does to many other people; love of house, some particular chair; a remembered vista from a doorway; a tree, or vine from the "little window where the sun came peeping in at morn," an old swing, an apple-tree, a brook, a blush-rose bush. His tie is human affection alone. And that the Filipino's love for home should be so strong testifies to the tenderness, the sheltering strength of the love that surrounded his youthful years.

Definite organized efforts in social service, civic improvement, and all allied lines of endeavor are not within the Filipino woman's sphere of influence, or rather were not. Under the tutelage of, and in co-operation with, American women, in Food Campaign, and Red Cross work she is making a start that promises success. The Fourth Liberty Loan drive in the Philippines was called the Woman's Drive, so prominent a part did women take in it, and the Filipino women nobly did their share. Food Campaign work was the impelling force or opportunity for starting a Woman's Club movement. Many clubs were organized in the provinces. Various kinds of co-operative associations among women exist in the islands, some of them old, almost ancient, but an honest-to-goodness civic club is brand-new, hence the significance of the spread of the movement. May, 1919, will be an historic date in the annals of women's clubs in the Philippines, for it marked the meeting of the first insular woman's club convention in the country. Considering her brief experience as a modern public worker, the Filipino woman shows ability and enthusiasm. As in

other things she has demonstrated her persistence, one logically believes she will in this. She is a campaigner of no mean order, and possesses forensic eloquence that makes her no weak adversary. When on the platform she is free from self-consciousness, a characteristic noticeable also in Filipino men, in fact in all Orientals, even when inexperienced in oratorical aviation. At the big rally in Manila for the Fourth Liberty Loan one of the most forceful speakers was a Filipino woman. The present suffrage movement is undoubtedly an indirect result of the war activities among the women. Another bit of Hun work adverse man might say.

What of the future? Is the Filipino woman as a militant in advance of her country's onward march? With popular education each year sweeping more girls out of the home into all kinds of productive occupations, with the more than usual share of responsibility already resting on her shoulders, with her imperious demands upon and from man, it would seem well, not for the Filipino woman, but for the man to cry: "Watchman what of the night?" What sort of a nation will evolve where man supinely shifts so much of his normal responsibility as bread-winner, home builder? Tamely surrenders authority, submits to absurd demands, for with all her capability the Filipino woman is femininely or *feminishly* capricious. It is not in the industrial competition alone that the danger-signal flies, but in the mental attitude that accords to woman an exceptional homage and accepts smilingly her anomalous assumption of burdens that should rest on man's shoulders.

Who knows? It may be written in the book of destiny that on these lovely isles where the "lisp of the split banana-fronc talks us to sleep," where the lotos tempts to dreamy contemplation, and the hibiscus sways its bell of flame; but the modest violet does not bloom, nor the element-defying pine point straight to heaven, nor the sturdy oak find sustenance—here will be the Altruria of feminism. A land of perfect sex equality with apathetic chivalry tipping the scale a trifle in favor of gentle woman.

A NECESSARY DEPENDENT

By Sarah Atherton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. RUMSEY MICKS



ANDREAS MICKALAVITCH wakened, bewildered. The mists of sleep still dimmed his eyes, but the faint streaks of coming dawn revealed unmistakably strange and unaccustomed things—

lofty ceilings, tall windows with dark shades and iron bars. The bed in which he lay was one of a long row. He felt strangely faint and bodiless.

Was he dead, and this purgatory? Had he been drafted, though a miner, sent to the war and wounded? Perhaps there had been an accident at the mine. He held up his hands. Their blue powder-marks, every line and muscle of their swart strength reassured him of his own reality. They proved he was not dead. He took a long breath, and tightened the muscles of his legs. Cautiously he shifted his feet. No pain resulted. Then he was not injured.

Beyond the iron bars at the windows he saw mountains, familiar, but not precisely known—wooded mountains in the fresh green of spring. By sitting up in bed, he saw the tops of the elms which sentinelled the river. Beyond lay the bridge, a group of houses, and the hacked-out roof line of Colliery Number Four. That must be Plymouth, but where was he on the opposite side of the river?

"Retreat!" The idea caught him in the ribs. He could not get his breath. He was in the County Poorhouse and Insane Asylum. He remembered its brick, many-eyed façade, grim and self-righteous. The establishment itself was adequate, however its individual inmates may have failed in their journey through life. Andreas felt the desolation expressed in the hushed tone in which men and women of the valley speak of "Retreat." The vicissitudes of life in the coal regions sometimes make it necessary for highly respected families to mention

it. However gallantly they begin, as though they spoke of a vacation at the shore, their voices invariably grow hushed at the word itself.

He pushed the upstanding black hair flat against his head. This situation needed clear thinking, and his had been along different lines. He was a good miner, but something unaccounted for had happened to him. The thought of laying a charge, setting the fuse, and awaiting that hollow boom suddenly appeared impossible. He could not do it again. What if he killed his laborer? Had he blown some one to pieces? Was that why he was here? He could not tell. How long had he been here? Where were Martha and the boy? A sense of distress and misfortune hung over the past which he could not clear.

He buried his face in the pillow in his effort to remember. If some accident had happened through his fault, it would be better to stay hidden where he was, if it were not for Martha. His life seemed to him now to have been drudgery, with no promise of change—cycles of effort punctuated by pay-days, a feeling of security for a day or so, then that pressing sense that he was laying up nothing for the future. What would happen when any of the wheels in their three lives missed a cog? Even the leisure hour after supper at the saloon, with pipe and friends and a drink, was flat and empty.

The only reason for him to get well was his wife's inability to get along without him. She was more dependent than other women. She spoke practically no English, and at certain times in her career had refused to speak even her native tongue. What would happen to her, and almost as problematical, what would happen to the authorities in case one of her baffling silences descended upon them?

Even if she could find her way to the big houses where beggars go, he knew

that she would never beg. Martha could be persuaded to take the trolley only about twice a winter, and then after weeks of due consideration, buttressed on one side by her husband, on the other by her little son. When they walked along the crowded Public Square she always kept tight hold of her husband's hand, quite as though they were alone, walking up the Hunlock Gorge. He would have preferred not to walk that way, yet even through his embarrassment he realized that Martha did not look silly as one might imagine.

The fog in his brain began to clear. His last memory of her was in her blueingham dress. She had brought his supper to him as he lay on the bed. She had put a newspaper between him and the lamp. With his heavy mine boots still on, he had thrown himself down, careless of her patchwork quilt. He could not touch his supper. That night he had felt as though everything were tumbling in upon him. He remembered his wife saying, gently apologetic, with an intimation that anything so wide-spread somewhat lost its tragedy: "Everybody sick, Andreas, but better soon."

He had heard a woman crying in the next room, and had recognized the broken tones of their neighbor, Therese, saying over and over: "David, my little David."

He had thought "How terrible!" Then, as the cries continued: "Must she go on crying in my house?"

Martha's face, so all of one tone as a rule, that night had shown darker on her cheek-bones, and her eyes were very bright. It was all clear to him now. It was the "flu."

That mysterious visitant had stalked along the unpaved gutters of Daisy Lane with terrible impartiality. (The preceding angel who marked door posts for plague exemption for the first-born had naturally found her way first along the broad avenues. Even the most modern agencies had never attempted to include the outlying districts in their surveys. What could one expect of an old-fashioned angel?) Had his wife been sick too? and the boy? He straightened his shoulders. This was no time for idle thought. If the authorities would let him, he would start to walk to Daisy Lane this very day. If

not, he would go during the night. He ought to get there with six hours' walking. "Plymouth, Breslau, Larksville, Swoyerville, and Maltby," he tolled over on his fingers. His ability to do this increased his self-possession.

The step of a nurse who might divine his thought made him put his hands suddenly under the covers. She passed down the ward with serene and appraising look. He found his rumbling voice in time to call, "High, ma'am."

She turned and came to his side. He looked up at her and found her an unfamiliar creature. Her regular features, erect carriage, the transcendental folds of her stiff uniform increased his sense of her detachment and self-adequacy.

"Ma'am," he continued, "how long I been here?"

She leaned as though to look at the top of his bed, then replied: "Eight weeks."

Did the bed tell her? He wondered how. Later, after she had gone, he discovered a paper, with red tracings like the map of a coal vein, hung by little hooks to the head of his bed. This, he had a distinct feeling, had had some connection with her glib knowledge.

"Me much sick, then?" He continued.

"You are a great deal better," she added in a firm heartening voice.

He cleared his throat, then said: "An' my woman? She aw' right?"

"She is well of the flu and at work in a lace mill. A boy named Stephen came on Sunday to ask about you. He said everything was all right. They do not want you to worry or feel hurried. She likes her work."

Martha was going to have a new baby in four months. He longed to ask about that, but the nurse looked as though she would not understand, so he added: "Me go home pretty soon?"

"Quite soon," she replied; "as soon as the doctor says you may."

Andreas bit his lip, for it trembled. "She too damn good," he muttered at her retreating back.

Then the strength ebbed from his spine. He put his face behind his arm. From the moment of the receipt of that cheering news of wife and home he took a turn for the worse. His memory and wits had returned to him, apparently,

only to make him a more susceptible victim of the blues.

Often through the next two weeks the doctor would look at his eagle-like profile, becoming more clear-cut against the pillow. Under his swarthy skin the blue pallor below his eyes widened. At the end of the ward the doctor asked: "Is Number Eight worrying about anything? He seems hopeless. Has he a family in this country?"

Diana-like Miss Adams replied: "Yes, doctor. I was able to give him good news of them only two weeks ago."

"I can't account for his turn for the worse," thought the doctor; what he said was, "An interesting case," but looked as though he knew more than he would tell.

Miss Adams thought, "Wonder if he has any idea of what can be the matter?" but said, "Yes, sir," and bowed with the time-worn nonchalance that the most careless Indians give to the great god Budd.

On the following Tuesday afternoon, a steady rain was falling on the slate roofs. The rattle of water leaking from a gutter was the only sound in the ward. Andreas lay motionless, his eyes fixed upon the cracks in the ceiling.

"Mill not so hard as housework," he was repeating over to himself. He had been blind to believe that she could not get on without him. Yet his present vision left him nothing to live for. For the first time he had visualized her working day in their kitchen. At dawn she crept down-stairs to shake the fire and put on the kettle. At four in the afternoon she heard his heavy boots on the step, when he came in as grotesquely black as a minstrel, otherwise looking more like a day's work than an evening's entertainment. He found always waiting for him the wash-tub and the water, hot, for his scrub. Never once in the four years they had lived together had he waited for the water to be heated, and yet her day's work varied with the season, and from one day to another in the week. He thought of much that had never occurred to him before. Women not only worked ten hours a day, but they had children. They took care of them on top of a day's work. Union men would

strike under such a condition. His former idea of her, little helpless one, being dependent upon him, the worker, now made a mirthless smile flicker under his mustache. Yet the discovery of her strength kept him weak.

The sound of footsteps now made him turn toward the door. A timid, cloaked figure, preceded by the nurse, was making her way toward his bed. By his side stood Martha, his wife, unchanged.

The nurse departed. The crackling starch of her uniform gave precise bulletins on the speed of her retreat. His wife took his hand. They looked at one another.

The oval of her face, her quiet hazel eyes with full lids, her indeterminate hair, even the droop of her shoulders, were reminiscent of an early madonna *in tempora*. She was of that singularly pure type of the rain-worn women on the early Gothic churches in France. Andreas only realized that there was no one quite like her. He looked up at her as the healing madonna at Lourdes is gazed upon.

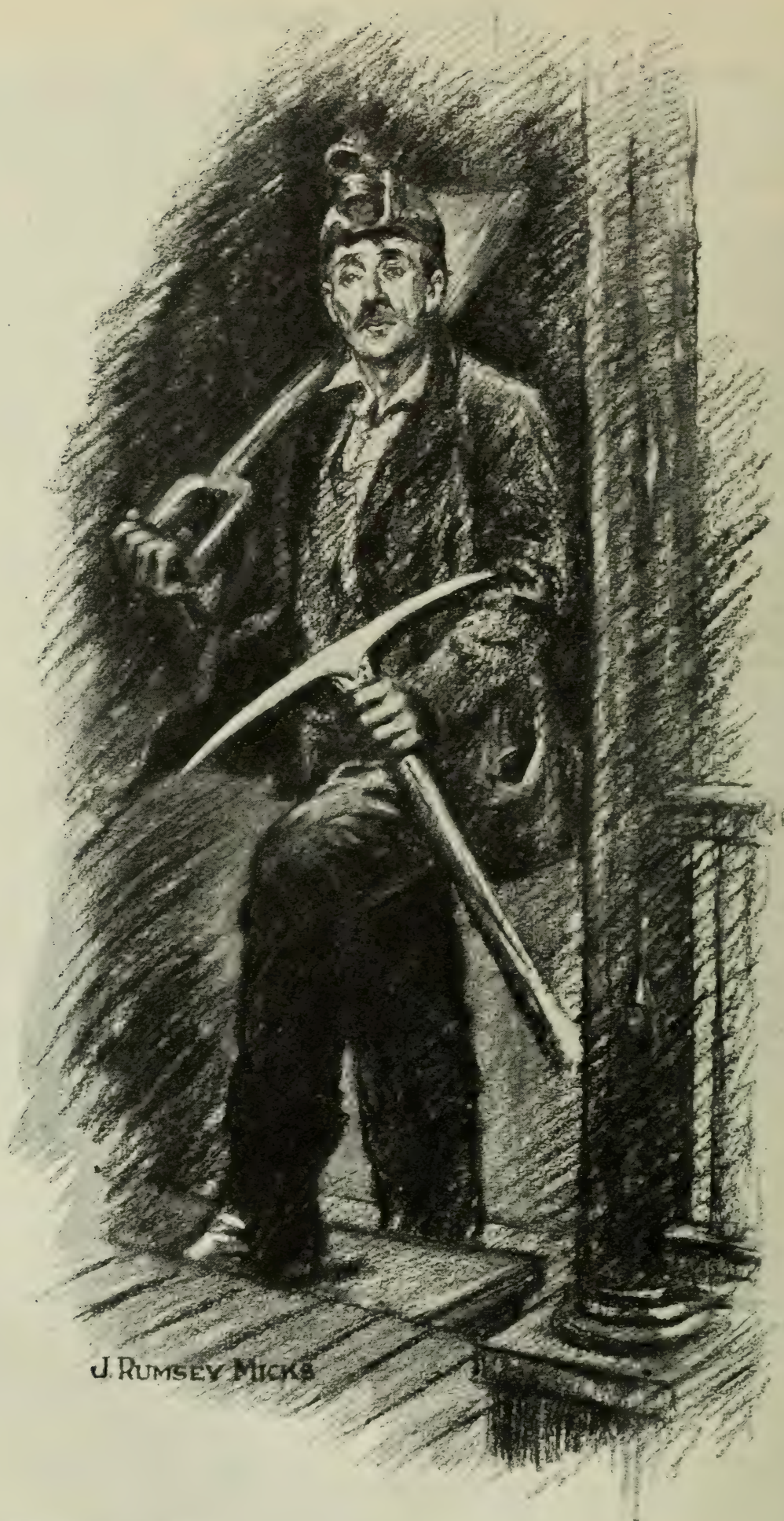
Her yellow-brimmed straw hat had lost its American tendencies before it went to the second-hand store. On Martha it had taken on the exact line of a low-set halo. The pink ribbon and single daisy which had been her idea of adequacy without sensationalism were not visible to him from where he lay. He kept turning her wedding-ring about her finger. They were in a ward, so he must ask about the mill and such things.

In a cheerful voice, which nevertheless broke on the word "housework," he inquired: "You like the mill better than housework?"

She looked at him, then raised those heavy lids and shook her head. Leaning closer, she whispered in their native tongue: "I can't get on any longer without you. I have come to take you back or I will stay here with you. I can't go on alone. It's no use. I have tried."

Warmth surged up into his throat. He managed to say: "How did you come all this way by yourself?"

She sighed. Martha did everything to a slower rhythm than other people in America. It rested him. She had had to wait until Therese's brother could take



Drawn by J. Rumsey Micks.

At four in the afternoon she heard his heavy boots on the step.—Page 749

a day off from the mines, when he could bring her.

And the mill? She sighed again. Gradually she unfolded to Andreas the facts which filled in the blank period in his past. He had been so sick that he had not known her for a long time. She had protested in vain when they had put him into the ambulance. The man had on a blue uniform and silver badge. Then she had waited days and days for him to come back. At last the money was all gone. She gave up the house, and then went to his stepmother's. There she had stayed five weeks. But the floods of objections from her sister-in-law kept her miserable. Many times she would not go to meals unless they asked her. Everything was so dear now. At length her sister-in-law, glitteringly efficient in the English language, had announced that she was going to take her to "Uncivil Relief Committee for Poor Peoples in tall bank building." Martha, exhausted after this lone attempt to speak English, lapsed back into Polish.

They had gone. Andreas had a vision of the two women stepping into the bronze elevator, that sister-in-law in her cheap American splendor, majenta areas on her high cheek-bones, wide ankles in transparent lace stockings, wide feet in pointed slippers, and strong perfume. Andreas was not insensible to these things, but his eyes turned loyally toward his wife as she sat by his side. The poor in Bible times, or the Middle Ages, might indeed have worn her clothes. They were annual, international sort of garments, worn by the poor of all time.

Andreas had had no previous experience to enable him to visualize what took place after the women went into the office. Martha only gave him the salient points as they appeared to her. They had seated themselves humbly before the relief agent. She had turned upon them that clear look, so restful to the world-worn—the look which comes from the unity of purpose based on the incontrovertible fact that "life is real, life is earnest." The agent questioned them, consulted cards, telephoned, and at length turned and said, "Red Cross will pay rent, you can be searcher in lace mill," in the touching faith, shared by

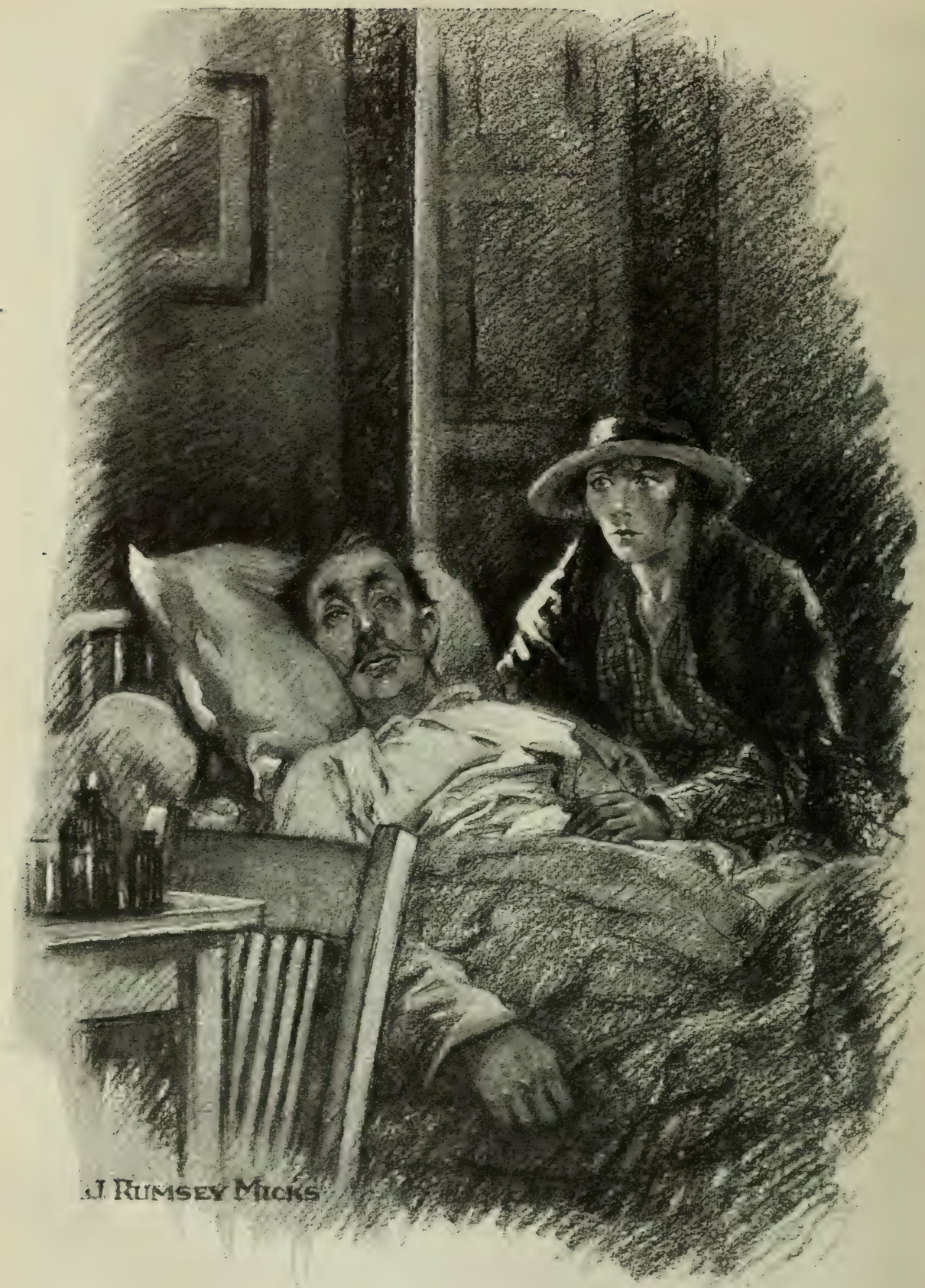
many of her co-workers in the coal regions, that foreigners can understand the English tongue, if only it is expurgated of its articles—all the "the's" and "a's." She repeated her generous ultimatum without obtaining the slightest response from Martha. Had she not understood? The sister-in-law was asked again to repeat everything in Polish. This she did, with vociferous wags of her yellow head. Martha remained as immovable as a Gothic figure. Opposition would have been less baffling than her terrifying non-resistance which withheld all acquiescence. The sister-in-law explained that she was often like that. The adviser, with an institutional leniency in her voice, reminded her that she had better like her suggestion, as it was the only opening for her except, of course, "Retreat." After she had been there for the three months the law allowed, she would again be a charge on the town.

At the word "Retreat," Martha brightened perceptibly, like the intimations of coming dawn in a heavy mist. She would go there. Her adviser looked at the cards in her hand, and replied: "If you went there, you know, you could not be with your husband. He is in the other building."

The sister-in-law agreed that Martha should go to the mill, while she remained impassive. With a tardy realization that an apology was due, on leaving Martha put her hand against the buttons of her coat and said, "Sick here, all time, eat, no good," and thus she had departed.

This recitation had made Andreas's long-worn expression of apathy change to one of alert and intelligent misery. He must hear it all. What next?

Martha was a woman of smiles and action. Such a long recitation of events, even in her own language, wearied her. She had gone to the mill and worked for one week, then the forewoman had reported to the relief committee that she was too slow. The latter had written Martha to come to her office that very Tuesday, this day of days, which she had chosen instead for her trip to "Retreat." She had the air of one who had made a lucky get-away. She would not be there to get good advice and another job. A smile of beatific peace flickered beneath



Drawn by J. Rumsey Micks.

"I can't get on any longer without you. . . . I can't go on alone. It's no use. I have tried."
—Page 749.

her halo. The facts having been safely given, she returned to the point of her departure, and her voice became more modulated and persuasive—she was again settled in their old house. It was made ready for his return. They would go back together or not at all. She could not get on without him. But how could he know, as he had never left her before?

She fumbled in her waist for her handkerchief. Unknotting its bullet end, she poured a stream of coins into his hands, and straightway smiled the identical smile she used to give him when he turned over his wages. How could he have been so untrue to imagine that her making money would change her, or that she could ever need him less?

The sun, low in the sky, flooded the elms with gold and filled the wooded hills with purple shade. The thousand windows of Colliery Number Four across the river shone like fire. The encircling culm

heaps stood out with sharp shadows like ancient battlements.

Martha looked about the ward. Their neighbors were asleep, or no longer heeded them. She slipped her hand once more into his. She felt all of him flow into, and unite in, his hand. He, a bit of wreck, aground in a workhouse ward, felt that inner rhythm which is the intimation of the vast harmony to which all created things are tuned, from insects in the grass to the stars that sing in their courses—no time, no world, she was reality.

She had to leave the ward at seven o'clock that night. The next morning the uncharted emptiness of bed Number Eight caused a mild flurry. In due time the authorities reported that the case had returned to work, and so the matter was dropped. They were short of beds anyway.

THE ROAD TO BABYLON

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

"How far is it to Babylon?
—Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes, and back again."
And while nurse hummed the old, old rhyme,
Tucking him in at evening time,
He dreamed how when he grew a man
And travelled free, as big men can,
He'd slip out through the garden gate
To roads where high adventures wait
And find the way to Babylon,
Babylon, far Babylon,
All silver-towered in the sun!

He's travelled free, a man with men;
(Bitter the scores of miles and ten!)
And now face down by Babylon's wall
He sleeps, nor any more at all
By morning, noon or candle-light
Or in the wistful summer night
To his own garden gate he'll come.
—Young feet that fretted so to roam
Have missed the road returning home.



GUIDE-POSTS AND CAMP-FIRES



BY HENRY VAN DYKE

FIRELIGHT VIEWS

[THE SIXTH OF TWELVE PAPERS]

CIVILIZATION began with a wood-fire. 'Tis the coal-fire that has carried it on,—and, some think, too far.

The warmth diffused by burning wood is assuredly the oldest of "creature comforts." Doubtless Adam and Eve knew the joy of it when they started from Eden on the long adventure. The nights are sometimes biting cold in Mesopotamia, however hot the days, and the gentle calefaction of a few blazing sticks must have been grateful to the shivering pair,—especially in the fig-leafy period of their attire, before they had received the heavenly gift of fur-coats.

Certainly their great-grandson Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ," and his half-brother Tubal-Cain, "the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," had fires of wood, perhaps also of charcoal, for their work. And so, or in some such fashion, all human arts and crafts, inventions and contrivances, have sprung from the red seed of fire, planted in the bodies of trees, the ancient friends of man.

Greek poetry tells the same tale otherwise. Prometheus, the foresighted, stole a spark from the hearth of the great hall of Olympus, and brought it to earth hidden in a stalk of fennel. For this the jealous Olympians were enraged at him, and condemned him to undying torture.

But the tribes of the Orient say that the benevolent fire-thief was a bird; and the North American Indians hold that it was a coyote,—a beast which has kept the trick of theft without a trace of benevolence. Tell the tale as you will, the meaning is identical. It was the mastery of fire that gave man the advantage over the lower animals in all material things. It built Memphis, Nineveh, Babylon, Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, and many other

cities of renown. But at first, and through innumerable centuries thereafter, it was only and always *wood-fire*.

Possibly, now and then petroleum was added (after the manner of the rash and indolent housemaid) to hasten and augment the blaze. Does not Job, that early capitalist, boast that "the rocks poured me out rivers of oil"?

But the amorphous mineral, coal,—the mummy of wood,—the latent heat of fallen forests laid up in cold storage for our use,—who can tell when it was first discovered? At what time and by what chance, happy or unhappy, did man find out that those dusky rocks would burn? Was it when some cave-dweller made his fireplace on a vein of lignite passing through the floor of his den, and suddenly saw it all aglow? Was it when some primitive cottager took a fancy to those smooth blocks of black stone for the building of his hearth, and found that his fire laid hold upon its foundations? In cave or cottage, that must have been a surprise. No doubt the news of it spread quickly as a dire portent. Perhaps the legends of fire-and-smoke-breathing dragons, inhabiting caverns among the hills, had their source in some such accident.

Be that as it may, it is certain that the use of coal for heating purposes was late to begin and slow to progress. The British apparently led the way, somewhere in the twelfth century, and by the sixteenth century the practice had so increased in London that the Brewers Company petitioned Queen Elizabeth to forbid it, alleging "Hersealfe greatly greved and anoyed with the taste and smoke of the sea cooles." In Paris it went the same way. The dainty Parisians maintained that the burning of coal poisoned the air, dirtied the wash, injured the lungs, and spoiled the complexion of the ladies.

Horrible! This barbarous practice must terminate itself. Accordingly it was forbidden in 1714, and again as late as 1769.

Yet somehow or other it continued, and grew, and spread upon the face of earth, and diffused its sulphurous fumes in air, piling above our monstrous cities what Ruskin has called "the storm-cloud of the nineteenth century." Tall chimneys, vomiting gloom, broke the sky-line. Forges blazed and flared. Factories sprang like exhalations from the ground. Railway-trains ran roaring up and down the continents. Steamships wove their spider-web of crossing lines and lanes over the sea. Man's power to make things and to move things increased tenfold, a hundredfold, a thousandfold. And of this new world,—civilized, we call it,—coal-fire is king.

For this reason, some say, Germany attacked France in 1870 to gain possession of the coal-fields of Lorraine, and again in 1914 to grab the Briey Basin and the mines around Lens. For this reason, some say, the empire of Britain is founded on a coal-pit, and when that is exhausted it will fall. For this reason, some say, the present prosperity of mankind is illusory and transient, and some coalless day we shall all freeze or starve to death. An imitator of Rudyard Kipling puts it thus:

When the ultimate coal-mine is empty and the
miners' last labor is done,
When the pick and the drill are silent and the
furnaces die, one by one,
Then the trains will stall on the railway, and
the factories all grow dumb,
And shivering man will cover his head and
wait for The End to come.

Perhaps,—perhaps! Yet the prophecy does not curdle my marrow. As the Kingship of Coal was not primeval, so its perpetuity is not assured. Nor would the dethronement of the present monarch necessarily be final and fatal. A competent Regent has been discovered in Oil. Behind him, like a sturdy heir-apparent, we see the rising head of Electric Power. In the dim distance we discern various heirs presumptive,—Sun-heat yet unexploited; Tide-force yet unharnessed. That embryonic wonder, of whom Sir Oliver Lodge tells us, Atomic Explosion, still slumbers in the womb of nature, waiting the day of delivery. Who knows

but what The Coming Man, having taken the needful precautions, may gently insert a spoonful of atoms into a safety-exploder and generate power enough to run the world's machines for a year?

Meantime there is no present reason, moral or economic, why we should not come back, after our day's work, and sit down beside the old wood-fire, and get the good of it.

Once a power, it is still a friend. With a moderate and variable heat, it gives out light and cheer. It talks a little, and sings a little, and makes a solitary room less lonely. Old-fashioned it certainly is; wasteful it may be,—extravagant, if you like to call it so, with fire-wood at its present price; but for me it answers precisely to the French philosopher's definition of a luxury,—*chose très nécessaire*.

Indeed it is the last of the luxuries that I would forego under duress of the High Cost of Living. If need be, as the poet says,

I can do without sugar and butter and eggs;
I can give up my carriage and trust to my legs;
The dream of a motor, or even a Ford
I renounce, while my plumber rolls by like a
lord;
I can cut out my tailor, and wear my old shoes,
And resign from the club to escape the high
dues;
I abstain from the movie, the opera, the play,
The lure of the bookshop, the florist's display;
All, all, I surrender that Hard Times require;
But leave me, ah leave me, my bonny wood-
fire.

My fireplace is not a splendiferous one, with huge, carven mantel, brought (or copied) from some Italian palace or Bavarian castle. I like not these gigantic intruders in modest American rooms. The fire smokes or smoulders discouraged in their cavernous depths. A plain, useful hearth, by preference of red bricks or tiles, and a chimney that draws well, are worth more than all the decorated chimneypieces in the world.

In andirons I would admit a little fancy, but no ostentation. Mine are twin near-bronze figures of Indian maidens that used to stand, long ago, on top of the newel-posts at the foot of the stairway in an ancient New York hostelry. These I found by chance in a junk-shop, and had low steel bars fitted to them, to hold the

wood. Goldilocks calls them Pocahontas and Minnehaha. They are not beautiful, nor ugly, but they seem to fit the place, smiling as they warm their backs at the blaze. They appear to be dressed, let me hasten to say, in decorous deerskin garments with fringes.

Behind these proper and benignant figures the fire is kindled every morning from the first of October to the first of May, and later if need be. Is the day warm? The windows are easily opened. Is it bitter cold? Then pile on the wood,—as Horace says,

*Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens.*

That is, in modern American, beat the cold by boosting the fire.

Do you want to know how to light it? I can tell you a trick that is worth learning in these days of costly kindling.

You must have a bed of ashes to begin with. This is difficult to secure and protect if you are married. But it can be done by making concessions on other points. Now pull out your fire-dogs a little and put the round backlog behind them, resting on the ashes. Stuff a few sheets of dry newspaper, (old copies of the *Social Uplifter* are best,) under its curving side. Above this place just four,—no more,—sticks of kindling-wood, not horizontally mind you, but perpendicularly, or rather “slantendicularly,” leaning against the backlog. In front of this, lying on the andirons and close against the kindlings, place your forelog. Then apply the match to the paper. In two minutes you will have a beautiful little blaze. Now you can lay on your third log,—but gently, gently,—and your fire is well started for the day.

Reader, you may think that paragraph meticulous and trifling. But really and truly it is an invaluable GUIDE-POST. If you will follow it, in a year it will save you the price of a subscription to the magazine, to say nothing of the profanity which you would have expended in trying to light *choked fires*.

Air is the great thing, remember,—free circulation, a good draft,—both for fire-building and for thought-kindling. We smother our poor minds by piling on ideas and theories. We choke our high-school

and college education with a preposterous overload of “courses.” We encumber our social programme with vast heaps of universal reform, and complain that “we can’t get anything done,” because we fail in the fool’s effort to do everything at once.

Why try to do good things in a silly way? Why waste matches by applying them immediately to the backlog? Take the little sticks first. And above all let the fresh air of open discussion, practical experiment, illustration, comparison of experiences, criticism, humor, and enthusiasm play freely through the fire of your theories and plans.

In education, for example, I would sweep away half of the “courses” and two-thirds of the “examinations,” and concentrate attention on teaching boys and girls to use their powers of observation accurately, their powers of reasoning intelligently, their powers of imagination and sympathy vividly, and their powers of will sanely and strongly,—in short, to know things as they are, to conceive them as they might be, and to help make them as they ought to be. That is the real purpose of education. And I think it may be reached, or at least approached, better through a few studies well chosen than through a mass of studies piled on at random.

But these are only “firelight views,” reader; they are not systematic, sharp-cut, unalterable theories. To such the magical light of the dancing, flickering flames, the mystical glow of the orange-red embers, are not favorable. They lend themselves rather to the inspiration of dreams, and hopes, and fancies. They are friendly to memories and visions, without which indeed the journey of life would be dull and cheerless.

Yet I cannot agree with that good British essayist, E. V. Lucas, when he suggests that the wood-fire harmonizes with spiritualistic experiments, and goes on to say, “If England were warmed wholly by hot-water pipes or gas-stoves, the Society for Psychical Research would soon be dissolved.” On the contrary it is precisely in that stale-heated, stuffy, musky atmosphere that mediums flourish and perform their most marvellous feats with their feet. The frankly blazing wood-fire is too healthy for them.

I have heard of only one successful *séance* that was held beside an open hearth. The story was told me by the Reverend Doctor Wonderman, a delightful comrade and a firm believer. He was sitting with a mediumistic couple, and they had produced for his benefit during the evening various "manifestations" of knocks and scratchings and movements of furniture. The "control" was supposed to be the soul of a departed Indian Chief,—Bumbagoostook, or some such name as that,—a penetrating spirit, but wayward, and of rude, boisterous humor. As a final and conclusive proof the Doctor asked that Bumbagoostook should hand him his favorite pipe, which was then lying on the mantelpiece. Instantly the pipe leaped from the shelf, hurtled through the air, and struck the good Doctor violently in the midriff. Whether he laughed or not, I do not know, but it seems to me likely. Nothing of that kind has ever happened by my wood-fire. I prefer to get my pipes for myself, rather than have to do with unrefined spirits.

Plenty of good things have been written about wood-fires,—whole books, in fact, like Hamilton Mabie's "My Study Fire," and Charles Dudley Warner's "Backlog Studies." There are also little fragments scattered here and there, which are worth picking up and remembering.

Horace has an excellent bit in his second epode, where he describes the honest farmer's wife,—modest, merry, sun-burned woman, glad to play her part in keeping house and bearing children,—who lays the dry fagots on the hearth, ready to welcome the homecoming of her tired husband.

Cicero in his dialogue "*De Senectute*" gives a graphic picture of old Manius Curius sitting quietly by his country fire-side and refusing the conquered Samnites who brought him a heap of gold. He said that he did not think it as fine to have gold as to be superior to those who had it.

Tibullus, the so-called bucolic poet, breathes a true fireside wish in his first elegy:

Let lowly fortune lead my life
In quiet ways, remote from strife,
If only on this hearth of mine
A constant fire may brightly shine.

But there is nothing better on this subject than the lines of Robert Messinger, an American, writing on the familiar theme of "old wine, old wood, old books, and old friends." Here is the second stanza:

Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a lump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak;
A fagot too, perhaps,
Whose bright flame dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

On the Maine coast I have always been able to keep the home-fires burning with white birch and snapping spruce from the strip of woodland around my shack. But that is quite a different thing from feeding the hearth with fuel from the home-lot here in Princeton. Every now and then one of the trees that my own hands have planted and tended here is smitten in its lusty youth and must come down; and sometimes there are deaths among the older trees, and they are brought to the funeral pyre. From such sad events I draw what comfort I can, and remember by the hearth the joy that the trees gave while they were living.

There was a pair of silver cut-leaf birches that succumbed one after the other, to some mysterious malady; a massy rock-maple that grew too great and blocked the sunlight from the windows; a trio of tall Norway firs that died at the top; some cherry-trees fallen into barren decrepitude, and mulberries rent and crippled beyond repair by a beautiful, cruel ice-storm. Once a giant pine-tree was struck by lightning, and we gave him a splendid, long-drawn flame-burial, with rattling crackling accompaniments, like salvoes of musketry over the ashes of a fallen hero. Once there was the remnant of an ancient orchard that went the way of all wood and passed into fire. That was the best of all.

Old apple-wood burns cleanly, brightly, serenely, with a delicate and spicy fragrance. The flames bloom softly over the logs; they play around them and

dance above them with shifting colors of canary yellow, and pale blue, and saffron; they send up wavering pennons of pure golden light, which sink down again into fringes of mellow radiance. Deeper and deeper the transforming element sinks into the heart of the log, which still keeps its shape, an incandescent round, silvered with a fine white ash; until at last the stick breaks and crumbles into glowing coals, of a color which no words can describe. It is like the petals of a certain rose, whose tint I remember, but whose name I have forgotten. (Tell me its name, reader, if you are sending a letter this way.) So the lovely ruins of the old apple-tree lie heaped upon the hearth, and over them flow tiny ripples of azure and mauve and violet flame, lower and lower, fainter and fainter, till all dies down into gray, and the tree has rendered its last offering of beauty and service to man.

One of the practical merits of an open wood-fire is its convenience for destroying rubbish. Old pamphlets and letters, dusty manuscripts that you once thought would be worth touching up for publication, scraps and fragments of all kinds that have cluttered your shelves and drawers for years, even new books that you have tried in vain to read,—how easy it is to drop them into the blaze and press them down with the poker!

But the habit is a bad one, for three reasons: first, because it dishonors the hearth with black ashes; second, because you may set the chimney on fire; third, because you never can tell what *is* rubbish.

You remember how King Jehoiakim made a mistake in that respect when Jehudi came into his presence to read from a little manuscript an extremely disagreeable prophecy of Jeremiah. There was a fire on the hearth burning before him. And it came to pass, that when Jehudi had read three or four leaves, he cut it with the penknife and cast it into the fire. "So," thought the king, "we have done with that rubbish." But neither was it rubbish nor had he done with it. For Jeremiah caused another little roll to be written with the same unpleasant words in it, and there were added besides unto them many like words, and they were all true, and it was worse for Je-

hoiakim in the end than if he had preserved and heeded the first book.

Many a man burns what he wishes later he had kept.

Another use of a wood-fire, though you can hardly call it a practical one, is its power of begetting fantasies, some romantic and some grotesque, in the mind of him that gazeth into it. Here I often sit, when the day's task is done, and indulge my vagrant fancy with improbable adventures and impossible labors. To go a-hunting in the Caucasus, and a-fishing in New Zealand; to complete either my long-planned book on "Wild Animals that Have Refused to Meet Me," or that much needed treatise on "The Moral Effects of Chewing Gum"; to get out a serious edition of *The New Republic*,—think what it would mean to the world if that journal, with all its natural gifts of omniscience, omnipresence, and omnipotence, only had the added grace of ethical earnestness! But these are vain visions. Let us return to the realities.

The very best thing about a real wood-fire is its power of drawing friends around it. Here comes the new Herodotus, not to discuss the problems of antiquity which he has already settled, but to tell the most absorbing tales and anecdotes of the people that you know or have known, and to dispute your most cherished opinions in a way that makes you love him. Here comes Fra Paolo, the happy controversialist, ready for a friendly bicker on any subject under heaven, and full of projects for rescuing the most maligned characters of history. Here comes the lean young Literary Rancher with tales of the once wild West; and the wonderful Writer of Sad Stories, who is herself always cheerful. Here come Goldilocks and Brownie to sit on the rug, tuck up their skirts and toast their shins, while they talk of their joyous plans and propound deep simple questions that no one can answer. Here come travellers and professors and poets and ambassadors, not reserved and stately, but thawed and relaxed to a delightful companionship by the magic of the wood-fire.

Well, they have all gone their way now, and while the logs burn down, I sit alone in the book-room, pencilling these lines. But you, reader,—if your eyes glance over

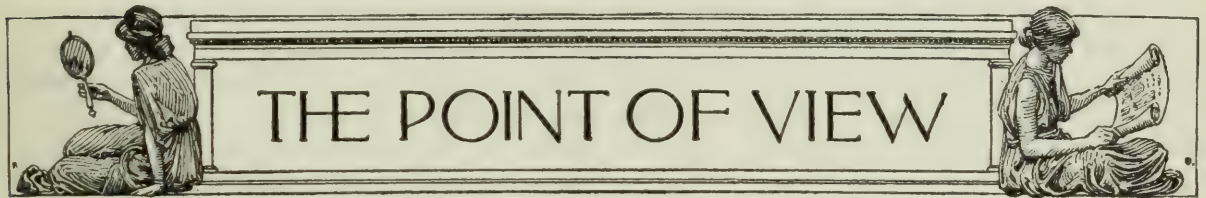
them at all, it will be in the happy season when your fire is kindled out of doors. In the deep, green woods, on the mountain-side, by the seashore, on the bank of some quiet lake or flowing stream;—"the camp-fire, the cooking-fire, the smudge-fire, the little friendship-fire";—but that is an old story, of which I have written in another book. I will not repeat it now, though the theme is one upon which I could play new variations forever. Let me rather wish you good-luck in the lighting of your fire in the open, and leave with you a saying from old Plutarch.

He says that when his guests have departed he would leave one flame burning as a symbol of his reverence for fire. No

other thing is so like a creature alive. It is moved and nourished from within; and by its brightness, like the soul, reveals and illuminates things around it; and even in dying resembles a vital principle, sighing and trembling ere it departs.

This, then, is what the Greek philosopher has to say about the firelight. But he says it, mark you, only of fire indoors, tamed and tended on the hearthstone.

Outdoors the case is different. There the fire, though lovelier, must never be left alone. Fold your tents and march on; but first put out the embers, lest a single spark, running wild in the woods, make you the careless father of a great disaster.



EVERY vigorous nation produces from time to time words not easily transferred to another tongue. Sometimes they embalm a subtle combination of thought and feeling that smacks so much of its native soil that one cannot find foreign equivalents. For example, it requires a genre picture to translate the German word *Gemüthlichkeit*

Alma Mater

to an Englishman or an Italian. Sometimes a nation takes a word common to several neighbors, and out of peculiar experience or special ideals fills it with a meaning it lacks in other tongues. The men of the Italian Renaissance put into the word *Virtu* a meaning entirely different from the English virtue. And every one who is well read in the two languages, feels that the French *honneur* is often feebly reproduced by the English honor.

Such a word is *Alma Mater* on the lips of an American college man. One evening, during the war, I sat in my room in Paris, finding consolation for a bad cigar in the good conversation of a friend who was professor in the University of Paris; mother of learning for Europe and the world. I asked him, "Do you use the word '*Alma*

Mater' as often in France as we do in America?"

"Probably not as often, but we use it."

"And just what do you mean by it?"

"Well," he replied after a moment's reflection, "I think it usually has with us a slightly ironical tinge, as who should say *commune bellemère*."

To the Englishman, *Alma Mater* suggests happy memories of the beautiful ivied college where he lived, in an atmosphere of scholarship and good taste. Oxford or Cambridge is for him a collection of such homes, and he cares but little for any but his own. Even to his own college he does not give his heart, for he left it at Eton or Harrow or Rugby. To the German a university is a necessary halting place on the journey toward a degree and a career. He is a nomad and shifts easily from one to another, making, wherever he stops, a pleasant life for himself among books or friends or evenings with beer and music. The Italian remembers his university as a place where he heard lectures, brilliant or dull, stimulating or boring. But to the American the thought of *Alma Mater* remains, like the memory of

some strong and gracious personality known in early years, an inspiring and strengthening influence to the end of life.

No class of our population responded as strongly and unanimously to the call to arms, without waiting for the draft, as the sons of our most typical American colleges, ancient or modern. One who could read the inmost hearts, they are wont to hide always behind stock phrases and attitudes, could see how the love of Alma Mater and the desire to be sons worthy of her worked with the love of country to make so many of them eager to get their "one-way ticket to France." Here is a part of a letter received from a student at the front in reply to the notice of a Princeton dinner to be held at Paris. "I cannot be with you in flesh and blood, but I will be there in spirit, because the best years of my life were passed under the orange and black, and my dearest memories, the memories of my days on the campus, fill my heart always with longing to do something that will bring honor to the dear old college which has meant so much in my life."

This attitude is something distinctively American, and it is one of the most beautiful products of our civilization. No one knows better than the men who have spent many years in its midst what are the faults and failings of American college life. But the institutions which have grown out of the eight pre-revolutionary colleges, and those since planted which have stayed true to type, are a sturdy native growth. If their fruit is to be improved, it must be by pruning and grafting, and not by planting exotics on the good old American soil of the campus.

The typical American university is not a knowledge factory with the motto "Efficiency first." Nor a bureau for furnishing classified information which may be useful to its clients in after-life. It is a vital organism. Its origin was in the personal sacrifice of those who loved truth and had an ideal for character, and it has never become purely scholastic, but has remained intensely human. The sons of American universities are now responding with open-handed generosity to the voice of Alma Mater's distress because, to an extent which is not true of the typical universities of any other nation or any other age, they have won the heart of their students.

WILD strawberries on the Boulevard Montparnasse. There are many things that make me anxious to amend Lowell to read, "What is so rare as a day in June, in Paris?" and wild strawberries are among the most pressing. I eat them at a little restaurant just where the Boulevard Montparnasse joins the Boulevard Raspail. Wild Strawberries on the Boulevard Montparnasse

It has one of those "gardens" which the French, with their wonderful ability for making bricks without straw, construct with an awning, four tables, eight chairs, and some privet in a tub. It is much simpler than a roof-garden and much more fun. You have the same agreeable sensation of being in the street but not of it which you experience on top of a Fifth Avenue bus. Outside the green hedge pass *bonnes* with the salad for dinner in their string bags and long loaves of bread under their arms; a priest, perhaps, his rusty black cassock flapping gently as he walks with head bent over his breviary and lips moving softly; a group of *poilus* laughing and singing, their coats of horizon blue, stained and faded but beautiful, making a splendid splash of color against the creamy browns and grays of the street. I see them all, I catch snatches of their talk, and yet I am separated from them by the privet hedge and the fact that I am engaged in the sacred rite of dining. No wonder no one in Paris thinks of eating indoors in summer-time.

By the time I have finished my soup, my *rognons sautés* and my *pommes frites avec*—for though I am now sufficiently French to enjoy green vegetables as a separate course, I still find unadulterated potatoes distinctly dull—it is eight o'clock, which is the ideal hour for dinner. Eight o'clock in Paris under the daylight-saving law means the long, level lights of five in the afternoon at home. And you have in addition the peace of a day's work over and forgotten; the pleasant glow all about you of good dinners in prospect, process, or retrospect; the sense of luxury and well-being always engendered by a *demi-tasse*, even though it be served in thick china and flavored with saccharine; the pure joy of talk with congenial companions, than which there is nothing better in this world. Darkness will not fall for another two hours. I know that at home, up my five pair of stairs, is waiting my dream view of *Sacre Cœur*, floating, like a magic

temple in the "Arabian Nights," milk-white against a pale-pink sky, but still I am in no hurry to go to it. I finish the last *pomme frite*. Leisurely I pick up the *carte de jour* and study the cabalistic blue-ink marks. If I did not know the menu by heart I might find difficulty in deciphering them, but with little cakes quite extinct and sugar for desserts *défendu*, or, which is much more important, unobtainable, the desserts at all Paris restaurants are strangely alike, except in price. There is cheese, of course; there are the eternal small white grapes, served with a goblet of water in which you dip each cluster before devouring it; there are various confitures and preserves—in particular a rich and syrupy one of figs which lures me for a moment; there are those delightful things which I am always tempted to order for their name—*mendiants*—the raisins, figs, walnuts, and almonds, whose four shades of brown correspond to the brown robes of the four orders of begging friars. But all these are winter desserts. I have eaten them night after night for months and months and months. There are only two items over which I really linger: *framboises* and *fraises des bois*. The raspberries are delicious, but there is something about the wild strawberries which draws me like a magic spell. There is magic in the French cast of their name: strawberries of the woods. There is the magic of memory, the recollection of afternoons when I plucked and ate them, warm in the sun, on New Hampshire hillsides. So I look at the waitress and say it like an open-sesame: "*Fraises des bois*." "*Fraises des bois*," she repeats the rune, and then, in a moment of utter recklessness, I can economize on lunch to-morrow: I add, "*avec crème*."

They come very quickly, for she has known all along that I would order them. They are small, soft, crimson things with a delicate faint perfume and a sweet, elusive, fascinating flavor which confirms my belief in the transmigration of souls, for it calls to me from some dim, delightful past, a past which I cannot quite remember. I think it is this subtle, suggestive quality in wild strawberries which makes them the loveliest of all fruits. Apples, to be sure, bring memories, but they are wholesome, substantial, solid memories of definite times and places. Bananas, of course, have romantic pasts, but by the time they reach us

they are so utterly prosaic, and filling, that they leave no room for dreams. But strawberries, wild strawberries, are fanciful, faëry things. I am inclined to believe that Pegasus was fed on *fraises des bois*. At any rate I know they feed him with wild strawberries along the Paris boulevards on summer evenings.

And the cream, the thick and sour *crème de Signy*—more like Devonshire cream than anything we know at home. It comes to you in a fat, little brown stone pot with a cover and bumpy embryo handles. Only to look at the pot and to see the smooth whiteness of the cream against its deep, rich brown is an epicurean treat. There is no way to pour it elegantly. Either you dip it out a spoonful at a time or else you stand it on its head over your plate and let it descend in sudden rich blobs. I gaze a moment at the berries, swimming in the white sea, staining it here and there a delicate, soft crimson, then I lift my spoon—and am in paradise.

MY purpose is to comment briefly on some of the ludicrous, pathetic, gyratory, vacuous reactions of the immature American mind to the works of John Milton. He has been through many years my chief source of diversion as a teacher; a fact which would assuredly horrify the great Puritan's staid and splendid complacency.

Young America
and Milton

If it be asked why the immature American mind should be brought into contact with Milton, let it be understood that certain works of this poet are required for entrance to college. I think I am safe in saying that the general effect of this cramming a classic merely for the somewhat specious purpose of passing an examination seldom fails to have a stultifying effect on the young mind. But perhaps this effect is due less to the system of instruction than it is to the average boy's astonishingly vague and sterile literary background. In no manner is this misfortune more plainly shown than in the lack of knowledge of mythology. And I risk the assertion that such a mental hiatus concerning the classic myths is rather typically American.

The average boy of our country, of fair training and of common intelligence, approaches Milton with no conception of that

great world of nymphs, dryads, satyrs, and all other supernatural forms with which the ancients peopled the earth, the sky, and the sea. Even the somewhat decided difference between Plato and Pluto is a source of endless confusion. The Muses are unknown; although I once had a student to jump out of his chair in wild excitement when he discovered that he had heard before of the name Calliope. But, alas, his conception of her was of the snorting, asthmatic, circus, steam variety. Reading the paragraph in "Lycidas" appealing to the goddesses of inspiration, one typical student stolidly declared, "Milton commanded *Moses* to help him write this thing." Another, reading the line from "L'Allegro,"

"How Faery Mab the junkets eat,"

hastily conceived junkets to be little fairies (the diminutive of "junk" perhaps), thus making Mab a cannibal. For all her mischief, I doubt if she ever went to that extreme. Even Apollo, whose rising and setting are indubitably matters of daily occurrence, finds the ordinary lad entirely conceptionless of his identity. I think he might be chagrined to hear the following descriptions of himself: "Apollo was an old rich Greek who loved horse-racing." "He was the god of shininess." "Apollo was the fellow who won the race in 'Ben Hur.'" We learn, too, that "woody Ida" was "an ancient goddess"—which explains with some commendable delicacy that Ida's age had not softened her physical charms. There is, it will be recalled, in "Comus," a reference to "the Cynic tub." Young America thus shrewdly guesses its way to the solution of the riddle: "Cynic tub is the abdomen of a famous Grecian." "It means a Roman household necessity." "Cynic tub is nothing but the Mediterranean Sea."

A further reaction of the young American mind to the works of the author of "Paradise Lost" is the positively zealous delight that the average boy takes in putting the character of Il Penseroso in the pillory of his dis-esteem. Speciously schooled by much loose newspaper talk concerning optimists and pessimists, he has long since assumed that the thoughtful mind is the gloomy, the melancholy, and therefore the distinctly disagreeable mind. To youth, apparently, to be thoughtful is to be unin-

teresting and unattractive; to be really engaging, one must be thoughtless, careless, perhaps dutyless, possibly heartless—but above all things else, immediately entertaining. Indeed, to be thoughtful appears to Young America sure proof of failing health. Milton's scholarly recluse is, we learn, "A bunch of gloom." "He loves bats and owls and churches and things like that," is the disgusted comment of an overworn student. "This thoughtful man likes to study," writes another with unconscious self-betrayal; "therefore he must be a pessimist." "He is all the while reading and thinking deep thoughts, which would make him a most undesirable companion." "The Thoughtful Man is surely a 'dead one.'"

From some of these views thus expressed it appears that we have developed in America a hearty aversion to the character of the thoughtful man; at least our young people are not attracted to the contemplative temperament. Our lads want to be amused. And their minds will take only what they want. They expect literature at least to keep some sort of respectable pace with the movies. The calm, meditative, poised, and lucid life has no allurements. In the old days boys went to school because they wanted to be scholars; now, most of them go because they are sent, wherefore perhaps it is expecting too much to hope that the average student should be serious-minded. Indeed, the boy of to-day is far less inclined to look grave when he attempts to fathom some of Milton's thought than when he hears that a prominent athlete has "pulled a tendon." Little things are great to little minds; and to such minds, I often wonder whether great things have any existence at all.

Out of the modern world, we know, the divinities of the field and forest and wild seashore have passed. Passing, too, are the "antique fables, beautiful and bright." The world is more with us to-day than it was when Wordsworth sang so poignantly of its contact. Without dreams, visions, and poets to sing of these, life is indeed a sordid and an arid thing, staled with objectiveness. The high-noon of assertive knowledge is intolerable; better far the twilight land of wonder, of mystery, with distant vague horizons, and with the reticences of fear and surprise and young delight upon

us. Our boys and girls of to-day, who will make the world of to-morrow, have urgent need to have opened to them the portals of that fragrant sweet old garden where dwell innocent joy, the glamour of the unknown, the alluring, the romantic.

Occasionally one finds a student beginning Milton whose father or mother has opened for him the gates of this garden; such a one is rare, and he is most fortunate.

For not only has he the only true equipment for life—the highest capacity for understanding and enjoyment—but he will never declare that Thomas Chatterton was the “Attic boy,” because he committed suicide in an attic; nor will he be likely to say, “Euphrosyne was a mythical dog.” “*Eikonoklastes* is the name of a Greek fruit merchant.” “The Rialto is a large stone bridge that crossed Venus.”

THE FIELD OF ART



Courtesy of Kennedy & Company.

Flying Ducks. By Frank W. Benson.

AMERICAN SPORTING PRINTS

By F. Weitenkampf

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL PRINTS

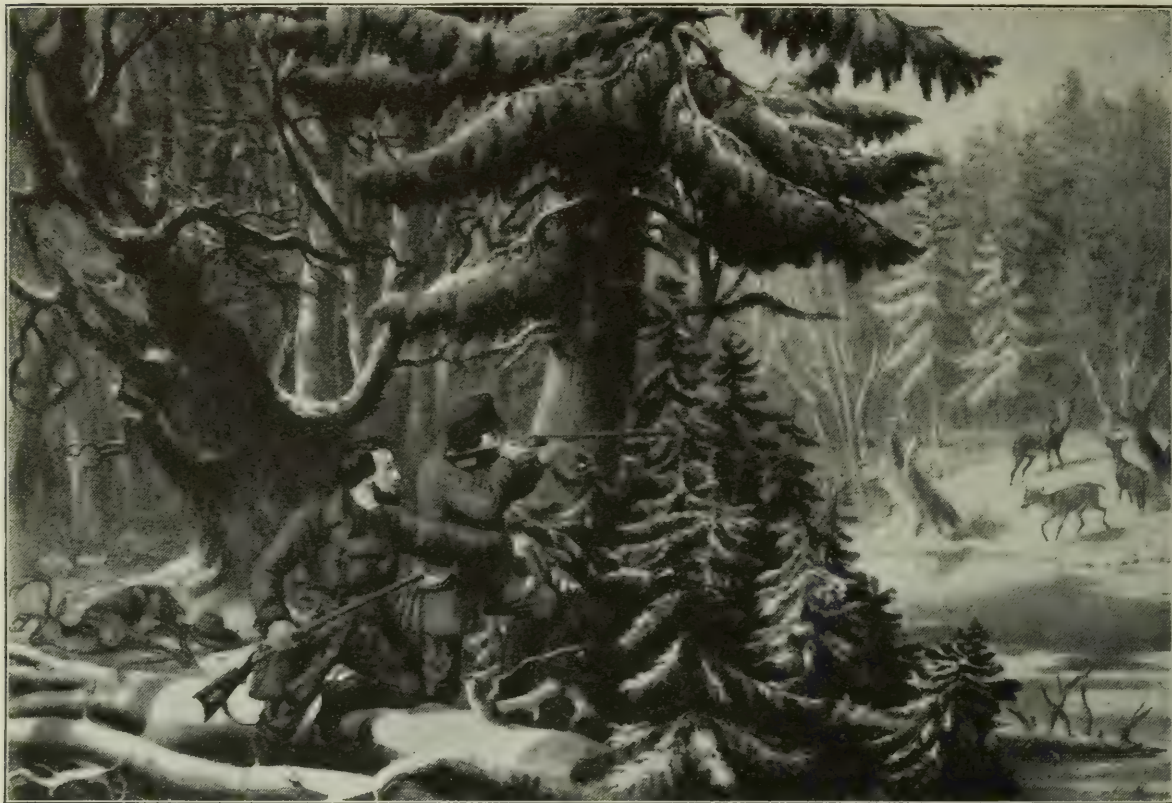
THE term “sporting prints” brings to memory those British colored aquatints which glorified the field sports dear to the heart of the British gentleman. In the United States, in those early nineteenth-century days, there was not the artistic talent nor the tradition of the sport. Riding to hounds was known in Virginia, less in the North. Of pictorial records there were only the colored lithographs by Na-

thaniel Currier (later Currier & Ives), evidently based on British originals. These told in their cruder way of the hunt of Renard, and went into pundom in such titles as “Despatched to Headquarters” (the rider coming a cropper over his mount’s head).

Our people would naturally be drawn more to shooting, to which some of our most interesting sporting prints were devoted. When the country was more sparsely set-

tled there was more shooting near at hand. The New Jersey boy could go gunning near Great Notch and along to Greenwood Lake, where the memory of "Frank Forester" still lingers. The turkey shoot was still an actuality, not a remembrance. The life of the West was an adventurous reality, not

natural corollary—birds, bagged and hung up, by Tait and Palmer, or waiting to be, as in J. S. Hill's "A Bevy of Quail" or Palmer's "Happy Family, Ruffled Grouse." *Tempora mutantur!* To-day the sportsman is beginning to buy dry-points of flying ducks by Frank W. Benson.



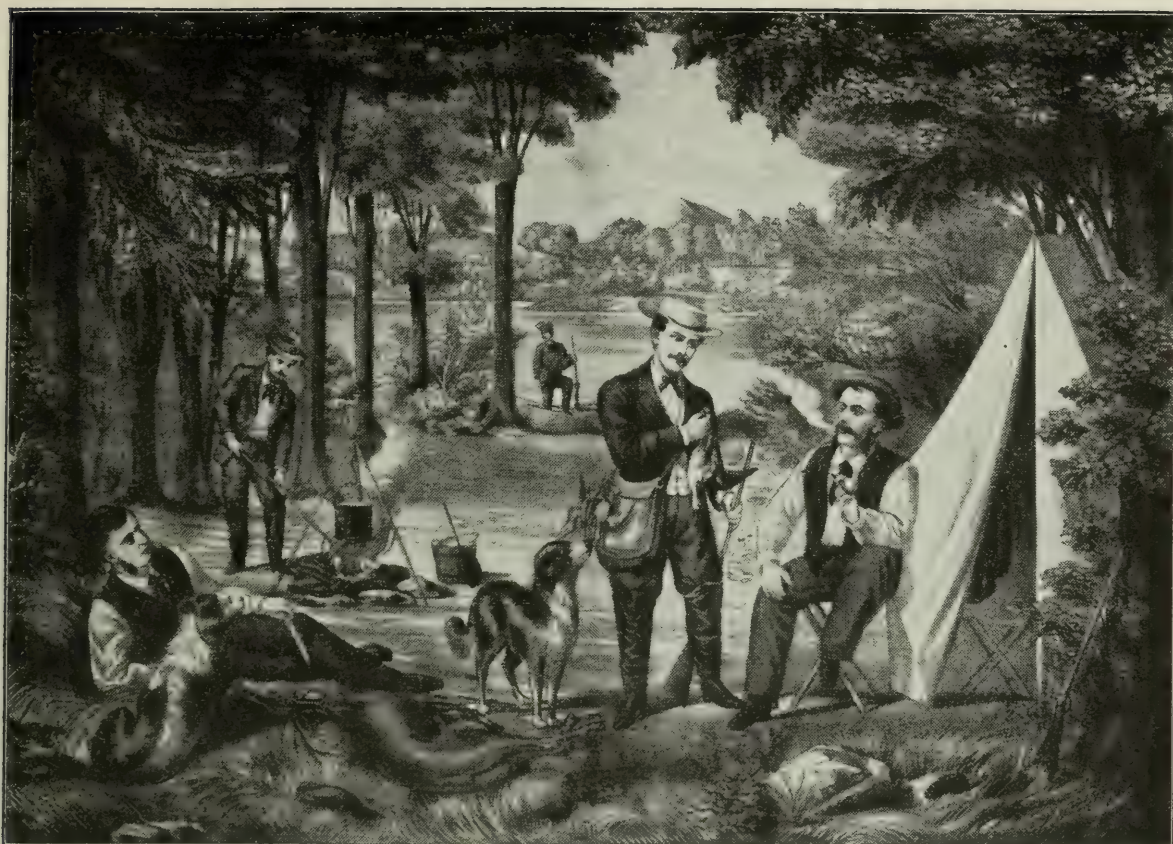
From a lithograph by N. Currier, New York.

American Winter Sports. Deer Shooting "On the Shatagee" (Northern New York).

a matter of revolver-ridden moviedom. There were still lynxes in New England. The Kentucky battue, organized to rid the country of bears, wolves, and the like, was a vivid recollection. Gunners went out after deer, wild duck, quail, rail, snipe, partridge, and all the rest of the game catalogue, and the print-makers chronicled their doings; one even recording the bagging of a wild swan—a unique case among these prints, says Mr. H. T. Peters, who, like Mr. David Wagstaffe and others, has found his quest of these pictures a most absorbing hobby. Most of them were drawn by A. F. Tait and Louis Maurer, some by Mrs. F. F. Palmer. "Sportsman's Portfolio of American Field Sports," issued 1855 by M. M. Ballou in Boston, is a sort of woodcut summary of the lithographed hunting scenes. Pictures of game, dead and alive, were a

The angler has occasioned that amusing fancy of "Trout Fishing" (1870), upsetting traditions by introducing ladies in Dolly Varden dress—plumed hats and all—busily taking part in the sport. And there's an interesting lithograph by Charles Parsons, after Tait, showing "Trout Fishing on Chateaugay Lake," through a hole in the ice. The exhilarating pleasures of life in the open rise before us, pictured in L. Maurer's "Camping Out. Some of the Right Sort" (1856)—in pre-prohibition days!—and Tait's "Halt in the Woods."

The lover of horse-flesh was served with unflinching assiduity by the print-maker. The *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine*, as early as 1829, had pictures of noted horses, engraved by well-known steel-engravers from paintings by A. Fisher and J. Cone. A few years later the *New York*



From a lithograph by T. F. Smart and Kahlman.

Life in the Woods.



Painted by A. F. Tait.

From a lithograph by N. Currier, New York.

American Winter Sports. "Trout Fishing on Chateaugay Lake" (Franklin Co., N. Y.).

Spirit of the Times was issuing engravings from paintings principally by E. Troye. It all amounts to a gallery of horse notables: Fashion, Glencoe, Lightning, Shark, Leviathan, Monarch, and down the list. There are interesting side-lights on the costume of the boys holding their equine charges, one with an Eton jacket and a cap much like that worn by the American troops during

portraits of individual horses, such as "Ready for the Signals. The celebrated running horse Harry Bassett" (1878), or "August Belmont's Potomac and Masher" (1891).

Especially was the trotting-horse immortalized. A long line of portraits confronts us, mostly by Louis Maurer and J. Cameron. Possibly the earliest is "Columbus



Painted by A. F. Tait.

From a lithograph by N. Currier, New York.

Wild Duck Shooting. A good day's sport.

the Mexican War, another brave in Hessian boots and epaulets. It is, however, principally the quicker lithographic process that pictured His Majesty the Horse. As far back as 1840, A. Koellner signed a picture of "Andrew Jackson," surrounded by smaller drawings of the runners he had beaten. A stud-card this is, I am told, a pictorial advertisement. There's also an early large racing print: "Peytona and Fashion in their Great Match for \$20,000 over the Union Course, Long Island, May 13, 1845, won by Peytona," done "from nature and on stone by C. Severen." Then came a string of jockey race scenes, real and imaginary, in Jerome Park, Sheepshead Bay, Saratoga Springs; and, of course,

and Sally Miller" (1839?), lithographed by Endicott. "Lady Suffolk, painted by Robert N. Clarke, 1844, rode by Alfred Conklin," illustrates the fact that trotting horses raced with mount in the early days. So we go down the corridors of trotting fame, and trace the time's reduction from 2:27¾ in 1866 to 2:10 in 1891, over the Centreville, Long Island, Fleetwood Park, Morrisania, Buffalo, Utica, and other courses. There is even an early Californian record of local performance, "Lady Vernon, San Francisco, Aug., 1855," painted by John Murdoch, lithographed by Britton & Bey, of San Francisco. They trot past us, the old betting favorites—Flora Temple, George M. Patchen, Lady Thorn, Commodore Vander-

bilt, Goldsmith Maid, Dexter ("king of the world," 1867), and Maud S. Drivers, too, came in for their head-liner glory. Tom Moore appears "driven by Dan Mace," or or the risibilities. Maurer and Cameron synthesized the spirit and thrill of the race in prints such as "A Race for Blood" and "A close Lap on the Run in." The humor-

ous element blossomed out joyously in the works of Thomas Worth, which for years were a familiar sight in shop windows. With all faults, there is a healthy enjoyment of the scene in such a bit of social history as "A Stopping Place on the Road. The Horse-Shed" (1868), the place identified on the impression in the Racquet and Tennis Club as "Burnham's Road House, 79th Street and Bloomingdale." And no doubt the hearts of the "sports" warmed



From a lithograph by Currier & Ives.

Fast Trotters on Harlem Lane, New York.

In the centre foreground is Commodore Vanderbilt with Myron Perry and Daisy Burns, and to his left Bonner with Dexter.

Dexter "by Budd Doble" ("the king of trotting-horse drivers in his day"). Sometimes the owner figures as driver, as in "W. H. Vanderbilt driving Small Hopes and Lady Mac" (1878), or "Grant and Bonner. Dexter's best time 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$ on the Bloomingdale Road, N. Y., 1868." Occasionally several horses were shown grouped, as were "Stella and Alice Grey, Lantern and Whalebone" (1855), or "The great double team trot—Darkness and Jessie Wales, Honest Allen and Kirkwood trotting, 1870" (four-wheel rigs), or Geo. M. Patchen and others, who are presented in W. F. Atwood's "Trotting Gallery" in the spirit of the old Dutch corporation paintings. And then come the "fancy subjects," with appeal to emotion

to "Going to the Trot. A good Day and a good Track," "Coming from the Trot. Sports on the Home Stretch," and "Trotting Cracks at the Forge" (with notice of summer meeting, Jerome Park, and prints, perhaps by Worth himself, on the wall)—all three dated 1869. How it all takes you back to those days of the horse, not so far off,



From a lithograph by Currier & Ives.

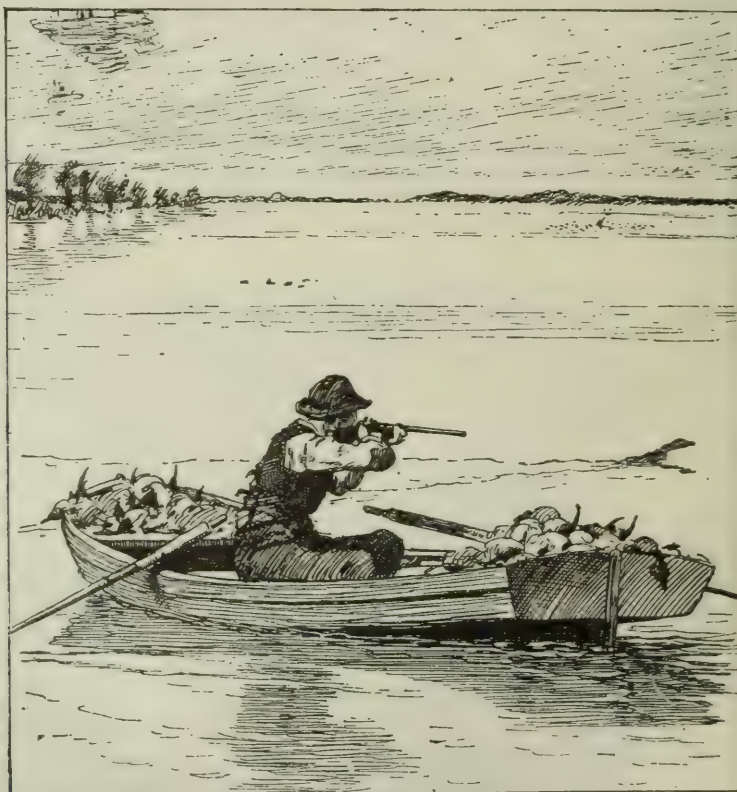
Ethan Allen and Mate and Dexter in their wonderful race over the Fashion Course, Long Island, June 21, 1867.
Time, 2:15; 2:16; 2:19.

when the gentleman taking a spin with his spanking team, the hitching-post in shape of a negro boy of metal, the figure of a horse projecting from a carriage or harness shop, the flare of a blacksmith's fire were familiar sights.

Prints illustrating athletic sports, in which it is man who holds the centre of the stage, are not so much in evidence, but offer the joy of the search and the find. That big lithograph "The Great International Caledonian Games held at Jones Woods, 1867," has various points of interest. The baseball enthusiast may preserve that little lithograph showing the "Audubon Estate, at Carmanville on the Hudson River," in *Valentine's Manual* for 1865, with two youths playing with the underhand pitch. Football, curling, bowling, swimming, skating, pedestrianism (with E. P. Weston as a sort of patron saint), rowing, yachting, billiards, and other forms of sport, outdoor and in, have their "fans," whose interest may lead them in search of graphic records of their hobby. Pugilism has a gallery of its own. When John C. Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," and Thomas Sayers, cham-

pion of England, had their great fight for the championship, the event was duly chronicled, as was also "The Great Fight, Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan" (with a fine array of noted "sports"). Portraits of individual fighters came as a matter of course, J. Cameron frequently turning from the race-track to the ring to draw them. There were Jem Mace, John J. Dwyer, Tom Paddock, Nat. Langham, Paddy Ryan—"the Trojan Giant, beaten by J. L. Sullivan in 1882"—James J. Corbett, and so on down the hall of fame.

The special field for the collector which has been very summarily indicated here has its interesting possibilities and bypaths. The subject interest here is overwhelming, of course; we are far from the point of approach to an etching by Whistler or a lithograph by Isabey. The appeal of these sporting prints lies in their raciness—as of wine, that is, indicative of origin. They are American, humanly in the game, with a spirit absolutely of the soil. And it is precisely those qualities that make the old prints so interesting, and so valuable as records of the life of the American people.



Wild Duck Shooting in the West. By A. B. Frost.

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